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JANUARY—JUNE, 1828.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1828.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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FROM 1808 TO 1814.

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Christmas Dreams.

How beautiful are all the subdivisions of Time diversifying the dream of human life, as it glides away between earth and heaven! And why should moralists mourn over that mutability that gives the chief charm to all that passes so transitorily before our eyes, leaving image upon image fairer and dearer far than even the realities, still visible, and it may be for ever, in the waters of memory sleeping within the heart? Memory never awakes but along with imagination, and therefore it is

"That she can give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore!"

The years, the months, the weeks, the days, the nights, the hours, the minutes, the moments, each is in itself a different living, and peopled, and haunted world. One Life is a thousand lives, and each individual, as he fully renews the Past, reappears in a thousand characters, yet all of them bearing a mysterious identity not to be misunderstood, and all of them, while every passion has been shifting and dying away, and reascending into power, still under the dominion of the same unchanging Conscience, that feels and knows that it is from God.

Oh! who can complain of the shortness of human life, that can retravel all the windings and wanderings, and mazes that his feet have trodden since the farthest back hour at which memory pauses, baffled and blindfolded, as she vainly tries to penetrate and illumine the palpable, the impervious darkness that shrouds the few first for-ever-forgotten years of our wonderful being? Long, long, long ago seems it to be indeed, when we now remember it, the Time we first pulled the primroses on the sunny braes, wondering, in our first blissful emotions of beauty, at the leaves with a softness all their own, a yellowness nowhere else so vivid, "the bright consummate flower," so starlike to our awakened imagination among the lowly grass—lovely, indeed, to our admiring eyes, as any one of all the stars that, in their turn, did seem themselves like flowers in the blue fields of heaven!—long, long, long ago, the time when we danced along, hand in hand with our golden-haired sister, whom all that looked on loved!—long, long, long ago, the day on which she died—the hour, so far more dismal than any hour that can now darken us on this earth, when she—her coffin—and that velvet pall descended—and descended—slowly, slowly into the horrid clay, and we were borne deathlike, and wishing to die, out of the churchyard, that, from that moment, we thought we could enter never more! And oh! What a multitudinous being must ours have been, when, before our boyhood was gone, we could have forgotten her buried face! Or at the dream

of it, dashed off a tear, and away, with a bounding heart, in the midst of a cloud of playmates, breaking into fragments on the hill-side, and hurrying round the shores of those wild moorland lochs, in vain hope to surprise the heron, that slowly uplifted his blue bulk, and floated away, regardless of our shouts, to the old castle woods! It is all like a reminiscence of some other state of existence! Then, after all the joys and sorrows of those few years, which we now call transitory, but which our Boyhood felt as if they would be endless—as if they would endure for ever — arose upon us the glorious dawning of another new life —Youth! With its insupportable sunshine, and its magnificent storms! Transitory, too, we now know, and well deserving the name of dream! But while it lasted, long, various, and agonizing, while, unable to sustain "the beauty still more beauteous" of the eyes that first revealed to us the light of love, we hurried away from the parting hour, and, looking up to the moon and stars, hugged the very heavens to our heart. Yet life had not yet nearly reached its meridian, journeying up the sunbright firmament. How long hung it there exulting, when "it flamed on the forehead of the noontide sky!" Let not the Time be computed by the lights and shadows of the years, but by the innumerable array of visionary thoughts, that kept deploying, as if from one eternity into another—now in dark sullen masses, now in long array, brightened as if with spear-points and standards, and moving along through chasm, abyss, and forest, and over the summits of the highest mountains, to the sound of etherial music, now warlike and tempestuous—now, as "from flutes and soft recorders," accompanying, not pæans of victory, but hymns of peace. That Life, too, seems, now that it is gone, to have been of a thousand years. Is it gone? Its skirts are yet hovering on the horizon—and is there yet another Life destined for us? That Life which we fear to face,—Age, Old Age! Four dreams within a dream, and then we may awake in Heaven!

At dead of night—and it is now the dead of night—how the heart often quakes on a sudden at the silent resurrection of buried thoughts!

"Thoughts that like phantoms trackless
come and go!"

Perhaps the sunshine of some one single Sabbath of more exceeding holiness comes first glimmering, and then brightening upon us, with the very same religious sanctity that filled all the air at the tolling of the kirk-bell, when all the parish was hushed, and the voice of streams heard more distinctly among the banks and braes,—and then, all at once, a thunder-storm that many years before, or many years after, drove us, when walking alone over the mountains, into a shieling, will seem to succeed, and we behold the same threatening aspect of the heavens that then quailed our beating hearts, and frowned down our eye-lids before the lightning began to flash, and the black rain to deluge all the glens. No need now for any effort of thought. The images rise of themselves—independently of our volition—as if another being, studying the working of our minds, conjured up the phantasmagoria before us, who are beholding it with love, with wonder, or with fear. Darkness and silence have a power of sorcery over the past; and the soul has then, too, often restored to it feelings and thoughts that it had lost—and is made to know that nothing which it once experiences ever perishes, but that all things spiritual possess a principle of immortal life.

Why linger on the shadowy wall some of those phantasmagoria—returning after they have disappeared—and reluctant to pass away into their former oblivion? Why shoot others athwart the gloom, quick as spectral figures seen hurrying among mountains during a great storm? Why do some glare and threaten—why others fade away with a melancholy smile—why that one—look! look! a figure all in white, and with white roses in its hair, comes forward through the haze, beautifying into distincter form and face, till its pale beseeching hands almost touch my bosom—and then, in a moment it is as nothing!

But now the room is disenchanted —and feebly my lamp is glimmering, about to leave me to the light of the moon and stars. There is it trimmed again—and the sudden increase of lustre cheers the heart within me like a festal strain—and To-Morrow—To-Morrow is Merry Christmas, and when its night descends, there will be mirth and music, and the light sound of the merry-twinkling feet within these now

so melancholy walls, and sleep now reigning over all the house—save this one room—will be banished far over the sea—and Morning will be reluctant to allow her light to break up the innocent orgies.

Were every Christmas of which we have been present at the celebration, painted according to nature—what a Gallery of Pictures! True, that a sameness would pervade them all—but only that kind of sameness that pervades the nocturnal heavens,—one clear night being always, to common eyes, so like another,—for what hath any night to be proud of but one moon and some thousand stars—a vault "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," here a few braided, and there a few castellated clouds? Yet no two nights ever bore more than a family resemblance to each other before the studious and instructed eye of him who has long communed with nature, and is familiar with every smile and frown on her changeful, but not capricious countenance. Even so with the Annual Festivals of the heart. Then our thoughts are the stars that illumine those skies—on ourselves it depends whether they shall be black as Erebus, or brighter than any Aurora.

My Father's House! How it is ringing, like a grove in spring, with the din of creatures happier, a thousand times happier, than all the birds in the world! It is the Christmas Holidays—Christmas Day itself—Christmas Night—and Joy intensifies Love in every bosom. Never before were we brothers and sisters so dear to one another—never before had our hearts so yearned towards the authors of our being—our blissful being! There they sit—silent in all that outcry—composed in all that disarray,—still in all that tumult—yet, as one or other flying imp sweeps round the chair, a father's hand will playfully try to catch a prisoner,—a mother's gentler touch on some sylph's disordered cymar be felt almost as a reproof, and, for a moment, slacken the fairy-flight. One old game treads on the heels of another—twenty within the hour,—and many a new game never heard of before nor since, struck out by the collision of kindred spirits in their glee, the transitory fancies of genius inventive through very delight. Then, all at once, there is a hush, profound as ever falls on some little plat within a Forest, when the moon drops behind the mountain, and the small green-robed People of Peace at once cease their pastime, and evanish. For She—the Silver-Tongued—is about to sing an old ballad, words and air both hundreds of years old,—and sing she doth, while tears begin to fall, with a voice too mournfully beautiful long to breathe below,—and, ere another Christmas shall come with the falling snows, doomed to be mute on earth—but to be hymning in Heaven!

Of that House—to our eyes the fairest of earthly dwellings—with its old ivied turrets, and orchard-garden, bright alike with fruit and with flowers, not one stone remains! The very brook that washed its foundations has vanished along with them,—and a crowd of other buildings, wholly without character, has long stood, where here a single tree, and there a grove, did once render so lovely that small demesne! Which, how could we, who thought it the very heart of Paradise, even for one moment have believed was soon to be blotted out from being, and we ourselves, then so linked in love that the band which bound us all together was, in its gentle pressure, felt not nor understood, to be scattered far and abroad, like so many leaves, that after one wild parting rustle are separated by roaring wind-eddies, and brought together no more! The old Abbey,—it still survives,—and there, in that corner of the burial-ground, below that part of the wall which was least in ruins, and which we often climbed to reach the starlings' and martins' nests—there, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, lie the Loved and Venerated,—for whom, even now that so many long, long, grief-deadening years have fled, I feel, in this hushed and holy hour, as if it were impiety so utterly to have ceased to weep—so seldom to remember!—and then, with a powerlessness of sympathy to keep pace with youth's frantic grief—the floods we all wept together—at no long interval—on those pale and smiling faces, as they lay in their coffins, most beautiful and most dreadful to behold!

"Childish! childish!" methinks I hear some world-wise thinker cry. But has not one of the wisest of spirits said, "The child is father of the man."? And if so, ought the man ever to lose sight of any single one of

those dear, dim, delightful remembrances, far off and remote, of objects whether alive or dead,—whether instinct with love and intelligence, or but of the insensate sod, that once were to him all his being,—so blended was that being then, with all it saw and heard on this musical and lustrous earth, that, as it bounded along in bliss, it was but as the same creation with the grass, the flowers, the streams, the trees, the clouds, the sky and its days and nights,—all of them bound together by one invisible chain,—a green, bright, murmuring, shadowy, floating, sunny and starry world,—of which the enraptured creature that enjoyed it was felt to be the very centre,—and the very soul!

Then came a New Series of Christmasses, celebrated, one year in this family, another year in that—none present but those whom the delightful Elia, alias Charles Lamb, calleth the "old familiar faces;" something in all features, and all tones of voice, and all manners, betokening origin from one root—relations all, happy, and with no reason either to be ashamed or proud of their neither high nor humble birth—their lot being cast within that pleasant realm, "the golden mean," where the dwellings are connecting links between the hut and hall, fair edifices resembling manse or mansion-house, according as the atmosphere expands or contracts their dimensions, in which Competence is next-door neighbour to Wealth, and both of them within the daily walk of Contentment.

Merry Christmasses they were indeed—one Lady always presiding, with a figure that once had been the stateliest among the stately, but then somewhat bent, without being bowed down, beneath an easy weight of most venerable years. Sweet was her tremulous voice to all her grandchildren's ears! Nor did those solemn eyes, bedimmed into a pathetic beauty, in any degree restrain the glee that sparkled in orbs that had as yet shed not many tears, but tears of pity or of joy. Dearly she loved all those mortal creatures whom she was soon about to leave; but she sat in sunshine even within the shadow of death; and the "voice that called her home" had so long been whispering in her ear, that its accents had become dear to her, and consolatory every word that was heard in the silence, as from another world.

Whether we were indeed all so witty as we thought ourselves—uncles, aunts, nephews, cousins, and "the rest," it might be presumptuous in us, who were considered by ourselves and some few others the most amusing of the whole set, at this distance of time to decide—especially in the affirmative; but how the roof did ring with sally, pun, retort, and repartee! Ay, with pun—a species of impertinence for which we have therefore a kindness even to this day. Had incomparable Thomas Hood had the good fortune to have been born a cousin of ours, how with that fine fancy of his would he have shone at those Christmas festivals, eclipsing us all! Our family, through all its different branches, has ever been famous for bad voices, but good ears; and we think we hear ourselves—all those uncles and aunts, nephews, and nieces, and cousins—singing now! Easy is it to "warble melody" as to breathe air. But, oh! we hope harmony is the most difficult of all things to people in general, for to us it was impossible; and what attempts ours used to be at Seconds! Yet the most woful failures were rapturously encored; and ere the night was done, we spoke with most extraordinary voices indeed, every one hoarser than another, till at last, walking home with a fair cousin, there was nothing left for it but a tender glance of the eye—a tender pressure of the hand—for cousins are not altogether sisters, and although partaking of that dearest character, possessing, it may be, some peculiar and appropriate charms of their own; as didst thou, Emily the "Wild-cap!"—That *soubriquet* all forgotten now—for now thou art a matron, gentle as a dove, and smiling on an only daughter, almost woman-grown—fair and frolicsome in her innocence as thou thyself wert of yore, when the gravest and wisest withstood not the witchery of thy dancings, thy singings, and thy showering smiles!

On rolled Suns and Seasons—the old died—the elderly became old—and the young, one after another, were wafted joyously away on the wings of hope, like birds, almost as soon as they can fly, ungratefully forsaking their nests, and the groves in whose safe shadow they first essayed their pinions; or like pinnaces, that, after having for a few days trimmed their snow-white sails

in the land-locked bay, close to whose shores of silvery sand had grown the trees that furnished timber both for hull and mast, slip their tiny cables on some summer day, and gathering every breeze that blows, go dancing over the waves in sunshine, and melt far off into the main! Or, haply, some were like fair young trees, transplanted during no favourable season, and never to take root in another soil, but soon leaf and branch to wither beneath the tropic sun, and die almost unheeded by those who knew not how beautiful they were beneath the dews and mists of their own native clime. Vain images! and therefore chosen by fancy not too painfully to touch the heart! For some hearts grew cold and forbidding in selfish cares—some, warm as ever in their own generous glow, were touched by the chill of Fortune's frowns, that are ever worst to bear when suddenly succeeding her smiles—some, to rid themselves of painful regrets, took refuge in forgetfulness, and closed their eyes to the past—duty banished some abroad, and duty imprisoned others at home—estrangements there were, at first unconscious and unintended, yet ere long, though causeless, complete—changes were wrought insensibly, invisibly, even in the innermost nature of those, who being friends knew no guile, yet came thereby at last to be friends no more—unrequited love broke some bonds—requited love relaxed others—the death of one altered the conditions of many—and so—year after year—the Christmas Meeting was interrupted—deferred—till finally it ceased, with one accord, unrenewed and unrenewable. For when Some things cease—for a time—that time turns out to be for ever. Survivors of those happy circles! wherever ye be—should these imperfect remembrances of days of old chance, in some thoughtful pause of life's busy turmoil, for a moment to meet your eyes, let there be towards the inditer a few throbs of revived affection in your hearts—for his, though "absent long and distant far," has never been utterly forgetful of the loves and friendships that charmed his youth. To be parted in body is not to be estranged in soul—and many a dream—and many a vision, sacred to nature's best affections, may pass before the mind of one whose lips are silent. "Out of sight out of mind," is rather the expression of a doubt—of a fear—than of a belief or conviction. The soul surely has eyes that can see the objects it loves, through all intervening darkness—and of those more especially dear it keeps within itself almost undimmed images, on which, when they know it not, think it not, believe it not, it often loves to gaze, as on a relic imperishable as it is hallowed.

Hail! rising beautiful, and magnificent, through the mists of morning—hail! hail! ye Woods, Groves, Towers, and Temples, overshadowing that famous Stream beloved by all the Muses! Through this midnight hush—methinks I hear faint and far off a sacred music,—

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise!"

How steeped in the beauty of moonlight are all those pale, pillared churches, courts and cloisters, shrines and altars, with here and there a Statue standing in the shade, or Monument sacred to the memory of the pious—the immortal dead! Some great clock is striking from one of many domes—from the majestic tower of St Mary Magdalen—and in the deepened hush that follows the solemn sound, hark how the mingling waters of the Cherwell and the Isis soften the severe silence of the holy night!

Remote from kindred, and from all the friendships that were the native growth of the fair fields where our boyhood and our youth had roamed, and meditated, and dreamed, those were yet years of high and lofty mood, which held us in converse with the shades of great poets and sages of old in Rhedicyna's hallowed groves, still, serene, and solemn, as that Grecian Academe where divine Plato, with all Hybla on his lips, discoursed such excellent music, that this Life seemed to the imagination spiritualized—a dim reminiscence of some former state of being. How sank then the Christmas Service of that beautiful Liturgy into our hearts! Not faithless we to the simple worship that our forefathers had loved; but Conscience told us there was no apostacy in the feelings that rose within us when that deep organ 'gan to blow, that choir of youthful voices so sweetly to join the diapason,

—our eyes fixed all the while on that divine Picture over the Altar, of our Saviour

"Bearing his cross up rueful Calvary."

But "a change comes o'er the spirit of my dream." How beautiful in the setting sunlight are these mountains of soft crimson snow! The sun hath set, and even more beautiful are the bright-starred nights of winter, than summer in all its glories beneath the broad moons of June! Through the woods of Windermere, from cottage to cottage, by coppice-pathways winding up to dwellings among the hill-rocks, where the birch-trees cease to grow,—

"Nodding their heads, before us go,
The merry Minstrelsy."

They sing a salutation at every door, familiarly naming old and young by their Christian names; and the eyes that look upward from the vales to the hanging huts among the plats and cliffs, see the shadows of the dancers ever and anon crossing the light of the star-like window; and the merry music is heard like an echo dwelling in the sky! across those humble thresholds often did we on Christmas nights of yore—wandering through our solitary sylvan haunts, under the branches of trees within whose hollow trunk the squirrel slept—venture in, unasked, perhaps, but not unwelcome; and in the kindly spirit of the season, did our best to merrify the Festival by tale or song. And now that we behold them not, are all those woods, and cliffs, and rivers, and tarns, and lakes, as beautiful as when they softened and brightened beneath our living eyes half-creating, as they gazed, the very Paradise that they worshipped! And are all those hearths as bright as of yore, without the shadow of our figure? And the roofs, do they ring as mirthfully, though our voice be forgotten?

But little cause have we to lament that that Paradise is now to us but as remembered poetry—poetry got by heart—deeply engraven there—and to be read at any thoughtful hour we choose—charged deeper and deeper still with old memories and new inspirations. The soul's best happiness is independent of time and place. Such accidents touch it not—they "offer not even any show of violence, it being a thing so majestical." And lo! another New Series of Christmas Festivals has to us been born! For there are our own Living Flowers in our family garland! And as long as He, who gave them their bloom and their balm, averts not from them or us the sunshine of his countenance, content—oh! far beyond content—would we be with this, the most sacred of all Religious Festivals, were it even to be holden by us far apart from them in some dungeon's depth!

Ay—well may we say—in gratitude, not in pride—though, at such a sight, pride might be thought but a venial sin within a father's heart,—"There is our Christmas rose"—while a blush brightens the beauty of a face that we will call "fair, not pale," and brighter and softer than the leaves of any rose, the ringlets dance over her forehead to the breeze of joy, and bliss and innocence give themselves vent in one of our own Scotia's pleasant but pathetic songs!

But the heart hugs such treasures as these in secret,—and if revealed at all to other eyes, it must be by but a fleeting and a partial light. Few words are needed to awaken, before parental eyes, the visions now stealing before mine,—and, broken and all imperfect though these effusions be, yet may they touch with pensive pleasure some simple hearts, that recognise the expression of some of their own emotions,—similar, or the same,—although life and its circumstances may have been different,—for in every single sentence, if it be but sincere, a word or two may be found, that shall awaken some complete reminiscence of joy, as the striking but of two notes at once fills ear and heart with a well-known tune, and gives it the full power of all the melody.

The lamp glimmers as it would expire,—the few embers are red and low,—and those are the shadows of moonlight on the walls. How deep a hush! Let me go and hear them breathing in their sleep,—and whisper—for it will not disturb them—a prayer by the bedside of my children. To-morrow is Christmas Day—and thankful am I indeed to Providence!

Christmas Presents.

A Bank of Flowers is certainly one of the most gorgeous sights beneath the sun; but what is it to that Board of Books? Our old eyes are dazzled with the splendour, and are forced to seek relief and repose on the mild moreen of those window curtains, whose drapery descends as simply as the garb of a modest quakeress. Even then, all the colours of the rainbow continue dancing on their orbs, and will permit them to see nothing in its true light. But now, the optical spectra evanish—our sight becomes reconciled to the various glitter—the too powerful blaze seems tamed down—the lustre of the hues subside, and we can bear, without winking, or placing our fingers before our face, to keep a steady gaze on the bright confusion. Why, Book-binding has become a beautiful art! Chance it was that flung together all those duodecimos, post-octavos, quartos, and folios, of kid, calf, silk, satin, velvet, russia, morocco,—white, grey, green, blue, yellow, violet, red, scarlet, crimson—yet what painter, with the most glorious eye for colour, ever with laborious study, cheered by fits of sudden inspiration, pictured a board of fruits, although worthy of the trees of Paradise, of more multifarious splendour?

Lovers are we, and have been all our life long, of charming, of divine Simplicity. But Simplicity is a lady, not only of fine taste, but, would you believe it, of rich imagination? Often have we seen her gazing with rapt spirit and tearful eyes on the setting sun, on the sea, on cataracts, on regiments of cavalry, on an English county of groves, woods, gardens, orchards, rivers, plains, noblemen's and gentlemen's old family-mansions, steeple-towers, churches, abbeys, cathedrals. We have seen Simplicity, like a nun at worship, reading Isaiah, and Homer, and Dante, and Ariosto, and Tasso, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Maga. Simplicity loves all the riches and splendour of the east and of the west, the north and the south. Her hair she loves not to adorn with many diamonds—one single solitary jewel on her forehead, like a star. But pale pearls are here and there interspersed among her locks, at once softening and deepening their darkness; they lie like dew-drops or buds of white roses, along the lilies of her breast; with pearls of great price is her virgin zone bespangled—and, as she lifts her snow-white hand, there is a twinkle of radiance from a stone that "would ransom great kings from captivity!"

You understand, then, that there is no reason in the world, or in the nature of things, why Simplicity should not stand with her arm in ours, leaning lovingly on our shoulder—pressing fondly on our side—and admire with us the mild, meek, soft, gentle, tender, dim, dazzling, bold, fierce, fiery, corruscating, cometary, planetary, lunar, solar, aurora borealis and lightning-like radiance of that Sea-green Board, mad with the magnificence of that myriad-minded multitude of—

Christmas Presents.

But let Simplicity by and by turn her eyes towards that opening door—for footsteps are on the stair—and like Hours are they coming—all dressed in white raiment, as befits and bespeaks their innocence—a Chosen Band of Maidens, to receive from the hands of good old Father Christopher—each an appropriate volume or volumes to add to her little library, growing by degrees, year after year, like a garden that the skilful florist extends with its sloping banks towards the sunny south,—each spring visiting a rarer, richer show of her own fairest and most favourite flowers.

We are not a married man, like the writer of Christmas Dreams—yet dearly do we love the young—yea the young of all animals—the young swallows twittering from their straw-built shed—the young lambs bleating on the lea—the young bees, God bless them, on their first flight away off to the heather—the young butterflies, who, born in the morning, will die of old age ere night—the young salmon-fry glorying in the gravel at the first feeling of their fins—the young adders basking, ere they can bite, in the sun, as yet unconscious, like sucking satirists, of their stings—young pigs, pretty dears, all a-squeak with their curled tails after prolific grumphy—young lions and tigers, charming cubs, like very Christian children nuzzling in their nurse's breast—young devils—if

you will—ere Satan has sent them to Sin, who keeps a fashionable boarding-school in Hades, and sends up into the world above-ground only her finished scholars.

But lo! North's Fair Family—all children of his old age! Yes, the offspring they of his dearest—his chosen—his faithful—his bosom-friends! There, daughters of delight—there is a shower of kisses to bedew the beloved heads of you all—and now be seated in a circle—look all as grave as you possibly can for those struggling smiles—no quizzing of our new Christmas wig—and first, and before we begin to distribute,

"Pure healthy children of the God of Heaven,"

in your hearts as in ours, let there be a short silent prayer.

Now for business.

Emily Callander—oldest of the young—and tallest too—for, in truth, thou art as a cedar—for thee have we selected Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay, and The Foresters. The first is bound—as thy sweet eyes see—in variegated silk—too ornamental as some might haply think—but not so thou—for thou knowest that the barest field in all Scotland is not without its little flowers—daisies, and gowans, and clover, and primroses in their short vernal day—and that her richest fields are all a glow as at evening the western heavens. Margaret Lyndsay, you see, my love, is bound in satin—but not of the richest sort—the colour is something quakerish—but we know you like that—and the narrow ornaments round the sides you will find to be either flowers or stars—for, in truth, flowers and stars are not dissimilar—for they both have rays—but dew brightens the one while the other it bedims into beauty. The Foresters are bound in green linen—and these yellow trees, emblazoned upon such a ground, as if autumn had tinted them, have a good effect—have they not?—So, sweetest and best—a kiss of thy forehead—sure a more graceful curtsy was never seen—and it will make the author, who is my very dear friend—whom I love more than I can venture to express, and whom I have, on that account, placed foremost now—and not for his mere merits—proud and happy, too, to be told with what a smile Emily Callander received his volumes—works we were going to say—but that is too prodigious a word for such effusions—and one smile from her will to him be worth all the chaff and chatter of all the critics in Cockaigne.

Margaret Wilson!—thou rising star—let thine arms drop from around the necks of these two sweet supporters, and come gliding forth within touch of the old man, that he may lay his withered hand upon the lovely lustre of thy soft-braided hair. There—hold them fast to your bosom—and let not one of all the Five slip from your embracing arms. Wordsworth's works! You remember—and never will forget—the mountains at the head of Windermere—behind whose peaked summits the sun sets—and Elleray—but why that haze within those eyes?—"A few natural tears thou sheddest, but wipest them soon"—at the sudden sound of that spell-like home—so let that key remain untouched—ay, there is thy bosom all filled with poetry! with poetry often—"not of this noisy world, but silent and divine," with happy hymns for sunshine, and mournful elegies for moonlight—with lyrics that might be set to such music as the lark sings high in heaven—with odes that might be fitly chanted to the softened voice of the waterfall—with ballads such as Bessy Bell or Mary Gray might have sung "in their bower on yonder green,"—or Helen Irvine, as she "sat upon the banks of Kirtle,"—or thou thyself, sweeter singer than them all, when willing—as I have seen thee—to charm with change thy father's ear, after the Bride's Maid's Chorus. But thou hast wept for Ruth—and for Emmeline—and for that lovely creature,

"Her mute companion, as it lay
In love and pity at her feet——"

And I have seen thee shiver with delight, in the beauty of the sudden apparition, when

"Came gliding in with lovely gleam,
Came gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
That solitary Doe!"

Yes—thou mayest, unblamed, place such poetry on the very same shelf, Margaret, with thy Bible; for the word of God itself is better understood by hearts softened and sublimed by

strains inspired into the souls of great Poets by devoutest contemplation of his works. Therefore, child,

> " with gentle hand
> Touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves!"

Fanny Allardyce—do not make me fall in love with envious eyes, by looking so on Margaret's bosom—full of beautiful books—bound as they are in crimson—for that is the light of setting suns; and although William Wordsworth be often but as a lowly pastoral poet piping in the shade, yet as often is he like the blind John Milton, who sung in his glorious darkness of Paradise—and the Courts of Heaven. For here, for thee, my pensive Frances, are the Poetical Works of Edmond Spenser, in five volumes, presented to me by my friend Mr Pickering of London—and he will not be displeased with me for transferring them to the love of one who is in good truth " like the heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb." You will find much—and many things in the Fairy Queen, that even your almost fully expanded intellect and imagination will not yet understand—yet little, and few things that your heart nevertheless will not feel—and not the less touchingly, because love will be mixed with wonder, and pity given to what is at once sorrowful and strange. You have already read the Comus of Milton—and love and admire—and would wish to kneel down at her feet—the Lady whose spotless innocence preserves her from the fiends of that haunted wood. She and the Una of the Fairy Queen might be sisters; nor, were such creatures as they ever to walk over our earth, could they turn away their gracious and benignant smiles from such a maiden as thou art—for thou too art without spot or blemish—nor could force nor fraud prevail against thee; for, true it is as words of holy writ, that " a thousand liveried angels lacquey thee," and that vice and wickedness could not live in an atmosphere purified by the breath of innocence from such lips as thine!

Harriet Brisbane—thou hast a heroic spirit—yet a heart formed for peace. And thou lookest, with that fine, high, bold brow of thine,—yet perfectly feminine,—and with those large hazel eyes, so mild, yet magnanimous,—and that mass of nearly black hair, that, but for the Christmas roses round it, would seem almost sullen—at least most melancholy,—thou lookest, we say, like what thou indeed art, a true descendant of now beatified spirits, who, in the old days of persecution, sang hymns of rejoicing when tied to the stake, and their bodies shrivelling in the fire. Dear virgin martyr! take and keep for our sake, the exquisite Roman tale of Valerius. There you will read how one, whom I could fancy like thy very self, in face, figure, and character, a virgin named Athanasia, touched at the soul by the religion of Jesus, did disencumber herself of all the beautiful and imaginative vanities of the old Mythological faith, and, fearless of the pitchy fire, and of the ravening lion, did fold the cross unto her bosom, and became transfigured from Innocence into Piety. The tale will not make these calm eyes of thine shed many, if any tears; but ever and anon as they follow the fortunes of her who hath forsaken the service of Idols and false Deities, to become a Priestess of the only One, Living, and True God, they will be uplifted " in thoughts that lie too deep for tears"—slowly and solemnly, and most beautifully—to the Heaven of Heavens! Thou, too, take—thou high-souled daughter, of a high-souled sire—this other book, bound in brightest scarlet—for you have heard, that a blind man once said, that he conceived scarlet to be like the sound of a trumpet,—and all emblazoned with the arms of adverse nations, Specimens of Spanish Ballads, celebrating the exploits of the Campeador, and other heroes, against the Saracens; and all the high and wild warfare that, for centuries, made the rivers run red with mingled Castilian and Moorish blood. The old Spanish Ballads are like fragments of fine bold martial music, in their own tongue; but Mr Lockhart is a poet " of strength and state;" and in his noble verses, your eyes dazzle at the brightness of the Spanish sword, tempered in the Ebro, and can scarce endure the flashing of the Moorish scymitar. You read his Ballads in the same mood of mind with which you hear the music-band of a regiment of cavalry—say the Scots Greys—hundreds of heroes following on—on—on—with their glittering casques, and each with a sabre, erst red perchance at Waterloo, in his strong right hand.

Aha, Jane! my pretty little rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed, curly-pated Jane—can you control no longer the impatience, which, for this last half hour, you have not attempted to conceal? And are you there unbeckoned upon my knee, and, with uplifted frock, ready to receive into your lap your destined Prize? There, thou imp—thou elf—thou fairy—there is a Christmas-Box for thee, on which thou wilt stare out thine eyes—having first filled them many times and oft—now with sighing, and now with laughing tears. You remember that I gave you last year the nicest of all little books, about the strangest and most curious pranky little beings that ever were born—"Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland;" and do you know that the Christmas-Box is from the same gentleman—you know his name—T. Crofton Croker; and that it is published by that Mr Ainsworth, now a bookseller in London, who carried you in his arms into the boat, you remember, and kept you there all the time we were sailing about on the lake? but he is a faithless man, and cannot be your husband, as he said he would, for he has married a beautiful wife of his own; and—only think of his impudence!—sent you this Christmas-Box to purchase your forgiveness. I assure you it is the nicest book for a child like you that ever was; for, do you know, that you are in your teens now, and, for a young child, are getting quite an old woman. Only look at that picture (the book you will find is full of delightful pictures) of the Enchanted Ass! Saw you ever anything so funny? Read the story about it, and you will die of laughing. But, fond as thou art of laughter, and fun and noise—yet art thou, too, my most merry mad-cap, at times, like all the happiest, not disinclined to gentle weeping—therefore, read the story of "Little Willie Bell,"—and then lay it down and think upon it—and weep and wonder if the "pale boy with the long curled hair," was indeed a ghost! Whether, child, there be any ghosts or no, it is not for me—old man as I am—to say; but if there be, they visit us not unpermitted, and you, my innocent, need not be afraid, were something you thought a ghost to draw the curtains of your little bed at night, and look in upon you, with a pale pale face, and all dressed in white, even like the clothes in which people are buried. For it is only to the bad that dreadful ghosts appear, sometimes, it is said, driving them mad by glaring on them with their eyes, and pointing to wounds, all streaming with blood, in their side or breast; but the ghosts that glide before the eyes of the good, whether they are shut in sleep, or open in what we call a waking dream, are the gentlest beings that ever walked beneath the light of the moon and stars—and it would make your heart to sing within you, were your eyes to fall on their faces—pale though they might be—as upon the faces of angels, who were once Christians on earth, sent, to bless the slumbers of little pious children, from Heaven. After "Little Willie Bell," thou must read "The Fairy and the Peach Tree," written by Mr Ainsworth himself—and you will know from it—what you were too young and too much in love with him that long-ago summer to know—that he is a truly good man, and, I will add, Jane, a writer of fine fancy and true feeling.—What, off and away to the window without a single kiss—to hold up the pretty pictures, one after another in the sunshine!

Caroline Graham! Nay—Caroline, no far-off flirtation behind backs with such an old Quiz as Christopher North. There you are—bounding stately up from your affectedly-humble bending down, like a tall Harebell, that, depressed more than seemed natural with a weight of dew, among whose sweets the bees are murmuring, all of a sudden lifts itself up from the greensward, and, to the passing zephyr, shakes its blue blossoms in the sunshine. What! a basket—shall I call it—or rather a net of dense hair—of your own elegant handy-work no doubt—lined with what would seem to be either delicate light-blue satin or woven dew—to receive—what think ye? Why, all the Souvenirs—There they go, one after another—like so many birds of soft or bright plumage, not unwillingly dancing into the cage. There goes the "Forget me Not,"—one of the fairest flutterers of them all, a bird of beautiful plumage and sweet song. Why so intent your eyes, my Caroline, on the very first page of your first Christmas Present? Ha! Stephanoff's Picture of the Bridal Morning! There she sits, surveying in her mirror, which cannot well flatter, what is so finely framed—that Figure, with

bashful pride, which one about to rescue her to himself from an adoring world will gaze upon, and scarcely dare to embrace, with the trembling ecstasy of devoted passion. But hush, hush! Thy cheek, alternately rosy-red and lily-pale, each flower alike "love's proper hue," warns me to respect—to venerate the unconcealable secret of innocent nature—So—so! Not a word—not a look more, bright Caroline! of the "Forget me Not"—or of the "Bridal Morning," except that—now you have recovered from the confusion which some youth or other might understand perfectly, but of which the old man knows nothing—except that Mr Frederic Shoberl, the editor, is a pleasant gentleman, and Mr Ackermann, the publisher, a producer of many amiable elegancies—many trifles that touch the heart, and not a few more serious, though haply not more salutary works,—for strong nourishment can be distilled from flowers; and there is a spirit with which many of his literary friends are imbued, reminding one of these lines of Wordsworth—

The device
To each and all might well belong;
It is the Spirit of Paradise
That prompts such works; a Spirit strong,
That gives to all the self-same bent,
When Life is wise and innocent.

A Large Paper Copy of the "Literary Souvenir," a Perfect Gem, Caroline, and set, after my own fancy, in silver and gold. Look at the "Duke and Duchess reading Don Quixote"—an imagination of that fine genius, the American Leslie! Let but a few ripening suns roll on, and thou thyself, The Grahame, wilt be as rich, as rare, as royal, as Queenlike a beauty, as she who, unconsciously obeying the judgments, the feelings, and the fancies, of her lofty and heroic Lord, is there seen dreaming with a smile of the doughty deeds of that Inimitable Crazed whom Cervantes created.—I, for one, know not whether to raise up or run down the Spirit of Romance and Chivalry.

Mr Alaric Watts it was who first called upon the other Fine Arts to aid Poetry in beautifying all the Souvenirs—the happy name of his own "bright consummate" Annual Flower—being, to our ear, the best expression of the aim and meaning of them all. Himself an elegant writer—Elegance is the peculiar characteristic of his Souvenirs; but an elegance congenial with the truth, and simplicity, and the force of nature. Here, my Caroline—into the magic web it goes—bound in violet—for that is a colour that is felt to be beautiful, whether "by mossy stone half hidden to the eye," or on the open and sunny bank,—all by its single self—or easily distinguishable, unpresuming though it be, amid the brightest bouquet that e'er bloomed on the bosom of Beauty.

Love and Friendship are sisters, and there is their Joint "Offering,"—although Love, as usual, is shamefaced, and conceals her name. The Editor, I have heard, is Mr Charles Knight,—and I believe it; taste, and sensibility, and genius, have been brought to the work. It bears dreamy perusal well—and is like a collection of musical pieces, in which, by a certain rare felicity, the compositions of harmonists, comparatively little known to fame, successfully rival the strains of the most famous. Thus, Southey's Grand Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales does not disincline us, at its close, to open our ears to the pathetic elegies of Moultrie,—Pringle and Praed touch the harp with a careless, but no unmasterly hand—and there is one song at least by Hervey,—

"Come touch the harp, my gentle one,"

"beautiful exceedingly,"—at least so it would be, my Caroline, if sung by thy voice when the fire was low, and this Study of mine, visited occasionally, even as at present it is visited, by the best and fairest, "now in glimmer, and now in gloom," echoed to that voice which some have compared, in the variety of its thick-gushing richness, to that of the nightingale—but which I do then most dearly love to listen to, when, in its clear-singing and unornamented risings and falls, without one single intermediate grace, shake, or quaver, it doth, to my ears, still ready to catch the tones that awaken ancient memories, most of all resemble the song of Scotia's darling, the Linty, as, by the edge of some birken shaw, it hymns onwards, beginning at the hour of twilight,—its melody becoming still softer and sweeter, as if beneath the mellowing dews—and then, as if the bird wished to escape the eye of the Star of Eve, soon about to rise, all of a sudden hushed—and the songster itself dropt into the broomy brake, or

flitted away into the low edge-trees of the forest!—There—let me gently place the "Amulet" in a hand fair even as that of the Lady of Ilkdale—"a phantom of delight," that will look upon you, Caroline, almost like your own image in a mirror, if you but allow the "Amulet" to open of its own accord—for often and long have I gazed upon that matchless elegance—if indeed elegance be not too feeble a word for one so captivating in her conscious accomplishments of art, so far more captivating in her unconscious graces of nature. Maiden like thyself is she—thine elder sister, Caroline—though thou art an only child—but the "Morning Walk" displays the easy dignity of the high-born matron—the happy mother teaching, it may be, her first-born son—the heir of an ancient and noble house—to brush away, with his gladsome footsteps, the dews from the flowers and grass of his own illustrious father's wide-spread demesnes!

A fine genius hast thou, Caroline, for painting; and who of all the old masters, whose works line that long gallery in the Castle, surpasses in art or nature the works of our own Lawrence, pride of his nation and of his age? The gayest heart, my Caroline, when its gaiety is that of innocence, is likewise often, when need is, the most grave; and that such a heart is thine, I saw that night, with solemn emotions, when, by thy mother's sick-bed, thy head was bowed down in low sobbing prayers — therefore will the "Amulet" be not the less, nay, far the more, pleasant in thy privacy, because the word "Christian" is on its fair title-page, a sacred word, not misapplied, for a meek and unobtrusive religion breathes over its leaves in undying fragrance; so that the "Amulet" may lie on the couch of the room where friends meet in health and cheerfulness,—below the pillow of the room where sickness lies afar from sorrow, and the patient feels that no medicine is better for the weakness of the body than that which soothes and tranquillizes the soul.

Last of all—there is the bright-bound, beautiful "Bijou,"--so brightly bound, that by pressing it to thy bosom, it will impart very warmth, like a gently-burning fire. You have been at Abbotsford, Caroline? Indeed I have a notion that your image has been flitting before our great Romancer's eyes, during more than one of his dreams of feminine firmness and force of character, that affects the shade, without shunning the sunshine, and by its composure in the calm, tells how bravely it would stand the storm. There is Sir Walter and his family, all characteristically figured in rustic guise by the genius of Wilkie. And the letter which gives the key to the picture, you will delight in, as a perfect model of manly simplicity,—of that dignified reserve with which a great and good man speaks of himself, and those most near and dear to him, before the world. You will find there, too, that fragment of Coleridge's which you have more than once heard me recite to you from memory—would that you could hear it murmured in the music of his own most poetical voice,—"The Wanderings of Cain." Yet why should his divine genius deal so frequently in fragments? The Muse visits his slumbers nightly, but seems to forsake him during unfinished dreams. In "Christabelle," "that singularly wild and original poem," as Byron rightly called it, mystery is perhaps essential; and there is a wonder that ought never to be broken—a dim uncertain light, that is "darkness visible," and should neither be farther brightened nor obscured. But in the "Wanderings of Cain," the subject being scriptural, and most ruefully and fatally true, the heart demands that its emotions shall be set at rest, and everything told, how dreadful soever it may be, that the poet foresaw in the agonies of his inspiration. I fear Coleridge knows that he cannot conclude "The Wanderings of Cain" according to the meaning of the Bible, and, therefore, verily his lips are mute. But then, what exquisite diction! The imagery how simple,—yet Oriental all,—and placing us, as it were, on the deserts bordering on Paradise, at whose gates now flamed the fiery sword of the Cherubim!

And now, Fairest, thou art released from that attitude in which thou hast so long been standing, obedient to a garrulous old man—nor yet "thinking his prattle to be tedious," for too thoroughly good art thou, my Caroline, to be wearied with any attention which thy high but humble heart willingly pays to one who bears on his forehead the authority of grey hairs.

Who now advances with the pink sash so broad—yet not too broad—with timid though not downcast eyes,

and with footsteps as soft, as noiseless as their own shadows? Thy sirname is of no moment now—but thy Christian name is Mary—to my ear the mildest and most musical and most melancholy of all. Thy poetical library is already well stored—and so is thy poetical memory—for the music of sweet verse never enters there but to abide always—meeting with melodies within, perpetually inspired by a thoughtful spirit heeding all things in silent wonder and love. Yes, Mary, the old man loves to hear thy low sweet voice repeating some pure and plaintive strain of Hemans, whose finest verse is steeped in sound so exquisite, that it sinks with new and deeper meanings into the heart—or some feeling and fanciful effusion of the rich-minded Landon, wandering at eve, with sighs and tears, amidst the scents of the orange-bloom, and the moonlight glimmer that tames the myrtle-bowers. But at present—I address thee as a small Historian—and lo! here are "The Tales of a Grandfather, being Stories taken from Scottish History, humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn!"

Hugh Littlejohn is about thine own age, Mary,—and pleased should I be to see you and him reposing together on this sofa, reading off one and the same book!—one of those three pretty little volumes! Great, long, broad quartos and folios, are not for little, short, narrow readers, like Mary and Hugh. Were one of them, in an attempt to push it out of its place on the shelf, to tumble upon your heads, you would all three fall down, with the floor, into the parlour below. But three such tiny volumes as these you may carry in your bosom out to the green knolls, when spring returns, and read them on your knee in the sunshine. Only you would have to remember not to leave them lying there all night; for on your return to look for them in the morning, you would lift up your hands to see that they had been stolen by the fairies, after their dance had ceased on those yellow rings. Children though you be—you, Mary and Hugh—yet it is natural for you to wish to know something about the great grown-up people of the world—how they behave and employ themselves in different countries—all enlightened, as you know, however distant from one another, by the same sun. But more especially you love—because you are children—to be told all about the country in which you yourselves, and your father and mother, and their father and mother, were born. Dearly do your young eyes love to pore over the pages of history, and your young ears to hear the darker passages explained by one who knows everything, because he is old. Now, who do you think is the Grandfather that tells those Tales—and who is Hugh Littlejohn to whom they are told? Sir Walter Scott, Mary, is the grandfather — and Hugh Littlejohn is no other than dear, sweet, clever Johnny Lockhart, whose health you and I, and all of us, shall drink by and by in a glass of cowslip wine. Men are often desperately wicked—as you who read your Bible know—and that which is commonly called history, is but a tale after all of tears and blood—and the tale-teller too often cares little whether he is talking about the good or the bad, vices or virtues,—nay, he too often takes part with the bad against the good, and seems no more to hate sin because it triumphs. But Sir Walter is too good—too wise a man to do so—and as the people of Scotland have, for many hundred years been, on the whole, an excellent people, you will far oftener be glad than sorry in reading their history as it is told here—and when you have finished all the volumes and come to Finis, you will think—and there will be no harm in thinking—that you would rather be—what you are—a little Scottish girl, than even an English one—although, now that the two kingdoms have so long been united into one, Scottish and English girls are all sisters; and so on, indeed, up to the very oldest old women.

Never, never ought the time to come when one's own country is less beloved than any other land. Neither you, Mary, nor Hugh, must ever be citizens of the world. William Tell, you have heard, was a glorious Swiss peasant, who made all his countrymen free, and procured for them liberty to live as they liked, without a great king, who cared little about them, having it in his power to plague and humble them in their beautiful little cottages up among the mountains. Love always and honour his memory—but love and honour still more the memory of Sir William Wallace, because he did the same and more for Scotland.——I declare—John with the Lunch-Tray!

THE BACHELOR'S BEAT.

No. III.

The Bachelor's Christmas.

Christmas is come and gone, and I am again alone! That it is not good for man to be so, is a truth which eleven years of absolute solitude have taught me too often to feel, though it is chiefly at this precise period that a sense of utter loneliness finds vent in thought, if not in words. It is not in spring, when the woods are vocal, and the fields instinct with life;—it is not in summer, when a contemplative mind finds "tongues in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything;"—still less amid the sober stillness of autumn—the year's gray twilight, when man holds communings with his spirit, too deep and awful to be shared with his nearest and dearest,—that the burden of solitude becomes oppressive. No! it is when, after partaking in the refined, the social, or the domestic joys of those, among whose firesides custom and consanguinity have divided my holidays, I return to the cheerless meal and silent vigil of my own bachelor home.

And yet it is a beloved home,—hallowed by fond recollections, and rich in present enjoyments; endeared by the shelter it afforded to the green loveliness of a mother's old age, which had nothing of age save its sanctity; hallowed, as the scene of a transition which had nothing of death but the name; adorned by her own exquisite taste, and my solicitude for her comfort, with a thousand little refinements which few bachelor homes can boast. It is not that I would give the roof that sheltered her (humble though it be) for the stateliest halls of the revellers I have left,—nor the garden she planted for "a wilderness" of exotics,—nor the little library originally selected for my Emma, and perused with my mother, for the treasures of the Vatican or Escurial,—but simply, that man has gregarious and social propensities, which, when awakened by human intercourse, leave a painful void behind.

It is nearly twenty years since, with blighted hopes and paralysed energies, I ceased fruitlessly to struggle in the race of life, with those who had still bright eyes to cheer them during the contest, and a prize before them at the goal. The world called my retreat pusillanimous and absurd. I deemed it providential, when I found, that slender as were my resources, and humble as my home, both would contribute materially to soothe the decline of my mother. Even selfishness might have found its account in the compact—for who can bind up the immedicable wounds of the heart with the skill or the tenderness of a mother?—one, too, gifted, far beyond the generality of her sex, with almost masculine strength of mind, tempered by more than feminine gentleness of disposition. She had seen enough to be an amusing companion, and suffered enough to be an edifying one. There was a sunshine of conscious integrity and benevolence about her, which no despondence could resist; and a vigour of principle and intellect before which selfishness and inutility shrunk abashed. If her increasing infirmities forbade her literally "going about doing good," there emanated from her humble abode, as from some stationary beacon, a ray of Christian charity precious to the safety and welfare of hundreds. She had wisdom to advise, and influence to promote, and experience to warn, many a young adventurer on the voyage of life; and a purse, that, like the widow's cruise, seemed replenished by the miraculous blessing of Heaven. I never knew any one whose tastes and enjoyments were so delightfully perennial—"age could not wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety." She loved her friends with the singleness and warmth of a novice in the world. She looked on nature with a relish as exquisite, as one who, having been born blind, was revelling in the luxury of vision; and she had for literature the enthusiasm of fifteen, with the tact arising from fifty years' cultivation of a powerful mind!

What did I not owe her, when, bro-

ken-hearted and forlorn, a second time I sought shelter on her maternal bosom! She first soothed her wayward child, by sharing his griefs; then weaned him from them by her bright example. She had buried husband, sons, and daughters, and stood in the world lonely, but unrepining. Could I, who had but been called on to resign an untasted good, look on her, and refuse to be comforted?

I roused myself to the strife of mutual kindness and good offices. When I was successful, she would tell me I resembled my father; and when her efforts triumphed, I could speak to her of Emma as of a daughter who would have been worthy of her. Surely there are few human ties so tender as that which unites a widowed mother to her widowed son! Both have known joys and griefs, which the other alone can perhaps adequately appreciate—both have just that surplus of chastened and sober feeling to bestow, which the other can afford in return.

Nine happy, yes! happy years did we pass together; yet, when called to resign her, with all her affections unchilled, and her faculties unimpaired, and her talents undimmed by decay, I gathered from these very circumstances the strength requisite to support the trial, for where could I have found that necessary to enable me to see her the gradual prey of imbecility and decay? It pleased Heaven to spare us both the infliction. In the most literal sense of the beautiful language of Scripture, "she fell asleep"—and her waking was doubtless with God!

For a period of perhaps more than forty years—excluding the brief feverish ten passed in the vortex of the busy world—my 25th of December had occasionally been passed under the same hospitable roof. When first its Christmas pies and Christmas gamgols awakened my childish anticipations, they were blended with vague and groundless fears of a stately and somewhat awful lady, whom the sense of her being my mother's bosom-friend, could not entirely divest of terror in the eyes of childhood.

She was one whose tall majestic form and penetrating eye did but reflect the energies within; and if full-grown folly and titled insignificance withered under her glance, it is not to be wondered that childhood cowered before it. It was not as now, when the presence of parents only animates and emboldens the revels of their emancipated children. Duty is a word grown obsolete—whether happily or not, remains to be seen. Love, in those days, was shrouded and almost stifled under a cold exterior veil of duty. Circumstances had, perhaps, given added stateliness to Lady Mary's deportment, and assumed sternness to her rule; for, left early a widow with a numerous progeny, she had to act a father's and a guardian's part to seven high-spirited youths, amid whom three lovely daughters grew, half unnoticed, like violets in a stately grove.

When I first joined their festive board, it was surrounded by all its olive branches;—hardy adventurers already launched on life's ocean, and returned to cheer the Christmas fire with tales of wonder from sea and land. The pale and pensive student, shuddering as he heard, and feeling that nature meant him for a man of peace;—the rosy sparkling schoolboy, panting with eagerness to share the perils, and partake the joys of active life;—the gentle sisterhood of Graces, listening with rapt attention and varying emotions, legible on each soft fair countenance, to the soldier's foray, and the sailor's watch;—and, lastly, infant urchins like myself, half frightened, half enchanted with what we heard, and escaping from the awful presence of the elders, to re-enact it all—and play at least at men.

No after Christmas fireside boasted the same rich family blessings. One or other gallant boy was ever absent and in peril; and it was the silent tear that dimmed Lady Mary's usually keen blue eye, as it rested on their vacant place, that first knit my heart with filial veneration to my mother's friend. With the necessity, too, for absolute despotism, its foreign assumption gradually wore away. The elder ones became endeared and privileged friends; and the younger, objects of solicitude rather than discipline. More of Lady Mary's leisure could be devoted to her fair daughters, and towards them sternness would have been as impossible as misplaced. The anxious struggle occasioned by an encumbered property gave place to dearly-earned

ease and affluence; and the mother reposed upon her laurels, amid filial gratitude, and public veneration.

I went to school and college. Once only, during that busy period, did I Christmas at Dunbarrow. It was a joyous and festive meeting to appearance, for the band of heroes was nearly full, and the newly ordained and piously dedicated student had been summoned to give the hand of the most bewitching of the Graces to a man deemed worthy of the prize. Few have lived long in the world without learning that wedding laughter is the hollowest of all; but not even the thoughtlessness of youth could then render our gaiety spontaneous and sincere. Louisa was going away, probably for life, and with a stranger. Was not this enough to make a mother tremble, and sisters weep, and the very little children hang about her, and forget their gambols? My sympathy, for it was no more, though I was now a susceptible lad of eighteen, found vent in a dislike to Mr B——, which circumstances sadly justified. When Louisa returned to Dunbarrow, it was an early blighted flower, withered by unkindness and misfortune!

From that time, a long period intervened before I again joined the circle. My father died, and my mother removed from the family-seat in the same county with Dunbarrow, to preside over my sister's education in town, and cheer with her presence and counsel my legal studies. We returned no more to ———shire, till my blighted hopes, and her repeated losses, made retirement precious to us both; and friendship, as well as a thousand pleasingly painful associations, bade us seek it in our old neighbourhood.

I shall not soon forget the Christmas that succeeded our return, after an absence of thirteen years. Lady Mary's erect and stately form had shrunk in dimensions, like the halls I once thought boundless. Her step was tottering and feeble, and her powerful mind, though unimpaired, had lost the light of memory to guide its path, and wandered without rudder or compass on the ocean of the past and present.

Her heart, however, was warm as ever, and clung the more tenaciously to early friendships, that much that was more recent eluded its grasp. My mother was hailed with transport—but by that maiden-name, which, for thirty long years, had not saluted her ear; and it was among her many causes for thankfulness, that Heaven had sent her, as a ministering angel, to cheer the benighted soul of her early friend with glimpses of youthful affection and joy. There was nothing painful or humiliating in Lady Mary's abstraction from the things of to-day and yesterday;—those of fifty years back were related with her characteristic energy and acuteness. She alone, of all who exceed their usual span, could people the desolate past with friends long buried and forgotten by their own nearest and dearest. She alone consigned all the painful visitations of the present to happy and merciful oblivion; and gradually learnt to dwell chiefly on a futurity which was not of earth, but heaven.

Grandchildren were now growing up to supply breaches in the circle of her goodly sons and blooming daughters, whose few survivors were now way-worn pilgrims in the various paths of life. These, fondly misled by similarity of name or personal resemblance, she would frequently identify with the "beautiful and brave," over whom she had once wept; retaining, through all her aberrations, such a vague sense of their affinity, as made their presence and attentions delightful, though their absence was happily unmarked. I felt as if on the narrow isthmus between two states of existence, when I looked on Lady Mary's venerable form, and heard her discourse with my mother on events as present, which had become the province of history; and when, without a contemporary of my own to break the spell, I saw, on the other hand, a race of rosy infants (the orphans of long-lost sons) rising to usurp the places which I thought it seemed as yesterday since their sires had occupied.

These feelings have long since passed away. My mother was mercifully first summoned from her soon unconscious survivor, who, with the snows of near ninety winters on her head, looked like some hoary peak, whose base the storms of a century have slowly but surely undermined. It fell at length—but gently, as the ripe grain before the sickle. We laid her

mortal remains beside her friends, in the lovely woodland chapel sacred to her race; and rejoiced that her spirit was now presenting unfettered, at a throne of grace, the prayers which had long faltered on her aged lips, and the praises which had formed the chief solace of her closing ear. It was on Christmas day that her eyes first opened on the world she inhabited so long. It was about Christmas that she bade it adieu; and when the first rays of that hallowed morning beamed on the sweet spot where slept the mother of generations, I fancied they rested with a softer smile on the graves of those whom, "lovely in their lives," death had not long divided!

Such friendships could not fail to be hereditary; and I have long given to the generation that embellishes Dunbarrow a filial place in my heart. Sometimes I dream, like her who is no more; and see in the gay gallant soldier, and gentle soft-eyed maiden, the parents whom they meetly represent. Sometimes I feel like an interloper in a circle which has but a traditional knowledge of my joys and sorrows; but that very circumstance has lent them sacredness, and if kindness, filial kindness, and tender sympathy, can cheer the grey-haired man, they are and have been completely mine.

Under their influence I often enter cheerily into the sober and chastened mirth which best suits the feelings and character of my children at Dunbarrow. They have been early mourners, but not "as without hope,"—and pursue the even tenor of their pious and duteous path, in all the sunshine which Heaven can shed on what is, at best, a pilgrimage.

When sitting around their social and domestic Christmas fire, I often find amusement in the changes which even I have witnessed on the surface of society, and the character of its recreations. When I first knew Dunbarrow, it was, as now, an old-fashioned irregular mansion, capacious as the hearts of its owners, and hospitable as the times they lived in. The hall, with its sculptured ceiling, rich in scriptural and heraldic devices, remains unaltered; and the same grim visages frown over our heads as we demolish Christmas pies of puny modern dimensions. But then, my lady's parlour! It puzzles me to this day to remember how all the guests who surrounded the ample board, managed to find even standing room within its Lilliputian precincts. And yet it had afforded scope even to the hooped and furbelowed generation which preceded!

They enjoyed it, however, unencumbered by those ponderous pieces of furniture which usurp the dimensions even of our stately drawing-rooms. No grand pianos, loaded bookcases, or claw-tables, redolent of literature and the arts, adorned the cedar parlour of Dunbarrow;—the reason was obvious,—they were not invented, nor could they, if invented, have got in, nor if got in, could they have stood there. To this day I recognize, with a degree of indignation, in a forlorn and neglected passage, the inlaid cabinet which formed the glory of that sanctum sanctorum; but whose China pagodas, and fairy cups and saucers, have long since gone to swell the store of some antiquarian collector. This cabinet, a fly-table, capable of containing, with management, two bags for knotting, a fire-screen—whose gigantic and non-descript flowers, might have been worshipped as resembling nothing on earth beneath—and some chairs of the same elegant design, whose size and ponderosity chiefly confined them to the wall—formed, as far as I recollect, the only furniture of the apartment; while its stamped leather hangings had contracted, from age and their Eastern origin, a mingled mustiness and perfume, which it gladdened my nostrils to recognize lately in a Burmese letter of compliment.

The first happy evenings I had spent at Dunbarrow were passed in that little parlour; and when, on my return from College, I found that Lady Mary's favourite son had, with difficulty, achieved the erection of the large new drawing-room, I own I entered into the old lady's feelings of regret and dissatisfaction. The room had too, that year, the waste, uncomfortable air of one scarce fully inhabited, and the marriage of Louisa, which was then celebrated, contributed to leave an unfavourable impression on my mind.

Other, and more auspicious weddings, however, had redeemed its character, and ere my mother and I revisited Dunbarrow, the cedar parlour had been transformed into a green-

house of gay exotics; and the old lady, like a stately transplanted evergreen, sat amid the flowers of a new soil and atmosphere. There was something in the new room very attractive to this rising generation. Its walls were covered with a gay Indian paper, whose birds of gorgeous plumage had called forth the infant wonder, and exercised the opening faculties, of all the rosy tribe. A spacious table groaned with choice prints, and books especially written for childhood, affording a feast of reason very different from the meagre fare which the well-thumbed and solitary picture Bible held out, on high days, and holidays, to our infant optics. Dissected maps were eagerly adjusted by unbreeched geographers—and the awful responsibilities of chess lent premature gravity to warriors and statesmen in embryo.

These intellectual toys have now long since given place to the elegant accomplishments and varied resources of modern youth. The harp of Erin, and the guitar of Spain, blend their tones with lays of many lands; and while the family concert sweetly beguiles the winter evening, I see the playful creature, who, in form, feature, and character, represents the youngest and most fortunate of the graces, stealing the portraits of the whole rapt musicians, and transferring them to paper, with a rapidity which, fifty years ago, would have been ascribed to magic. The theft is discovered—the laugh goes round—and a kiss from the brother, whose martial figure is so prominent in the group, is the punishment!

It is always a painful effort that transplants me, on the last day of the expiring year, from Dunbarrow, with its youthful dreams, its tender recollections, and its "sober certainty of waking bliss," to the anarchy and universal suffrage with which a troop of wild and lawless boys and girls are every year gradually overpowering the obsolete despotism of my cousin Jack Thornley's earlier sway. Whoever for the first time hears Jack and his stentorian sons, and shrill-voiced daughters, all talking at once, feels inclined to think that "Chaos is come again,"—and certainly concludes them to be all quarrelling; whereas, no family, differing, as they do on every minor affair of life, can possibly be on better terms on all essential matters.

Jack, a little older than myself, was my comrade at school and college; fought my way through a thousand scrapes in both, and, being one of the best creatures alive, such a friendship as can subsist, independent of one congenial point in our characters, has always been kept up between us. Jack, who was, like myself, a younger brother, owed to the good offices of my mother, the Government situation, which enabled him to rear and support, though in comparative obscurity, the offspring of a marriage of consummate and characteristic imprudence; and now that Jack has succeeded to the family estate, I verily believe he could not enjoy it, if her son did not grace his board much oftener than his recluse habits and quiet disposition render agreeable.

Among the many sacrifices which a man of common good-nature is called upon to make, custom has hardly reconciled me to sit up till past twelve at Thornley, to see in the new year, while the obsequies of the old one are celebrated with a noise which may set at defiance the howl of an Irish wake, or the jabber of a Jew's synagogue. Noise seems here an essential element of happiness, nay even of existence—and the Eolian harps that whisper peace at Dunbarrow, are exchanged for a perpetual peal of alarum bells at Thornley. The contrast, in other respects, is not less sudden and striking. Hospitality at Dunbarrow is rather felt than seen. Meals seem to come and go by magic; and the minor details of life are lost in the harmonious result of the whole. But at Thornley everything is matter of discussion, from the fate of empires to the ingredients of a sauce; and a stranger is often led, erroneously, to feel himself unwelcome, from the debates to which his accommodation and entertainment give rise.

Breakfast passes amid stormy anticipations of the morning's amusement, when project succeeds project like waves in a troubled sea, and the forenoon is half spent before some philosophic stranger pours oil on the waters by his neutral and eagerly adopted suggestions. A party of young people, endowed with health and high spirits, would generally contrive in the end to be happy—but Jack likes every one to be happy in his own way, and by dictating the

mode of felicity, usually throws down the apple of discord. A general revolt against papa's tyranny is succeeded by the splitting of parties before alluded to. Fishing is voted a bore—shooting a nuisance, and coursing barbarous, in proportion as the several pastimes come recommended by parental authority. The out-voted grow sullen, and the victors clamorous—the sisters side with either party, as inclination or partiality prompts—and even the passive languid mother, whose existence amid such an element seems miraculous—when referred to as an umpire, adds, by her uninterested verdict, new ardour to the combatants. The young men at length separate, to pursue their joint or separate pastimes; the girls debate about riding or walking till the time for both is past. They walk when they should be dressing—dinner is on the table—Jack sits with his watch in his hand fretting—the storm bursts, and the first course passes amid a chorus of scolding from papa, and recrimination among the culprits themselves.

There is something wonderfully pacific in a good dinner—and by the time the cloth is removed, all parties are in high good-humour, ready to devise the amusements of the evening. With the help of narrations of the day's sport from the lads, and some twenty times told tales of Jack's youth, I sometimes get the debate adjourned to the drawing-room; and that it does not languish there, a pretty thin partition, and ears too acute for my own happiness, generally convince me, were the clamorous appeals with which our entrance is hailed, ever wanting.

There is, in truth, no great variety of evening resources at Thornley. Few books are to be found except the Sporting Magazine and the last novel—and the piano is chiefly valued as a substitute for the fiddle. Dancing is a nightly expedient to kill time and drown clamour; but who shall play, always gives rise to a brisk contest; and the choice of the dancers is matter of life and death. Cards succeed, to relieve the heels at the expense of the head, and the game, whatever it is, was surely invented at Babel!

Such, without much exaggeration, is a picture of every day's tumultuous existence at Thornley—and yet father and mother, boys and girls, are all worthy creatures, and would go through fire and water for each other. Much of the evil must be ascribed to the bluster with which Jack, from their infancy, covered his lack of authority; and the utter incapacity of a mother, weak in health and intellect, to restrain the high spirits of a brood of stout urchins, who scrambled as they best might for very short commons and scanty education. The unexpected possession of affluence came too late to afford polish—while it gave sudden scope to a host of ill-regulated desires and incompatible wishes. My young friends at Thornley are like children in a well-furnished toy-shop; they want everything at once, and don't well know what they want—and poor Jack is as bad as any of them.

His second son, whom, as senior wrangler of the family, he deemed eminently fitted for the bar, will be nothing but a cornet of dragoons—while his eldest, whom he would gladly inoculate with military ardour, prefers the *otium cum dignitate* of his paternal mansion. His schemes for his daughters have been equally discomfited, by the youngest and prettiest being married before all her elder sisters—and to whom? A Nabob and a Whig!—two characters which Jack holds in nearly equal abhorrence.

It is impossible not to smile at the mingled emotions which Jack feels when Christmas brings Mrs ——, her diamonds, her barouche and four, and her Whig husband, to Thornley. How he writhes when the Nabob sends away, untasted, his mother-in-law's most elaborate curries, and makes faces at his father's West India Madeira! How the pollution of his breakfast table by the Morning Chronicle turns his toast to wormwood, and the sentiments of his radical son-in-law, his tea into gall! Nay, how the very languor and *nonchalance* which so often provoked him in his own wife, and which Fanny inherits from her, appear, to his jaundiced eyes, the effect of her connexion with the sneering and supercilious Indian!

His sneers and impertinence have always the good effect of putting me in Christian charity with the whole family. They reconcile me to all their good-humoured sparring, and open-hearted roughness of deportment. My Toryism becomes *ultra*, as I support Jack in politics. I beat the bushes

for the boys in the morning, and talk it over with them after dinner; nay, I have danced reels with the girls, and joined their uproarious Commerce table at night—just out of spleen against a man, who thinks it the height of wisdom to do none of them.

But these are not good or pleasing feelings; and I pay for them by the headache which I always carry away from Thornley.

It was this year exchanged for a heart-ache; and my next visit, though one of bridal felicitation, proved one of the deepest calls on my sympathy which it had perhaps ever experienced.

I received, during the course of the autumn, a letter from my only nephew, the son of my elder brother, Arthur, and that dazzling Caroline, the flame of my boyhood, one whose gay facile disposition I formerly mentioned, as having led her to the verge of error, from which she was timely rescued by myself, and a saint now in heaven.

Arthur died early in life, in a foreign land, where he had been ordered for his health; and his widow, to whose character foreign manners were congenial, had ever since remained abroad, retaining her only son, on whom she doated, as her inseparable companion. This was, during the life of my mother, one of the most severe and least patiently endured trials. She had no illiberal prejudices, beyond that legitimate and ennobling preference which every native of this free and happy land must feel for its morals and its manners; but the thought of a young man of birth and fortune, thus estranged from every English feeling and association, made her almost unjust to the lands in which he had been brought up an alien, and towards the mother, whose mingled romance and levity had induced her to prefer them.

It had been well if the consequences to poor Philip had been bounded by making him an awkward and dissatisfied Briton—disqualified for the pursuits, and disinclined for the pastimes, of his countrymen. But deeper evils still had nearly sprung from the siren song and witching graces of the south; and those who deprecate foreign connexions for their children, would do well to pause ere they expose their susceptible feelings to fascinations which it may be alike misery to yield to, or resist.

The young man's letter—the first for many a long year—breathed a very pleasing desire to cultivate the acquaintance of his only near relation; and agreeably surprised me by the information that he was actually in England, on a visit to a nobleman in the north, with whose nephew he had formed an intimacy abroad, and to whose only daughter, a beautiful young woman, with whom he was sure I should be pleased, he was on the point of being united. He was desirous, if possible, to spend a few weeks with his bridal party at our old family seat, to which I have before alluded, in the county in which I was now residing—and ventured to request me to ride over to Westerton, and give directions for such temporary accommodations as the neglected mansion, in its state of long dilapidation, could be made to afford.

My heart warmed, as I read, towards the son of my poor Arthur, whose marriage I hoped would prove, in all respects, a more congenial one—and I found, during autumn, very agreeable employment in fulfilling his request. My first visit, however, to the home of my childhood—for later I had not inhabited it—was abundantly trying,—from precisely opposite causes to those which often render such visits in after life painful. Many old men complain of the metamorphoses which their home has undergone; and feel as if improvements and embellishments were outrages on its remembered sanctity. Here, nothing had been altered, nothing improved—but the house which I had thought princely, and which even the county histories of the day styled the fine New Place of Westerton, seemed to stand alone in its neglect and its desolation, while all around bore the smiling marks of rapidly advancing taste and comfort.

It had been let to casual tenants as long as these would submit to its long damp passages, gaping sashes, decaying floors, and scanty furniture—but that time had long been past, and an old gardener alone, a contemporary of its better days, lived in the mansion he still thought unrivalled, sighing over its decay, and the still more complete desolation of those famous terraced

gardens which, in their pride, he had supposed no faint image of those of Babylon, but which his feeble arm had long proved unable to rescue from becoming, like them, a "howling wilderness."

It was a fine soft autumnal morning when I rode up to the house; shocked by the neglect of the once trim yew hedges and over-grown grass walks which, in my youthful ignorance of better things, I had fancied the very perfection of taste.

The old gardener, aware of my coming, was hobbling about in the sun, before the door, anxious to catch the first glimpse of his mistress's son,—and looked with his crutch (for he was almost a cripple from rheumatism) in too good keeping with all around.

The house was a long straggling mansion, which the vanity of my ancestor had expanded into an imposing length of front, while his finances had proportionally contracted its breadth,—so that it consisted of endless files of rooms, following each other in antique state and tarnished finery, like a procession, not over-well appointed, in a country theatre. The small narrow windows were sufficiently numerous to admit light, but too high to afford any prospect to those who might be attracted by the vicinity of the huge antique chimneys, which, grim with the smoke of a century, presented devices unintelligible to modern vertu. Many of the bedrooms were covered with that sort of faded tapestry, where (as I once remarked, with indescribable awe, to be the case with the objects of nature during an almost total eclipse) trees, skies, men and women, all assume one pallid nondescript tint—like the ghosts of Ossian, scarce distinguishable from the grey clouds on which they floated, or the grey mountains on which these reposed. The ceilings again, teemed with sparkling gods and goddesses, whose unnatural attitudes and bulky limbs, as viewed by the flickering light of an expiring wood-fire, seemed to threaten a second fall from Olympus—and I remember, even yet, my boyish horror, lest an Icarus, whom no wings save those of a fabulous *roc* could have supported—should really tumble, and crush me in my bed.

The garden was the very *beau idéal* of desolation; for, to the not unpicturesque wildness soon assumed by unrestrained vegetation, was added the far less pleasing ruin of the costly labours of art. Buttresses, whose very ivy looked grey and superannuated, mouldered away from walls, the yawning chasms in which were rendered more unsightly by the cankered branches of the once trimly dressed fruit-trees, partially adhering to them. Flights of steps, so broken as scarce to afford footing, led to lower and lower ranges of less and less cultivated garden-ground; while noseless, nay, headless statues, lay prostrate, across the path, or stood like mementoes of the taste of forgotten generations.

Last of all, came what was once a blooming orchard, and now a reedy swamp, whose moss-grown stumps barely indicated its former destination. It had boasted, in its centre, of a pond, or lake, as it was ambitiously called, where two miserable-pinioned swans sighed for their native waters—but the chains of both the element and its prisoners had long since been broken, and while the latter had perhaps sought the boundless lakes of Norway, the former had usurped possession of all the adjacent level. I turned hastily from this meanest aspect of desolation, and ran up the broken staircases, delighted to recognize, in the old bowling-green above, one curious flower-bed, forming a true lover's knot, which the gardener would have deemed a sacrilege not to keep in its original quaint neatness. He told me it was made by him in honour of my mother's marriage, from one of the French King's at Versailles—of the almost equal dilapidation of which seat of royalty, I question whether he had ever heard!

My exertions, and those of the universal genius of the nearest town, whom I took into my councils, succeeded in putting a habitable face on the old premises, many weeks before the gay party found it convenient to take possession; and I began to think the idea had been altogether given up, and to feel, unfit as I was for such society, a degree of natural disappointment, when, late in December, which had not failed this year to come in all its gloom and dreariness, I heard that my nephew and Lady Jane, along with a whole troop of the set he had been living among in the North, were daily expected. They only came a few days before

Christmas, when I was, as usual, at Dunbarrow, quite on the other side of the county, so that I could not, as I intended, ride over and pay an immediate visit of congratulation. Philip, however, wrote to me in a strain that would take no denial, urging my coming to stay with him whenever I should have fulfilled my previous engagements. He conjured me, by the love I had borne to his father and mother, to come and be a friend to their son; but amid this exuberance of kindness, there was little indeed of the joy of a bridegroom. There was something in the words of this short gloomy epistle, which haunted me painfully amid the placid stillness of Dunbarrow, and it was a knell which all the joyous tumult of Thornley could not drown. It was, therefore, with a deep presentiment of sorrow that I went to meet this bridal party at my paternal mansion.

It was a chill foggy afternoon when I drove up the old-fashioned straight avenue, and there would have been something very cheering in the blaze of lights which streamed from almost every window of the mansion, had I not encountered its master, his back turned to the festive scene, pacing, wrapped in his travelling pelisse, up and down the approach. I stopped the carriage, and springing out, embraced the son of Arthur and Caroline with parental affection. The likeness to his mother, even in the imperfect light, was such that I should have recognized him anywhere. He was moved, far beyond what I supposed our mere relationship could call forth; and, anxious to give a more cheerful turn to the interview, I put my arm within his, and begged to be conducted to his bride.

"She is riding, or walking, or something," said he, "with the rest of them. You will see her by and by." We now entered the drawing-room, and in the full light it afforded, I gazed on the slender, elegant, almost feminine-looking youth, whose pensive and eloquent countenance bespoke him as quick to feel as he was perhaps unequal to struggle with the inevitable disappointments and evils of life. There was an expression of settled dejection on his fine features which made me shudder; and it contrasted so with his position as a recent bridegroom, and returned heir, that it shocked me the more.

"We have made the old Chateau tolerably comfortable, I hope, nephew," said I.

"I believe they find it so," said he negligently; "as for me, I know too little of what English comforts are, to be sensible of their absence. Your winter," added he, shivering, "is sadly gloomy, and I feel a want of sunshine which all your coal fires cannot compensate."

"Don't let it affect your spirits, my dear nephew," said I; "we have many things besides coal fires to make sunshine within doors in England. The smiles of a wife, for instance."

"Cold as your northern suns!" was the muttered reply, in a tone of bitterness which really frightened me. "I am as bad a judge of English smiles as of everything else I suppose,"—added he, in a softened accent —"I have been spoilt for them too I fear."

Just then a loud sound of talking and laughter announced the return of the equestrians, and my painful curiosity to see my new niece, was gratified. I had heard that she was handsome! She was more—she was dazzlingly beautiful—her tall fine figure, set off by her riding dress, and her complexion, heightened by exercise, struck me with admiration; and I wondered what Philip could mean by "cold smiles," when with one of irresistible frankness, she bade me welcome to Westerton. She made some lively remarks on their ride, and joined cheerfully in the chit-chat around. I looked at my nephew, to whom she had not spoken; and he, probably reading my astonishment, rose as with an effort, and approaching us, asked her in a tone of tender interest, if she felt fatigued? As if all her animation had been suddenly chilled by a painful recollection, she coldly and gravely answered, "Not in the least;" and rising with ungracious haste, left the room to dress. "There must be something at the bottom of this," thought I, as my nephew, shaking his head sorrowfully, led me, with the rest of the gentlemen, to my room.

When we met at dinner, I was much struck with the contrast between the plain substantial meals which in my childhood covered my

father's board, and the perfectly foreign air which, under the superintendence of an Italian Major domo, the table had now assumed. The party—who seemed about equally made up of mere sportsmen who despised, and dashers who criticised, their entertainment and host—provoked me by alternately devouring and disparaging everything before them; while Philip, a stranger to their local wit, and disgusted with their selfishness, sat nearly silent by my side; and Lady Jane, more radiant than ever, listened complacently, if not encouragingly, to the small talk of her privileged cousin, the puppy of the set.

I never in my life saw such an ill-assorted party. There were one or two ladies, meet helpmates for their foxhunting or blackleg lords, silly, insipid, or worse; and it was impossible not to pity a poor foreigner thrown by his hard fate among such a specimen of British *bon ton*. On the guests I could scarce waste a thought; but Lady Jane cost me much painful rumination. She was certainly clever and accomplished; she must despise the beings around her; nay, I saw she did, by the smile which curled her beautiful lip, when their absurdity out-Heroded itself. It was scarce possible she should dislike her handsome, refined, deeply interesting husband; she did not.—"Thank God!" ejaculated I mentally more than once, when I detected her large blue eyes fixed with a softened expression on his face. "I will know the true history of all this," said I to myself; "two young hearts shall not misunderstand each other if I can help it."

There was in the party one individual whom I could not help regarding as the evil genius of the pair—the cousin of Lady Jane, who had been acquainted abroad with Philip, and whose mutual representations had greatly conduced to make the match. This young man, who was certainly of a cold calculating disposition, but in whose glances I could not avoid occasionally suspecting a warmer sentiment towards his fair cousin, seemed to exercise over her uncommon influence; and before the evening was over, I fancied she took advantage of his absence to address a few words of more then common kindness to her lord. He returned and found them sitting together; and his supercilious look of reproach gave me, as I supposed, a key, of which I determined to avail myself.

A few days placed me on a footing of privileged intimacy with my niece, who seemed to indemnify herself by kindness to me for her restraint elsewhere; and taking her arm within mine for a long walk, one bright frosty morning, I ventured to hint that I did not think the air of England seemed altogether to agree with her husband. I was delighted to feel the start with which she received this observation.

"Do you really think so?" said she, stopping and looking earnestly up in my face.

"Oh! perhaps," said I, wishing to touch another chord, "it may be only something on his spirits; he is certainly not so happy, as, with all he has to make him so," kindly pressing her arm, "methinks he ought to be!"

My fair companion grew very pale; and her lips were compressed as with the effort of one, determined to be silent, *coute qui coute*.

"I seek not to intrude on your confidence, my dear niece," said I; "mine is, alas! no idle curiosity. Philip is my only brother's only son, and his mother was once the object of a boyish passion, which it nearly cost me life to subdue."

"His mother!" exclaimed Lady Jane, scarce conscious of the abruptness of her interruption; "I always thought——" then suddenly aware of the delicate ground on which she was treading, the sweet girl blushed, and hesitatingly added—"I had understood the object of your youthful affection was removed to a better world."

"You heard but the truth, my dear niece," replied I, with a sigh. "She to whom my heart has ever remained indissolubly united, is indeed no more; but the attachment I felt for her was but enhanced and deepened by contrast with the meteor blaze of passion which preceded it."

"Did you really love twice—and so soon? For you were but young, I have heard, when you lost your intended bride?"—And this recently married young creature hung on my reply as if worlds depended on its tenor.

"I did, indeed, Lady Jane, if love's

sacred name could be usurped by idle, frantic, unrequited passion! But such as it was, it melted before a steadier and holier flame, as a feverish dream flies before morning's fresh invigorating breeze."

"There is hope for me yet, then!" exclaimed my young companion, no longer repressing the tears which injured pride had long forbidden to flow.

"Hope?" said I, "and of what?" for I could not yet divine where lurked the demon fatal to her peace.

"That Philp may love me in time, in spite of his early and mad attachment to the Italian girl his mother rescued from taking the veil, and whom, but for her and my cousin Charles, he would have married."

The whole mystery, as it regarded my niece, was now unravelled; jealousy accounted for all her dissembled coldness, but whether any trace of entanglement still combated, in my nephew's breast, his evident attachment to his bride, I could not be quite certain. I, however, felt sufficiently confident of the contrary, to cheer her heart with assurances of the genuine and unfeigned affection I had remarked in his conduct towards her.

"Oh, he is very very kind; but when, some weeks after our marriage, I received the cruel Vittoria's letter, invoking curses on my head, and boasting of the indelible hold she possessed over Philip's perjured heart, I thought I should have died. I flew and upbraided my cousin with his knowledge of this prior attachment; he confessed it, but, while he gloried in having assisted to break it off, and affected to treat it with scorn, he warned me how I revived a slumbering spark by any sentimental allusions or unguarded disclosure; assuring me, from his knowledge of Philip's temper, that I could only acquire or maintain a hold on his affections by a dignified reserve, the most opposite to the jealous transports which had at length weaned him from my foreign rival. He told me my husband was romantic to excess, and that romance in a wife would be the bane of his happiness and hers; that amusement and dissipation were the only cure for his melancholy, and seeing me admired by others, the likeliest mode of fixing his truant affections on myself."

"Poor child!" said I, almost unconsciously, as this highly born and highly gifted creature wept in agony on my shoulder, "by what machinations has thy peace been invaded and thy innocence endangered! Such invidious counsel could have had but one object, to estrange thee from the most affectionate of hearts, and cast thee for comfort on the most artful of seducers!"

Just then, I saw approaching, but at the further extremity of the long avenue we were entering, the husband so nearly about to become a prey to this deep-laid plot against his peace. Burning to dispel, without the loss of a moment, the remaining clouds of misapprehension between two young and amiable beings, I requested my niece to step aside, and pursue her walk, screened from observation behind the high yew hedge of the approach, while I went forward alone to meet my nephew. I quickened my pace, and joined him almost instantly. "Philip," said I, "am I right in supposing that your evident dejection is occasioned by doubts of your young bride's affection?"—He looked up, and sighed assent.

"What, then, if I inform you that her coldness proceeds from far better founded misgivings; lest, in offering her your hand, a heart should not have been yours to bestow?—I need only name Vittoria, and say that Lady Jane knows all, to account at once for her injured pride and wounded feelings!"

"Does she indeed know all?" said Philip, looking up with the air of one rather relieved than disconcerted. "It was not my fault she knew not from the first that I once childishly imagined loveliness of mind and person must be found united; and woke from the delusion to bless my escape from the toils of an incarnate fiend."

As he spoke, I caught a glimpse of a white veil, and, by an emphatic cough, warned my fair neighbour to remain, justly supposing that to overhear such unsuspected testimony to her sole empire in her husband's heart, would be worth volumes of direct assurances.

"Would I were as sure," continued he, "of my place in Lady Jane's pure and spotless bosom, as that mine has long ceased to feel aught but contempt or pity for the shameless being, whose own rude hand dispelled the illusion, which a romantic history, a fair form,

and consummate art, had cast around rashness, levity, and, I fear, guilt!"

"Thank God! it is, as I hoped, my dear Philip, on your side," said I; "and I think I may venture to assure you that half what you have told me will suffice to give to the smiles of your bride a warmth and sunshine, amid which that of Italy will never be missed."

He shook his head incredulously, and sighing, exclaimed, "What would I not give to see them on her own dear lips!"

We were near an opening in the old rugged yew hedge; I suddenly drew my nephew within it, and the fair listener stood confessed. The tears of joy, irradiated by such a blush, and such a smile as I have seldom seen but on the cheek of a daughter of England. "Give her your confidence, Philip," said I; "can you doubt further?"

"Give me your pardon, my dear husband," said she, as he flew towards her, "for being an involuntary, but oh! a blessed listener!—It was your uncle——"

"Who has made me the happiest of men!" cried Philip, his whole expression absolutely changed by the transition from despondence to ecstasy. I took a hand of each in mine, and ratified this solemn union of hearts with a truly parental blessing.

"Uncle," said Philip, in a tone of manly firmness, "you will assist me to get civilly rid of yonder host of idlers, and the false friend who hoped, by their means, to disgust me with my country, and estrange me from my bride. You shall make me an Englishman after your own heart."

"Uncle," whispered Lady Jane, with the most insinuating softness, "you will invite us to your cottage, won't you, till a few more comforts are added to our home, to make it all that an English home should be?"

I carried them with me in triumph. I introduced them at Dunbarrow to the worthy and the wise among their compatriots. I saw at my own tranquil fireside their once threatened wedded bliss assume the imperishable hues of eternity. I saw, not only without reluctance, but with delight, a youthful figure in my mother's sacred chair, and a second Emma beneath the picture of my sainted bride. They staid, only to grow too dear; they left me, at length, to know, for the first time, what it truly is TO BE ALONE.

BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

THIS country has long been a proud one; and on nothing has she prided herself more, than on her unsullied honour, and her reverence for the law of nations. She did not indulge this pride, until the right of indulgence was nobly earned. Until recently the lofty spirit of her sons shone in the acts of her rulers; and she stood at the head of the world, as a splendid example of all that could be upright and chivalrous—as the only nation incapable of violating its faith, and staining its integrity. She disregarded provocation, and disdained seduction; she endured injuries, and incurred losses, in maintaining inviolate the sacred principles of national right and justice. During the war, France and other nations trampled upon everything that had previously borne the name of public law—her existence was in danger—she was threatened with extinction by a confederacy alike powerful and lawless—public law towards herself was annihilated—and all this only rendered her integrity the more scrupulous and magnanimous. On various occasions she disregarded the most tempting opportunities of adding largely to her trade, wealth, and power, not because her availing herself of them would have been unjust, but because the justice of it was not wholly above question. Public law found defenders alike in her Courts of Justice, her Legislature, and her fleets and armies—in her learning, her eloquence, her treasure, and her blood. She was its champion, preserver, expounder, and enforcer.

Such, we say, was the case with this proud country until recently. In her late changes, nothing has been spared; and she has reversed her principles and conduct touching national law and right. The conduct she is following in respect of Turkey

and Greece, is directly opposed to everything she previously professed and practised; and it is utterly subversive of every obligation which, in right and justice, one nation owes to another.

That Turkey obtained Greece in the same manner in which this country obtained various of her possessions, will be denied by no one. In respect of the means of acquisition, Greece is as much the right of Turkey, as British India, British America, and Ireland, are the right of Britain.

On this point, the right of Turkey is not disputed by the most romantic and unscrupulous friend of Greece. But it is not argued, but asserted, that Turkey destroyed the right given her by conquest, by the manner in which she governed her Greek subjects. If this be admitted, there cannot be any such right as that of conquest. Public law has nothing to do with forms of government; it divides not the subject from the ruler, it treats the nation as a whole; and it attaches to the right of conquest no conditions as to manner of governing. We of course say this with reference to the interference of one nation with another. Turkey had a clear right to govern her Greek subjects according to her own mode, so far as other nations were concerned, provided there was nothing in this mode which affected the rights of other nations. It is not even asserted that the rights of other nations were injured by the manner in which Greece was governed. We are not inquiring whether the Greeks were justified in revolting, for this has nothing to do with the question before us.

When, therefore, the Greeks revolted, they were, in public law, as much the subjects of Turkey as the inhabitants of British possessions are the subjects of Britain. However just their grounds for appealing to arms might be to themselves, they were still, in such law, neither more nor less than subjects rebelling against their lawful government. Other nations had not the smallest right to interfere.

We will now ask, has anything taken place during the contest to change the character it bore at its commencement, and to justify the interference of other nations? We shall gain the most satisfactory answer, by examining the grounds on which the interference is defended.

Before the monstrous league between Britain, France, and Russia was formed, the most zealous partizans of Greece, men capable of asserting anything that was calculated to benefit their cause, never once ventured to say, that the lawful rights and interests of other nations were injured by the contest. They called on other nations to interfere, not for their own sake, but for the sake of the Greeks—on account of the origin and religion of the Greeks, and of the manner in which the latter had been treated by Turkey.

On the point of origin, it cannot be necessary for us to speak. To say that national law and right ought to be trampled on in favour of the Greeks, because their ancestors, ages ago, were renowned in arts and arms, is to say what common sense and common honesty alike brand with reprobation. It is doctrine which all must abhor, save maniacs and robbers. If it were adopted, what would it lead to? The great powers ought immediately to give independence to Italy; they ought to re-establish the Jews in their long-lost country. The great Catholic nations ought to liberate the Irish Catholics from what the latter and their champions call the tyranny of England; and to restore to the Romish Church of Ireland its lost possessions and splendour. Almost every atrocity that a nation, or a combination of nations, could commit, might be easily justified by this doctrine. When it is remembered what ancient Greece was in her glory, it ought likewise to be remembered what she was in her fall; if the present Greeks be the descendants of her heroes and sages, they are likewise the descendants of her demagogues, tyrants, traitors, and profligates. The absurd nonsense touching "classical recollections" calls for no farther notice.

In regard to religion, have the Turks made war on the Greeks for professing Christianity? No, must be the answer of all. The religion of the Greeks never had anything to do with the contest; they did not at the outset take up arms to defend it, and it has never since been the object of attack: they were allowed to profess it, and they knew that, if they were subdued,

they would still be allowed to profess it. The sole object of Turkey, from first to last, has been to reduce them to subjection. The whole the partizans of Greece can say on this point is, the Greeks are Christians, and the Turks are not; but religion forms in no degree the object of contention on either side. This is perfectly decisive against the right of other nations to interfere on the score of religion. Catholic France, Austria, &c., have just as much right on this score to make Ireland independent, by force of arms, as Britain, France, and Russia, have to interfere between Greece and Turkey.

We have already said sufficient to dispose of the point touching the manner in which the Greeks have been treated by Turkey. If other nations had a right to interfere on this point, any confederacy of foreign nations has a right to render the West India slaves, or the East India subjects of this country, independent; or, such a confederacy has a right to overturn almost every continental government. It is ridiculous to draw distinctions in despotism and slavery by the rule of more or less; and to argue that one despot, or keeper of slaves, has a right to make war on another for being more despotic, or treating his slaves more harshly, than himself. The doctrine of interference on this point, strikes at the foundation of all national independence, and at the existence of all national government. If it be admitted, any nation or combination of nations can, at all times, plead a right to dictate to, and overturn, the governments of other nations at pleasure. The partizans of Greece have always been the loudest, when the Greek question was not in sight, in enforcing the principle of non-interference—in insisting that one nation has no right to interfere in the internal concerns of another. Applied to the case before us, this principle declares that foreign nations have no right to interfere between Turkey and her Greek subjects.

As to what has been said against the mode in which the war has been carried on, it in truth applies as much to the Greeks as to the Turks. The one side has been as cruel as the other. The worst of the cruelty was, however, abandoned years since. The assertion that this mode justified other nations in interfering, not only to humanize it, but to make the Greeks independent, is below notice.

The three nations which are now acting the part of national plunderers and pirates, have, however, in assertion, gone much beyond even the Greek Committee, and the very London-Greek newspapers. In their treaty they represent that the war injured other States. A treaty concluded for purposes of piracy and spoliation could not well have any other basis than falsehood. Did the war involve the rights and interests of any other State? No. Did it endanger the internal or external tranquillity of any other State? No. Putting aside the piracies of the Greeks, no other nation suffered in the least from the war, in either right, interest, or apprehension. The piracies were committed solely by the Greeks, and not a charge was ever made against Turkey for trenching in the smallest degree on the property and rights of other countries. Did these Greek piracies give to other nations the right to dismember Turkey and make Greece independent? We will insult no man's common sense by giving the reply.

It has indeed been alleged by the Treasury scribes, in defence of the treaty, that if this treaty had not been concluded and acted upon, Russia could scarcely have been prevented from invading Turkey. The defence is worthy of its parents and their cause. Why did Russia wish to invade Turkey? Had she been injured or insulted? Had she wrongs to redress, or dangers to avert? No. She had received from Turkey neither injury nor provocation; the war affected in no shape her lawful interests and tranquillity. She could not invent, and her degraded British apologists could not invent, a single pretext for her attacking Turkey on her own account: her sole pretence was—the independence of the Greeks for their own sake; her real object was—her own rapacious and lawless aggrandisement. This cannot be denied by the partizans of the Greeks—by the menials of Government—or even by that Lord Dudley, whose name is affixed to this eternally infamous treaty of piracy and spoliation.

The threat, therefore, of the Russian despot and his barbarians, that they would invade Turkey in defiance

of every principle of national law and right, was a sufficient cause for England to league herself with them to dismember Turkey, in defiance of every principle of national law and right; it was a sufficient cause for Britain to league herself with them to do in reality all they threatened to do, and to furnish them with pretexts for doing it. The mere threat, independently of right and wrong, justice and injustice, was a sufficient cause for her to league herself with them. Had she no alternative? Had she no interests to protect, no honour to consult—no duty to listen to? The threat of Russia did not alter, in the least, the nature of the contest between Turkey and Greece; and to justify the treaty by it, is to proclaim the Ministers of Britain to be destitute of sense and honesty, and to sink British honour to the lowest point of degradation.

When this country acknowledged the independence of the South American republics, she declared she did so on the ground, that they had practically secured their independence, and established within themselves regular government. What was the case with the Greeks on these matters when the treaty was concluded? Nothing worthy of being called law, order, and government, could be found among them. As to their independence, all confessed that they were utterly unable to conquer it, and that, without foreign assistance, they would be compelled to submit. The treaty does not even hint that it was possible for them to acquire their independence by their own efforts; on the contrary, it speaks only of the probability that they might be reduced to subjection by Turkey. With consistency in fiction perfectly incredible, it states that the termination of the war, "*through the means at the disposal of the Sublime Porte, appears still remote.*" While we admit that nothing but deplorable ignorance could have led Lord Dudley to affix his signature to an assertion so outrageously at variance with truth, we deeply lament that an Englishman could be found so deplorably ignorant. At the time when Lord Dudley and his colleagues were giving being to the assertion, their own newspapers were proclaiming to the world that the Greek cause was hopeless, that the contest was virtually ended, and that the Greeks could offer no farther resistance. When the treaty was concluded, the Greeks were in reality subdued; had it not been formed, the war before this would have been terminated "through the means at the disposal of the Sublime Porte."

We are not quarrelling with partialities and wishes in favour of the Greeks. They have nothing to do with the question before us. This question is—ARE BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA, SANCTIONED BY NATIONAL LAW AND RIGHT, IN INTERFERING AS THEY HAVE DONE IN THE CONTEST BETWEEN GREECE AND TURKEY? If the reply be in the negative, such partialities and wishes will not diminish in the least the criminality of the interference. It has been said by a Treasury print, that the interference was forced upon the respective governments by national feeling. On the part of our own country, this is wholly untrue; it is refuted by the fact, that the nation is unanimous, almost beyond precedent, in reprobating the interference. The Greek Committee—most unexceptionable witnesses—can testify, that no public enthusiasm ever existed in favour of the Greeks; the papers in their interest loudly vituperated the public for its apathy in the matter. In so far as public feeling went with the Greeks, it only amounted to cold, careless opinion; and it was always strongly opposed to any intermeddling on the part of Government. But if national enthusiasm had been carried to the highest point in favour of the interference, Ministers would have deserved impeachment had they obeyed it, without any reference to its justice. Every honest man will abhor these abominable attempts to give the decision of questions of law and right to popular enthusiasm. They strike at everything dear to the individual, the nation, and the human race.

On this point we may observe, that, as a people, the Greeks have had the fewest possible *real* claims on the sympathy of the people of this country. In moral character, they rank, as a whole, almost lower than any other people upon earth. They have exhibited, throughout the contest, a natural disposition of the worst description, They have fought from personal interest and animosity; but nothing

has been seen among them that could be mistaken for genuine patriotism. Their chiefs,—their military commanders,—their statesmen,—their rulers, have displayed the most revolting selfishness, falsehood, cupidity, knavery, and contempt for their country. Of late, they have been almost a nation of pirates; their piracies have been carried on, on such a scale, as to involve in the guilt both government and people. Their repayment for all that the British people and British Government have done for them, has been—robbery! While this country was squandering her blood and treasure, and trampling on public law in fighting their battles, they were almost, as a people, warring against her—plundering her ships, and maltreating her seamen.

We have shown, that, up to the time, and at the time, when the treaty was signed, nothing could be found to justify the interference. We will now glance at the treaty.

The three great powers—or, to speak more properly, the three great national pirates—bind themselves by it to offer their mediation to the Ottoman Porte, and to accompany the offer with a demand for an immediate armistice between the Turks and the Greeks. This armistice is to be the indispensable condition to the opening of any negotiation.

Now, as affectation of honour may occasionally be found among thieves, it might have been expected that the three powers would, in their piratical manifesto, affect to place the belligerents on an equality. As the most nefarious treaties generally abound the most with professions of justice and impartiality, it might have been expected that this treaty would be filled with bombast in favour of justice and impartiality, from beginning to end. The three pirates, however, shamelessly acknowledge in it, that their object is to compel one of the belligerents to submit to their own terms, for the benefit of the other. The offer and demand are to be made to Turkey; but nothing is said of the Greeks. They bind themselves to offer their *mediation*. Amidst honest and honourable nations, the term mediation means an endeavour to make peace between two belligerents, on terms equally fair to both—on terms giving no unjust advantage to either; but it appears that the term has a very different meaning amidst piratical and lawless nations. By their treaty, the mediation of the three great piratical and lawless ones is this—they place before Turkey the most insolent, unjust, injurious, revolting, and degrading conditions—conditions to which the Greeks have not the smallest claim—and, on the score of mediation, they allow her no alternative. The Greeks are vanquished; they have nothing before them but almost immediate unconditional submission, and, when they are in such circumstances, the three powers demand from Turkey, that she shall resign all sovereignty over them, with this exception—she shall receive an annual fixed tribute from them, and have some undefined veto in the choice of their authorities: they demand, moreover, that all Turks shall be perpetually banished from Greece, and that the Greeks shall take possession of their property, on giving an indemnity.

A treaty like this—a treaty distinguished as much by absurdity as by depravity—could never have been drawn in any civilized and educated country; it is evidently the composition of some of the Russian barbarians. We will not disgrace any member of even the present imbecile Ministry, by charging him with writing a sentence of it. It was, doubtlessly, sent hither by the Northern Autocrat, with the gracious message—Sign it, or my armies shall march to Constantinople! and Lord Dudley and his colleagues obeyed in terror, without reading it. Its conditions are more injurious and degrading to Turkey than a demand for the complete independence of Greece would have been. It makes her responsible to other nations for the actions of Greece, while it takes from her all control over these actions; it makes her answerable for all the Greek government may do, while it deprives her of all influence over the conduct of this government; it gives her a vague negative in the nomination of the Greek authorities, while it prohibits her from interfering in the administration of Greek affairs. The tribute and veto are worthless, when weighed against

the contingencies inseparable from them; and it would be more advantageous to Turkey to grant the Greeks absolute independence, than to accept them.

We will here ask,—why do the three powers give to Turkey a share like this in the nomination of the Greek authorities? What benefit can she draw from it? If she have the smallest right to it, she must, of necessity, have an equal right to share in the general government of Greece. It is, we think, the most preposterous provision that folly ever blundered upon. To her it is utterly worthless, and it must be a source of perpetual animosity and strife between her and Greece.

The people whom the piratical powers thus render independent, do not possess anything worthy of being called a government. They are divided into conflicting, unprincipled factions, and they are in a great measure lawless. It is almost matter of certainty, that the elements for forming a reasonably efficient government, do not exist among them. To what an extent they have carried piracy, is sufficiently known; and his Majesty's Ministers have solemnly proclaimed to the world, that their government is unable to prevent their piracies. If Turkey submit to the conditions of the treaty, how is her tribute to be paid? How is the exercise of her veto to be enforced? How are the Greek pirates to be suppressed? Who is to establish a government in Greece? How is Turkey to act, and how is she to be treated, if her Greek tributaries, and feudal vassals, attack, or are attacked by, other nations? Nothing exists in Greece which can be relied on for paying the tribute, allowing the exercise of the veto, respecting the rights of other states, and discharging the obligations which the treaty would impose on her.

That the conditions of the treaty are to Turkey what we have stated—that they are of the most insulting, injurious, and degrading character,—that they are such as she should reject with scorn, if she have any alternative to compulsory acceptance—will be confessed by all men, save him whose grovelling soul never felt the holy glow of British pride and independence. These conditions are placed before her, with a demand for an immediate armistice. The three lawless nations command her, at the moment when she has subdued the Greeks, to cease hostilities, and to abandon Greece, with the absurd reservation we have named; and they threaten to acknowledge Greece as an independent nation, if she refuse. This they call *an offer of mediation!*

It might have been expected that even an "offer" of this kind would be made according to the regular forms of diplomacy; but no, it was graced with the company of a huge fleet of British, French, and Russian ships of war. Why was this fleet sent? The treaty represents that Turkey had a right of refusal; and it binds the three powers from taking any part in the war, in case of her refusal. Why then was this fleet sent? It could only have been sent for offensive purposes—for purposes flatly at variance with the terms of the treaty.

This fleet, on its arrival, is put under the command of a British admiral. The treaty says, the "offer of mediation" was to be made to the Porte; and every one knows that the Turkish generals and admirals had no independent character, and could not disobey the Porte: it might therefore have been expected that "the offer of mediation" would be left solely to the care of the regular ambassadors and the Turkish government. The lawless powers and their agents were, however, determined that their atrocious proceedings should not display one redeeming speck of honour and fair dealing. The British Admiral—we regret from our souls that we are compelled to call him one—discovers that it will utterly disgrace his own great talents to content himself with acting as a mere admiral; he blazes out into an ambassador—a sovereign, holding despotic authority over the subjects of Turkey. He takes into his hands the "offer of mediation;" deems the opinion of the Turkish Government a thing of no consequence; commands the Turkish commanders to receive orders from him; and then destroys the Turkish fleet.

We need add but little to what has been said of the battle of Navarino, for the country has already pronounced its verdict. This verdict is—the three

piratical powers, in this battle, were guilty of a most outrageous violation of public law, and it has imprinted an indelible stain on British honour. We will, however, glance at a few of the circumstances connected with it.

The Admiral gives a "protocol of a conference" which he and his brother Admirals held—in these jack-of-all-trades times, even Admirals must have their protocols—in which the Admirals say, they "met before Navarino for the purpose of concerting the means of effecting the object specified in the said treaty, (the treaty of the three powers,) viz. an armistice, *de facto*, between the Turks and Greeks." Now, according to the treaty, the ambassadors of the three powers were to demand an armistice of the Turkish Government, and this Government was to have the right of refusal; no compulsion was to be resorted to. What right then had the intermeddling Admirals to take any steps for "effecting" an armistice? The protocol says that Ibrahim Pacha, after consenting to a "provisional suspension of hostilities," violated his engagement, "by causing his fleet to come out with a view to its proceeding to another point of the Morea." His doing this was, it seems, an act of hostility! Now the term "*provisional*" evidently proves, what, in truth, no man can doubt, that Ibrahim's engagement was a conditional one; every one must be sure that the agreement imposed obligations on the Admirals as well as on himself; and every one will admit that their violation of their engagements released him from his. Why, then, have not the terms of this armistice or agreement been published? It may be regarded as certain, that the Admirals would stipulate to him that the Greeks should likewise suspend hostilities. Did the Greeks do so? No. They have never yet suspended hostilities. While the admirals acted thus to the Turks, they suffered the Greeks to continue the war without molestation. If ever the truth appear, we suspect it will be found that it was not the "boasted Ottoman," but the three blustering admirals, whose word of honour was basely sacrificed.

It was not to be expected that Ibrahim would hold himself to be bound from hostilities, while the Greeks were suffered to continue them. Such an "armistice" was in exact keeping with the whole conduct of the lawless piratical powers, but it was not one calculated to bind even a Turk. His refusal gave mighty offence to the admirals; and they resolved to "take a position with the squadrons in Navarino." This position was taken with hostile intentions, and the taking it was an act of hostility. The Turkish fleet would only have acted on the defensive, had it fired on the allied one, to prevent its being taken.

The British Admiral, in his dispatch, says, he gave orders that, in taking the position, "no gun should be fired, unless guns were first fired by the Turks." He says further, that the battle began, because a boat, sent from the Dartmouth to one of the Turkish fire-ships, was fired on by the latter with musketry. He does not say that the boat bore a flag of truce; neither does he state why it was sent to the Turkish vessel. His silence on this important point is alike suspicious and reprehensible. The Morning Post gives the following explanation on this point, as from authority: "The Dartmouth chose to place herself about thirty yards from the Turkish fire-brig. *The pinnace of the Dartmouth was manned, with orders to take possession of the fire-brig.* The first lieutenant, Mr Smith, with two midshipmen, (Harrison and B. Smith,) and fourteen picked men, went in her; when in the act of boarding the Turkish brig, the first lieutenant and Mr Harrison were wounded, and midshipman B. Smith killed, by being blown up; two of the men were also killed. The Turks, after a short fight, fired their brig, and jumped into a boat alongside. Lieut. G. W. H. Fitzroy, and eight men, were then sent in the Dartmouth's cutter to tow the brig clear of the Dartmouth; he attacked the Turkish boat, in which there were about 18 men; he was shot dead by the Turks in the boat, and brought alongside the frigate. The fire-brig was then towed clear of the Dartmouth, and afterwards went down when within 30 or 40 yards of the Turkish frigate, *in the attempt to tow her on the Turkish frigate.*"

It must be remarked, that the Admiral is wholly silent touching the sending of the pinnace. The boat he alludes to, is the cutter sent under Lieutenant Fitzroy!

The Morning Post, we say, states

that it gives these particulars from authority. We ask our readers to compare them with the Admiral's dispatch, and more especially with his assertion, that he ordered no gun to be fired, &c.

The Morning Post, on the same authority, says further—" Was the action at Navarino the first open act of hostility committed by the British fleet against the Turkish ships? Do the Ministers not know, that, in the Gulf of Patras, the signal was made by the Dartmouth—'The fleet are much scattered, and some may be cut off?' Do they not know, that, in consequence, *a firing commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon from the British squadron, which was kept up for nearly two hours, without the Turks returning a shot?*"

" Do they not know, that about ten of the Turkish brigs were cut off—that the next morning the Asia, the Talbot, and the Dartmouth, boarded Turkish brigs, which they found full of provisions, for the relief of the Turks at Patras?"

" Do they not know, that their vessels were towed as far as Zante?"

" *Do they not know, that at this very time Lord Cochrane was at sea,* AND HAD CAPTURED FIVE OF THESE TURKISH VESSELS?"

We are inclined to believe that the truth of all this will, in due time and place, be properly established. These proceedings have been resorted to under the mask of offering mediation, and demanding an armistice; they have been resorted to under a treaty which pretends to bind the contracting parties from taking any part in the war between Turkey and Greece. We need not dilate on their atrocity, neither need we shew what hideous pollution they have cast on the British flag, the uniform of the British navy, and British honour.

Russia has an intelligible motive. She is pursuing this career of crime and infamy for the sake of territory and power. France is not without such a motive. She is aiding to crush the British empire in India; and she has doubtlessly an understanding with Russia that she shall have her full share of Turkish territory. But Britain is doing it only for her own destruction. She is aiding to rob and destroy an old, faithful, and valuable friend, without the smallest provocation, and with the certainty that it must bring upon her gigantic injuries of every description.

If this abominable treaty had not been concluded, peace would have been established before this time between Greece and Turkey; and the peace of Europe would have been preserved. This treaty is not only perpetuating the war between Greece and Turkey, but it is involving Europe in general war. At the moment when we write, Turkey refuses the " offer of mediation;" her fleet has been destroyed without the least provocation; and for this the lawless powers are all to make war on her. This sequel to their guilt is worthy the commencement. Such a war must, however, be entered into by other parties. If Austria expect to preserve her Italian possessions and her existence, she must be neither a neutral, nor the ally of the piratical powers. This country, with a sinking revenue, with taxes which her destructive policy has rendered almost insupportable, with nearly all her great interests in a state of decline and suffering, must plunge into war to fight against herself, and conquer her own ruin. In such war she must receive no protection from public law. Public law exists no longer; she has assisted in its solemn annihilation. She must be attacked on all points, by all the means that lawless power and rapacity can employ.

There are yet men in Parliament who value their country's honour as their own; and who feel that they are disgraced and degraded in her disgrace and degradation. Such men, in the approaching session, will purge themselves from the stain which these atrocious proceedings have cast on them and their countrymen. They will re-echo the nation's voice, and protest in the nation's name against all participation in the iniquity. They will call for inquiry, and, we trust, punishment. Farther than this, we hope they will do their utmost to take the charge of the honour and interest of their country from the hands of Ministers, who have done so much towards blasting the one, and ruining the other.

THE CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.

——"Why, this was known before—
Not to them all."——

Coriolanus.

In the treatment of things trite there is a peculiar difficulty. The decline of the British Drama has been so evident—so notorious and palpable—to any one who has lore enough to compare the healthy productions of our ancestors with the rickety offspring of modern times—that one feels inclined to apply for a solution to physical causes alone, leaving out moral considerations as too evanescent to account for effects so glaringly obtrusive. Melpomene, in short, is in the last stage of a consumption, with strong hectic symptoms; and Thalia in a tabes, inclining to the dropsical. This is the best account that can be given of the matter; and if Doctor Paris or Mr Abernethy is of a different opinion, let him publish his bulletin accordingly. In the history of the complaint there is nothing new. The prognosis is easy enough. The sisters were respectable and amiable spinsters in Queen Elizabeth's time. They unluckily for themselves got into habits of familiarity with that insinuating debauchee, Charles the Second. From him they learned to take more stimulus than is proper for well-educated young ladies. They talked French, kept late hours, and company none of the most reputable. Such conduct could only have one end. Loss of character kept pace with increase of style, until, in a series of years, both got into that equivocal situation, to which less delicate minds might perchance be inclined to apply a term too coarse for the pages of this Magazine. Ill-got affluence is never permanent. Overgrown incomes were followed by overgrown establishments, and overgrown establishments by all manner of luxury. The consequences were soon evident. Great houses and multitude of servants brought many guests and many tastes. Everything was gradually turned topsy-turvy. The old plain household economy was exchanged for high French dishes, drams, and extravagance. A bloated body soon became the sure argument of a depraved appetite. False appetite is but the forerunner of dyspepsia. As the stomach waxed weak, the peppering grew stronger. At last the patients could digest nothing, and retain little. It was in vain, like the King of Prussia in *his* dropsy, to set disease at defiance, and eat "hot eel-pies."—"E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed." Hydrothorax and pthisis supervened, and the sisters are now gasping under the triple evils of ill taste, ill cooks, and too much money. As for their applications to the quacks to *tap or bleed them*, it would be merely putting them to useless pain. The water would soon accumulate again, putting aside the risk of mortification or hemiphlegia; and this is the medical account of the matter. Under a critical system, the three causes of the decline of the English Drama range under three heads,—Ill Taste, Ill Criticism, and Monopoly—*Ill taste* as to the drawing of character, *Ill criticism* as to style, and *Monopoly* as to representation.

Most men are, some time or other, induced to read occasional sermons, or moral discourses, or philosophical dissertations, or treatises on ethics, or something in some shape or other, pretending to treat of the human mind or character. Now, be the books good or bad, everybody will recollect that they all agree in one point, and that is in a general bewailment of the "*inconsistency*" (as they call it) of human nature. They complain that there is always something (call it infirmity, or what you will) which contrives to set a man's doings by the ears with each other, and seems to take a delight in making him go to buffets with himself, and contradict himself to his own face. This is all very well, and very true—and as the drama professes to be an imitation of human nature, one of course looks to find the same thing there, better or worse pourtrayed, as may happen. Hearing, as one does, such a loud talk from all manner of theatrical people—authors, players, critics, managers, scene-painters, and candle-snuffers, about "holding a mirror up to nature," and "veluti in speculum,"

and suchlike phrases, one naturally looks to see, at the very worst, a bad imitation of this self-same inconsistency, which the moralists have been making such a fuss about. Not seeing this, one naturally, as the next step, inquires about it—the which inquiry lets us into a bit of a secret, viz. *that stage character is one thing, and human character another*—a fact, which if a man happens to be of a considerate disposition, has an effect upon him pretty much like that produced by suddenly running his nose, in the dark, against a post—a sort of diruption of his preconceived ideas, a sudden break of the strata, which, whether he be metaphysician or geologist, is not a little embarrassing. In such an unexpected strait what can a man do, but even take to his books, and try "the faculties" again? Accordingly, he reads, from Longinus downwards, all manner of critical dissertations, the jet of which is to take him by both elbows, and, pinning them close down to his sides, make him wheel, at once, to the right-about, so that the "Nasum aduncum," which just before looked due west, turns directly the other way,—plain east,—point-blank to the opposite quarter of the compass.

Instead of the inconsistency of the human character, he now hears of nothing but its consistency. He is told of this and that (at every turn,) outraging that or the other—of keeping—of propriety. In plain terms, he learns, that though Elwes the miser, in real life, used now and then to do generous things;—though even Garrick himself was, at times, liberal, until he got frightened by the ghost of a farthing, which met him at the door of a snuff-shop,—nevertheless, your stage miser is to think of nothing but his money. Were he to show a tittle of generosity, be the occasion what it might, the *critics* would at once arraign him of inconsistency. They would tell the author he absolutely knew nothing of what they, in their jargon, call "preservation of character." No, forsooth! it would not be "in keeping." It would be a violation of "colouring, of costume, of probability"—Psha! In like manner, though, in reality, your Cromwells were kind-hearted men to their relations and familiars; and your Napoleons beloved by their servants, military and civil, yet all this is to go for nothing in a theatre. Your stage heroes and tyrants are to be heroes and tyrants *out-and-out;* to the world, as well as their valets-de-chambre, talking nothing but "fire, smoke, and bounce"—lapping blood—drinking gin and gunpowder;—in short, perfect crystallizations of hard-heartedness. After the same rule, your stage lovers are to do nothing but sigh, to have nothing in their mouths but "Ah, me!" nothing on their stomachs but wind, nothing in their pockets but billets-doux. Your stage mothers are, evermore, to have an infant in one hand, and a white pocket-handkerchief in the other. Your stage ruffians are to be ready, at a minute's notice, to stab, rob, and ravish man, woman, and child, without provocation or remorse. Your stage fops are to be, *ad infinitum*, silly in stays, puppyish in pantaloons, and blackguard in buckskins; and your stage jockeys, all the three at once, in a swell hat, Belcher handkerchief, white upper toggery—boots, spurs, and a switch.

This is poor work. Whoever has had observation enough to mark human nature, even in her commonest phases, must know, that even to the most purblind metaphysics, this sort of "consistency" is mere stuff. The fact is, that nine times out of ten, humanity is the reverse of consistency, in the common acceptation of the word, and now and then so in any sense of it. There are few general rules which are true of human conduct; so few, that, on reflection, one is astonished there should not be more. The best explanation, indeed the only one, is to account for actions by arguing from passions, opposite in their nature, but co-existing in the same individual. Of these, sometimes one, sometimes another, has the mastery; for, as to the doctrine of a "ruling passion," that, whatever Lord Bolingbroke might think of it, is mere nonsense. It is contradicted by all experience. If men's doings were regulated by one wire, we should have much less trouble than we have. The truth of the matter is, that there is no such thing as a predominant passion in this sense. The strongest passions of men are perpetually opposed, neutralized, and turned aside by others.

He who feels himself entangled in the meshes of some besetting sin, every now and then, like a blue-bottle in a

spider's web, makes a desperate attempt to flounder out of it. He who is, as he thinks, most firmly seated on a virtue is, generally, when he least thinks of it, cheated in his most praiseworthy attempts, (holding by mane and crupper,) not to be kicked off upon occasion. Well for him if he has patent stirrups. Thus, do we not, every day, see shabby fellows of all descriptions, attempting, by some convulsive effort of ostentatious expense, to redeem themselves from the conscious stigma? Devoted lovers, every warm July, going near to turn out "perjured men" and "treacherous wretches?" Duellists, getting nervous, after supping upon lobsters, and coming off "second best," with an "*explanation*," on a frosty morning? Respectable matrons of forty-three, who have had four children, running away with whey-faced ensigns of nineteen, turned up with green? Old bachelors of seventy-eight marrying girls in their teens; and, equipped in Wellington pantaloons and stays, giving their congratulators wine at two in the morning? "Saints" getting *into trouble* with their housekeepers, or indecorously tipsy at vestry meetings; and high-bred young ladies, who play upon the harp and talk Italian, sneaking off to country churches with small tradesmen, who cannot talk at all except behind the counter, or play upon anything but their customers? Now these, God wot, are all inconsistencies, but all strictly natural; inasmuch as they chance, upon an average, to happen, about every other day through the week.

It is this opposite play of the passions—this crossing of the currents of mind—which constitutes the charm of Shakspeare's characters, and of the *successful* characters of other dramatists. Hamlet is, probably, the finest dramatic character that ever was drawn. But he is so, not because he is highly consistent, but because he is amazingly inconsistent. We dispute and argue, pro and con, about him, as we do about living friends, whose actions do not happen exactly to accord with our notions of the fitness of things. Now, if he was one of the French "consistencies"—if he was set in motion, leg and arm, like a child's Jack-o'-long-legs, by pulling a string, there would be no occasion for this. Some large-eared critic will interpose here, and, with a knowing smirk and wink of an eye, because he thinks he has caught one ——remark, "if *inconsistency* be what you want, it is easier to draw an inconsistent than a consistent character: it is only to jumble up all sorts of heterogeneous passions and actions——" Gently, gently, good friend. We were just going to observe that this doctrine of inconsistency is the dramatic "pons asinorum," over which, as you are sure to plump, you had better stay where you are for a little,—we were upon the point of saying, that inconsistency *merely*, good critic, in the naked sense of the word, will not do. It must be a natural and consistent inconsistency; that is to say—(Now, mark, long ears)—*the actions inconsistent with each other, must be such as we have seen to occur in nature in the order in which they stand; and which may be accounted for by reference to some known and customary temperament.* And this is the case with Hamlet. His aberrations are precisely those which we are accustomed to observe in nervous, morbidly sensitive, and melancholy characters. His hatred of his uncle and disgust for his mother; his extreme curiosity respecting the supernatural appearance of his father; his determined purposes of revenge; his speedy falterings and doubts; his loathing of the world and distrust of all around him; his love for Ophelia; his suspicions and *consequent* harsh treatment; his *easy* assumption of insanity, as being constitutionally inclined to that disease; his moody triflings with Polonius, the Players, Osrick, and the Grave-diggers; his *wildness* at Ophelia's funeral; and, lastly, his resolute and cool activity when mortally wounded, make up a compound of character, natural in the highest degree, but depending upon intricacies of temperament, passion, and situation, such as Shakspeare only could have conceived, and of which the world will probably never see the equal in ideal representation. Other plays may be more poetical; others more terrible; others more pathetic; but, for the exhibition of *human nature*, this unrivalled effort must continue to be the admiration of learned and unlearned as long as the English language shall exist. The play is almost a *monologue*. The other characters are barely foils to Hamlet. He appears in nearly every scene, and yet

at every appearance it is under some new phase, some change, some turn of the varying currents which ruffle the surface of his mind, some momentary shadowing of feeling or circumstance which we have not seen before. Upon the same principle is to be calculated the value of the characters of Lear, Falstaff, Richard the Second, Macbeth, Rosalind, Beatrice, Jacques, and (to leave our great dramatist) of Leon, Caratach, Friscobaldo, Lady Brute, Lord Ogleby, Mrs Cole, Sir Luke Limp, Sir Peter Teazle, Charles Surface, Tyke, and a host of others, which to mention were endless. All these are "inconsistent," some of them enough to puzzle a college. But then they are *naturally* so; and that is the key of the matter. So much for character.

Ever since about the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, there has been a dreadful outcry against "French principles," and perhaps they may be bad enough; but "French criticism" has done us ten times the harm. To be sure, it has had more time, having infested us for these hundred and sixty years—and in that hundred and sixty it has played the mischief with the play-houses. It has gone near to transform our tragedies into pompous dull poems, and our comedies into acted charades, or witty essays, in question and answer. In these doings, it has proceeded upon the wise or rather *sage* principle, vulgarly called "buttering a goose;" prosifying where there was prose enough before, and poetising what was poetical enough already. In tragedy, the mischief was wrapped up in a single word, "dignity;" in comedy, by another, "wit;" small pills, considering of what a strong dose of nonsense they were the vehicle.

If we define the Drama, it must be a sort of poetry, which represents the serious or the lighter passages of human life, by exhibiting the conversations and actions of supposed agents. To be *Poetry*, it must of course be *poetical*, more or less; and to be *Dramatic*, that is to say, *like life*, it must, equally, of course, be *familiar* more or less; for human actions and sayings are, more or less, familiar things. This seems so palpable and self-evident, that one wonders how it could ever be missed, and what is still more extraordinary, the practical part or way to bring the desired effect about seems equally plain. If a thing is to be at once poetical and familiar, there is only one way for it, and that is to mix poetry and familiarity together in some proportion or other. There is no other conceivable way. This was the mode of the *old* English Dramatists one and all—the very "heart of their mystery," too sound a one to be "plucked out" by a gabbling "*Mounseer*" of a French critic. In Shakspeare and his fellows we find the most glorious and exalted poetry brought down to the familiar level and semblance of common life and nature, by a judicious and artful intermixture of the strongest, boldest, plainest, most straight-forward expressions and allusions. But this was not refined enough, forsooth, for the "polite nation!" not it! To put water in his brandy, until it was reduced *to proof*, was too homely an expedient for a triple-japanned Frenchman, who "could not say apple dumpling" if you would hang him. The allusions were too coarse, too low; and the expressions too rude. Your French critic, like the owner of the dancing bear in Goldsmith's play, "*hates* anything low." "Meal and bran together" is not for them. So we are to be crammed with indigestible superfine *French-Roll*, as insipid as chalk, and twice as noxious, in lieu of our wholesome old English Messeline. "Oh! their bons! their bons!"

Somebody, the other day (was it the Opium-eater?) told a story of his reading the play of Macbeth (he should have read him first his own admirable critique on "the knocking at the Door") to an intelligent Frenchman. When they came to the line,

"I heard the owl scream and the cricket cry,"

up starts monsieur, with a loud "bah!" declaring that no audience in France could be brought to endure an allusion so mean and ridiculous. He would have said the same thing a scene or two afterwards,—

"The night hath been unruly. Where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down——"

A French tragedy hero does not condescend to know anything of chimneys. This is just of a piece with all their criticism; and what havoc would it not make with the most *effective* passages of our best tragedies? Look

at the most inward and searching passages of the old English Drama, and it will be found that their effects result from this happy mixture of the familiar with the poetical.—Hear Desdemona:

"My mother had a maid, call'd Barbara;
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of 'willow,'
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind.———"

Again Lear:

——————"Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see;
I feel this pin prick.——————"

And again,

"Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O! thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you undo this button—thank you, sir.
Do you see this?—Look at her—look—her lips—
Look there—look there————"

Or look again at that scene in Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," when the Brother and Bosola contemplate the dead body of the Duchess; and read the convulsed ejaculation of the former, when choked with a sudden rising of remorse, he gasps out,

"Cover her face—mine eyes dazzle—
— She hath died young."

Or again, her simple words to her attendant, when, scarcely daring to be affectionate to her children, she delivers herself over to the executioners.

————"Bid the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep; and get the boy
Some syrup for his cold.———"

Let any one read these scenes, and if he be not stabbed, struck to the heart, as with a dagger, why, then, let us consent to be swindled out of our natures by a set of shallow, cold-blooded, pedantic sophisms, too silly for sensible men, and too hollow for men of feeling.

All this is bad enough, but it would have provoked one less had these high-flown idolaters of poetical dignity and poetical omnipotence been consistent with themselves. If men will be transcendently poetical, so let them be. But for Heaven's sake, if we are to have nothing but creams and whipt-syllabubs, don't send them up to us upon a wooden platter. It is odd that at this time of day any set of people should be found foolish enough to stick to the narrow doctrine of the "Unities;" but thrice marvellous is it that such a doctrine should be held by the poetical *par excellence*, the haters of everything prosaic. This is almost beyond a joke. We are to swallow without a strain tomes of stately high-flown blank verse, from the mouths of persons who, judging by appearance, could never be suspected of speaking anything above decentish "linsey-woolsey." Not a prosaical word or syllable are we to hear, so tenacious are we of the elevated. But let us once be requested to let the pit of Drury Lane be supposed to be removed from Rome to Brundusium; or let us be asked, as a particular favour, to let four hours stand for four days; and

——"Plump down we drop,
Ten thousand fathom deep,"

to the flat region of matter of fact and reality. Oh! no. It is easy enough to take a parcel of fellows, every one of whom we know as well as our grandfathers, to be Greeks and Romans talking ten syllable blank verse; but to imagine a change of place or time—to hurry the mail-coach, or set the clock forward—monstrous!——— To proceed, however.

Many people, especially those of a romantic and metaphysical turn, dislike plain, straight-forward, homely reasons for things. They affect the recondite and mysterious, and do not love to have the "ghost" turn out to be only a turnip-lantern. But now and then there is no alternative; and the explanation of the causes of the decline of the English drama must, it is to be feared, partake a little of the spirit of Burns's solution of the origin of Scotch courage:

"Sages their solemn een may steek,
And raise a philosophic reek,
And physically causes seek
In clime and season;
But tell me whisky's name in Greek—
I'll tell the reason!"

"*Monopoly*" happens to be Greek ready-made, and that is all the difference. It is an amusing thing to read the heavy dolours and laments that are every day poured forth over the decay of *British* dramatic taste, especially as contrasted with its flourishing state amongst our refined neighbours in France. "Go and see (sob they) Talma play in a tragedy of Corneille or Voltaire, and you shall not hear a pin drop, so hushed is the audience. Nay, so saturated is the pit with the dramatic spirit, that the smallest deviation from the true text of the author is sure to draw down a correcting hiss of disapprobation. Whilst in Drury Lane or Covent Garden——But we can no more."——

Lackadaisy! now let us pick up our senses a little, and try to look this astounding difference plainly in the face. Don't let us be spouted, and mouthed, and whimpered out of our understandings. Let us inquire into the facts; for upon an appeal to sheer common matter-of-fact must the decision of this apparent paradox hinge at last. Let us request this Jeremiah of a Cockney to drop his lamentations for a little, and condescend to answer a couple of brief and simple questions. "Pray, now, tell us how many theatres for the enactment of regular tragedy, comedy, and farce, have you '*in Lunnun*,' as you call it?" "Two."—"How many are there in Paris, do you reckon?" "Can't say precisely, 'pon honour; may be two-and-thirty." Very well, good gentleman of the press: now, in the difference between two and two-and-thirty lies this mystery; and, in the difference between thirty-two and two, its developement.

If we make a sort of rough calculation of the different grades of a population, enlightened, half enlightened, and unenlightened, we shall, of course, find the whole to comprehend a huge diversity of folks, of different hues and shades of intellect; and amongst these must be, of course, as many various and opposite reasons for going to a playhouse, as for going to a church or conventicle. Here, a grave-looking man goes, because he likes "a laugh at a good comedy;" and there, a well-fed-looking merry little grig has a strong propensity to shed Hogarthian tears over a "tradesman's tragedy." This bushy-eyed black-letter can away with nothing but old plays; that dirty-cravatted little cockney can relish nothing but new ones. Old Rosy-gills "likes nothing (puffing and blowing) equal to a good farce." Miss Melesindar, his daughter, ("Fie! pa'! what a taste!") doats upon the Stranger and Lovers' Vows. Master Caleb insists upon Perouse, or Mother Goose; whilst their uncle by the mother's side, Peter Squeak, affects a musical entertainment, the Haunted Tower, or the Cabinet. Tim Stay-tape goes every other night to see "the 'orses;" whilst John Lump divides his affections between "the quadrupeds" and "Grimaldi." Old Lady this is rapturous upon "young Roscii," and patronizes "Miss Mudie." Lady the other betrays a preference for Signor Richer, the tight-rope dancer. The "dandies" d—n the play altogether, and go to look at the girls: the girls go to be looked at by the dandies. The "light-finger'd gentry" go to look after other people's pockets; the sellers of ices, jellies, liqueurs, and play-bills, to look after their own. The loungers look at the ices and jellies, or at nothing at all. Now, without taking the trouble to count fingers, here are enumerated, perhaps, some dozen and a half of different motives for going into a playhouse. Suppose then, at any theatre, on any given night or nights, (as Mr Coleridge would say) the performance be predicated to be of any given species, say a tragedy or a comedy, it follows, there being only two theatres, that, upon a calculation of chances, only one-ninth of the audience will be interested by the performance *per se*, besides the collateral consideration that, of that ninth perhaps a third are, from the size of the house, too far off to hear what is going forward. "They manage (certain it is) these matters better in France." Contrast this *hotch-potch* with the state of matters at Paris. Likely enough there may be at the "Théâtre Français," a genteel audience, the parterre a hotbed of critics, with cambric-handkerchiefs, applauding Talma and Voltaire in the same breath, with all the energy of

Puff himself. But be it recollected, that at one and the same moment of time, there is a second set of merry grigs enjoying the broad-farce and burlesque of the "Port St Martin;" a third pastoralising over the little musical pieces of the "Vaudeville;" a fourth, amusing themselves at the "Varietés;" a fifth, listening to pleasant airs at the "Opera Comique;" and a sixth, weeping over pathetic ones at the "Academie Royale de Musique," or the "Théâtre Italien;" besides hundreds more gabbling and grimacing at the "Salle Favart," the "Odeon," or some place or other of dramatic or semi-dramatic entertainment, in every street and Fauxbourg of Paris, as each shall happen to be honoured, on each night, with the patronage of Madame and Monsieur. Now here is a very different state of affairs. Every one has a theatre *according to his taste*, and thither accordingly he hies, and is tolerably quiet and rational when he gets there. But cram these heterogeneous materials, *per force*, into a great overgrown "patent" playhouse, where nine-tenths of them either do not hear, or do not care about the matter in hand, and what wonder that the whole should become a rank and seething mass of noise, heat, and dissipation, vice, and folly; and that those for whose especial benefit the place was intended, should especially—*keep away?*

That any one should suppose the English nation indifferent to its better dramas, seems very ridiculous. Yet such things have been asserted, and the most precious proof was to be the practice of those bloated hotbeds of all that is weak, worthless, and exotic—the London Theatres! What a conclusion to draw from such premises! Good God! The French more regardful than the English of their dramatic authors!—when the editions of Shakspeare alone, taking number, costliness, and elaboration into the account, would perhaps equal, if not exceed, all the editions of all their dramatic poets that the French ever produced. Do we not see edition after edition of our older dramatic poets undertaken, published, and sold? Do we not see their lines quoted, their style imitated, and their example followed, by the best writers of the age? And, after all this, we are to be told that dramatic taste is extinct in England? No, no. Dramatic taste is upon the revival in England. There is more and better Dramatic taste now in England than there was a century ago. Let our monopoly-hating ministers only break up the most barefaced and wanton of all monopolies. Let them pack off the pickpockets and prostitutes to the Opera-house, the Argyle-rooms, or the Pavé. The dandies to Bond-Street or Tattersal's, and the cockneys to Vauxhall: The jockeys to Astley's; and the painters to the Diorama. Let the lovers of noise and nonsense go to the Concert of Ancient Music; and the lovers of nonsense without noise, to the Fantoccini exhibition, or the next Quakers' meeting—but let the lovers of the genuine English Drama have *a theatre of their own*. Let it be moderately sized, moderately lighted, with moderate hours, fair scenery, good actors, and excellent management, and it shall be seen whether Shakspeare cannot draw as attentive an audience as Punch, the Oratorios, or the Rev. Mr Irving.

T. D.

TRIALS OF TEMPER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"I SAY she is neither handsome, nor comely, nor agreeable, in any one respect, Mr Burton; and I cannot help considering myself as rather humbugged in this business. Do you account it nothing to bring a man of my temperament a chase of three hundred miles on a fool's errand?"

"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons. But really, if you esteem Miss Eliza Campbell, your own relation as well as mine, as neither handsome, beautiful, nor accomplished, why, I must say you have lost, since you went abroad, every sense of distinction; every little spark that you once possessed of taste and discernment in female accomplishments. Why, now, I suppose, a lady, to suit your taste, Doctor, must be black—as black as a coal, and well tatooed over the whole body?"

"None of your gibes and jeers with me, Mr Burton. I did not, and do not, mean to give any offence; but it is well known to all your friends, and has been known to me these thirty years, what a devil of a temper you have. As to my taste and discernment in female beauty, I have seen too much of life to be directed in these by a petty dealer in Galashiels gray-cloth, corduroy breeches, and worsted stockings,—ay, even though he add Kilmarnock bonnets, pirnie caps, and mittens, to the inventory. And if you had any degree of temper, I would tell you, that your niece, Miss Campbell, is one of the worst-looking, worst-conditioned middle-aged women, that I ever looked on!"

"Temper! I short of temper? Why, I must say, sir, that I would not be possessed of a temper as irritable as yours, to be made owner of all the shops in this street, as well as the goods that are in them. You are a very nettle, sir,—a piece of brown-paper wet with turpentine,—a barrel of gunpowder that can be ignited by one of its own grains, and fly in the face of the man who is trying and exerting himself to preserve it. I am a clothier. I do not deny it; and think no shame of my business. But though I have not poisoned so many Pagans and Mahometans as you have done, nor been paid for so doing, by a thousand lacs of rupees, I can nevertheless keep the crown of the causeway, and look all my creditors in the face. Ay, and moreover, I can kneel before my Maker, sir, and entreat his blessing on myself and others, with *a clear conscience*, and that is more than some of your Nabob sort of people can do! Miss Campbell is too good—much too good—for you, sir; and I must say, that I regret exceedingly having invited you so far to come and insult her—in my presence, too, her nearest relation! I must say, sir, that you had better take care not to say as much again as you *have* said, else you may chance to be surprised at the consequence."

"Why certainly the devil has entered personally into this retailer of gray-cloth and carpets! There, he would persuade me, that I am irritable and passionate, and he the reverse; while, in the meantime, here has he got into a violent rage, and chafing like the vexed ocean, and I as cool as a summer evening in Kashmere!"

"Cool?—you cool, sir? Why you are at this moment in a furnace of a passion! Wherefore else should you knock on my counter in that way? You think to intimidate me, I suppose; but you shall neither fright me out of my reasonableness nor equanimity."

"*Your* equanimity! St Patrick save the mark! How long is it since you were sued at law, and heavily fined, for knocking down your shopman with the ellwand? And how many honest customers have you threatened across that counter with the same infernal weapon, before you could bring your reason to control your wrath? And when we were at school together, how often did the rest of the boys combine to banish you from all their games, calling you 'the crabbed tailor,' and pelting you without mercy? And what was worst of all, how often did I get my head broken in your defence?"

"It is too true,—perfectly true!—I remember several of the circumstances quite well. Give me your hand, my old and trusty friend, and come

and dine with me to-morrow; for my heart warms to you when I think of our early friendship, and the days of our youthful enjoyments."

"And well may mine warm to you, for you assisted me out, when no other friend would venture, and, I had reason to fear, put your little credit right hardly to stake on my account. And do you know, Burton, that when I left Scotland, and took leave of all my friends, with much probability that it would be for the last time, not a man or woman amongst them shed tears at parting with me but yourself. That simple circumstance has never been erased from my memory, nor ever will. And before I left India I made a will, which is safe in the Register-Chamber of Fort William, and whereby, in the event of my dying without a family, you will find yourself entitled to the half of my fortune."

"My dear sir, that little pecuniary matter has been doubly repaid long ago; and as for that part of the will which is deposited at Fort William, and that devises to me, I shall do all in my power to render it of none effect. Come and dine with me to-morrow."

"I will, with all my heart."

"That's well. And we will have some conversation about the exploits and joys of our youthful years; for, though much has past over our heads, as well as through our hands and our hearts, since that period, still one single reminiscence of it is like a warm blink of sunshine in a winter day. I have often wondered, Doctor, what it is that makes the recollections of youth so delightful; for, as far as I remember my sensations at that time, they were anything but desirable, my joys being transient, and wofully mingled up with vexations and disappointments."

"There is something in the buoyancy of youthful spirits so akin to happiness, that the existence of the one almost implies the presence of the other. The ardency of hope, the first breathings of youthful affection, all render that a season to be thought on with delight.—Have you not some daughters of your own, Mr Burton?"

"I have two very amiable girls, and one of them marriageable, too; but, after hearing your opinion of the most accomplished young lady of the realm, I dare not submit them to your scrutiny. You shall not meet them at dinner to-morrow."

"I insist on meeting them at dinner—What! shall I not be introduced to the daughters of my best friend?"

"Your taste has become so horribly sophisticated, and then you speak out your sentiments so plainly, that no girl is safe from insult with you. Remember, my girls are not blackamoors any more than Miss Campbell is."

"There the bad temper flies out again! This Miss Campbell is a sore subject. Would that I had never seen her!—The truth is, I must speak my sentiments, and, with regard to her, they are anything but those of approbation."

"Why, sir, you're not only blind, but utterly perverse and obstinate. Miss Campbell is the most approved beauty in Edinburgh at the present time; but she is an orphan, and has no fortune—there your antipathy lies! Money is your object! money, money!—that is manifest. Pray, could you not have got a blackamoor, with a camel's load or two of rupees, for a spouse, and so saved the expense of a journey to Britain?"

"I will tell you what, friend—I have a great mind to break your head, and so save the expense of a rope to hang you in. A piece of presumption, indeed, to think to dictate to my tastes, or analyze the springs of my affection and dislike!"

Here the clothier seized his massy mahogany ellwand, and his friend the Doctor, having heard of the feats of arms performed by that unlucky weapon, thought proper to decamp, which he did with a kind of forced laugh, half in wrath at the ridiculous exhibition the two had made. Nevertheless, he returned, after walking about thirty paces, and, setting his head over the half-door, said, emphatically, "Now, after all, you must be sensible that she is very homely, vulgar, and disagreeable; and confoundedly affected?" Then, perceiving the ellwand once more emerging from its dark corner, he made a hasty retreat, desecrating, all the way, the misfortune of a bad temper.

That evening Mr Burton got a note from Miss Campbell, which puzzled him a great deal; it ran thus:

"My dear Uncle,

"I am quite delighted with your friend

Dr Brown. I expected to have met an elderly gentleman, but was agreeably surprised at meeting with so much elegance, conjoined with youth. He is certainly the most engaging and courteous gentleman I have ever seen, and has already made me an offer, which I think it would be imprudent in me to reject. As I have much to say to you on this subject, I will come down and see you in the coach to-morrow.

"Your ever affectionate niece,

"ELIZA CAMPBELL."

"So, the Nabob has been hoaxing me all this while," said the clothier to himself, chuckling. He then laughed at Miss Campbell's mistake about his friend's age, and slily remarked, that money was all powerful in modifying ages to suit each other. After considering the matter a little more seriously, he became suspicious that some mistake had occurred, for he knew it to be his friend the Doctor's disposition always to speak his sentiments rather too freely, and, in the present instance, he seemed to be quite chagrined and out of humour whenever Miss Campbell was named. The good clothier had a sincere affection for his niece, and, having a large family of his own to provide for, he was anxious to see her settled in life by a respectable marriage, particularly as she had of late begun to be noted as a great beauty, and was toasted by the beaux. So the clothier remained involved in a puzzle until the next day, when his niece arrived; and still from her he could learn nothing, but that all was as it should be. He asked who introduced Dr Brown to her. It was the very friend to whom the clothier had written to perform that friendly office. He made her describe Dr Brown's person and address, and, as far as the clothier could see, they corresponded to a very tittle.—Very well, thinks the clothier to himself, as I am uncertain whether the crabbed loon will come to dinner to-day or not, I will say nothing about it, and then I will see how the two are affected when they meet.

Four o'clock came, so the clothier went home to his house, and put on his black coat and silk stockings; and then he paced up and down his little snug parlour, which served as a drawing-room, with much impatience, going every five minutes up stairs to look out at the window.

"Who dines with my uncle to-day?" said Miss Campbell to her cousin, Ellen Burton;—"I see you have an extra cover set, and he seems rather in the fidgets because his guest is not come."

"I do not know who it is," returned Miss Burton; "he merely said that he expected a stranger to dine with him to-day—some English bagman, I suppose. We have these people frequently with us; but I never regard them, always leaving them with my father, to consult about markets and bargains, as soon as dinner is over; and we will leave them the same way to-night, and go to Mrs Innes's grand tea party, you know."

"O, by all means."

With that the Doctor entered, and was welcomed by a hearty and kindly shake of the hand; and, leading him forward, Burton said, "This is my daughter Ellen, sir, and her sister Jane." Of Miss Campbell he made no mention, conceiving that she and the Doctor were well acquainted before. But either the Doctor and she had not been acquainted before—or else the room was so dark that the Doctor could not see distinctly, (for he was very much out of breath, which mazes the eye-sight a great deal,)—or the beauty of the young ladies had dazzled him—or some unaccountable circumstance had occurred, for the Doctor did not recognise Miss Campbell, nor did the young lady take any notice of him. On the contrary, Jane Burton being only a little girl, and below the Doctor's notice at that time of night, he took the other two for the clothier's daughters, and addressed them as such all the time of dinner. The two young giglets being amused by the simple mistake, encouraged the stranger in it, answering to their names, and quizzing one another about the bagman and his patterns, of all which the Doctor understood not one word; but the clothier thought it altogether a very odd business; yet he carved his beef and his chuckies, and held his peace, suffering the girls to have out their joke, deeming it all affectation on Miss Campbell's part, and some strange misconception of the Doctor's, which he resolved to humour.

The Doctor was so polite and attentive to the young ladies, and appeared so highly delighted with them, that they were insensibly induced to stay

longer at table than they intended, and on their going away, he conducted them to the door, kissed both their hands, and said a number of highly flattering things to them. On again taking his seat, being in high spirits, he said, "Why, in the name of wonder, my dear friend, should you endeavour to put grist by your own mill, as the saying is? These daughters of yours are by far the most accomplished and agreeable young ladies whom I have seen since my return from India. The eldest is really a masterpiece, not only of Nature's workmanship, but of all that grace and good-breeding can bestow."

"I thank you kindly, sir; I was afraid they would be a little too fair of complexion for your taste. Pray have you never met with that eldest one before? for it struck me that you looked as you had been previously acquainted."

"How was it possible I could ever have seen her? But you know a bachelor of my years assumes a privilege with young ladies which would be widely out of place with our juniors, while it not unfrequently has the effect of rendering us the greater favourites of the two.—It is quite well known, Mr Burton, what my errand to Britain is at this time. I have never concealed it from you. It is to obtain a wife; and now to receive one out of your family, and from your own hand, would be my highest desire; settlements are nothing between us. These shall be of your own making. Your eldest daughter, the tallest I mean, is positively the most charming woman I ever saw. Bestow her upon me, and I am the happiest man in his Majesty's dominions."

"You shall have her, Doctor—you shall have her with all my heart; and I think I have a small document on hand to show that you can likewise have her consent for the asking, if indeed you have not obtained it already."

"I will double your stock in trade, sir, before I leave this country, if you realize this promise to me. My jaunt from India beyond the Ganges is likely to be amply compensated. Why, the possession of such a jewel is worth ten voyages round the world, and meeting all the lines at Musselburgh. But I'll warrant I may expect some twitches of temper from her—that I may reckon upon as a family endowment."

"And will there be no equivalent on the other side? No outbreakings of violence, outrage, and abuse? The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots; no more can he of an unruly temper sit beneath the sway of reason. At all events, the reflection on me and my family comes with a bad grace from such a firebrand as yourself."

"Stop, for heaven's sake, my good friend, stop; let us not mar so excellent a prospect, by sounding the jarring strings of our nature together. Why, sir, whenever a man comes within the bounds of your atmosphere, he treads on phosphorus—he breathes it, and is not for a moment certain that he may not be blown up in an electric flash. Why get into such a rage at a good-natured joke?"

"It was a very ill-natured joke; and I have yet to learn that you ever did a genuinely good-natured thing in your life. Even now you are all this while playing at hide-and-seek with me—playing at some back game, that I cannot comprehend, in order to make a fool of me. Do you wish me to tell you what I think of you, sir?"

"And pray what do I care what you think of me? Does it any way affect me what may be the opinion of such a being as you?—*You* think of me!"

"There goes! There goes the old man, with all his infirmities on his head."

"Who is an old man, Mr Burton? Who is an old man full of infirmities? Old!—to your teeth, sir, you are years older than myself."

"Do you know, sir, who you are speaking to, sir? or whose house you are in, sir?"

"Yes, I do, sir. I know very well whose house I am in, and whose house I shall soon be out of, too; and whose house I shall never enter again as long as I live. Do I not know all these, sir? What *you* think of me, forsooth! I have thought more of you than ever it behoved me to have done; and this is the reception I have met with in return!"

"Now pardon me this once, Doctor, and I shall never get angry with you again. I'll bear all your infirmities with the patience of Job; but you

must not leave my house in this humour."

"*My* infirmities, sir? What do you mean by my infirmities? And who the devil is to bear with yours, sir? I assure you it shall not be me! That I was once obliged to you, I confess, and that I have long thought on you with the affection of a brother, I likewise confess, but——"

"Hold there. Go no farther at present until the furnace-heat of your temper be somewhat allayed. We are friends, and must be friends as long as we live, notwithstanding of our failings. We have all much to forgive one another in this life. But you took me so short, when it was Miss Campbell only that I wanted to talk about."

"Miss Campbell whom you wanted to talk about! A singular subject truly, so immediately after the cessation of hostilities. I tell you once for all, Mr Burton, that I will have nothing to do with Miss Campbell—nothing to say to her; for she is absolutely my aversion."

"It is false, sir—every word of it is false; for you shall have to say to her and do with her both, and she is *not* your aversion. Nay, do not go to get into one of your boundless fits of rage again, for out of your own mouth will I condemn you; and if you deny your own words and mine, I will show you the lady's writ and signature to the fact."

"I was not even able to say a civil thing to the lady."

"You were. You said the most civil things to her that you could invent. You made an offer of your hand to her, and you made the same offer to me."

"I'll fight the man either with sword or pistols who would palm such an imposition on me."

The clothier made no answer to this save by handing over Miss Campbell's note to the astonished physician, who read as follows:—"'I am quite delighted with your friend Dr Brown.' Hem! Thank you, Miss Eliza Campbell. So is not his friend Dr Brown with you, I assure you. 'I expected to have met with an elderly gentleman, but was agreeably surprised——' Oho! hem, hem! What is all this? The girl has some sense and discernment though; for, do you know, I am never taken for a man above thirty."

"That I think does not show much discernment either in them or in her."

"I beg pardon, sir; I only meant to say that the girl saw with the same eyes as the generality of mankind, which at least manifests some degree of common sense. But it is all very well; I see through the letter—a trap to catch a badger, I suppose. As to the insinuation that I made her an offer, she has made it, or dreamed it, or conceived it, of herself, one way or other, for the deuce an offer I made to her of any sort whatever."

"Why, now, Doctor, the whole of your behaviour on this occasion is to me a complete mystery; for the young lady who sat on your right hand today at table, is no other than the same Miss Campbell, my niece, whom you have been all along so undeservedly abusing."

"Are you telling the truth, Mr Burton? Are you not dreaming?—I see you are telling me the truth. Why then did you introduce them to me as your daughters?"

"I introduced my two daughters only, believing that you two were perfectly acquainted before."

"She has then been introduced to me in a mask. There is not a doubt of it. She has spoke to me under a disguise of false form and false features, yet I thought all the while that I recognised the voice. And was you lovely, adorable creature, with the auburn hair and dark eyes, the seamaw's neck, and the swan's bosom, the same who wrote that pretty card about me?"

"The same, I assure you."

"Give it me again that I may kiss it, and look at every elegant letter it contains. I have had flatterers of the sex, black and white, brown and yellow, but never before received flattery from such a superlative being as she is. Where are the ladies? Let us go to them and have tea, for I have an intense longing to look on the angel again. How right you were in your estimation of the young lady, and how grievously I was in the wrong! I would now shoot any man who dared to use such language of her as I did. I would rather she had been your daughter though, for sake of the days of langsyne, even though she is my own half-cousin by the mother's side."

Never was there a more impassioned lover than the Doctor was with this

fair cousin; he raved of her, and fumed with impatience, when he found she had gone to Mrs Innes's party, and that he could not see her again that night. He lost no time, however, in writing out the schedule of a contract, a most liberal one, and to this scroll he put his name, desiring his friend to show Miss Campbell the writing preparatory to his visit the next day. The clothier did this, and found his lovely ward delighted with the match, who acknowledged that the annual sum settled on her was four times what she expected with such an agreeable husband; and although she begged for time and leisure to make some preparations, yet, at her kind uncle's request, she unhesitatingly put her name to the document by way of acquiescence; and thus was the agreement signed and settled, and wanted only the ratification of the parson to render it permanent. He then informed her that the Doctor would wait on her next day to ask her formally, and then they might settle on such time for the marriage as suited both.

Next day the Doctor arrived at an early hour, and found the young lady dressed like an Eastern princess to receive him, and in the highest glee imaginable; but as he did not then know the success of his offer, he kept aloof from the subject till the arrival of his friend the clothier. The latter, perceiving his earnest impatience, took him into another apartment, and showed him the lady's signature and acceptance. Never was there a man so uplifted. The intelligence actually put him beside himself, for he clapped his hands, shouted —hurra! threw up his wig, and jumped over one of the chairs. His joy and hilarity during dinner were equally extravagant—there was no whim nor frolic which he did not practise. He drank tops and bottoms with the young lady every glass, and at one time got on his legs and made a long speech to her, the tenor of which she did not, or pretended that she did not, comprehend; but all the family group applauded him, so that he was elated, and even drunk with delight.

Not being able to rest, by reason of the fervour of his passion, he arose shortly after dinner, and, taking his friend the clothier into the other room, requested of him to bring matters to a verbal explanation forthwith. He accordingly sent for Eliza, who looked rather amazed when she entered, and saw only these two together.

"Come away, my dear Eliza," said her uncle; "take a seat here, and do not look so agitated, seeing the business is already all but finished. My friend, Dr Brown, has come down today for the purpose of having a ratification of your agreement from your own hand, and your own mouth."

"Very well, my dear uncle; though I see no occasion for hurrying the business, I am quite conformable to your will in that respect. Why did not Dr Brown come to dinner? Where is he?"

I wish I had seen the group at this moment; or had Mr David Wilkie seen it, and taken a picture from it, it would have been ten times better. The Doctor's face of full-blown joy was changed into one of meagre consternation, nothing of the ruddy glow remaining, save on the tip of his nose. The internal ligaments that supported his jaws were loosened, and they fell down, as he gazed on the clothier; the latter stared at Eliza, and she at both alternately. It was a scene of utter bewilderment, and no one knew what to think of another. The clothier was the first to break silence.

"What ails you, my dear niece?" said he. "Are you quizzing? or are you dreaming? or have you fallen into a fit of lunacy? I say, *what is* the matter with you, child? Is not this my friend, Dr Brown, whom I have known from his childhood?—the gentleman whom I sent for to be introduced to you, and the gentleman, too, to whom you have given yourself away, and signed the gift by an irrevocable deed?"

"What! To this old gentleman? Dear uncle, you must excuse me, that I am in a grievous error, and a quandary besides. Ha, ha, ha!—Hee, hee, hee! Oh, mercy on us! I shall expire with downright laughing."

"What do you mean by such insulting behaviour, madam? Have I come here to be flouted, to be cheated, to be baited by a pack of terriers, with an old fox-hound at their head? But beware, madam, how you press the old badger too hard. I have your signature here, to a very serious deed, signed before witnesses, and if you *do not* fulfil your engagement to me, I have you at my mercy; and I'll

use the power which the deed puts in my hands—use it to the utmost—make yourself certain of that."

"Pray, sir, do not get into such a rage, lest you terrify me out of my wits. I am but a poor timorous maiden, sir, and not used to so much obstreperousness; yet I have so much spirit in me, that I shall never be imposed upon by such effrontery—never."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the clothier. "We shall all go in a flame together, and be consumed by collision.—My dear niece, you know not what you are doing or saying. This is no person to be despised, but the celebrated Dr Brown from India, chief of the medical staff of a whole Presidency—your own kinsman—my friend, of whom you approved in your note to me, and in conjunction with whom you have signed a contract of marriage. So none of your bantering and flagaries; for have him you must, and have him you shall. The deed cannot now be annulled but by mutual consent."

"Well, then, it shall never be farther ratified by me. This may be *your* Dr Brown, but he is not *mine;* and however worthy he may be, he is not the man of my choice."

"Is not this the gentleman of whom you wrote to me in such high terms of approval?"

"*That* the gentleman! Dear uncle, where would my seven senses have been, had that been he?"

"And is this not the lady, sir, whom you met in Edinburgh?"

"I know nothing at all about it. If this be not she, I like her worse than the other."

"There is some unfortunate mistake here. Pray, Dr Brown, who was it that introduced you to the lady, with whom you met?"

"Your friend, Mrs Wright, to be sure; whom else could it have been?"

"And you did not see Mr Anderson, then?"

"No; but I left your letter at his office, thinking there might be something of business."

"There it goes! Mrs Wright has introduced you to a wrong Miss Campbell; and Mr Anderson has introduced a wrong Dr Brown to her.—Plague on it, for you cannot now throw a stone in Edinburgh, but you are sure to hit either a Brown or a Campbell."

This was simply the case: The clothier wrote to his friend, Mrs Wright, to find means of introducing the bearer, Dr Brown, to their *mutual friend,* Miss Elizabeth Campbell. Mrs Wright, having an elderly maiden sister of that name, mistook, in perfect simplicity of heart, the term mutual friend, and, without more ado, introduced the Doctor to her sister. Now, the Doctor knew perfectly well that the other letter, which he carried to Mr Anderson, related likewise to some meeting with Miss Campbell, but not caring about any such thing, he merely popped the letter into the shop as he passed; and Mr Anderson, knowing nothing about Dr Brown's arrival from India, sent for the only unmarried Dr Brown whom he knew, and introduced him to Mr Burton's niece, as desired, and there the attachment proved spontaneous and reciprocal. Miss Campbell, finding now that she was in a bad predicament, having given her heart to one gentleman, and her written promise to another, threw herself on the old Doctor's mercy, explained the mistake, and the state of her affections, and besought him to have pity on a poor orphan, whose choice might be wrong, but which she was incapable of altering. The worthy Esculapius of the East was deeply affected. He took both the young lady's hands in his, kissed first the one and then the other, and, invoking on her all earthly happiness, he not only returned her the bond, but alongst with it a cheque on his banker for a considerable sum, as a marriage-present.

Miss Campbell was shortly after married to a dashing student of medicine, and they now reside in a distant province, very poor, and not over happy; and Dr Brown married the eldest daughter of his old benefactor, a simple, modest, and unassuming young creature, whom he carried off with him to the paradise of India, and placed her at the head of a magnificent Eastern establishment. I have seen several of her letters, in all of which she writes in the highest terms of her happiness and comforts. The two old friends quarrelled every day while together, but at parting, they both shed the warm tears of affection, and words of regret passed between them such as to be remembered for ever.

MORALITAS.

She that giveth heart away
For the homage of a day,
To a downy dimpling chin,
Smile that tells the void within,—
Swaggering gait, and stays of steel,—
Saucy head, and sounding heel,—
Gives the gift of woe and weeping—
Gives a thing not worth the keeping—
Gives a trifle—gives a toy.
Sweetest viands soonest cloy.

Gains?—Good Lord! what doth she gain?—
Years of sorrow and of pain;
Cold neglect, and words unkind;
Qualms of body and of mind:
Gains the curse that leaves her never;
Gains the pang that lasts for ever.

And why? Ah hath, not reason shown it?
Though the heart dares hardly own it,
Well it traces love to be
The fruit of the forbidden tree;
Of woman's woe the origin;
The apple of the primal sin;
The test of that angelic creature;
The touchstone of her human nature:
Which proved her, though of heavenly birth,
An erring meteor of the earth.

And what, by Heaven's sovereign will,
Was trial once is trial still;
It is the fruit that virgin's eye
Can ne'er approach too cautiously;
It is the fruit that virgin's hand
Must never touch but on command
Of parent, guardian, friends in common—
Approved both by man and woman;
Else woe to her as maid or wife,
For all her days of mortal life;
The curse falls heavy on her crime,
And heavier wears by length of time;
And, as of future joys to reft her,
Upon her race that follows after.

But Oh, if prudence and discretion
Baulk the forward inclination,—
Cool the bosom, check the eye,
And guide the hand that binds the tie,—
Then, then alone is love a treasure,
A blessing of unbounded measure,
Which every pledge of love endears;
It buds with age, and grows with years,—
As from the earth it points on high,
Till its fair tendrils in the sky
Blossom in joy, and ever will,
And woman is an angel still.

Mount Benger,
Dec. 10, 1827.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY IN THE KINGDOM OF KERRY.

LIMERICK is a sickly disagreeable place, where gloves and pretty women are much more scarce than pigs or papists. This somewhat reconciled me to being started off at break of day, one fine windy morning, with a detachment, to the borders of Kerry; and when I had completed my returns of neighbouring roads, hills, bridges, and blacksmiths' shops, pursuant to the order of the commandant of our district, a good-natured, intelligent, fussy, particular, old gentleman, I stole a march between the 10th and 24th of October, to pull an oar across the far-famed lakes, and scale Mangerton.

The first village of note on the road from Limerick to Killarney, is Adare—a pretty place, by the by, and a grand trout stream running through it, with countless wild-duck thereupon. Here was of old a strong-hold of the Desmonds; and the Castle, with its keep and ivy mantled tower, still forms a splendid ruin. The old Abbey is more to my taste though; the tall, narrow, taper, arched windows peep so gracefully from beneath the green festooning of matted ivy, and form a delicate and almost gay relief to the sombre stillness of the massive cloisters. The property is Lord Dunraven's, a worthy man, Mr North, a resident landlord too, who preserves his game like a gentleman, and has imported a hundred brace of pheasants to stock his woods. I hope to see him in the House of Lords yet: he would be in his place there, for he has a fastidious delicacy of cultivated taste, that unfitted him for the rough and round proceedings of the Lower House. I am afraid George Moore, our Dublin member, will break down from a deficiency, or delicacy, or what you will, of the same sort, and all men see how over education has spoiled North—Not thee, my most illustrious friend, but he of Lord Anglesey's borough.

The first full burst of the lower Shannon is superb—'Tis just after passing a little village called Foynes, about twenty miles from Limerick, and forty from the sea. The road winds along beneath a lofty cliff of rock, through which, indeed, it has been cut, the stone having been originally soft and friable, though it has become indurated by exposure to the air. Even thus far inland, the river is from three to four miles broad, and just here, the banks are planted.—On the Clareshire side, by the wood of Cahircon, the estate of Mr Scott—a gentleman whom I name with honour, for he is proprietor of that Burrin, the relish of whose far-famed oysters is yet upon my palate. The Limerick shore is clothed with the planting of Mount Trenchard, the residence of Mr Rice—father, I believe, of the Home Under-Secretary.

Next came I to Glyn, from which one of the three anomalous titles of knight is taken. The story runs, that one of the Earls of Desmond—they say so lately as in the days of good Queen Bess—bestowed on his three sons the titles of White Knight, Green Knight, and Knight of the Valley. The heirs male of the White Knight failed, but the title is still claimed, from intermarriage with the French line, by the Earl of Kingston. In him it seems a *lucus a non lucendo* sort of derivation, and not a *nomen ex re inditum*, for his lordship is a singularly darksome-looking man, and as he strides in his hairy strength among his tribes of tenantry and workmen at Mitchellstown Castle, flourishing a huge blackthorn sapling, he looks like the very moral of an O'Sullivan, or an O'Donoghue-More; started to life, to make the living start. The Green Knight's title, transformed to that of Knight of Kerry, is borne by a Mr Fitzgerald, and this too is the name of the Knight of Glyn, the modern version of Knight of the Valley.

Halted for dinner at Tarbert—the Berwick-upon-Tweed, which separates the Kingdom of Kerry from the Levant, but was so little satisfied with the boasted mutton of that ancient place, that I rejoiced to come upon a wight some two hours after, just as he hooked a respectable sort of a salmon out of the Listowell river;

> "Then, well pleased, I shook,
> From forth my pocket's avaricious nook,
> Some certain coins of silver,"

which I gave the man, not as 'twere

per force, but with hearty good-will; and deposited the finny treasure in the body of my dog cart, anticipating a delicious supper.

Kerry, as you approach Listowell, presents the appearance of a prodigious interminable plain. Low and boggy lands form on every side the melancholy prospect. Just before entering the town, you pass Ballinruddery, the place where the Knight of Kerry aforesaid does not reside. Listowell itself looked well, enlivened by the glowing beams of the sun, which was just then sinking in a volumed mass of rich and amber clouds, gorgeous and bright as the fat on the sirloin of a prize bullock. Ecstatic thought!—peace to the manes of the merry monarch, who dubbed that knight of knights, Sir Loin. They are building a handsome bridge over the river here. If Moore had called this pleasant world "bleak" in a song written during a pilgrimage from Tarbert to Tralee, instead of, when sitting under a big tree, near Castle Howard, in the delicious vale of Arklow, there would have been some sense in it; but Waller has said, that poets succeed better in fiction than in truth.

I had not the least idea that any Christian people could be so utterly destitute of the first elements of civilization, as I soon discovered them to be in the Albergo Reale of this metropolitan city of the kingdom of Kerry. Celebrated as I knew this capital to be for its intercourse in fish, I did deem it sufficient to recommend my protégé, through the intermediation of the waiter, to the especial notice of the *maitre de la cuisine*, entreating that the same might grace my supper table, *summâ diligentiâ*, signifying, as we at Eton construed the words in Livy's very unhandsome account of "ould general" Hannibal, and his passage across the Alps, "with some diligence," and not by any means "on the top of a diligence," as the Harrow men suppose. Indulging in pleasing dreams of coming bliss—I threw myself into a chair; videlicet, I sat down with all the cautious gentleness a long drive, and a somewhat jaded nether end, suggested, and summoning up all my resolution, tried to read the Epicurean, which lay at the top of my portmanteau, straight on till supper should be announced. I made a conscience of this, because I had already been obliged to give a very decided and detailed opinion on its merits and defects to various young and ancient ladies, in several cut-mutton quadrilles; and as yet I had not dipped beyond the title-page. When the waiter awoke me for supper, it lay open on the table at page 19. Rubbing my eyes, and muttering weak stuff—paucity of ideas—*eau sucré*—I tripped down stairs, and bade the man uncover the salmon first. Gently did I lay the trowel to the bosom of the sleeping beauty, and displaced the breast back to the shoulder—but let me not dwell upon the harrowing recollection. Suffice it, that after the first thrill of anguish, horror, and amaze, had subsided into that dull stupifying sense of calamity which succeeds, I asked the waiter in a voice of mingled anger and emotion—"Where the devil is the curd?" "Cu-cur-curd, sir?" stammered the fellow with an air of stupid astonishment; "is it curds and whey you mane?" The rascal actually did not know—aye, here in Tralee, where turbot are sold for three shillings a-piece, and salmon at fourpence the pound avoirdupois, the scoundrel had never heard that salmon had a curd! "Sirrah," cried I, "who spoiled my fish?" "The cook biled it, sir." "Who, which, where, how—what person, assuming so proud a title, has disgraced that honoured name?" "Is it the cook's name, sir?—Biddy Molony, sir." "Enough, enough, good fellow," I replied, with an hysteric laugh—"I see it all—she has popped my *enfant cheri* into cold instead of boiling water—A woman cook!—a female fury." But Virgil has already shadowed forth this calamity, *Harpyiæ adsunt*, (*i. e.*) the devil sends bitch cooks—

"*Diripiantque dapes, contactuque omnia fœdant.*"

"Thus, ever thus—from manhood's dawn,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never carved a haunch or brawn,
But all the fat was help'd away.

I never nursed a turkey pout,
To glad me with its plump white thigh,
But, when I came to help about,
The tit-bits—all—were sure to fly."

Indignation and sorrow are more thirsty than hungry evils, so, after two pounds of tolerable rump-steaks, as a *pis-aller*, I betook myself to a small case of Bordeaux brandy, which I had

the sense to bring with me, and composed a most glorious jug of the finest sleeping-draught in the world.

I slept as sound as a rock till dawn. Uprose the morn, and uprose Captain J. *Novice que je suis en fait de montagnes*, even the Tralee hills struck me as rather respectable-looking tumuli. They are seen to most advantage approaching the town from Abbeyderney, a little village in the direction of Listowell. They rise almost perpendicularly from the sea, a considerable reach of which is visible, touching their base, and approaching within less than a mile of the town.

They burn quantities of lime in Kerry for the land, and at night the kilns scattered at distant intervals, and twinkling like plums in a school-pudding, *rari in gurgite vasto*, present a singular appearance.

The *fortunati nimium* of this kingdom are wretched agriculturists. I saw but one decently cultivated farm in Kerry; it was on the road from Tralee to Killarney; the farmer's name, they told me, was Marshall. The peasantry of Kerry fight and talk Latin by instinct. Arriving at a village with a name *versu quod dicere non est*, and which defies the powers of orthography, I suddenly found myself surrounded by a host of combatants, who, at that instant, commenced operations. One fellow seized my horse, that I might not disturb them, and the rest leathered away most famously. Cudgels twinkled and Paddies fell in every direction. Meanwhile I occasionally heard the murmuring tones of a patriarch, who sat at the fire of the cabin, at the door of which I was detained prisoner. He was rating a wench who stood at the only window, gazing at the fun, and more intent on the scuffle than on the works of Minerva:—"Quid agis in ista fenestra, Bridgeta O'Shaughnessy? Aut quomodo te decet istis humeris totum diem terere nihilum agendo? Estne tam visu spectabile, homines sic fustibus rixas componere, ut de primis mortalibus tradidit noster Flaccus? Non ita est, Bridgeta mea: vade, age; quam multa vasa culinaria tibi sunt adhuc detergenda! Cirnea lactis coagulati agitanda, et——" Here the din without became so furious, as to drown the conclusion of the old boy's expostulation, and a man who seemed a sort of leader of his faction, broke his shillelah on his neighbour's pate. As I happened to be provided with one myself, and was unwilling to spoil sport, or see sport spoiled, I handed it out, and bade him play out the play. He received the gift with a grim smile of welcome, and in an instant I saw men tumbling like nine-pins "beneath his sturdy stroke." In something more than half an hour, a loud hurrah of "The Boys of Ballinageary for ever!" announced that the fray was ended,—my friend with the stick had won. He came up to where I stood, took off his hat, and with great propriety of speech and gesture, apologized for the delay, I had met with, assuring me that once the signal was given, it was impossible to stop for any gentleman; and as he handed back my stick with eloquent thanks, he hoped I "took no offence at the taste of a scrimmage that had detained my honour." "None in creation, my good friend," I replied; "but pray, what occasioned this infernal row?" "Och, it was only some words between mysel and Tim Oulaghan, about a girl I would'nt marry; an' he brought his faction agin us, an' we fought it out, and beat them like min." "And why would you not marry the girl?" "Sure, had'nt she a pearl on her eye like a biled cockle whin I seen her afore the Priest?" "You don't mean to say it was then first you discerned her blindness?" "Whin else, your honour? Devil a stem of her I ever seen till then?" "And were you going to marry a woman the first time ever you saw her?" "Troth and that same's the custom among huz always. When a girl takes on to be married, her father or mother, or the like, goes match-making, and spakes to any boy they fancy, and if he's agreeable, and they offer fortin' according to his expictations, the priesht is invited, and the first thing the girl hears of the match being settled, or who is the man that's to own her, is whin the frinds arrive to eat the wedding dinner; and late in the evening, when all is hearty, in comes the boy, and thin they see each other for the first time." "And what fortune were you to get with this girl whom you didn't marry?" "Fifty pound, please your honour, and a feather-bed, and a losset, and four chairs."

Talking of marriages, I wonder how the deuce the south of Ireland got such

a name for pretty girls. I can assure you, I have seen more ripe and real beauty during half an hour's walk from Westmoreland Bridge to Saint Stephen's Green in the metropolis, than in the two counties of Limerick and Kerry put together. The female peasants are healthy-looking, with lively black eyes, but their features are coarse, and their gait and dress ungainly. The middling class are burdened with a nauseous superabundance of "vulgar gentility," that puts one out of patience with their mediocre looks; and of the upper rank, those who are most beautiful, are rather over-taught, so that Nature's loveliness hardly gets fair play, covered over, as it is, with the heavy embroidery of education. In fact, when you do meet with beauty in this region, 'tis rather of the intellectual than sensual cast, and for me, I hate clever women as much as ever Hypolitus did.

Midway between Tralee and Killarney, you first behold MacGillicuddy's Reeks exulting in their glory. Carran Thual, the highest, is 3400 feet above the sea level. It was crowned, not exactly with an avalanche, but with something very like a night-cap of snow, when I passed.

Whenever you visit Killarney, go to the Kenmare Arms,—inquire for Thomas Finn, the landlord,—tell him you mean to be comfortable, and there's no doubt he'll make you so. The man furnishes forth a breakfast not unworthy of the Land of Cakes. Of course, before you think of this meal, you have walked, or rode, or driven, some twenty miles; then you sit down to a table covered with cold ham and turkey, a round of beef, and smoking hot fresh eggs innumerable, with tea and coffee to wash down the solids,—carefully attended all the while by Dennis, his major-domo, a huge Majocci-looking fellow, with black bushy whiskers, and spectacles on nose, and his black wig so classically arranged, that for an instant you suppose you have got before you a head-journeyman from one of the *Magazines des Modes* of Bond Street. But this disagreeable delusion soon passes, and you find, that instead of a big conceited fool, full of nothingness and knavery, whose every sentence is an impertinence, Dennis is a "rale Irishman," remarkable for his civility and his Kerry brogue.

What shall I say of the beauties of the Lakes—Upper, Middle, and Lower? Nothing,—absolutely nothing. I must leave it to poets to describe lakes. Natheless, one word of Mangerton. Some people take ponies to ascend this mountain, but this is ridiculous, except for women. The top is only about six miles off; so giving a knapsack full of sandwiches, and a flask of Hollands, to a young bare-legged mountaineer, who was to attend me, I took my "stick in my fist," at a convenient hour after breakfast, and set forth for the mountain top. On our way, we went in to look at Mucness. There was a funeral just then on its way to the Abbey. Then first I heard the dirge called Keening, in the vulgar the Hullaboo, or Irish cry. It begins with a low moaning sound, apparently from women only, then gradually swelling, as it is taken up by one after another of the crowd, it bursts at length into a loud and wailing cry, which slowly dies away again to moans,—but no articulate words are heard. It is resumed every time the bearers of the coffin are changed, or any halt takes place in the procession. When the ceremony of interment is over, and the last sod beaten down upon the grave, the cry is once more repeated, loud and long; and then they whose clamorous "grief has borne such an emphasis," depart in groups, chatting of their ordinary affairs.

To those whose minds are in a melancholy mood already, the cry sounds exceedingly mournful, otherwise, and at a distance, one can hardly distinguish whether it be intended to express woe or mirth. There is by no means "snug lying in the abbey" here. Dead men's bones, and bits of coffins, lie scattered in every direction, and in some places skulls are piled up into heaps above the surface. There is an enormous ash-tree, too, growing out of the very middle of a heap of bones, which suggests the idea of its owing its immense magnitude to the loathsome decomposition that is going on below. Within the walls of the cloister stands a gigantic yew, of which the branches form a sort of natural roof to the apartment, and admit no more than a dim religious light, which enables you to see that the stem has lost its bark, and is dripping with the clammy moisture of a charnel-house.

The guides tell you a number of wonderful superstitious tales about this same yew tree, the recital of which you must listen to whether you will or no, as they consider it a part of the value they are to give for their day's hire. Many of the views of the lake and its shores from different parts of the demesne of Mucness, are exquisitely beautiful, and would be very interesting if one were not pestered with a guide who does not fail to observe that "here is a mighty nate skitch of the wather—isn't thim rocks purty?" In sum, the view was fine, the arbutus was in full fruit, and in full flower—the fruit presented every variety of tint, from the crude green of first formation, to the red ripeness of maturity. The holly, too, and the mountain ash, were covered with berries of a different shade of red, and the service tree with others of a lighter tint; while the sere and changing leaves of the oak, ash, beech, and alder, formed a foliage which presented an endless variety of hues. The fantastic shapes of most of the limestone cliffs, which form the water-worn shores, are very curious, and are named by the natives after various things to which they are conceived to bear a rude resemblance; they indicate a violent action of the water, very different from the smooth and placid stillness of the lake while I looked upon it, and told of former commotion, like a battered and shattered fortress, in the midst of a country smiling in peace and tranquillity.

Leaving Mucness, I began the ascent of Mangerton by a mountain path from a little village called Cloghereen. As you ascend, you leave the lakes behind; but from several points, when one turns about and looks down, the prospect is extremely beautiful. The lakes studded with little wooded islands, and bounded by huge mountains, whose ample sides are clothed with trees, lie like a delicious picture beneath your feet, while the wreaths of curling smoke mark the town of Killarney in the distance, and new vistas open in the mountains to the right, disclosing glens, whose gloomy sides are contrasted with the glittering surface of the little lakes that lie deep in their bosoms. At the height of nearly two thousand feet, on turning the shoulder of a slight and abrupt eminence, more perpendicular than the general line of the ascent, you come suddenly upon a still lake of very considerable extent, awfully deep and cold—this is called the "Devil's Punch Bowl." The name embodies in it a pithy moral; for if Satan can boast no better liquor than this, it is an awful warning not to travel his way, nor put up in his quarters. I have heard, over the Border, that he had need o' a lang-shankit spune that sups kail wi' the deil; and I can testify that he had need of a flask of aquavitæ, that means to take a glass of grog with him after supper. A Glasgow man, who was here once on a fine summer's evening, after tasting of the cool and crystal flood, exclaimed to his guide, "God-sake, man, what a glorious bowl of punch you would mak, if a buddy could turn intil't, for about half an hour, a stream of rum, like that that runs beneath the New Brig o' Glasgow after a Lammas flood; wi' the juice o' a' the leemons that grew since the creation; and twa lumps o' sugar, the taen as big as the High Kirk, and the tither the size o' the Infirmary!" "Anan?" said the guide, astonished at this speech, of which he hardly understood one word; but the man from the Gorbals, wrapped in the magnificence of his thoughts, heeded him not, and, musing, took his way down the hill-side. On the side of this lake, which you first reach, the hill is barely high enough to keep in the waters, while, on the opposite side, it shoots up in a steep ascent to the summit of the mountain. The climbing here is rather terrific, as the least slip would send you rolling backwards into the deep lake below; but my head was so full of a little experiment I had in view, that I thought not of the danger. I had been mightily taken with that notable new discovery of the celebrated sixpenny philosopher, Brougham, which overturns the antiquated systems of such fellows as Kepler and Newton (whose discoveries formed a part of that "wisdom of our ancestors," which has been lately discovered to be all fudge), and oversets the "ould" law of gravity, to the incalculable spread of useful knowledge, and the signal honour and glory of the new Cockaigne University. Now, in ascending Mangerton, I had been dreadfully pestered by a set of fellows, each of whom insisted on acting as guide to my ho-

nour, and, after many ineffectual efforts to dismiss them, I had changed my plan, and told them, that since no entreaties of mine could induce them to desist, as many might accompany as chose. Meanwhile, I secretly pleased myself with the thought of how cleverly I should outwit them. "Gravity," said I, extracting Brougham's treatise from my pocket, and reading therefrom, "gravity varies with the distance exactly in the proportion of the squares, lessening as the distance increases: at two miles from the earth, it is four times less than at one mile; at three miles, nine times less, and so forth." Very well, I continued, if, at one hundred yards high, these men weigh ten stone each, (and I'm sure they were not more, for they were small light-limb'd fellows), when we get up two hundred yards, that weight will be diminished in the ratio of one to four; and when we shall get eight hundred yards up the hill, which is near the top, their weight will be to ten stone each, but as one square is to eight square, that is, one to sixty-four; in short, they will be little more than two pounds a-piece. Here then was my scheme—the fresh mountain breeze made me feel as vigorous as ever I did in my life—So, thought I, I shall, on some pretence, range my guides in a row along the top of the mountain, at intervals of twelve paces, which will allow room for a tidy little run between each: then, taking my race, I shall give each, in succession, a kick in the breech so vigorous, that, as they will be then little heavier than so many blown bladders, I shall see them severally wafted down the hill, to at least half a mile from the point of impact, and I can get clear off at my leisure. On the brow of the hill then, over Satan's bowl of toddy as aforesaid, I ranged my men in order, and commenced operations; but, judge of my astonishment and dismay, when the first man, instead of floating swiftly down the hill-side, with an initial velocity proportionate to the impetus communicated by the lever power of my dexter toe, exhibited such an unphilosophical *vis inertiæ*, as actually to withstand the shock, and collar me in an instant, demanding, with a volley of oaths, and in language somewhat of the plainest, what the devil I meant. The altercation soon turned the rest, who hastily inquired what wasthe matter. "The matter!" said he of the wounded seat, "by Jasus, I never got such a kick in the —— in my life; an' I'll take the law of him, so I will."

I never felt so convinced of the excellence of the metaphysical definition of solidity—it is, that resistance which we find in a body to the entrance of any other body into its place, until the former one has been removed. This resistance I had experienced to my cost; and it so completely overset my centre of gravity, that had not the fellow collared me so quickly, I should have been laid sprawling on my mother earth, floored by the equality of re-action to action; whereas I had expected but to beat the air. I looked as blank as a friar at a feast on a Friday; but as a man cannot have everything his own way in this world, like a bull in a china shop, I was fain to ascribe my proceeding to an occasional flightiness to which I was subject, and got off by tendering a golden remedy of sovereign efficacy for the sore place, and a full day's pay to all the rest. Then, muttering an anathema as mild as Doctor Slop's malediction on Obadiah, against all Jews, Whigs, atheists, lying philosophers, and other atrocious persons, I crept to the topmost summit of Mangerton.

Pardon, as Mr Locke says, this little excursion into physics. The failure of my first essay in natural philosophy, left me in that frame of heavenly pensive contemplation best suited for relishing and appreciating the beauties of external nature; and now, indeed, a scene of inimitable grandeur burst upon my astonished sight. As I faced towards the east, I beheld a wide reach of the Atlantic, with the little islands, called the Blasquets, in the distance; farthest to my right the bays of Castlemaine and Dingle, with the hills above them, were visible on the southern horizon; while far upon my left, Bantry Bay was distinctly discernible; and more near me, in the same direction, the bay and river of Kenmare. Right beneath lay all the glories of Killarney—groups of mountains, richly wooded, dwindled into conical, or fantastically shaped hills from the height at which I stood, while sections of the different lakes stealing in amongst them in every direction, and reflecting the dancing sunbeams, gave light and effect down to

the very base of every group. The whole scene more resembled one of "those painted clouds that beautify our days," and deck the sunny skies of imagination, than anything one is accustomed to in nature and reality. Then came a change—a thick mist suddenly spread itself over the valley, and soon, in volumed masses, came rolling up the mountain's side, with a fearful and astonishing rapidity, and then sweeping across the whole line of view, shut the scene, as though it were a curtain drawn by the hand of God across the face of his most glorious creation. One minute all was sparkling in the sun, the next enveloped everything in a cold wet cloud, which I distinctly saw rushing towards me, till it struck me in the face, and clothed me like a wet garment. Shortly afterwards came on a shower of sharp, hard, little hailstones, that penetrated like needle points, and soon it turned to a mixture of snow and sleet. Under this I wended my way along a mountain path that overhangs the Punch-Bowl and Gleana Cappul, or the Horse's Glyn. When the shower began to clear away, and the mist occasionally broke up, so as to transmit a gleam of light, it was almost fearful to look down the precipitous steep upon the sullen water, or the huge void of the deep glyn; while, from every jagged eminence, depended a fleece of fog, streaming like the torn banners from some castle's height, after the rush of the battle is over.

By the time I had slowly descended, with the assistance of the guide, to the bottom of the slippery and almost perpendicular bank, to the level of the loch, the mist had passed away, and left only the fleecy rack careering with the wind; so that, after I had addressed myself with earnest diligence to my sandwiches, and repeated draughts of neat Hollands, I bounded down the mountain to Turk waterfall, with the vigour and agility of a native red deer; took the water at Glenah, and rowed across to Ross Castle, touching only at the island of Innisfallen, a delicious, quiet, little spot of soft green, and full of trees of Nature's own planting. The Abbey here has nothing to offend one, nor truly anything very much to interest either, though it be I know not how many ages older than that of Mucness. I must except one spot, to which the fair-haired gilly who showed the lions directed my attention in a manner rather to be imagined than described. The stone-wall was there stripped of its ivy covering, and seared, evidently with the traces of recent fire; the scattered wood-ashes, too, on which the pensive eye of the lad rested, as his lip moistened, and his whole countenance assumed the pleasing melancholy cast of well-remembered pleasure—all, all betokened "that man had been here." "That, sir," said the lad, at length breaking silence, with a sigh of deep emotion, "that is the place where they brile the salmon wid branches of arbutus—just as they takes it out of the wather, they splits it, sir, and fixes it up wid arbutus skivers." "And is it excellent?" "Devil a bether in the nayshins."—(Nations.) Here was *food* for meditation! How idly do philosophers dispute whether man should be defined a rational, or a cooking animal! There needs but half an eye to see that the terms are synonymous.

When I reached the Kenmare Arms, and had changed my travel-stained habiliments—for next to the dinner itself, the greatest terrestrial enjoyment is the preparation for it—I stretched my legs beneath Mr Finn's mahogany; and as Dennis uncovered a salmon full of curd, "and a red and smoking round, of which the base was planted out," as foresters express it, by a screen of mellow foliage, I acknowledged that Killarney did abound in objects at once sublime and beautiful. Toil and hunger gave zest to food and rest. The pleasant fire—the steam of rich perfumes which rose from the dinner-table—the good old wine that followed,—gradually soothed me into incipient slumber, and sinking back into my easy-chair, as I muttered after honest Jack Falstaff, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" I sunk into balmy repose.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

Chap. XIII.

THE HAUNTED CHURCHYARD.

A friend of mine, with whom I lately compared churchyard "*experiences*," gave me a little narrative of one which had recently fallen to his share, during an angling excursion in one of our northern counties. It will be best and easiest to let the narrator speak in his own person, so, without further preamble, "I tell the tale as it was told to me."

Arriving about dark one evening at a large village, where I proposed taking up my quarters for the night, I observed a general stir and agitation, as if a bee-hive were pouring forth its swarming colonists; and as I proceeded down the long straggling street, towards the sign of "The Jolly Miller," the whole population of the place seemed streaming in the opposite direction of the churchyard, which I had passed at the entrance of the village. Men, women, and children, were hurrying along, with an appearance of eager trepidation; and there was a general hum of voices, though every one seemed to speak below his natural key, except a few blustering youngsters, who were whetting their own courage, by boasting of it with valiant oaths and asseverations, and ridiculing the cowardice of the women and children. The latter were running along close by their mothers, holding fast by their gowns or aprons, and every minute pressing nearer, and looking up in their faces, with eyes of fearful inquiry. As the different groups scudded swiftly by me, I caught here and there a few disjointed words about "a ghost," and "the churchyard," and "all in white," and "Old Andrew," and "ten-foot high," and "very awful!" Half-tempted was I to turn with the stream, and wind up my day's sport with a *Ghost hunt*, but the sign of the Jolly Miller waving before me, and the brown loaf, and foaming can, so naturally depicted thereon, were irresistible attractions to a poor Piscator, who had fasted since early morning from all but the delights of angling; and who, as day declined, had followed the windings of the stream for many a weary mile, to seek rest and refreshment at the village hostelrie. It was well for me that I arrived not in equestrian equipage, for neither landlord, hostler, nor male biped of any denomination, was visible about the large old house and its adjacent stable-yard. But I needed no attendance; so stooping with my shoulder-load of rod, basket, and landing-net, as I stept down one step into the low heavy old porch, I passed straight on into the kitchen, where a blazing fire in the huge gaping chimney, gave me a cheerful welcome, though neither there, nor in the adjoining tap-room, could I espy signs or tokens of any living creature. I could have been well contented to take silent possession of one of the high-backed settles within the ingle-nook, had there been wherewithal within reach to appease "the rage of hunger," whose importunate calls were rather incited than suppressed by the feeling of warmth and comfort which circulated through my whole frame, as I stood beside the companionable hearth. So I called lustily, and thumped the end of my fishing-rod against the heavy oak-table and dark wooden partition, till at last came hurrying forth from an inner-chamber, a little old woman, whose sharp shrivelled face betokened no mood of sweet complacency. But a few words, intimating my intentions of sojourning in her house that night, and my voracious designs upon her larder and ale-butt, smoothed, as if by magic, half the wrinkles in her face, and put her in such good-humour, with *me* at least, that she would fain have installed me into the chilling magnificence of the parlour, whose sanded and boarded floor, and dismal fireless grate, nodding with plumes of fennel, like the Enchanted Helmet in the Castle of Otranto, I was obliged to glance at, though the first glimpse sent me back with shivering eagerness to the comforts of the kitchen-hearth, where at last I was permitted to settle myself, while mine hostess spread for me a little claw-table, with a snow-white cloth, and set about preparing my savoury supper of fried eggs and rashers.

It was not till I had dispatched two

courses of those, with a proportionate quantum of "jolly good ale and old," that I found leisure, while attacking the picturesque ruins of a fine old Cheshire cheese, to question mine ancient hostess respecting those signs of popular agitation which had excited my curiosity as I came through the village. My inquiry set wide open the floodgates of her eloquence and indignation. "Well I might ask," she said, "but, for her part, she was almost ashamed to tell me what fools the folks made of themselves,—her master among 'em,—who was old enough to know better, Lord help him! than to set off, night after night, galloping after a ghost,—with Bob Ostler at his heels, and that idle hussy Beckey, leaving her to mind the house, and look to everything, and be robbed and murdered for what they knew,—and all for what quotha? She wished, when *their* time came, they might lie half as quiet in their graves as old Andrew did in his, for all their nonsensical crazy talk about his walking o' nights." I waited patiently till the 'larum had unwound itself, then taking up that part of the desultory invective which more immediately related to the haunted churchyard, and its unquiet tenant, I got the old lady fairly into the mood of story-telling; and from what she then related to me, and from after gleanings among other inhabitants of the village, succeeded in stringing together a tolerably connected narrative.

Andrew Cleave, whose remains had been interred the preceding week in Redburn Churchyard, was the oldest man in its large and populous parish, and had been one of the most prosperous among its numerous class of thriving and industrious husbandmen.

His little property, which had descended from father to son for many generations, consisted of a large and comfortable cottage, situated on the remote verge of the village common, a productive garden, and a few fields, which he cultivated so successfully, rising up early, and late taking rest, that by the time he had attained the middle period of life, he was enabled to rent a score more acres—had got together a pretty stock of cattle—had built a barn—and enclosed a rick-yard—and drove as fine a team as any in the parish—was altogether accounted a man "well to do in the world," and was generally addressed by the style and title of "Farmer Cleave." Then—and not till then,—and still with most phlegmatic deliberation, he began to look about him for a partner—a *help meet*—in the true homely sense of the word, was the wife he desired to take unto himself; and it was all in vain—"Love's Labour Lost"—that many a wealthy farmer's flaunting daughter—and many a gay damsel of the second table, from my lord's, and the squire's,—and divers other fair ones set their caps at wary Andrew, and spake sweet words to him when *chance* threw them in his path, and looked sweet looks at him, when he sat within eye-shot at church, in his own old oaken pew, hard by the clerk's desk, with his tall, bony, athletic person, erect as a poker, and his coal-black hair (glossy as the raven's wing) combed smooth down over his forehead, till it met the intersecting line of two straight jetty eyebrows, almost meeting over the high curved nose, and overhanging a pair of eyes, dark, keen, and lustrous; but withal, of a severe and saturnine expression, well in keeping with that of the closely compressed lips, and angular jaw. Those lips were not made to utter tender nonsense—nor those eyes for ogling, verily; but the latter were sharp and discerning enough, to find out such qualifications as he had laid down to himself, as indispensable in his destined spouse, among which (though Andrew Cleaves was justly accounted a close, penurious man) money was *not* a paramount consideration, as he wisely argued within himself, a prudent wife might save him a *fortune*, though she did not bring one. A small matter by way of portion, could not come amiss, however, and Andrew naturally weighed in with her other perfections the twenty years' savings of the vicar's housekeeper, whose age did not greatly exceed his own—who was acknowledged to be the best housewife in the parish, and the most skilful dairy-woman, having come from a famous cheese country, whose fashions she had successfully introduced at Redburn Vicarage. Beside which, Mrs Dinah was a staid, quiet person—not given to gadding and gossiping and idle conversation; and, "moreover," quoth Andrew, "I have a respect unto the damsel, and, verily, I might go farther and fare worse." "Marry in

haste, and repent at leisure," was, however, another of Andrew's favourite sayings, so he took another year or two to consider the matter in all its bearings; but as all things earthly come to an end, so at last did Andrew Cleave's ponderings; and as his actual wooing was by no means so tedious an affair; and as the discreet Dinah had had ample time for deliberation while the important question was pending, the favoured suitor was not kept long on the rack of uncertainty, and the third Sunday, which completed the bans, saw Mrs Dinah "endowed," by Andrew Cleave, with "all his worldly goods," and installed Lady and Mistress of his hitherto lonely dwelling.

He had no reason to repent his choice. For once Dame Fortune (so often reviled for her strange blunders in match-making—so often accused of "joining the gentle with the rude",) had hooked together two kindred souls; and it seemed indeed as if Andrew had only reunited to himself a sometime divided portion of his own nature, so marvellously did he and his prudent Dinah sympathise in their views, habits, and principles. Thrift—thrift—thrift—and the accumulation of worldly substance, was the end and aim of all their thoughts, dreams, and undertakings; yet were they rigidly just and honest in all their dealings, even beyond the strict letter of the law, of which they scorned to take advantage in a doubtful matter; and Andrew Cleave had been known more than once to come forward to the assistance of distressed neighbours (on *good security* indeed), but on more liberal terms than could have been expected from one of his parsimonious habits, or than were offered by persons of more reputed generosity.

Moreover, he was accounted—and he surely accounted himself—a very religious man, and a very pious Christian,—"a serious Christian," he denominated himself; and such a one he was in good truth, if a sad and grave aspect—solemn speech, much abounding in scriptural phrases—slow delivery—erect deportment, and unsocial reserve, constitute fair claims to this distinction. Moreover, he was a regular church-goer—an indefatigable reader of his Bible, (of the Old Testament, and the Epistles in particular), fasted rigidly on all days appointed by the church—broke the heads of all the little boys who whistled, within his hearing, on Sabbaths and Saints' days—said immoderate long graces before and after meals, and sang hymns by the hour, though he had no more voice than a cracked pitcher, and not ear enough to distinguish between the tunes of the 100th Psalm, and "Molly put the Kettle on."

Besides all this, he had been a dutiful, if not an affectionate son—was a good, if not a tender husband—a neighbour of whose integrity no one doubted—a most respectable parishioner; and, yet, with all this, Andrew Cleave's was not *vital religion*, for it partook not of that blessed spirit of love, meekness, and charity, which vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up—thinketh no evil of its neighbour—neither maketh broad its phylacteries, nor prayeth in the corners of market-places, to be seen of men. He was neither extortionate nor a drunkard. He gave tithes of all that he possessed. He *did not* give *half* his goods to the poor; but, nevertheless, contrived to make out such a catalogue of claims on the peculiar favour of Heaven, as very comfortably satisfied his own conscience, and left him quite at leisure to "despise others."

It had been the misfortune of Andrew Cleave, to have imbibed from his parents those narrow views of Christianity, and their early death had left him an unsociable being, unloving, unloved, and unconnected, till he changed his single for a married state.

"Habits are stubborn things;
And by the time a man is turned of forty,
His ruling passions grow so haughty,
There is no clipping of his wings."

Now, Andrew was full forty-three when he entered the pale of matrimony, and the staid Dinah, three good years his senior, had no wish to clip them, being, as we have demonstrated, his very counterpart, his "mutual head" in all essential points; so, without a spark of what silly swains and simple maidens call love, and some wedded folks "tender friendship," our serious couple jogged on together in a perfect matrimonial rail-road of monotonous conformity, and Andrew Cleave might have gone down to his grave unconscious that hearts were

made for any other purpose than to circulate the blood, if the birth of a son, in the second year of his union, had not opened up in his bosom such a fountain of love and tenderness, as gushed out, like water from the flinty rock; and became thenceforth the master passion, the humanizing feeling of his stern and powerful character. The mother's fondness, and she was a fond mother, was nothing, compared with that with which the father doated on his babe; and he would rock its cradle, or hush it in his arms, or sing to it by the hour, though the lullaby seldom varied from the 100th psalm, and, as he danced it to the same exhilarating tune, it was a wonder that the little Josiah clapped his hands, and crowed with antic mirth, instead of comporting himself with the solemnity of a parish clerk in swaddling clothes.

It was strange and pleasant to observe, how the new and holy feeling of parental love penetrated, like a fertilizing dew, the hitherto hard, insensible nature of Andrew Cleave; how it extended its sweet influence beyond the exciting object the infant darling to his fellow creatures in general, disposing his heart to kindliness and pity, and almost to sociability. In the latter virtue, he made so great progress as to invite a few neighbours to the christening feast, charging his dame to treat them handsomely to the best of everything, and he himself, for the first time in his life, "on hospitable thoughts intent," pressed and smiled, and played the courteous host to a miracle.

And sometimes, on his way home of an evening, he would stop and exchange a few words with an acquaintance, at his cottage door, attracted by the sight of some chubby boy, with whose short limbs and infant vigour he would compare, in his mind's eye, the healthful beauty of his own urchin. But great, indeed, was the amazement of Dame Cleave, when Andrew, who had always "set his face like a flint" against the whole tribe of idle mendicants, making it a rule, not only to chase them from his own door, but to consign them, if possible, to the wholesome coercion of the parish stocks, actually went the length of bestowing a comfortable meal, a night's shelter in an outhouse, and a bed of clean straw, on a soldier's widow, who was travelling, with her babe in her arms, towards the far distant home of its dead father.

Dame Cleave stared in strange perplexity, and said something about "charity beginning at home," and "coming to want," and "harbouring idle husseys and their brats." But Andrew was peremptory, for his eye had glanced from the poor soldier's fatherless babe to the cherished creature at that time nestling in his own bosom. So the widow was "warmed and fed," and left a blessing on her benefactor, who, on his part, failed not to accompany his parting "God speed you," and the small piece of money which accompanied it, with an impressive lecture on the sinfulness of want and pauperism, and a comfortable assurance, that they were always deserved manifestations of divine displeasure.

Just as the little Josiah had attained his second year, Andrew Cleave was called on to resign the wife of his bosom, who went the way of all flesh, after a short but sharp illness. She had so fully realized all the calculations that had decided Andrew to choose her for his mate, that he regretted her loss very sincerely; but resignation, he justly observed, was the duty of a Christian, and Andrew was wonderfully resigned and composed, even in the early days of his bereavement, throwing out many edifying comments on the folly and sinfulness of immoderate grief, together with sundry apposite remarks, well befitting his own circumstances, and a few proverbial illustrations and observations, such as, "misfortunes never come alone, for his poor dame was taken at night, and the old gander was found dead in the morning." Moreover, he failed not to sum up, as sources of rational consolation, "that it had pleased the Lord to spare her till the boy ran alone, and Daisey's calf was weaned, and all the bacon cured; and he himself had become fully competent to supply her place in the manufacturing of cheeses." So Andrew buried his wife, and was comforted.

And, from the night of her death, he took his little son to his own bed, and laid him in his mother's place; and long and fervent were the prayers he ejaculated before he went to rest, kneeling beside his sleeping child; and cautious and tender as a mother's kiss,

was that he imprinted on its innocent brow before he turned himself to slumber. Early in the morning an elderly widow, who had been used to cook his victuals, and set the cottage to rights before his marriage, came to take up and tend the boy, and get breakfast for him and his father, and she was now detained through the day, in the care of household concerns, and of the motherless little one. She was a good and tender foster-mother, and a careful manager withal, falling readily into Andrew's ways and likings; a woman of few words, and content with little more than her victuals and drink—and (inoffensive and taciturn as she was) he had a feeling of snug satisfaction in locking her out every evening when she betook herself to sleep at her own cottage. Then was Andrew wont to turn back to his own solitary hearth, with a feeling of self gratulation, not evincing much taste for social enjoyment, or any disposition again to barter his secure state of single blessedness for a chance in the matrimonial lottery—from which, having drawn a first-rate prize, it would have been presumptuous to expect a second.

What with old Jenny's help, and his own notability, (he had not lived so long a bachelor without having acquired some skill in housewifery), he got on very comfortably; and for a living object to care for, and to love, the little Josiah was to him wife, child, companion—every thing! So Andrew continued faithful as a widowed turtle to the memory of his deceased Dinah; and the motherless boy throve as lustily as if he had continued to nestle under the maternal wing. He was, in truth, a fine sturdy little fellow, full of life and glee, and "quips and cranks, and *mirthful* smiles," and yet as like Andrew as "two peas." "The very moral of the father," said old Jenny, "only not so solemn like." He had Andrew's jetty eyebrows, and black lustrous eyes, deep set under the broad projecting brow; but they looked out with roguish mirth from their shadowy cells, and the raven hair, that, like his father's, almost touched his straight eyebrows, clung clustering over them, and round his little fat poll, in a luxuriance of rich, close, glossy curls. His mouth was shaped like his father's, too; but Andrew's could never, even in childhood, have relaxed into such an expression of dimpled mirth, as the joyous laugh burst out—that sound of infectious gladness, which rings to one's heart's core like a peal of merry bells. He *was* a fine little fellow! and, at five years old, the joy and pride of the doating father, not only for his vigorous beauty, but for his quick parts, and wonderful forwardness in learning; for Andrew was a scholar, and had early taken in hand his son's education; so that, at the age above mentioned, he could spell out passages in any printed book, could say the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, and great part of the Ten Commandments, though he stuck fast at the 39 Articles, and the Athanasian Creed, which his father had thought it expedient to include among his theological studies. It was the proudest day of Andrew Cleave's whole life, when, for the first time, he led his little son by the hand up the aisle of his parish church, into his own pew, and lifted up the boy upon the seat beside him, where (so well had he been tutored, and so profound was his childish awe,) he stood stock still, with his new red prayer-book held open in his two little chubby hands, and his eyes immoveably fixed, "not on the book, but" on his father's face. All eyes were fixed upon the boy, for, verily, a comical little figure did the young Josiah exhibit that Sabbath-day. Andrew Cleave had a sovereign contempt for petticoats, (though, of course, he had never hinted as much in his late spouse's hearing,) and could ill brook that his son and heir, a future lord of creation, should be ignominiously trammelled even in swaddling clothes. So soon, therefore, as a change was feasible—far sooner than old Jenny allowed it to be so—the boy was emancipated from his effeminate habiliments, and made a man of—a little man complete, in coat, waistcoat, and breeches, made after the precise fashion of his father's, who had set the tailor to work in his own kitchen, under his own eye, and on a half-worn suit of his own clothes, out of which enough remained in excellent preservation, to furnish a complete equipment for the man in miniature. So little Josiah's Sunday-going suit consisted of a long-tailed coat of dark blue broad cloth, lapelled back with two rows of large gilt basket-work buttons; a

red plush waistcoat, (the month being July), brown corduroy breeches with knee buckles, grey worsted hose, and large new square-toed shoes, with a pair of heavy silver buckles, once belonging to his mother, that, covering his little feet quite across, like a couple of pack-saddles, touched the ground, as he walked, on either side of them. Add to this, a stiff broad-brimmed beaver, (padded within all round, to fit his tiny pate), under the shadow of which the baby-face was scarce discoverable, and the whole diminutive person moved like a walking mushroom.

Proud was the boy of his first appearance, so equipped, before the assembled congregation; and very proud was Andrew Cleave, who felt as if now indeed he might assume unto himself, before the elders of his people, the honour of being father to a man-child.

From that day forth little Josiah, led in his father's hand, came regularly to church every sabbath-day; but, alas! his after demeanour, during service, by no means realized the promise of that solemn propriety wherewith he comported himself, on his first memorable appearance; and it soon required Andrew's utmost vigilance to rebuke and check his son's restless and mischievous propensities. Great was the father's horror and consternation, on detecting him in the very act of making faces at the Vicar himself, whose unfortunate obliquity of vision had excited the boy's monkey talent of mimicry; and, at last, the young rebel was suddenly and for ever deposed from his lofty station on the seat beside his father, for having taken a sly opportunity of pinning the hind bow of an old lady's bonnet to the back of her pew, whereby her bald pate was cruelly exposed to the eyes of the congregation, as she rose up, with unsuspecting innocence, at the Gloria Patri.

At home, too, Andrew soon discovered that his parental cares were likely to multiply in full proportion to his parental pleasures. Little Josiah was quick at learning, but of so volatile a spirit, that in the midst of one of his father's finest moral declamations, or most elaborate expoundings, he would dart off after a butterfly, or mount astride on the old sheep-dog; and at last, when sharply rebuked for his irreverent antics, look up piteously in his father's face, and yawn so disconsolately, that Andrew's iron jaws were fain to sympathize with the infectious grimace, to their owner's infinite annoyance. At meal times, it was well-nigh impossible to keep his little hands from the platter, while his father pronounced a long and comprehensive grace, with an especial supplication for the virtues of abstinence and forbearance; and so far from continuing to take pride in the manly dignity of his raiment, it became necessary to dock his waistcoat flaps, and the long skirts of his week-day coat, the pockets of the former being invariably crammed with pebbles, munched apples, worms, brown-sugar, snails, cockchafers, and all manner of abominations; and on the latter, it was not only his laudable custom to squat himself in the mud and mire, but being of an imitative and inventive genius, and having somewhere read a history of the beavers, he forthwith began to practise their ingenious mode of land-carriage, by dragging loads of rubbish behind him on the aforesaid coat-tails, as he slid along in a sitting posture.

Greatly did Andrew Cleave marvel that a son of his should evince such unseemly propensities, having perpetually before his eyes an example of sober seriousness and strict propriety. But, nevertheless, he doated on the boy with unabated fondness—toiled for him—schemed for him—waked for him—dreamt of him—lived in him—*idolized* him!—Yes!—Andrew Cleave, who had been wont to hold forth so powerfully on the sin and folly of idol worship, *he* set up in his heart an earthly image, and unconsciously exalted it above his Maker.

Andrew's cottage was situated on the extreme verge of a large and lonely common, which separated it from the village of Redburn, and it was also at a considerable distance from any other habitation. He had taken upon himself his son's early instruction, and it was consequently easy enough to maintain a point which he had much at heart, that of keeping the boy aloof from all intercourse with the village children, or indeed with any persons save himself and old Jenny, except in *his* company. This system, to which he rigidly adhered, had a very unfavourable effect on his own character, repressing in it all those kindlier and

more social feelings, which had almost struggled into preponderance, when the hard surface was partially thawed, by the new sense of parental tenderness, and while his son was yet a cradled babe, and he had nothing to apprehend for him on the score of evil communications. But now he guarded him, as misers guard their gold. As he himself, alas! hoarded the Mammon of unrighteousness (his secondary object) but "solely for his darling's sake." So Andrew compromised the matter with his conscience; and so he would have answered to any inquiring Christian.

The boy, though thus debarred from all communication save with his father and old Jenny, was nevertheless as happy as any child of the same age. He had never known the pleasures of association with youthful playmates—he was full of animal spirits and invention, particularly in the science of mischief—he completely ruled old Jenny in the absence of his father, and (except at lesson times, and on Sabbaths) had acquired more ascendancy over that stern father himself, than Andrew anyway suspected.

The interval between the boy's fourth and seventh year was, perhaps, the happiest in the whole lives of father and son; but that state of things could not continue. Andrew Cleave had aspiring views for his young Josiah—and it had always been his intention to give him "the best of learning;" in furtherance of which purpose, he had looked about him almost from the hour of the boy's birth, for some respectable school wherein to place him, when his own stock of information became incompetent to the task of teaching. He had at last pitched upon a grammar school in the county town, about five miles from his own habitation, where the sons of respectable tradesmen and farmers were boarded, and taught upon moderate terms; though, to do Andrew justice, *saving* considerations were not paramount with him, when his son's welfare was concerned, and he was far more anxious to ascertain that his morals, as well as his learning, would be strictly attended to. On that head, he, of *course*, received the most satisfactory assurances from the master of the "academy for young gentlemen," and having likewise ascertained that the boy would have an ample allowance of wholesome food, it is not wonderful that Andrew Cleave threw the "moderate terms" as the third weight into the scale of determination.

The greater number of the boys,—those whose parents were dwellers in the town of C——, were only day-boarders; but some, whose families lived at a greater distance, went home on Saturdays only, to spend the Sabbath-day; and it was Andrew's private solace, to think that the separation from his child would be rendered less painful by that weekly meeting. It had taken him full six months, and sundry journeyings to and fro, to make all his arrangements with the master. But at last they were completed, and nothing remained but the trial—the hard, hard trial—of parting with that creature who constituted his all of earthly happiness. Andrew was a hard man, little susceptible of tender weakness in his own nature, and ever prone to contemn and censure in others the indulgence of any feeling incompatible (in his opinion) with the dignity of a man, and the duty of a Christian.

His God was not a God of love; and when he rebuked the natural tears of the afflicted,—the submissive sorrows of the stricken heart,—it was in blind forgetfulness of him who wept over the grave of his friend Lazarus. He had honoured his parents during their lifetime, and buried them with all decent observance; but with no other outward demonstration of woe, than a more sombre shade on his always severe countenance. "The desire of his eyes" was taken from him, and he had shown himself a pattern of pious resignation. And now he was to part with his son for a season, and who could doubt that the temporary sacrifice would be made with stoical firmness? And so it should verily, was Andrew's purpose;—upon the strength of which he proceeded, with old Jenny's advice and assistance, to make requisite preparation for the boy's equipment. Nay, he was so far master of himself, as to rebuke the old woman's foolish fondness, when she remarked, "how lonesome the cottage would seem when the dear child was gone;" and he expressed himself the more wrathfully, from the consciousness of a certain unwonted rising in his throat, which half choaked him as he went "maundering on."

To the child himself, he had not yet

breathed a syllable of his intentions, and yet more than twice or thrice he had taken him on his knee, to tell him of the approaching change. But something always occurred to defer the execution of his purpose—the boy stopt his mouth with kisses—or he prattled so there was no getting in a word edgeways—or it would do as well in the evening, when he came home from his fields. But then, the young one came running to meet him, and had always so much to ask and tell, that the important communication was still delayed. In the morning, before he rose from his pillow, he would tell it as the boy lay still by his side; but while the secret was actually on his lips, his little bedfellow crept into his bosom, and nestled there so lovingly, that his voice died away, as it were, into the very depths of his heart, and the words were yet unspoken. At length he hit upon an opportunity, which was sure to present itself ere long. The next time Josiah was idle and refractory at his lessons—that very moment, in the strength of indignation, he would tell him he was to leave his father's roof, and be consigned to the rule of strangers. Alas! that fitting occasion was in vain laid wait for—Josiah truly did his best to forward it, but the father could not be angry—and he could not speak.

At last, seriously angry with himself—humiliated at the triumph of human weakness, to which he had hitherto boasted himself superior—Andrew departed one morning to his labours earlier than usual, having deputed to Jenny the task, to which he felt himself unequal. All that morning the father's thoughts were with his child. He pictured to himself the first burst of distress—the first grievous surprise—the inconsolable sorrow at the thought of parting—and he longed to return, and clasp the boy to his heart, and to kiss off the tears from his dear face, and comfort him with soothing words and indulgent promises.

But still as the fond impulse rose within him, he wrestled with it manfully, and lashed on his team, and laid his hand upon the plough, as if to support himself in resolute forbearance. No wonder the furrows Andrew traced that day were the most uneven he had ever drawn, since the hour he first guided his own plough on his own acres. He kept firm to his post, however, till the usual dinner hour, and even left the field with his labourers, without deviating from his accustomed firm, deliberate step; but when they had turned out of sight to their own homes, then Andrew speeded on rapidly towards his cottage, till just within sight of it he spied the little Josiah running forward to meet him. Then again he slackened his pace, for his heart shrunk from the first burst of the boy's impetuous sorrow.

But those apprehensions were soon exchanged for feelings of a more irritable nature, when he perceived that the merry urchin bounded towards him with more than his usual exuberant glee; and the first words he distinguished were,—"Father, father, I'm going to school!—I'm going to school!—I'm going to town, father!—I'm going to school! When shall I go?—Shall I go to-morrow? Shall I take my new clothes, father? And my hoop, and my lamb, and old Dobbin?"

A bitter pang it was that shot through Andrew's heart at that moment—a bitter revulsion of feeling was that he experienced. He made no allowance for the volatile nature of childhood—its restless desire of change and love of novelty, its inconsideration—its blissful recklessness of the future. He read only in the boy's exulting rapture, that this his only, only child—the only creature he had ever loved—who had slept in his bosom, and prattled on his knee, and won from him such fond indulgences as he could scarce excuse to his own conscience—this darling of his age, now on the eve of a first separation, broke out into extravagant joy at the prospect, and testified no anxiety, but to take with him his playthings, and his dumb favourites. The sudden revulsion of feeling came upon Andrew like an ice-bolt, and there he stood motionless, looking sternly and fixedly on the poor child, who was soon awed and silenced by his father's unwonted aspect, and stood trembling before him, fearing he knew not what. At last he softly whispered, sidling closely up, and looking earnestly and fearfully in his father's face,—"Shall I *not* go to school then? Old Jenny said I should."

That second, quiet interrogatory restored to Andrew the use of speech, and the mastery over all his softer

feelings. "Yes," he replied, taking the boy's hand, and grasping it firmly within his own, as he led him homeward—"Yes, Josiah, you *shall* go to school—you have been kept too long at home—to-morrow is the Sabbath—but on Monday you shall go. On Monday, my child, you shall leave your father."

That last sentence, and a something he perceived, but comprehended not, in his father's voice and manner, painfully affected the boy, and he burst into tears, and, clinging to his father's arm, sobbed out,—"But *you* will go with me, father; and you will come and see me every day, will you not? And I shall soon come home again."

That artless burst of natural affection fell like balm on Andrew's irritated feelings, and he caught up his child to his bosom, and blessed and kissed him, and then they "reasoned together:" and the father told his boy how he should fetch him home every Saturday with Dobbin; and how they should still go hand-in-hand to church on the Sabbath; and how his lamb, and the grey colt, should be taken care of in his absence; and his hoop and other toys might be carried with him to school.

Then the child began again his joyous prattle, with now and then a sob between; and the father kissed his wet glowing cheek, carrying him all the way home in his arms; and thus lovingly they entered the little garden, and the pretty cottage, and sat down side by side, to the neat homely meal old Jenny had provided.

BRITISH AFRICA—SIERRA LEONE.

REPORT OF THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMISSIONERS.

To R. W. Hay, Esq.

SIR,

THE appearance of the official report by the Commissioners sent out by Government, in obedience to the will of Parliament, in order to investigate into the situation of Sierra Leone, in some measure compels me to resume my pen, to follow out a painful and disgusting subject—a subject, the details of which are most humiliating to my country, and most injurious and degrading to Africa.

It is, moreover, due to the cause of truth, and to the HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of the more intelligent ranks of my fellow-subjects, who, throughout the wide extent of the British dominions, read the columns of the influential Journal in which I have the honour to address you—it is due to these ranks, to lay before them, from official authority, a full confirmation of every particular which has at any time been advanced by me regarding a detestable place, and against a pernicious system. This labour is also rendered necessary, in consequence of the unprincipled personal attacks which have been made, and circulated by their authors widely throughout the country, at the expense, I believe, of those funds bestowed by humanity to enlighten Africa; and which have been farther reiterated and sharpened by venal pens, which make (to use their own words) "gain of godliness;"—by men "who glory in their shame," who "have no characters to lose," and who court "a disgraceful notoriety," but, in some intances, in columns too polluted, degraded, and insignificant, to bring to your knowledge.

The object I had in view, was the exposure and the overthrow of a system of falsehood, deception, and error, long continued, firmly fixed, and strongly guarded, alike injurious to the character of this country and to the improvement of Africa. Goaded on, however, by the demon of the place, and in an evil hour for himself, Mr *Kenneth Macaulay*, in defence of what is indefensible, has adopted an opposite course, and which *for a moment*, and but for a moment, compels me to deviate from the path which I had resolved to pursue. The opponents of truth must be met on the ground which they have chosen, and with the weapons selected by themselves, especially when, in a public question, these can be turned against them with justice and with effect.

When Mr Kenneth Macaulay's pamphlet made its appearance, I stated unto you, that it bore on its face indelible marks that the production was not his; and from *positive information*, since received, I now repeat, that, it was NOT WRITTEN BY HIM; and when I state this, it requires little penetration to find out the real author:—

"Aut——*aut* Diabolus,"

the lowest servant in the Colonial Office will at once pitch upon the author, or *compiler*, or composer, without the aid of African enchantment, or further information.

Before proceeding to bring before you farther information concerning the morals and condition of the population of Sierra Leone; and before proceeding to call your attention to the details given by the Commissioners, it may not be unnecessary to state, as I now most distinctly do, that I never asked, and never received, from any one in any manner connected with his Majesty's Government, a single syllable of information concerning Sierra Leone and its affairs. You will pardon me when I state, that to such a source I should never have thought of applying, even were such open to me; because, till lately, his Majesty's Government was kept wholly ignorant of what was going on in that place, and systematically deceived by the real rulers of it.

In exposing this den of death, and in dragging to light this system of iniquity, things have been stated which, to sober minds and honest hearts, will appear incredible. But the proofs are at hand and ready, and my opponents are challenged to appear before any tribunal, but a tribunal appointed by themselves, or under their immediate influence, and they shall be met. Even by their own witnesses they shall be convicted in every point.

You cannot fail to know that Sierra Leone has been represented by those *interested* in the spot, and believed by the credulous people of Great Britain, to be a place and a country equal to the Garden of Eden before the fall of our first parents, in extent, in fertility, in salubrity of climate, and in purity of character. Under this impression, worthy and intelligent men have stood forward, and, in this country, been led to advocate the cause of a place, and the continuance of a system, composed of all that is vile, abominable, useless, and unjust. "*Babylon the Great*," is a proper contrast to this British settlement. On the "FOREHEAD" of both is legibly written "MYSTERY, —THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH!"

The *Quarterly Review*, which gives, when it inclines, a severe hit, and which possesses very accurate information concerning this celebrated spot, lays before us (No. 71, p. 118 and 119) a correct picture of its religion and morals, comprehended in observations made upon an account of its twin sister, *Bakhara*. "In that country," says the able critic, "nothing appears to flourish but PRAYING AND CONCUBINAGE, which are sometimes found to go together IN OTHER COUNTRIES, besides *Mawenelnahar*: The KHAN sets the example of *the former*, by maintaining, for his own use, no less than TWO HUNDRED WOMEN; and the *Mullahs* of the latter, by compelling, with *the whip*, all citizens to attend the usual hours of worship at some one or other of the numerous mosques, which, with the colleges and schools, occupy a large share of the capital. This whipping-in of the *lazy* Mussulmans to prayers was the daily practice of *Beggee Jân*, the predecessor of the *present* Khan, whose singular character and habits are so well described by an English *Elchee*—the same holy usurper, of whom the King of Persia used to say, "that he sold *true Believers* like cattle in the market place of *Bakhara*."

Bakhara is *Bakhara*, and Sierra Leone is Sierra Leone; and as there are lazy Mussulmans in the former, so are there in the latter, and rulers, too, with the authority and the passions of Khans. If a Sierra Leone Khan is not seen descending from his Harem to whip in the "*lazy*" unbelievers to prayers, he may be seen whipping them for skulking from prayers, which is much the same thing. "*Concubinage*," however, flourishes more in Sierra Leone than "PRAYING" (such as that is); the former is the general rule, the latter, together with marriage, the exceptions; and no one knows better than Mr Kenneth Macaulay, that Khans in Sierra Leone may keep, and do keep, Harems, peopled both with *true believers* and with unbelievers. A predecessor of the present

Khan had one, I am told, probably equal to his brother's in Bakhara. What might the number be? said I to an informant. That I cannot exactly state, because, though scattered, they were so numerous, was the reply; but, judging from the progeny, they must have exceeded in number both Solomon's queens (60), and concubines (80); and, added he slyly, they keep no virgins in the Harems at Sierra Leone!!—The progeny of this Khan, what might the number be? said I. Why, judging from what I saw, three or four here, and three or four there, at school, and at other places, and, from what I was informed by good authority, were daily coming into the world, and growing up in it, the number might approach to FIFTY!!—What would the Emigration Committee say, were Great Britain and Ireland peopled with men of this stamp?

The proceedings just noticed may be the speediest and most effectual way of improving the population of Africa; yet not being one of the enlightened, I cannot take it upon myself to determine how far it is proper to do as they do, namely, "evil that good may come;" and although the Missionary Register and Parliamentary Reports may omit the fact, yet it is true, that wherever anything like a ready progress in education is evinced, or seen in the schools in Sierra Leone, supported *wholly* by the British Treasury, it is amongst the coloured children of the Whites and the Mulattoes that this is seen; a decided proof of the superiority of European intellect over African. One of these schools, said an informant, is nearly filled with children of this description; and several of them readily answered to the name of Macaulay, so called, no doubt, in honour of some venerable patron of that place, or patriarch of that name.

I should not again have troubled you on this disgusting topic of Sierra Leone vices, had not Mr Kenneth Macaulay and his friends, as unnecessarily as unguardedly adopted the African mode of defence which they have done.

Here it will be proper to state the number and the classification of the population of Sierra Leone, April 1826, as given by the Commissioners at pages 18, 19, and 21, of their Report, and the general character of that population, as drawn by Mr Kenneth Macaulay himself:

Europeans,	113
Nova Scotians,	378
West Indians and Americans,	141
Maroons,	636
Discharged soldiers,	949
Liberated Africans,	10,716
Natives,	*3113
Total,	16,246

exclusive of the military. Of this heterogeneous mass, Mr Macaulay says, pp. 16, 17, and other places; First, of the military, that they are "*commuted men*," whose pass-word "is a merry life and a short one," while their white wives are such characters as "do not require the immoral habits of Sierra Leone to degrade" them. Secondly, "the *lower* class of European adventurers are seldom men of good character. Intemperance is their besetting vice." Thirdly, Mr Raban says of the higher ranks of Europeans in the place, that "THE UNCHRISTIAN LIVES" led by "too many" of them tend to demoralize by their example the untutored Africans. Fourthly, Mr Macaulay tells us of the natives, that they are "Mahommedans and Pagans, quite INDIFFERENT TO CHRISTIANITY;" and Kroomen, with whom "no inducement can prevail to relinquish their native superstitions;" and lastly, Liberated Africans, who are generally "in the lowest state of ignorance and DEGRADATION, the *bad* subjects of barbarous states, ENSLAVED FOR CRIMES!!"

These classes composed the population of Sierra Leone, and such another collection was never gathered into one place by any rational people!!

Sierra Leone is, without exception, the most immoral and vicious place on the face of the earth, unmatched by any other place, even in Africa. "Disgusting assaults upon female infants," say the Commissioners, p. 98, "have of LATE been frequent." Amongst the various colours, white, yellow, and black, which make up the population, "concubinage" is ge-

* Of this number about 1200 are Kroomen.

neral and pre-eminent, and immorality conspicuous. The superior classes who can afford it, BUY these concubines from the natives in the interior parts. Their price reaches as high as thirty dollars, not, however, always paid in cash, but in rum, beads, baft, gunpowder, &c. The Mandingo girls, being the most handsome, are generally preferred. When at Sierra Leone upon a trading expedition, such fathers who may have numerous families of daughters, generally take the order to bring back a daughter or daughters, on their return. These females, once purchased, dare not return to their paternal homes, unless put away by their purchasers and protectors for alleged misconduct. The higher ranks have generally coloured females as concubines. With one colour or other, or with both colours, all the males are provided. The pick of the Liberated African girls are taken and cast off as passion, whim, or a love of variety dictates.

Amongst all ranks of the black and coloured female population, but more especially in Freetown, prostitution is undisguised and regardless. The mother readily sells the daughter to the highest bidder, or, as may be, to any bidder. Such is the pitch to which depravity has reached in the place, that, as I have been informed, the black husband quietly retires at the command of his rib, while in his own house she earns the *cut money*, or the dollar, by the prostitution of her person! This climax of degradation is reserved for this new earthly paradise. In no other quarter of the British dominions, are such scenes or such conduct to be met with or heard of.

Idleness, drunkenness, and debauchery, prevail to an extent scarcely credible, and this without one redeeming point in the human character. Religion in Sierra Leone is a name—"a tinkling cymbal, and the sounding brass." The scenes which take place in assemblies where the blacks are addressed by native preachers, are truly frightful to contemplate or to dwell on. Even in the chief church, Europeans are disgusted with the scenes which they witness, when they behold, as I am informed they have beheld, during the solemn service, the liberated and other blacks stalking about without decency, and sitting making faces at each other, like so many mischievous monkeys. The Parliamentary Commissioners, in their Report, justly observe, that in this settlement, teachers of religion are employed who are "more likely to *excite enthusiasm* than to instil morality." At one of these conventicles superintended by native preachers, amidst a pathetic harangue by one of the orators, as I have been informed, a black female threw herself on the floor, and rolling along, with her garments, upper and nether, enveloping her head, she bawled out, "*that she had found the Lord!*" Several of the congregation rose and offered to bear her out of the chapel, but the preacher commanded them to desist, declaring that "IT WAS A GLORIOUS SIGHT!"

Mr Kenneth Macaulay flies at me in a towering passion, because, as an instance of the unblushing immorality which is practised in the settlement, I stated, that "General Turner was scarcely laid in the dust, till the house which he had inhabited swarmed with inmates" of a certain description. "This," says my angry opponent, "is a personal attack upon myself. To this accusation I GIVE a most unqualified denial. It is AN INFAMOUS FALSEHOOD, and in proof of this I appeal to the whole colony!"

Big words are easily penned, and "unqualified denials" are readily given; and from a Sierra Leone champion, I am prepared to expect everything that wears a face of brass, or a countenance of hypocrisy. While I do not state, as I am not called upon to state, the name of any individual, or that it was Mr Kenneth Macaulay who collected an assemblage such as that which was alluded to, I must nevertheless still reiterate and affirm the fact—a fact known to "the whole colony." Mr Macaulay ought to have been aware, that the coarse and the false epithet which he has chosen to apply to the statement which I had made, would not be tamely submitted unto. How judiciously he has acted, in compelling me to recur to this subject, will appear, as I proceed in refreshing his memory with names and circumstances, which may serve to convince him, and others of that ilk, that the less that is said by any of them on such subjects the better; and that more is known of Sierra Leone secrets, than Sierra Leone advocates are aware of.

After General Turner's death, did not the free-labour female, MARO, march from a distance to resume her place as a Sultanah? I ask this question at Mr Macaulay, because I believe he can solve it. Moreover, there was a day when a Sierra Leone Khan, or chief, had a party at his house. From some mishap or other, a *Harem* had on that day broken loose,—as it is supposed, by overpowering its keeper, —in the gallery stood a round half dozen damsels, peeping over it, eyeing the guests, giggling at them as they entered, and at the same time attracting the gaze of a considerable number of spectators collected in the neighbourhood. The guests remonstrated with the chief upon the indelicacy and impropriety of such a public exhibition, and earnestly begged that the legion might be relegated to its proper place, which was readily admitted and assented to, and the black swarm accordingly *driven* off to their proper corner. Amongst the females present on this occasion, there was one named ACTOOA, who had a considerable squint in one eye; and Mr Kenneth Macaulay, who was, I believe, *present*, may remember how one of the gentlemen of that party, who also squinted a little, was jeered by the rest with being on that account Actooa's brother!

I do not say that this took place in Government House, when Mr Kenneth Macaulay was "acting Governor,"—remember I do not say this; but I affirm that it did take place in a house inhabited by "*a predecessor* of the present Khan," or governor.

Besides, I must demand of Mr Kenneth Macaulay, Does he not *know* two seemly liberated African girls, natives of ACCRA, who were, within the memory of man, concubines to a man in power in Sierra Leone? One of these was named AFFOOA, and the other, the handsomest and the best-beloved, KOCKQUO. I use the African names, of which it is difficult to be accurate in the orthography. The latter was met at Sierra Leone by an informant, who had previously met her in a less fortunate and *prominent* situation. She was *enciente* at the latter period, and the honour of which she said was due to "*de Goburnar.*"

Let Mr Kenneth Macaulay, who pretends to know everything that passes in Sierra Leone, answer these questions, and refute, if he can refute, these statements, before he again dares to pronounce one statement which has been made about such subjects, "*an infamous falsehood.*" Does he, or any of his associates in abuse and arrogance, wish me to cut deeper and wider? Let them beware lest I do so.

In defence, for such I must call it, of the scandalous immorality of the place, Mr Macaulay, p. 43, actually proclaims that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, thus:—"The woman who there lives with one man, in unauthorised intercourse, does not thereby lose '*caste*' so completely, nor sink so deep in depravity, as one similarly situated in this country. This SPECIES OF CONCUBINAGE does not cause that total renunciation of moral feeling and conduct, which too often follows it here; and MANY who are living IN SUCH A STATE look upon themselves as virtually married, and would consider UNFAITHFULNESS to their KEEPER as great a crime as if it were committed against a lawful husband!"

I merely stated, that such practices were common; but it was left to this "ex-acting Governor," Mr K. Macaulay, to publish a defence of this system of pollution, and thereby to fix a deeper and a blacker brand upon the forehead of the place and the system.

Into the details of the immoralities and vices, which are so prevalent in the place, it was not to be expected that the Parliamentary Commissioners would enter very deeply; but they have stated sufficient to confirm, to the fullest extent, all that has been advanced in my former letters. "The *neglect* of public worship," say the Commissioners, page 65, "is very prevalent amongst the resident Europeans; and to this may in part be attributed the non-attendance of many who might be influenced by their example." The "congregation," say they, which attended the Rev. Mr Raban, the only clergyman of the established church in the place, did not on any occasion exceed 12 Europeans, 15 persons of colour, the military, and a part of the children who attend the school.* The fact, as I have already stated, is, the whites in the

* The Missionary Register for May 1826, p. 261, states the attendance upon Mr Raban to be 200 Europeans and 50 people of colour!

place retire upon Sundays to the Bullam shore, there to spend their time in revelling amongst black females of a certain description, "and I have seen these women," said an informant, "coming into stores in Freetown upon the Monday morning following, to obtain the payment of their preceding day's services in beads, baft, or articles of dress, according as were required, or that had been agreed upon."

"The progress of morality," say the Commissioners, page 66, "amongst the coloured classes, is *not to be estimated* by their regular attendance at public worship. In the villages, the clergymen, or teachers who occasionally officiate as such, have generally been also local SUPERINTENDENTS." * It will readily be conceived with what facility an attendance at worship could, under these circumstances, be *insured.* But, when it is remembered that a great part of those who attend DO NOT COMPREHEND EVEN THE LANGUAGE in which they are addressed, it will excite no surprise that they should have derived little benefit from the lessons inculcated. At Freetown, similar results may in part be attributed to the unrestrained ministration of individuals, some of whom, however good their intentions, are more likely to excite enthusiasm than to instil morality. Were the prevalence of the domestic virtues to be judged of by the number of *marriages*, a comparison of these returns would place Freetown in an UNFAVOURABLE point of view. It is not, however, to be inferred, that the morality of the villagers is therefore of a higher standard. For, when the circumstances of the liberated Africans, and the *manner in which marriages are contracted* amongst them, are considered, THIS INSTITUTION, so far as it regards them, will be found a FALLACIOUS CRITERION." Indeed so dreadful is the moral pestilence which is engendered in the Freetown atmosphere, that the Rev. Mr Raban says, (page 66,) speaking of those liberated Africans who leave the villages to reside there, "it is much to be feared, they, being freed from the salutary restraint exercised over them in the villages, and SETTLING AMONG THE HEATHEN, have fallen again into those habits which they seemed to have laid aside. Instead of *rising* in the scale of moral improvement, or even *continuing* at the point to which they had been brought in their former secluded situation, THEY SINK nearly to the level of those about them."

Such is the moral state of this capital of British Africa—so horridly vicious and corrupt, that it corrupts, degrades, and debases even the liberated African, who was but yesterday brought from his native *wilds*, and who is scarcely one degree removed from the most debased and savage state!

It will not be denied, that the African population of Sierra Leone were, nay are, savages, with feeble intellects, and sunk in the lowest state of ignorance and moral debasement. With a knowledge of these facts, it is not necessary that an European should visit the place in order to learn what such a set of savages, supported in idleness, and thrown loose amongst a set of graceless money-hunting Europeans, would be following and attending to. Common sense would teach us to know, that without forsaking their native superstitions and grovelling immoralities, they would learn, as they do learn, and as they have learned, all the vices of the immoral European, and to practise these as they are practised in Sierra Leone, by these Africans in particular, with their native grovelling bestiality. The European must rank below the meanest schoolboy in knowledge of human nature, who does not appreciate correctly the real state of Sierra Leone, the character and pursuits of its population; and detect the impudent fabrications which are circulated so widely and so profusely over this country concerning it, although such an European had never personally visited the pestilential and vicious spot.

At the risk of some repetition, it is due to you and to my subject to point out a few specimens of the utter ignoance, or unpardonable disregard for truth, which characterises the pages of my Sierra Leone opponent.

The individual, however, who demeans himself so far as to fabricate,

* The Sierra Leone name for that office, which is known by the name of "Bookkeeper," in the West Indies, and "Conducteur" in Haiti.

as Mr Macaulay has done, official documents, in order to support his statement, and controvert his opponent, is an antagonist scarcely deserving notice. Mr Macaulay has done this, and I here repeat the proof. Adverting to the expenditure for the liberated Africans, he, pages 14 and 15, proceeds thus:—" According to the Parliamentary return, No. 389 of 1826, the expense subsequently to 1813 was as follows:—

1814	. .	L.8,088	6	4*
1815	. .	10,825	15	3
1816	. .	13,234	0	11¼
1817	. .	21,954	9	4½
1818	. .	21,400	6	2¾
1819	. .	24,234	2	4½
1820	. .	36,188	17	0¾
1821	. .	34,214	5	1½
1822	. .	35,250	1	9½
1823	. .	40,907	4	9½
1824	. .	31,065	1	0
1825	. .	17,671	0	3¼"

Parliamentary Return, No. 389 of 1826, as you know well, and as the Journal of the House of Commons, and the paper itself, will testify, stands as follows:—

1821	. .	L.34,214	5	1½
1822	. .	35,250	1	9½
1823	. .	40,907	4	9½
1824	. .	31,065	1	0
1825	. .	17,671	0	3¼

All the rest was made up by Kenneth Macaulay. No such return was published by the House of Commons. I might leave such dishonest and reprehensible proceedings as the above references disclose, to be characterized and estimated by the intelligent reader in the manner which they merit; but I must extend my notice of similar references.

Amongst the list of deaths at Sierra Leone, within a short period I enumerated—Charles Turner, Major-General; Donald Turner, Lieutenant; and —— Turner, volunteer.

Mr Macaulay adds to the last name, (Preface, p. 5,) " THERE WAS NO SUCH PERSON." To this statement I reply and affirm, there was such a person, and that he was one of the General's nephews. " General Turner," says Mr Macaulay, p. 77, " took out two nieces, TWO NEPHEWS, and two *aides-de-camp.*" &c. Here then we have, by Mr Macaulay's admission, *two nephews*; and besides these, General Turner took out with him a relation named MARTIN TURNER, who was appointed Superintendent of *Kissey* town, and who died there. Thus, Mr Macaulay's book refutes Mr Macaulay's preface!

" The circumstances attending the death of the two nephews," says Mr Macaulay, page 77, " were these: The two nephews were labouring under consumption (one in the last stage) on their *arrival* in the colony, and both died of that disease!" My informant, who was acquainted with both in Sierra Leone, and saw them on their death-beds, told me a different tale; and upon inquiry at those, who, alas! must know too well, I state that only one of these nephews was affected with consumption when he arrived in the colony, but not severely; while the other was a fine, stout, healthy young man, totally free from any such complaint. He was cut off by the fever of the place; and I have the authority of the officer under whom the other served, to say, that his death was also accelerated, nay, wholly occasioned, by the fatal Sierra Leone fever!

Mr Macaulay denies that General Turner's agricultural schemes really failed; and he denies that General Turner ever had employed on his farm a man who had been in the West Indies. The cause of the failure, says Mr Macaulay, p. 56, was:—" General Turner lost his *first* superintendent, (*a hard-drinking intemperate* Scotsman, and not a man acquainted with tropical agriculture, or with the West Indies, as Mr Macqueen UNTRULY ASSERTS,) and he soon ascertained that the multifarious duties of his own extensive command left him no time for personal attention to cultivation."

The man to whom I allude as General Turner's overseer, was named JOHN GORDON. He had been nine

* Par. Rep. No. 64, of 1817, p. 347, says expressly that the expenditure under this head, from 1st January to 30th June 1814, (*half the year!*) was L.23,630: 7: 8½d. in the colony!! Supplies from England had also, before that period, been ordered. The 9th Report of the African Institution, page 59, expressly states this.

years in the West Indies, and enlisted at Chatham into the first company of the Royal African Corps. Since I last had the honour of addressing you, I have had the good fortune to meet with the officer who commanded the company to which this man belonged, and who informs me, that upon General Turner's earnest inquiry at him about such a man, for the purpose of superintending the farm, he (the officer) recommended Gordon, on account of his known sobriety! He frequently complained to the officer in question, that he never could get either the Kroomen or the liberated Africans to work. He soon after died.

It is quite impossible that these facts and those individuals could be unknown to a person so well acquainted with Sierra Leone as Mr Macaulay is, or pretends to be; and I leave you and my readers to judge what credit is due to that writer whose ignorance of Sierra Leone is so great, that he did not know these particulars; or of that effrontery, which, acquainted with the details, not only denies them, but brings forward that denial to impugn the veracity of his opponent. The reflection on his country about "the *hard-drinking intemperate Scotsman*," discloses the work of the pen of some other Macaulay or Cockney associate; but KENNETH MACAULAY was the *last Scotsman* in Sierra Leone who ought to have put his name to any page conveying such a reproach.

"The dead British soldier," says Mr Macaulay, page 65, "is not buried in his blankets for want of boards to make coffins." I affirm they were so; and the fact is stated upon the authority of brave men, who followed the remains of comrades to their last home, at the foot of the fatal Plum Tree, where they were tumbled into their graves in blankets, because no boards could be had to make coffins for them, from Mr Macaulay's pile being exhausted. The quantity of boards required for coffins, may be estimated from the following facts, communicated to me by a gallant naval officer. Walking out, said he, one evening with a person belonging to Mr Macaulay's establishment, the conversation turned to the subject of the mortality then raging in the place, when the individual alluded to stopped, looked up, and coolly addressed me thus:—"You see that large pile of boards?" Yes! "WE have sold the fellow to it for coffins since you came to the coast, (a period of three months,) and we shall sell the remaining pile, before the present sickly season closes, for the same purpose!" What might the magnitude of the pile be? was the next inquiry. It was a square pile, made up with long broad boards, "ABOVE" thirty feet high! said my informant. The profits of this timber-trade must be great;—John Bull pays it!

At pages 11 and 12, Mr Macaulay charges the excessive military expenditure of Sierra Leone to the account of recruiting Blacks for the Black regiments stationed in the West Indies. On this account, says he, "the expenditure rose from L.25,853 : 4 : 3¾d. in 1810 to L.36,291 : 13 : 3¾d. in 1811; and from L.41,549 : 9 : 1d. in 1812 to L.55,330 : 3 : 4d. in 1813; and," continues he, "as the West India recruiting depôts increased, so did the expenses attending them." These false and audacious charges are easily demolished. At page 17, Mr Macaulay, speaking of the disbanded soldiers, tells us that a considerable portion of them, as was the fact, had "ORIGINALLY been purchased as Slaves IN THE WEST INDIES;" and various Parliamentary returns inform us, that a still greater proportion of these were Africans, captured, liberated, and taken into the army IN the West Indies! Whatever expenses, therefore, were incurred on this account would be, and were, charged against the West Indies, and not against Sierra Leone. The Commissioners also cut down Mr Macaulay's statement; for at page 26 they inform us, that the attempt to recruit in Sierra Leone does not appear "to have been very successful in obtaining *voluntary enlistment;* the military not being a FAVOURITE SERVICE either with the *newly* imported Africans, or with those who have been longer resident in the Colony!" Other documents, the authority of which will not be disputed, enable me, clearly and pointedly, to state the number of Blacks recruited in Sierra Leone, both for the regiments stationed in the West Indies and for the African Corps STATIONED IN AFRICA, and this too for one period mentioned by Mr Macaulay, even to the exact and the trifling amount. In the 9th Report of the

African Institution, p. 63, we find an account certified by a superintendent or overseer, named *Kenneth Macaulay*, July 9th, 1814, pointing out the manner in which the Africans liberated in Sierra Leone had been disposed of till that date, from which account I select the following:—

Enlisted, or taken into the Army,	1861
. . . . Navy,	107
Total to 9th July, 1814, .	1968
By Par. Pap. No. 362 of 1825, I add, including 68 women and children, from 4th Jan. 1814 to 4th Jan. 1817, Army, .	954
. . . Navy, .	32
Jan. 4th 1817, to Jan. 4th 1824,	None.
Grand Total at Sierra Leone,	2,954

In the journals of the House of Commons, vol. 69, we find the whole expense paid for recruiting at the Sierra Leone depôt in 1812—1814 to be only L.4,465 : 18 : 6d., instead of a sum of L.14,200, during one of those years, as stated by Mr Macaulay.

With this triumphant exposure I might leave Mr Macaulay's recruiting account; but it is necessary to drag to light some more of his impudent misrepresentations. At p. 13, he asserts, that the military expenditure charged under the head Sierra Leone, was, in 1823 and 1824, increased by "an experiment" then commenced, "of forming an African Colonial Corps out of the *refuse* of white regiments;" which "experiment," he states, and I believe truly, occasioned a "great mortality;" but both of which mischiefs, he adds, ought to be charged against the authors of the scheme, and not "to the colony of Sierra Leone, or to the African Institution."* Till men can raise the dead from their graves, they cannot recruit *white soldiers* in Sierra Leone! Those alluded to were recruited IN ENGLAND, and consequently, the expense of this recruiting, which, being for Sierra Leone, ought to be charged against it, was, and is, charged in the recruiting expenditure in England, and not in the "*army extraordinaries*" drawn for from Sierra Leone, which was all that had been brought forward by me. What I have to do with is, not against whom the scheme ought to be charged, but against what account is it charged, or in what account is it included?

This recruiting expenditure, however, which cannot be separated by me in the British returns, remains a just and a heavy charge to be brought against Sierra Leone. MR JAMES STEPHEN, in some of his anti-colonial works, estimates the recruiting, outfit, and transport of each soldier sent to our West India Colonies, at L.100 sterling each. The soldiers sent to Sierra Leone cannot cost less, and at this rate, allowing only 7000 European troops, exclusive of Africans,† to have been sent there from first to last, there remains the sum of L.700,000 additional to be charged to my first account of Sierra Leone expenditure!

"Mr Macqueen," says Mr Macaulay, p. 50, "has the hardihood to *insinuate*, that General Turner was unpopular," and to state, that "the dissatisfied blacks, instigated" by the whites, were about "to transmit a complaint against him to the Colonial Office," shortly before his death. "Never was there a more unfounded, and I may add," says Mr Macaulay, "more malignant *misrepresentation* than this!"

I do not "INSINUATE" these things. They are stated as undeniable facts. They are notorious in Sierra Leone; they are well-known in London; and if I am not grievously misinformed, or the Colonial Office most reprehensibly kept in ignorance, you can readily learn the fact. Mr Macaulay, let me tell him, is treading on dangerous ground—provoking an inquiry, and a call for documents, which the influence of his friends and patrons may not always be able to keep back.

In reply to the statement made about the deceptions practised upon this country, with regard to the progress of education in Sierra Leone, Mr Macaulay, p. 32, states as follows:—

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* "The AFRICAN INSTITUTION," here introduced, detects another pen than Kenneth Macaulay's.

† From 1810 till 1826, 7007 European troops joined. Rep. Comm. pp. 107 and 108; and 2533 of whom died chiefly in Sierra Leone.

"Now, the whole of this is the mere assertion of Mr Macqueen—a man who has never been in Sierra Leone—*unsupported* by one iota of proof, or even an attempt at it." After which, he proceeds in his customary way to quote mutilated extracts from the got-up authorities or dupes of the place, and several years old, in order to disprove what I had stated upon the authority of honourable individuals regarding these subjects, and who had witnessed what they stated.

In support of what was stated, I without hesitation appealed to the Parliamentary Commissioners then on the spot, or on their way from it. I had, indeed, no knowledge of these gentlemen, but I had learned something of their character, and was accordingly satisfied that they would tell the truth. They have been in Sierra Leone, though your humble servant certainly has not. They have published their Report, or rather the Legislature has published it, and let us for a little while attend to what they say on this subject, and which brings me to the more immediate object, namely, a Review of their Report, in support of all that I have stated concerning Sierra Leone.

"All these schools," say the Commissioners, p. 67, "were visited and *minutely* examined, with the view of giving a detailed statement of the progress made in each; but in MANY OF THEM, the provision for education was inadequate, and THE PROGRESS SO VERY LIMITED, that it is thought a tolerably correct idea of their general state may be conveyed without entering into details of a nature so LITTLE SATISFACTORY." "An insuperable difficulty was experienced from the absolute ignorance of most of the TEACHERS," to ascertain the comparative progress which had been made by the scholars, because "the noting of times and seasons, or even the common modes of *expressing them*, has, as already observed, formed NO PART of their education!!"

The number of schools enumerated, amount to 22, divided into three classes. The *first* or best educated division consists of *five* schools; the *second*, of *twelve* schools; and the *third*, of *five* schools. The extent of education in the first division is very limited, but that in the remaining divisions, incalculably worse. "The schools included in the second are," say the Commissioners, p. 68, "*far inferior* to those in the first division. The *little* progress made in any of them, is confined almost exclusively to these *first classes;* and very few of these can read even tolerably well, notwithstanding that *they* invariably act as monitors to the other classes. Very few of them can SPELL the commonest word correctly.—The *second* classes of this division *attempt*, in some instances, to read parts of the Bible WHICH THEY HAD PREVIOUSLY STUDIED, but rarely succeeded in making themselves understood; *few* of them indeed knew so much of the language as to *comprehend* or *answer* the *simplest question.*" The school "at *Kissey*, consisted of a few girls lately received from slave ships; and the girls at the other two were almost *totally uninstructed*, and without any person in charge *capable* of instructing them! As little did the boys' school at *Kent* or the *Banana* Islands deserve to be so called, although the children were numerous, and had persons in charge nominally as teachers. At the Bananas, there were *forty-nine* boys. The first class consisted of nine, not more than *four* of whom could read intelligibly *even* that part of the Bible which they had ALREADY PREPARED; and their *attempt* to spell was altogether A FAILURE. The second class attempted to read words of *one* syllable, but without success! At *Kent*, the teachers reported *one hundred and sixty-four* boys present; but when counted they proved to be *forty-three* short of this number! The *first* class consisted of *four* boys, who read very indifferently the parts of the Bible they had BEFORE STUDIED. The *second* class consisted of *six* boys, who were not much behind those of the first class in reading; but *none* of them could either spell or write. The remainder of the boys were *altogether* without the means of instruction; they had NEITHER BOOKS NOR CARDS. The state in which this school was found *excited* the greatest surprise, as the village had been, till within a short time previous to inspection, under the superintendence of one of the teachers belonging to the Church Missionary Society.—Dr Bell's system of instruction is supposed to be practised in all the schools; but in *many of them no system of any kind* was observable, and the MAJORITY

were much in want of books, cards, and other requisites. The dress of the children in the schools was very inferior to what might be expected from the quantity of clothing received in the colony. It was stated by the local superintendents, that the allowance of clothing was understood to be *two* suits in the year, but that during the last twelve months, one suit only had been received. *Many* of the children were in consequence NEARLY NAKED, and some of them PERFECTLY SO, particularly at the village of *Kissey*. When the school at *Waterloo* was inspected, the boys had no clothing but THICK WOOLLEN TROWSERS!!"

Such was the state of education in the settlement in 1826. It was left to this country, during "THE MARCH OF INTELLECT," in the nineteenth century, to believe that they could inculcate the principles of education and the precepts of religion amongst the most ignorant and debased portion of the human race—amongst savage tribes which have no written languages, and the individuals of which cannot understand one syllable of the language in which their teachers and their preachers address them; nor these teachers and preachers understand one syllable of any one of the various languages which their heterogenous mass of hearers either speak or understand!

Let us next attend to the state in which the school-houses and churches are represented to be. My limits will not permit me to go over the whole; but the following selection may be considered sufficient to show what it is. In *Leicester* village, we are told, p. 33, "the seminary has been removed, and the children" left "*without* the means of education." At *Regent* village, "the school-house is sufficiently large, but in bad condition." At *Gloucester* village, "the church has never been completely finished. It is greatly out of repair, and by no means kept in that clean or respectable condition which one would look for in a place dedicated to Divine worship! The windows have been *ill* constructed, and the shutters are *so totally decayed*, that not only the wind and the rain, but even THE GOATS AND DOGS find easy entrance!!" At *Kissey* village, "the church has never been finished, and is now much out of repair. The school-house also requires some repairs." "At *Bathurst* there is *no church*. The public buildings are a superintendent's house and a school-house; neither of them more than eight or nine years' standing; and yet, from the *insufficiency* of the workmanship, they are both nearly in A STATE OF RUIN." At *Hastings* village, "the boys' school is kept in a *wattle-house* thatched with grass, in which also divine worship is performed by Mr Croker, senior." At *Wellington* village, "the girls' school is held in a very *inferior* wattle-house," and "the boys' school is also held in a wattle-house, where divine service is performed by Mr *Metzger!*" At *Kent* village, there are two school-houses, "but greatly in want of window *shutters and doors*, from the want of which the children suffered much." At *Banana Islands*, there is "a *wretched mud-house*, in which divine service *was* performed, and in which the boys' school is now kept. It is by no means in a state to protect them from the weather." In *Freetown*, the capital, there is *no* church. Divine service is performed in the Court-house. The large building intended for a church, after having cost this country above L.50,000 sterling, stands unfinished, with only the bare walls and roof, and now converted into a Government Commissary's store, after having been a public market-place, where negroes were publicly flogged! A naval officer told me, that he lately saw the crew of his Majesty's ship Athol making ropes and mending sails in it!!

In the *New Times* of March 16th, 1824, a writer, who is well known, told the world with exultation, that there were *fourteen* churches in Sierra Leone, and one building!! You see what they are! The most of them unfinished, wretched *mud* and wattle hovels, or buildings going to decay, or in ruins!

It deserves to be remarked, however, while the buildings set apart for education, and also those appropriated to the worship of the Supreme Being, are left unfinished, in a state of decay and neglected, that the houses erected in the villages for the superintendents, as appears from the Report made by the Commissioners, are, almost without a single exception, substantial, large, commodious, and even elegant buildings!

Such is the state of education, and such is the state of the buildings set

apart for education and religion in Sierra Leone, as laid before us by the Commissioners, even after these gentlemen have put the best face upon matters which they could! Mr *Kenneth Macaulay* was in the colony during the time these Commissioners were there making their inquiries. He knows the truth of everything which they have stated, and yet he has had the effrontery to come forward and publish to the people of Great Britain an account, almost in all things the reverse.

Besides being the most vicious and immoral, the African population of Sierra Leone are the most rude and uncivilized that are to be found in all *that* most debased and ignorant portion of Africa, wherein the settlement has been placed. Nearly the whole population of it go naked, notwithstanding all the clothes which are sent from this country, or which have been given to them. The males use only a piece of cloth, or "*clout*," over certain parts before and behind, and which is known in Sierra Leone by a name too coarse and indelicate to mention. Females, after they begin to cohabit with the other sex, have a slight covering, which reaches from the loins downwards to a little above the knee, but all the rest of the body is exposed. Young women, full grown, go perfectly naked, with the exception of a kind of stuffed cushion over certain parts, the exact form of which I cannot describe, and which only serves to make nakedness more conspicuous. In this manner both sexes appear in the streets, and in the public markets, where, woe betide the European newly arrived, who in a hot sun gets becalmed in the stinking atmosphere which surrounds them. "With the exception," say the Commissioners, "of those who have been brought up to trades, those who have been educated and clothed for several years in the schools, and those who are employed as domestics,* the *great bulk* of the liberated African population of Sierra Leone appears at THIS DAY as ill clothed as any of the NATIVE TRIBES on that part of the coast, and are, in this respect, VERY FAR, INDEED, BEHIND THE MANDINGOES, who occupy the opposite bank of the river. Of *two hundred* or *three hundred* WOMEN frequently assembled in the market-place, from *fifteen* to *twenty* would be a LARGE AVERAGE of those who have any other clothing than a piece of cotton or linen cloth fastened round the loins, and reaching nearly to the knee. This is the usual dress of the women, and of *many* of the labouring men in the villages." Yet these are the persons amongst whom the articles of clothing before enumerated have been distributed!!

Mr Macaulay, pages 14 and 15, and in other places, attempts to cavil at my account of the expenditure for liberated Africans. My estimate of this expenditure, including the WHOLE, as per official estimates, for six years ending 1825, was L.292,269 : 7 : 6d. Mr Macaulay's account, p. 18, drawn from Sierra Leone records for the same period, and for Sierra Leone *alone*, is L.267,296 : 10 : 0¾d.; no mighty difference.

On the records of that place, however, no reliance can be placed. "The pay-lists for the workmen, and vouchers for other payments," connected with "the expenditure in public works," are, say the Commissioners, p. 86, "SO VAGUE as not to justify even A LOOSE ESTIMATE of the expense incurred in any particular one." The Liberated African Department exhibits even more terrific inattention. According to the price of provisions furnished to the Commissioners, the expense of that department, from 1818 to 1825, ought to have been *only* L.110,092 : 2 : 4½d. whereas, by the bills drawn on the British Treasury from the settlement, it actually was L.242,419 : 6 : 4½d.!! What room for peculation is here!!

In every way, money is made of the liberated Africans. According to State Papers, Class A of 1827, pp. 50—54, the Slave Commissioners at Sierra Leone directed the restoration of the Portuguese brig "*Activo*," with 165 slaves, seized by his Majesty's ship Athol, and valued at nearly (costs included) L.12,000 sterling. Abandoned by the captors, and refused by the owners, the slaves were left in a state of starvation. Impelled by hunger, a number of these got ashore, where,

* Only the head domestic of each house is, I am informed, clothed. The rest go quite naked, particularly the *Kroomen*.

though decreed by the superior Court to be restored, Mr Kenneth Macaulay, then "acting Governor," directed that they should be treated and dealt with as "*emancipated* negroes;" that is, kept in the place, in consequence of which this nation will ere long have their value to pay, while this "*acting Governor*" will probably be found claiming and receiving the sum of L.13 sterling *twice* for each, as the bounty decreed by law for Africans seized ashore, and liberated by Governors, and 5 per cent commission as Navy Prize Agent!

How far I have erred, misrepresented, or exaggerated the expenditure upon Sierra Leone, a few official references will show. In my first letter, (Blackwood, Dec. 1826, p. 879,) the sums of money paid by this country, in bounties and head money for liberated Africans to different captors, to a period undetermined, is stated to be L.465,211, 3s. 4d. sterling. By the Parliamentary Return, No. 399, produced last Session, the sums paid, *exclusive* of claims not yet paid, are L.484,344. 6s. 8d.; being L.19,133, 3s. 4d. sterling LESS than what I had stated the amount to be!

Examine every account, produce every item under their respective heads, and I feel confident, that in the aggregate expenditure the same results will follow. Thus, in the letter referred to, (Blackwood, p. 876,) the expenditure under the head "*Army Extraordinaries,*" is stated to be L.1,117,261, 5s. 11½d., or at the average of L.58,801, 15s. 0½d. per annum. But the expenditure for 1825 was greater than I supposed; and besides, I had omitted many sums charged in the different pages of the account, entitled "Army Extraordinaries," and also "*the pay and the provisions* for the troops, provided for in England." By the Parliamentary Papers for the undermentioned years, which are all I have at present by me, the sums stand as under:—

ARMY EXTRAORDINARIES.

First Letter.				Present Letter.			
1820	L.54,799	14	9¾	1820	L.66,368	8	8¼
1821	67,130	0	9½	1821	69,618	0	9½
1822	34,291	10	7	1822	44,607	18	9
1823	39,294	13	9	1823	52,481	3	4
1824	60,699	13	0	1824	* 87,319	16	11
1825	58,801	15	0½	1825	120,515	6	1
1826	105,047	0	0	1826	64,343	10	5¾
	L.420,064	7	11¾		L.505,244	5	0½

which is above L.85,000 too little, instead of being too much!

To contradict the daring statements and the impudent appeal made unto you, that a certain merchant in London had not, since the year 1807, anything to do "either in one way or the other" with the expenditure of Sierra Leone, I produced an extract from the agreement betwixt the merchant in question and Mr Macmillan, constituting him their deputy in the Navy Prize Agency concern at Sierra Leone, by which the Commission, 5 per cent, was to be equally divided betwixt them. The Commissioners tell us, p. 90, that the partner of that merchant or mercantile house in London, is to this day not only "NAVY PRIZE AGENT," but also "CONTRACTOR for part of the Government supplies;" and in how many other things he and they are concerned, we shall see as we proceed in this inquiry. Lest, however, I may be told, that though the individuals in question were constituted Navy Prize Agents, yet they never acted, or obtained any emolument under their commissions, and their agreement, I adduce, from Parliamentary Return, No. 177 of 1822, pp. 1, 3, 4, 5, &c. the following extracts, which show the sums of money issued at the Exchequer, out of the Consolidated Fund, regretting exceedingly that brevity compels me to omit the full and particular details:—

* *Par. Pap. No.* 59 of 1824, p. 12, states, L.15,000 of this sum to have been paid, Jan. 23, 1823, to *Thomas Hoblyn*, Esq. to pay for captured negroes.

To CHARLES W. MAXWELL, Governor of Sierra Leone, January 28th, 1815, * L.1264 0 0

To ZACHARY MACAULAY, Esq. Agent for various persons, July 6th, 7th, 12th, 14th, and 21st, 1819; and April 22d, 1820, and January 13th, and April 7th, 1821, . † 13,286 0 0

L.14,550 0 0

The preceding are extracted from columns of details of the application of the sum of L.54,728 : 16 : 8d. paid in bounties out of "THE CONSOLIDATED FUND," while, in the same Paper, p. 7, L.273,670 additional stand paid by the NAVY OFFICE" for the same purpose! For how many other individuals the gentleman in question acted as agent, I cannot, in absence of the specific details, at present state; but all the officers of the Navy, and the Governors of Colonies, were too well aware of the control which the individual in question had over the money bags of the British Treasury, and Mr Vansittart, to constitute any other person their agent.

I call your attention, sir, the attention of my country, and the attention of the Legislature of my country, to the preceding details, by which it appears, that as "*Seizors*" the Governors of British Colonies have, *first*, the bounty decreed by act of parliament; and next, AS GOVERNORS, AN EQUAL SUM, and consequently the Navy Prize Agent, receives, not five per cent commission, but TEN PER CENT commission for the same thing! In the name of justice, sir, and a country bleeding at every pore in her precious resources, is a system like this to be suffered to go on?

The pestilential nature of the climate of Sierra Leone is admitted and cannot be denied; but it has been generally supposed, that its effects are confined to Europeans: that, however,

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* I select the following items from the general details, to show how the system was carried on:—

Jan. 28, 1815.—To CHARLES WILLIAM MAXWELL, Esq. Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony of Sierra Leone, for the seizure and condemnation of two males and one female, ... L. 36 0 0

To KENNETH MACAULAY, Esq. Collector of Duties in the said Colony, prosecutor for ditto, ... 36 0 0

L. 72 0 0

† Jan. 6, 1819.—To Lieutenant-Colonel Macarthy, as seizor, on the condemnation of 43 slaves at Sierra Leone, viz.—

7 males, at L.13 each . . . . . L. 91 0 0
19 females, at L.10 each, ... 190 0 0
17 children, at L.3 each. 51 0 0

L.332 0 0

To Lieutenant-Colonel Macarthy, as Governor, on the condemnation of the said slaves, ... 332 0 0

To George Macaulay, Esq. as seizor, on the condemnation of one male, 13 0 0

To Lieutenant-Colonel Macarthy, as Governor, ... 13 0 0

L.690 0 0

April 7, 1821.—To William Fisher, Esq. Commander of "H. M. S. *Bann*," for the following slaves captured on board the "*San Antonio Melagrozo*," and condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court, at THE ISLAND of Sierra Leone, viz.—

265 males, at L.20 each, ... L.5300 0 0
105 females, at L.15 each, ... 1575 0 0
135 children, at L.5 each, ... 675 0 0

L.7550 0 0

"*The island* of Sierra Leone!" How the old gentleman must have smiled at official ignorance, as he fingered the bank-notes, and reflected how nicely he had succeeded in saving the payers of them "*the trouble of thinking!*"

is not the case. It is as fatal to blacks as it is to whites. The former, indeed, are not cut off by fevers, but they perish from dysenteries and sores, brought upon them by the same causes which bring fevers upon the whites, namely, putrid effluvia, damps, and sudden changes of the atmosphere during the rains, to which the negroes are more exposed, and to which their ignorance leads them to expose themselves. The decrease of the American blacks in number is a striking fact in proof. Thus, while 29 only have emigrated, we find them from 1131, the number in 1792, dwindled down to 578 in 1826! But amongst the liberated Africans the decrease is still more terrific. "The total number of negroes captured and landed in Sierra Leone," say the Commissioners, p. 52, "from 1808 to 1825, both years inclusive, was 20,571." The total number remaining at the beginning of 1826 was, according to the same authority, p. 21, only 10,716, making a decrease of nearly 10,000—*one half*, in the short period of EIGHTEEN YEARS, exclusive of births!!

But the mortality amongst this unfortunate race, has in reality been much greater—perhaps double. Various authorities, public and private, lead me to believe, that the number of Africans captured and brought into that colony, exceeds 36,000. The commissioners have given us *data*, page 50, to approximate the fact in this case. "The proportion of blankets," say they, "hitherto issued to the liberated Africans, is stated to have been *one* for each adult, and one for TWO CHILDREN." The number of blankets issued from the stores from 1816 to 1825, both inclusive, was 26,331, and the number of children "received in charge by the superintendents," during the same period, was "4389," giving, by the above data, 28,534 negroes, 24,145 of whom were adults received into the settlement within the period mentioned. According to an account certified by Mr Kenneth Macaulay as superintendent of the captured negroes, dated July 9th, 1814, and inserted in the ninth report of the African Institution, p. 63, the number liberated in the colony to that date was 5925. According to Parliamentary Return, No. 389 of 1824, the number captured and liberated in the colony, from July 1814 to the first of January 1816, must have amounted to 3,300, making together the number of 37,780 liberated in the place, exclusive of the great numbers which perished betwixt the date of the capture, and the date of landing in the settlement. According to Parliamentary Report, No. 512 of 1825, the number of marriages celebrated in Sierra Leone, between the 1st of January 1817, and the 31st of December 1823, was 2107. The natural increase from these, which we shall by way of distinction call the enslaved population, had all things been *blessed* and correct, ought, to the end of 1825, to have been 3500, exclusive of the free labour produce, which, it has been shown, has been considerable. These *data*, and they are clear and reasonable, will give us at least 41,000 liberated Africans, and their progeny which have been brought into Sierra Leone since 1808; and yet, two years ago, we find ONLY 10,716 remaining in it!!—Giving a mortality, admitting that 3000 have been sent to the regiments, in the West Indies, of 26,000 out of the number of 37,700, in the short space of eighteen years!!

Will Mr Kenneth Macaulay, or any of his school, shew us on the face of this globe any other spot where, without war, and unusual contagious and pestilential diseases, a mortality amongst the human species is to be found to match this? I defy them! The boards required for coffins must be no mean item in the profitable trade of the place!

The cause of the mortality amongst the blacks in Sierra Leone, though its real extent is carefully concealed, is ingeniously set down as proceeding from diseases caught on board slave-ships, by reason of the excessive numbers crowded together in them. Doubtless, in some instances, this is the fact; but this is a part of the Sierra Leone system, as reprehensible as the rest of it, and which cannot be too severely condemned, nor too soon removed. By a law enacted, "*by zeal without knowledge*," every slave-ship captured on any part of the African (western) coasts, must be sent to Sierra Leone for adjudication. From its geographical position, and from natural causes, which no human power can remove, this is only practicable after the most tedious voyages. The fatal error is well known, and has long been complained of; yet it is still continued, in order, it is presu-

med, that Sierra Leone money-making proctors and authorities, and navy prize agents, may obtain grist for their mills, and grow rich. These protracted voyages, arising from opposing winds and currents, occasion a scarcity of water and provisions on board the crowded captured ships, which quickly produce the most heart-rending, the most fatal, and the most appalling scenes of starvation, misery, despair, disease, and death, that can be imagined or met with, and arising almost entirely from the rigid letter of our, I will designate it, inhuman law. Sierra Leone is to blame for the whole of it.

The Commissioners, p. 23, give us a few terrific specimens of the operations of these; and terrible as these specimens are, still they are inferior in horror to others, which, from the African Institution reports, and the public journals, could, did my limits permit me, be produced! "*La Fortune* was captured by his H. M. S. *Brazen*, ten days after sailing from her port; and had, at the time of capture, 245 slaves on board. During a passage of *twenty-one* days to Sierra Leone, *forty-six* of the number died. The vessel is stated to have remained in the harbour SIX WEEKS before she was adjudicated, in which period SEVENTY-SEVEN slaves died, making a total loss of ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE out of 245, between the date of capture and the actual landing of the negroes! The *Rosalia* was captured by H. M. S. *Athol*, in December 1825, at which time the number of slaves on board is stated to have been 285; of these, NINETY-TWO died during a passage of TWELVE WEEKS to Sierra Leone; both the negroes, and those in charge of them, having been for the last *three weeks* on an allowance of half-a-pint of flour, made from the Cassada root, and a *gill* of water, each, per day." Unfortunately, their sufferings do not terminate here, for, "in the case of the *Uniao*, besides ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE out of *three hundred and sixty-one slaves*," which "died PRIOR TO landing, thirty-five died after emancipation, (*but before it was possible to have them registered*,) owing to the wretched state to which they had been reduced by dysentery and the small pox!!" It is needless to pursue details further, to shew the pernicious nature of Sierra Leone, and of the Sierra Leone system. Twenty years have seen, and in twenty different ships each year, similar horrors!!

Such are the fatal effects of the place upon the miserable blacks doomed to nestle in it. It is scarcely necessary to recur to the deaths which it occasions amongst Europeans, which only Sierra Leone "*rum-proof*" champions will deny and dispute. But justice to you, and to my subject, renders it necessary that I should notice shortly what the Commissioners also state upon this subject.

"In the year 1824," say these gentlemen, p. 198, "*two hundred and eighty-three* European troops joined, making the total numbers upon the coast 346, and of these THREE HUNDRED AND ONE died! In 1825, *eleven hundred and fifty-four* European troops joined, making a total of 1193, and of these SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE died! In the end of February, 1825, *one hundred and eight* soldiers of the Royal African Corps were sent to the *Isles des Loss*; these were young men, between 17 and 30 years of age, who had enlisted under General Turner, and accompanied him to the coast. When these islands were visited by the Commissioners in March 1826, FIFTY-TWO of them had died, and there were but *few* of the survivors who did not suffer from the effects of disease. From the 21st December, 1825, to the 1st of November, 1826, THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY cases of this fever have been treated in the hospital at Freetown, and of these ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY have died; at the Gambia there have been *one hundred and twelve* admissions, and ONLY TWELVE HAVE RECOVERED!!"

The greater deadliness of the climate of Sierra Leone over other parts of the west coast of Africa, is placed before us in a striking manner by the Commissioners, in p. 107 of their Report. From 1810 till 1825, the number of European troops which had arrived on that coast was 5,823. Of these 1912 died! During the early part of that period, however, the greater part of the troops were stationed at Senegal and Goree, and, consequently, to shew what is the mortality of Sierra Leone, and what it is compared with these settlements, we must take the latter eight years of the period which are subsequent to the cession of these possessions. The number of European troops which

reached Sierra Leone in that period was 1,679, of which 967, nearly *three-fifths*, died.

Why should I add more? The year 1826 was still more fatal. General Turner, and nearly all his family and suite were cut off early in that year; and, while I am penning this letter, the accounts have reached this country, that his successor, Sir Neil Campbell, and several other individuals, have also fallen victims to the pestilential swamp, in which the mortality this year has already been exceedingly great. The evil cannot be removed. The pestilence of Sierra Leone, said an intelligent medical gentleman unto me, who bears in his person sad proofs of its effects, and who has paid particular attention to its nature and ravages, and whose opinion has, I believe, been communicated to the Colonial Office—the pestilence of Sierra Leone, said he, can never be rooted out. No European constitution, nor, indeed, any other constitution, can withstand its power. The Whites who boast they can do so, forget to state that they generally run off to England at the commencement of the rains, and return again at the season of the year when their effects cease. The place, added he, is wholly unfit to be made the abode of animal life. The Lagoon which washes its narrow coasts is filled with ravenous sharks, and its destructive shores are abodes where only the poisonous *insect* and the venomous REPTILE can exist!

The records of the WAR OFFICE will show the greater mortality which prevails in this place than in our other tropical settlements. In the Leeward Islands, the proportion is *two deaths* in FIFTY; in Jamaica, FOUR DEATHS in FIFTY; and in Sierra Leone, *six deaths* in TEN, upon an average of several years! The great mortality in Jamaica also proceeds from the well-known unhealthy situation of the principal barracks, and which the Legislature of the island have offered to remove at their own expense, to a healthy spot, if the Government would permit it to be done.

The *salubrity* of Sierra Leone, the morality, and progress made in religion, by its population, and the veracity of Mr Kenneth Macaulay upon these and other subjects connected with it, having been ascertained, we shall next proceed to consider the agriculture, the trade, and the industry of the place, as these have been laid before us by the Commissioners in their Report.

First, As to the agriculture of the settlement, the Commissioners state:—"Prior to General Turner's time, agriculture appears to have been ALMOST TOTALLY NEGLECTED by the Europeans. Those who had the means of carrying it on extensively, were wholly occupied in *other* pursuits; and, even had it been their wish to embark capital in the cultivation of the soil, an INSUPERABLE DIFFICULTY presented itself in the want of eligible overseers. —Several small coffee-farms, of from *four* to *six* acres, and two of larger extent, were *also*," (alluding to some cotton farms, which had been undertaken and then abandoned) "at different times undertaken. Some of these have been *altogether abandoned*; and others, which still exist, are so much neglected, that it seems quite impossible to draw from them any fair inference, as to the advantage which might result from the cultivation of coffee upon a more *judicious* or extended plan." (P. 74.) "I do not," says *Mr Reffell*, "consider the provisions grown in the colony as sufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants; arising, however, as much from their not being of the quality consumed, as from such produce not being cultivated to a *sufficient extent*. The STAPLE FOOD of the population is *rice*, while the articles principally grown, are cassado and cocoa."* Yet notwithstanding the demand for rice in preference, the Liberated Africans continue to grow "cassado and cocoa; avowedly because their culture does NOT require that labour or attention which the rice demands, and because they sometimes obtain this by the sale of a larger quantity of the articles of more easy production." (P. 75). "By far the *greater part* of the rice consumed IS IMPORTED BY THE *Mandingoes, Timmanees*, or other neighbouring tribes: that which is raised in the settlement being almost exclusively consumed by the grower." (P. 76.) "A hope has been already express-

* The latter is explained to be a root the same as the *Eddoe* in the West Indies.

ed, that the cultivation of cotton might be advantageously introduced amongst the NEWLY arrived Africans, *under certain regulations.* But that those Africans WHO HAVE BEEN SOME TIME LOCATED IN THE COLONY, will ever be induced to engage in it to any extent, *on their own account,* is greatly to be doubted. Generally speaking, their mode of life is formed, and they appear to be satisfied with it. Where such is the case, it will not be found easy to induce laborious habits in pursuit of an object, to which neither their *wants nor desires* at present stimulate them." (P. 75.) "In fact," say Messrs *Savage and Gabiddon* (the latter a black man, and a Justice of the Peace,) "such employment" (A FIELD LABOURER!) "is considered *degrading;* necessity may compel him to undertake it; but that necessity must be *strong* indeed that will make him continue it for any length of time. The wages of *one month* will keep him FOR SIX; and variety is the delight of the liberated African, because so different from his former condition." (P. 77.)

Such are the liberated Africans, their industry and their dispositions towards industry! Such, it is repeated, are the liberated Africans in Sierra Leone, and of the Nova Scotians, and the Maroons; the Commissioners, p. 73, state, "the great majority of them were estranged from agricultural occupations; and it is stated by Messrs *Savage* and *Gabiddon,* (the latter himself a Maroon,) (Appendix, C. 26,) that as far as relates to the Nova Scotians and Maroon settlers, AGRICULTURE IS AT A LOWER EBB NOW than it was during the administration of the Company and of Governor Thompson!!"

This is the sum of Sierra Leone agriculture! "In short," say the Commissioners, p. 55, "the results of 18 years' experience, as exemplified in the condition of those liberated Africans, located in Sierra Leone, seem to justify the inference, that either the *mode pursued,* with the view of improving their condition by AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS, has not been *judicious,* or that their character and habits are *unfavourable* to that kind of improvement. However this may be, the RESULTS ARE IN THEMSELVES INCONTROVERTIBLE, and leave little room to hope, that without the adoption of *more effectual* measures, the adult class of negroes will be induced to improve their present condition, which probably appears to them, when compared with the past, *a state of considerable enjoyment!*"

In Sierra Leone, our failure has been most complete; and I leave it to you, sir, and to my readers, to say, after perusing these facts and these proofs, what can be thought of Mr Kenneth Macaulay, who has had the temerity to come before the British nation and assert, and attempt to prove, the contrary!!

The situation of Sierra Leone, in every point of view, but more especially in an agricultural point of view, has been stated to be the worst that could have been pitched upon on the Western coast of Africa for a British settlement. Let the Commissioners, and even Kenneth Macaulay himself, bear witness in proof of the fact. "Generally speaking," say the Commissioners, p. 5, "the valleys are contracted, and the ravines deep. The mountains are composed chiefly of *granite;* and the soil, although generally light and *inadhesive,* derives a transient fertility from the admixture of vegetable matter; but its productive powers are SOON EXHAUSTED. The mountains are clothed to their summits with thick impervious woods and *jungle,* which shoot up through the interstices of the rocks, and from the *scanty soil* which is formed by their own decay. When cleared and prepared for the purpose of cultivation, this mountain-soil makes, for ONE SEASON, a satisfactory return; but, having lost, by the process of clearing, the support which had retained it in its place, it is *washed away* by the rains of the ensuing season, leaving only A ROCKY SURFACE, unfit for the general purposes of agriculture."

"The appearance of the settlement," say the Commissioners, p. 7, "when viewed from the sea, forms a *picturesque coup-d'œil;* but the inquiring eye SEARCHES IN VAIN for those traces of cultivation, which denote the residence of an agricultural people. The SPONTANEOUS PRODUCTIONS of nature alone present themselves," &c.! In short, "the whited sepulchres" of ancient times, are proper images of this fatal spot,—without, "beautiful to

the eye," but within, "full of rottenness, and dead men's bones!!"

Let us now contemplate the picture, as drawn by the equally powerful and experienced pencil used by Mr Kenneth Macaulay, putting his words *curiously*, but correctly, together. In the high ground we have "*granite mountains*," and ground which, as soon as it is cleared of the "immense forest trees" which grow upon it, is so washed by the rains as to leave only "a surface, which has the appearance of GRAVEL;" and, in the low ground, we have, "round Freetown, several small plains of hard *indurated claystone*, covered with grass, which NO MAN would ever think of cultivating;" and in the more central parts, "a belt of thick forest of considerable depth, BREEDING MIASMA AND FEVER," and which gives to "the immediate vicinity of Freetown AN ASPECT OF DESOLATION!"

Two things were stated regarding the trade of the place; *first*, that the colony within its bounds did not produce one of the articles which were exported from it; and, *secondly*, that the whole, or nearly the whole, of the trade of the settlement, was in the hands of one powerful and influential mercantile concern. To come to the proofs.

In reply to inquiries, the collector of the Customs of the place states, say the Commissioners, p. 80; "with reference to the queries and answers, Nos. 1 and 7, NONE OF THE ARTICLES EXPORTED TO ENGLAND ARE THE ACTUAL PRODUCE OF THE COLONY, BUT ARE COLLECTED FROM THE INTERIOR, AND COASTWAYS, and deposited here until they become of *sufficient quantity*, or until opportunities offer to ship them!!" The timber trade, the most valuable branch, say the Commissioners, same page, "may possibly be considered to have reached its *maximum*," for, says Mr *M'Cormack*, who first introduced it, "I do not think the timber denominated African teake, or No. 1, will be procurable in sufficient quantities for more than *seven or eight* years in this place; from the circumstance of the distance, the natives will have to haul it out of the woods; and, from the state of the country, it is impossible to use carriages of any description; and I do not think the natives would be disposed to make roads, at least at present." "The timber trade," says Mr Williams, p. 80, "could not well be pushed beyond its present state." Besides, continues he, "in fact, it has become ALMOST A PRIVATE AFFAIR!!"

How, and to whom, it has become a private affair, let the Commissioners, page 81, state: "NO PART OF THE TIMBER EXPORTED IS PRODUCED WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE COLONY, and *few* of the liberated Africans are employed by the trade; but there can be little doubt that advantage is derived by the NATIVES in the vicinity of the rivers, from the occupation which it affords. This is exhibited in the instance of the chief, *Dalla Mahommadu*, who is principally EMPLOYED in procuring timber for THE HOUSE OF MACAULAY and BABBINGTON, from which he is said to have received about L.500 for *less* than one half of the last shipping season. The advantage, however, it is to be feared, is not diffused generally amongst the people to the extent which could be desired. They are USUALLY THE DOMESTIC OR PURCHASED SLAVES OF THE CHIEF FOR WHOM THEY LABOUR, and by whom the profits are either accumulated, or EXPENDED IN AUGMENTING THE NUMBER OF HIS SLAVES! It may, therefore, be inferred, that no great pecuniary benefit is obtained by the labourers, although their condition is probably *ameliorated* in other respects!!"

Here we have undeniable proofs of two things, namely, that the timber trade of Sierra Leone is "*a private affair*"—in the hands of "Messrs Macaulay and Babbington;" and, notwithstanding the racket which is made in this country about the productions of slave labour being sinful, shameful, and contaminating, especially by members of that concern, still it is seen that the Teake timber trade of Sierra Leone is the production of slave labour, and that its proceeds go to augment the numbers, and increase the purchase of slaves; while that very house and the British Government participate in the trade; for we learn, through the means of a babbling Sierra Leone advocate, "Mr FORSTER, No. 8, New City Chambers, London," that Government receive this Teake timber upon contract, and, consequently, from the house alluded to. This contract is a national document, which will ere long be called for and produced.

After having been purchased from the native Princes, this timber is put on board the ships principally by the labour of Kroomen. Of these unhappy people, who yet remain, without a single exception, in their native dark and barbarous state, the Commissioners, p. 17, state—"It has not been the fate of the Kroomen to have much intercourse with the individuals who *were likely* to bestow *much pains* upon their moral and religious improvement; ON THE CONTRARY, they have been employed chiefly BY THOSE to whom they have been recommended by THEIR PHYSICAL CAPACITIES AND DISPOSITION FOR LABOUR. It could not, therefore, be expected that much time or attention would be bestowed upon the *improvement of their mind by such persons*, who, although THEY find it *profitable* to employ them in preference to others, acknowledge their UTTER WANT of morality and religion!"

How often, I am here compelled to remark, have the West Indian Colonists been reproached, unjustly reproached, and by Mr Z. Macaulay, with considering and estimating their slaves only according to "their physical capacities and disposition to labour," while his agents and his house are really pursuing the same system with the Kroomen!!

The Gold Trade of Sierra Leone is next in importance to the timber trade. Let us see in whose hands it is, and how those hands came to obtain the *whole* of it.

"The trade in this article," say the Commissioners, p. 79, "is of *recent* origin, having commenced in 1822; and if the opinion generally entertained by the OTHER MERCHANTS be correct, it is chiefly possessed AT PRESENT BY THE FIRM OF MESSRS MACAULAY AND BABBINGTON; that house must, therefore, be considered most capable of estimating the quantity exported. Mr K. Macaulay *computes* it to have been to the value of between L.20,000 and L.30,000 during the year 1825," &c. How that house come to be masters of the gold trade, let the merchants of St Mary's, Gambia, through the Commissioners, p. 79, tell. "The merchants of St Mary's" assert, "that in proportion as the gold trade of Sierra Leone has *increased*, that of Bathurst has DIMINISHED. This circumstance they attribute to an UNDUE INFLUENCE gained by the merchants of the former place, through the *medium of the presents dispensed* from Sierra Leone by the Colonial Government. Those presents, they say, though designed to induce the Chiefs of the gold districts to favour commerce *generally*, have had *practically* the effect of turning to Sierra Leone the gold traders who FORMERLY RESORTED TO THE GAMBIA. No presents being made from *this place*, it becomes the interest of the Chiefs to use THEIR AUTHORITY in promoting the trade of the other settlement, from which they derive the greatest advantage; this authority, IN SOME INSTANCES AMOUNTING TO FORCE, has, according to the statement of the Gambia merchants, been exerted greatly to their prejudice!"

The sums charged against, and drawn from the British Treasury, and expended in these presents, are, we learn from the Commissioners, p. 86, between the years 1814 and 1825, L.9,945, 15s. 10d. sterling, while the vouchers that were produced could only show L.6,928, 6s. 8d.!! Those large sums were expended in presents to the native Chiefs in the interior, as the Commissioners and merchants of St Mary's very pointedly state, by the Colonial Government, as directed by Mr Kenneth Macaulay; and who, by this "*undue influence*," drew, not only the gold trade, but the most valuable branches of every other trade, to his house; for, say the Commissioners, p. 83, the merchants there "ascribe the superior success of what they term THEIR FIRST HOUSE, to the possession of more extensive means, as well as to what they consider an UNDUE ADVANTAGE derived by THE AGENT of this house from his seat in the Council. The feeling of jealousy entertained on this account by the other merchants, appears to be NOT ILL FOUNDED."

Thus, sir, we have seen developed the *secret* of the increase of the Sierra Leone trade so loudly and so often bruited abroad in this country from certain sources—a trade which, while one concern obtains L.100,000 in gold at the expense of the profits and the exertions of less favoured merchants, that honest, simple, plodding ass, JOHN BULL, *pays* L.10,000 out of his pocket to enable them to obtain it!!

Let all these facts be considered, and say wherein I have misrepresented the situation, or brought one false accusation, or one erroneous charge, against Sierra Leone, or those who assume the control of it. To *blacken* it is impossible.

That the liberated Africans in the place are compelled to work by the application of the whip, has been stated. I am ready, and offer, to prove the fact. The Commissioners *indirectly* admit this, when, in page 55, they state, that to make them work, "some mild *coercive* power seems necessary. But this power should not be, as IN SOME INSTANCES IT APPEARS INEXCUSABLY TO HAVE BEEN, LEFT IN THE HANDS OF PERSONS LIKELY TO ABUSE IT." I hold in my hands a communication from the place, dated the 28th May last, which runs thus: "Those liberated Africans that are obliged to work for the public good, are employed in carrying stones, or bricks, for public buildings; or learning some trade, as masonry, and shingling house-tops, or the like, and require to be kept to their labour by the *dread of the whip; even under this discipline*, I HAVE SEEN THEM idling when the eye of the *whipper-in* was turned in another direction. This *man of the cord* is a black invariably. I have *often seen* one in the wharf when a vessel was unloading, WITH THE CAT IN HIS HAND, and I have asked him what use he made of it. I received for reply—'Suppose THE SLAVE no work good, you know, I can flog him.' This he said with a *savage pleasure*, and accompanied the words with a smile, and flourish of his whip! What is this better than slavery? or is it as good treatment as the slaves in the West Indies receive under the present administration!!"

The whip and chain, it is clear, are common in Sierra Leone. "The punishment for minor crimes," say the Commissioners, in page 58, is "hard labour in chains. It is by no means *uncommon* at Freetown to see thirty or forty culprits CHAINED IN PAIRS, and employed in a desultory kind of labour," &c.; and, says Mr Kenneth Macaulay, page 59, "I have myself seen a Maroon, a Nova Scotia settler, the son of a native chief, a *Grumetta*,* a Krooman, and a liberated African, working in the same GANG. They are confined by a chain passing round the MIDDLE; and generally two, sometimes three, but I believe seldom or never more, are *fastened* to the same chain!"

This country has been surfeited with the boasts about the advantages which the liberated, and other Africans, enjoy under the blessings of English law in Sierra Leone. The whole is a farce. The Commissioners draw aside the veil of delusion. At page 91, they state, "when it is asserted that 'the English laws are universally in practice,' it is to be understood that they are in practice, but *modified* by the dispensers of them, so as to meet the general circumstances of the colony, and THEIR OWN view of the merits of each particular case!!" That is, men who are totally ignorant of what law is, make it what, and apply it just as, they please! Under such a state of things, the Commissioners justly and forcibly observe, "the law *must*, for a long time, be so only IN NAME!!"—"A certain control is requisite to prevent their" (the liberated Africans) "*return to their former habits*. This control is, in fact, at PRESENT EXERCISED; and, although tending eventually to their good, must be quite AT VARIANCE with the spirit of the English law," &c. Thus the Sierra Leone bubble is burst, and thus the truth concerning it comes, piece-meal, as it were, to light!

That such a place could ever do any good, even to degraded Africa, is a dream; and that it has been a fatal one to the interests of Africa, we learn from one decided and incontrovertible fact mentioned by the Commissioners, p. 19, namely, that though their territory almost lines with the gardens of Freetown, still "no instance could be traced of a *Timmanee* having been CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY. This, however, cannot be attributed to any invincible attachment to their present superstitions, as many are said to have become converts to the Mahommedan

* A GRUMETTA, is the African name for a household slave, or a slave born in the family. How come such to be found in Sierra Leone?

faith, which is supposed to be making considerable progress among them." These poor people are to this day the most ignorant and rude of all the tribes of Western Africa, although they have been near 40 years in sight of the *light* established in Sierra Leone!

The ignorance of the liberated African is extreme. "His age, the length of time he has resided in the colony or the village, the quantity of land he has in cultivation, of seed which he sows, of produce which he reaps, or the number of months or weeks which he is employed in its cultivation," are all, say the Commissioners, equally unknown to him. Time he only computes by accidents or particular events, such as when he built his house, or began the cultivation of a certain piece of land, by stating who was his superintendent at the time. Few of them, says *Mr Gerber*, page 43, "will labour upon their farms, unless they were by some means FORCED TO DO SO!" To reclaim them, we send a set of men about as ignorant of human nature, and as deficient in common sense, as themselves; in consequence of which, we have laboured, and still labour, in vain.

Were it possible to bring together the enormous sums of money which Sierra Leone and its miserable dependencies, together with those which Liberated Africans, in various places, and in various ways, have cost this country, the sum total would fill it with astonishment and indignation. But this can only be done by those who have access to all the details of every public account which has been liquidated by the British Treasury during the last thirty-five years:—nay, so numerous are the charges for these purposes, and so much are they interwoven with the accounts of every department, in every year during the period mentioned, that I doubt if all the clerks in the employ of Government could now draw them forth. Special funds have even been created for this and similar purposes, where the amount, without the details, are only given. Referring to my first letter for a general view of this expenditure, I shall bring before you and the public, from a more narrow research into public records; first, the expenditure of Sierra Leone and its dependencies for the last seven years; and, secondly, the sums of money which have been paid for the value, for the bounty, and for the maintenance of captured negroes. It is necessary, however, to remark, that the sums paid for the maintenance of these idlers in the West Indies, cannot be accurately ascertained from any returns which have yet been produced; and therefore the undivided estimates, or sums drawn, are taken as the *data* to bring out the total amount. Moreover, the details under the heads, the Army, the Ordnance and the Barrack Department, do not particularize Sierra Leone; consequently under these heads, the expenditure is incomplete. What are produced, however, with official and particular references, will I doubt not, astonish you and the country in general.

The forts on the Gold Coast, were, by the advice of the Sierra Leone *advocates*, made dependencies upon that fatal place in 1821. From that year, therefore, let us trace the expenditure, civil, military, and naval, of the princely place. The *Quarterly Review* (good authority) states the expenditure under the naval head to be HALF A MILLION annually! The whole of this expenditure is properly charged against Sierra Leone, because the navy stationed on the coast of Africa, is altogether employed in capturing slave ships, and bringing these into that settlement, in order to people and to enrich it. But for this, it is clear that Sierra Leone had long since been abandoned, as the few whites, Maroons, and Kroomen, who remain there, remain only to make money by their dealings with and for the captured negroes. Besides the expensive Slave Commissions in different places, we have had Commissions of Inquiry, such as that to the West Indies, to inquire into the state of the Africans liberated there. Each of these commissions cost this country many thousands annually—the latter above L.3000, and the former upwards of L.18,000. With these observations I proceed to the details of the expenditure, &c. for the period alluded to; remarking, that brevity compels me to omit the full particulars of the first four years; but they are drawn up from the same careful reference to the Parliamentary Papers for each year, as is done with the three last years:—

Expenditure, 1821.				Expenditure, 1823.			
Naval,	L.500,000	0	0	Naval,	L.500,000	0	0
Sundries,	184,521	16	1¾	Sundries,	180,794	5	4¼
Total,	L.684,521	16	1¾	Total,	L.680,794	5	4¼

Expenditure, 1822.				Expenditure, 1824.			
Naval,	L.500,000	0	0	Naval,	L.500,000	0	0
Sundries,	176,126	14	8½	Sundries,	197,980	16	4¾
Total,	L.676,126	14	8½	Total,	L.697,980	16	4¾

1825.—From Parliamentary Papers, 1825.

Naval Expenditure, *Quart. Rev.*				L.500,000	0	0
Army Estimates, Pap. No. 31 of 1825, p. 20. Pay Staff and Medical Officers,				2,868	14	7
Army Extraordinaries, Pap. 61 of 1825, pp. 3, 4, 9, 11, and 13, sundries,				87,319	16	11
Commissariat Estimates, Pap. 23 of 1825, p. Pay Officers,				2,669	1	3
Commissaries' Accounts, Pap. 62 of 1825, p. 61, Sierra Leone, &c.	L.28,736	0	2½			
P. 61. Provided in England,	16,419	2	7½	16,419	2	7½
	L.45,155	2	10			
Ordnance Estimates, Pap. 35 of 1825, pp. 13 and 21, sundries,				303	0	0
P. 36, supplies to Liberated Africans, Sierra Leone,				10,000	0	0
Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 29, No. 4, of 1825, p. 6, Captured Negroes, free Americans,				46,000	0	0
P. 7, Slave Commissions, L.17,425,				7,200	0	0
Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 30, No. 5 of 1825, pp. 5 and 7, Civil Establishments,				29,162	2	0
Page 8, Military ditto, provided in England,				33,781	2	5
Expenditure, 1825,				L.735,722	19	9½

1826.—From Parliamentary Papers, 1826.

Naval Expenditure, *Quart. Rev.*				L.500,000	0	0
Army Estimates, Pap. 43 of 1826, p. 17, Staff and Medical Officers,				4,008	18	4
Commissariat Estimate, Pap. 57 of 1826, p. 3, Officers' Store Branch,				2,750	3	9
Ordnance Estimates, Pap. 25 of 1826, pp. 11, 20, 37, 42, and 47, sundries,				28,760	0	0
Commissaries' Accounts, Pap. 60, of 1826, p. 61, Sierra Leone, &c.	L.43,302	5	11			
Provided in England,	19,180	16	8½	19,180	16	8½
	L.62,483	2	7½			
P. 71, Gold Coast sundries,	L.45,896	15	9¾			
Provided in England,	3,745	19	7			
	L.49,642	15	4¾	49,642	15	4¾
Accounts Commissariat, Pap. 60, of 1826, p. 65, Gold Coast, 1823,	L.8,109	15	5½			
Provided in England,	532	2	8			
	L.8,641	18	1½	8,641	18	1½
Commissaries' Accounts, Pap. 65, of 1826, p. 67, Gold Coast, 1823,	L.10,602	7	8¼			
Provided in England,	1,737	17	8¼			
	L.12,340	5	4½	12,340	5	4½

Army Extraordinaries, Pap. 59 of 1826, pp. 3, 4, 14, 13, 16, and 16, sundries,				120,515	6	1
Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 86 of 1826, p. 6, liberated Africans, free Americans,				35,000	0	0
P. 7, Slave Commissions, L.18,000,				7,000	0	0
Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 156 of 1826, pp. 6 and 7, Civil Establishments,				27,420	19	10
Pp. 6 and 7, Military do. do. (Army Account,)				33,161	15	5
P. 9, Clothing, tools, &c. liberated Africans,				12,168	0	0
Civil Contingencies, Pap. 123 of 1826, pp. 11 and 15, sundries,				1,450	0	0
Expenditure, 1826,				L.862,140	19	0¼

1827.—From Parliamentary Papers, 1827.

Naval Expenditure, *Quart. Rev.*				L.500,000	0	0
Army Estimates, Pap. 58 of 1827, p. 17, Staff and Medical Officers,				4,008	18	4
Commissariat Estimate, Pap. 84 of 1827, p. 3, Sundries				2,751	3	9
Ordnance Estimates, Pap. 59 of 1827, pp. 11, 20, 42, 44, and 47, Sundries,				4,773	0	0
Civil Contingencies, Pap. 151 of 1827, pps. 10 and 12, Sundries,				2,101	12	8
Commissaries' Accounts, Pap. 87 of 1827, p. 55, Sierra Leone, &c.	L.50,983	5	0			
Provided in England,	19,546	13	1¼	19,546	13	4¼
	L.70,529	18	10¼			
P. 59, Gold Coast,	L.8,335	2	5½			
Provided in England,	5,424	17	4½			
	L.13,759	19	10	13,759	19	10
Army Extraordinaries, Pap. 261 of 1827, pp. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, and 12, Sundries,				64,343	10	5¾
Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 161 of 1827, pp. 5 and 6, No. 5, Civil Establishments,				19,609	16	0
Military do (Army account),				32,065	1	4
P. 7, Tools, Clothing, &c. for Lib. Africans and Convicts N. S. Wales, L.49,000 *say*				13,000	0	0
Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 160 of 1827, p. 5, Captured Negroes, Bills drawn,				30,000	0	0
6 Slave Commissions, L.18,000,				8,000	0	0
Expenditure, 1827,				L.713,959	15	6

Abstract.

1821	L.684,521	16	1¾	
1822	684,768	12	9	
1823	693,134	10	8¾	
1824	697,980	16	4¾	
1825	735,722	19	9½	
1826	841,158	15	6¼	
1827	713,959	15	6	
	L.5,050,247	18	1¼	
Yearly average,	L.721,463	18	1½	

and which multiplied by 20 gives the expenditure for British Africa, OR SIERRA LEONE, since 1807, (allowing the expenditure from 1791 till 1808 to make the annual expense from 1808 till 1821 equal to the expense from 1820 to 1828) as follows, viz.—

	L.14,429,278	2	0
To which add recruiting, fitting out, and transporting of European troops, 7000,	700,000	0	0
Total,	L.15,129,278	2	0

Exclusive of sums paid for captured and liberated Africans!

The expense of maintaining Sierra Leone may, with the greatest justice, be set down as a sum paid for liberated Africans. I proceed, however, to shew the sums which, independent of this, we have directly and actually paid for this description of British subjects; and to obtain an accurate *datum* to determine the whole, let us take the sums for the following years according to the official estimates, and the bills drawn in each year for this portion of our national expenditure thus:—

*1821 . .	L.35,533	3	4¾
1822 . .	36,830	8	0
1823 . .	34,031	18	7¼
1824 . .	45,000	0	0
1825 . .	45,000	0	0
1826 . .	35,000	0	0
1827 . .	30,000	0	0
	L.261,195	10	0
Home supplies L.11, 60 annually,	77,000	0	0
	L.338,195	10	0
Annual average, .	48,313	12	10¼

which for 20 years is L.966,272 10 5 above *nine-tenths* of which sum is unquestionably for Sierra Leone alone!!

With these remarks I proceed to lay before you the sums which Great Britain has *actually and directly* paid for LIBERATED AFRICANS in one way or another as follows:—

Bounties, Par. Pap. 399 of 1827, . . .				L.484,344	6	8
Maintenance liberated Africans, . . .				966,272	10	5
Spain paid for illegal captures, Par. Pap. 43 of 1822, granted session 1818, ...				400,000	0	0
Portugal paid for illegal captures, Par. Pap. 43 of 1822, p. 2, .	L.348,904	2	2			
Do. do. p. 3, granted session 1820,	150,000	0	0			
Do. do. Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 44 of 1821, p. 3, . . .	150,000	0	0			
Do. do. Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 21 of 1822, . . .	35,000	0	0			
Miscellaneous Estimates, Pap. 192 of 1823, No. 2, p. 35, . .	15,000	0	0			
				†698,904	2	2
United States, paid for Slaves per award Emperor Alexander, 1,250,000 dolls. . . .				300,000	0	0
Commission attending award at Petersburgh, Pap. 123 of 1826, p. 15. Pap. 151 of 1827, and Pap. 43 of 1821, pp. 3 and 5, ...				8,295	4	6
Civil Contingencies, Pap. 191 of 1283, p. 6. illegal capture by Captain Willis of H. M. S. *Cherub*, .				6,740	14	6
Liberated Africans Comm. West Indies, say for six years,				‡18,600	0	0
Do. do. to Sierra Leone, say three years, . .				7,000	0	0
Slave Commissions Sierra Leone, Havannah, Rio de Janeiro, &c. say nine years, at L.18,700, . .				168,300	0	0
Carry forward,				L.3,058,456	18	3

* The sums really expended are, I believe, much greater. Thus, in the FINANCIAL ACCOUNT for 1824 we find, at page 266, the following entry; "*Alexander Grant*, Acting Governor of Sierra Leone, account from 1st July 1820 to 30th Nov. 1821 (17 months) L.65,483: 19: 7½d." the whole of which, it is fair to presume, was for maintaining liberated Africans. See also note, page 75 of this letter. The particulars of the sum for 1821 shew the proportions: Sierra Leone, L.33,824, 19: 7½d.; Dominica, L.697, 1: 6d; Isle of France, L.186, 18s.; Demerara, L.508, 1: 2½d; Dominica, L.34, 9: 1d.; Jamaica, L.746, 3s.; Fees, L.535, 11s.; Total, L.35,533, 3: 4¾d.—*Civil List, Pap.* 43 of 1821, p. 16.

† Exclusive of the sum of L.601,771: 7: 9, being the amount of a loan remitted to Portugal 1815. (*Par. Pap.* 43 of 1822, p. 2.)

‡ By Par. Pap. 325 of 1823, p. 22, this commission cost L.3100 annually.

Brought forward,	L.3,058,456	18	3
Pensions, Disbanded Blacks, Soldiers, average of three years, (1st Lett. Black. Dec. 1826,)	251,000	0	0
Paid Sierra Leone Company for Sierra Leone, and the expense of removing and maintaining Maroons and Nova Scotians &c, as per first letter	441,442	6	7
Total,	* L.3,750,899	4	10

Look at these enormous sums, and say what we have got for them! Only the net proceeds of his Majesty's share of a few slave ships sold and paid into the military chest at Sierra Leone; and the collection of idle people assembled in that settlement, which require an establishment exceeding in expenditure L.800,000 per annum to keep them idle, and from disappearing from the map of the world!

Listen to facts. Attend to truth. What have we done in Africa? Have we suppressed the Slave Trade? No! It is *quadrupled* in extent, and QUINTUPLED in horrors. Have we civilized or reclaimed,—that is, have we made more moral and industrious a single African beyond the bounds,—nay, even within the bounds, of our own narrow territories? No! Have we taught, or have we planted additional agriculture in Africa? No! Have we extended or created commerce in Africa? No! At this day it is less in the *bona fide* articles of legitimate commerce than it was in 1789. †Have we created a settlement in Africa, with which, in case of war and misfortune, we could at a peace purchase any British object or interest in any other quarter, by renouncing or exchanging it? No! The meanest power in the world would scorn to accept, even as a free gift, the whole of the settlements which we at present maintain in Africa! In a political point of view, is Sierra Leone, a Gibraltar, a Malta, the Ionian Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, a Mauritius, a Ceylon, a Sincapore, a Bermuda, a Barbadoes, or a Jamaica? No! It commands nothing—it influences nothing in this world! What, then, I must repeat, have we done IN Africa, or FOR Africa? The answer must be—NOTHING! And what, in our connexion with Africa, have we done for Great Britain? Why, we have *sacrificed* thousands of valuable lives; and we have squandered away many,—MANY MILLIONS of money! Yet the work of folly, and delusion, and extravagance, and waste, still proceeds! Will the nation and our legislature submit to this for ever? Impossible!

I have thus, and at great length, adverted to Mr Macaulay's work, and followed out the Report of the Commissioners, in order therefrom to shew the accuracy of my former statements, and the misrepresentations, the errors, and the falsehoods, put forth by my irritated and incautious opponent, regarding the detested spot. The reproaches of "mercenary writer," "partizan of West Indian slave-owners," and all such ribaldry, the contemptible weapons of detected delinquency, and exposed error, and Afri-

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* Exclusive of claims made, but not yet paid, for bounties, and illegal captures, which, it may be a low estimate to take at L.200,000! In the Naval estimates there is the sum of L.40,000 granted annually for "*pilotage, bounties* on slaves," &c. the proportion of which sum for "bounties on slaves," we learn by Par. Pap. 20 of 1823, was L.12,785.

† Par. Pap. 225 of 1826. Imports from W. C. Africa, goods,				L.154,948	0	0
Sierra Leone Gazette, June 19, 1826. Gold dust,				100,000	0	0
Total,				L.254,948	0	0
Trade 1789. Rep. Comm. Privy Council, Part IV. No. 10.						
Imports direct, goods,	L.117,817	0	0			
Ditto, by way of West Indies,	5000	0	0			
Gold dust,	200,000	0	0			
				322,817	0	0

Our whole expenditure in Africa was then only a grant for Gold Coast, which, on an average of years, by Par. Pap. 724 of 1822, p. 13, was only L.19,062 4 2!!

can malevolence, I treat with scorn. These have had their day, and are now only used by the jaundiced eye and malevolent pen of Mr Kenneth Macaulay, by pens which are paid beforehand, or work under "*Contract*," in all they do, and the junta which sets them on; but these weapons can no longer crush truth, nor shield deception. The point at issue is not, whether I am connected with the East Indies or with the West Indies,—with the Mufti of Mecca, or the Lama of Thibet,—but whether what I have stated with regard to Sierra Leone, is true or untrue? This is the point at issue—the question before the public;—a question which Mr Kenneth Macaulay can neither answer by misrepresentation, nor evade by false and unmerited reproaches. Let him rail, bluster, write—his efforts are vain. Sierra Leone and its system will be pursued from day to day, from year to year, till it is corrected, or abandoned! He cannot prevent this. *His* system, HIS Sierra Leone also, as it is, and some of its *thick-and-thin* supporters, as they are, have, in defiance of his and their anger, and their efforts, each been drawn forth, and recorded in volumes which will not soon decay, and imprinted in pages such as these in which I have again the honour to address you;—which will exist and be read when he and they, and the whole concern—yea, even MARO, AFFOOA, ACTOOA, and KOCKQUO—are rotten and forgotten!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE is read (where is it not read?) on the Coast of Africa, and welcomed as a deliverer from cant, error, deception, and imposition. And at Sierra Leone, such dialogues as the following frequently take place: "Have you seen the *Last Number*," say military gentlemen stationed there, as they run to meet, at landing, officers of the navy coming in from a cruise. "No! Anything in it?" "Yes! Another tickler to them!" "Can we see it?" "Almost impossible—very difficult." "But we must see it before we are off!" "Well, let us think; perhaps you may get a peep at Mr C—n's store, where a Number lies in some measure *pro bono publico*, and almost torn to pieces from the number of hands which endeavour to get hold of it." Off they go—rush amidst the assemblage—read perhaps three deep. "*Surprising!*"—"astonishing!"—"who in this world informs him?"—"who tells him all these things?"—"how does he get such correct information?" &c. &c. "Aye," observes Mr C—n, with a sigh, "there it is—quite correct—WE CANNOT DENY A WORD OF IT!"

Except as it will benefit my country, the civilization of Africa can do me no service. Our present system is decidedly wrong, and it is with satisfaction I perceive that a new point is to be chosen, and a more judicious system, it is presumed, to be adopted. But it is with pain I perceive that the expedition sent to accomplish this has been dispatched at an improper season of the year; and it is with greater pain I perceive that it has been directed to call at Sierra Leone, more especially in the midst of the sickly season, (August,) in consequence of which the accounts from that fatal spot, dated the 14th of September, inform us that the crew of the Diadem transport had already got sickly, which, it is to be feared, will spread; and they may be thus cut off by disease, or carry it with them to be cut off in an island where as yet they have neither home nor shelter; and thus the whole undertaking be blasted, which if it is, adieu to the civilization of Africa; for with and from Sierra Leone, it is now evident Great Britain never can accomplish that work. I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

Glasgow, Dec. 10, 1827.

P.S.—A house rented by Government in Sierra Leone, at the rate of L.500 sterling per annum, belonged to Mr K. Macaulay. The Commissioners, p. 103, tell us, "that it would not sell for THREE YEARS' purchase!"

PROJECTED CATHEDRAL AT LIVERPOOL.

The Corporation of Liverpool are said to have solicited the erection of a Bishopric, for which they are in return to show their zeal by the erection of a Cathedral. The Bishopric is to be composed of the diocese of the Isle of Man, and a fragment of that of Chester. The diocese of Man is an absurd anomaly in the establishment, for it makes his Grace the Duke of Athol head of a church, and gives him the disposal of a mitre, which, of course, always falls on the head of the "gude blude." This strange privilege ought to be extinguished, and probably will, by the way most congenial to the pockets of the great dispensers of the good things of this world. But the formation of a new diocese out of that of Chester may have its difficulties. Chester is an immense diocese, extending over a considerable part of the north-west, even into Yorkshire; but it has the episcopal objection of being rather unproductive as it is. Such a Bishop as Bishop Bloomfield deserves the richest see of them all; and even if he should be translated, his successor will have to stomach the mortification.

But the proposal of the Liverpool people is more obnoxious. To build a Cathedral would be to embark in a tremendous expense, for no useful object under the sun. Cathedrals were the natural growth of the monkish system. When rival abbots laboured to attract popular favour to their pious fooleries, by exciting popular wonder, the Cathedral, too, was the scene of rival ambition. Nothing could better show off the idolatrous tricks or the pompous train of this early prelacy. The Cathedral, besides, gave the chief employment that men of monkish seclusion could find for the exercise of their tastes in architecture, which were sometimes cultivated in Italy, and were admirable. The expense of the building was unimportant to those who received immense sums of money which they had but few other means of employing; the work gave occupation to artists and the peasantry. It was equivalent to the manufacturing occupation of later days, and at once made the brotherhood popular, serviceable to the district, comfortable and stately in their dwellings, and secure in the possession of a property which could not be taken from them by the common predatory habits of the time. They produced noble buildings; and however it is to be regretted that the enormous sums laid out on them were not better employed, in the popular education, in the propagation of science, or in works of humanity and charity, yet here we have them, and it would be culpable to let them go to decay. But the idea of building new Cathedrals is totally absurd, extravagant, and useless. The modern expense of building a single Cathedral on the old scale—and to build it on any other must be beggarly—would actually erect fifty tolerable churches, which are as much wanting in the northern parts of the diocese of Chester as in any other quarter of the kingdom,—would repair all the glebe-houses,—would erect and furnish an hospital in every town in Lancashire, and, in short, do a multitude of most useful and most necessary things. The best Cathedral that we could build would be a bad one, for economy would, of course, be among the principles of the founders. But economy has nothing to do with the lavish expenditure that alone could make one of those edifices in any degree correspondent to the name. We should have a bad Cathedral, probably never more than half-finished; for the funds and the zeal of the Corporation would soon be equally exhausted by the expenditure, which would so soon be discovered to be totally misapplied.

The fact is, that the whole Cathedral system is, to the mind even of churchmen, the most cumbrous and inefficient part of the church polity. The reformers, however, were forced to take it as it was—edifice, form of government, and state of revenue. The prebends were once little better than sinecures; and though they are now often given to men diligently employed in parishes, or perhaps as the rewards of literature, they are obnoxious from their being connected with scarcely any other actual duty than that of sitting in a stall twice a-day, for a month or two in a year, for an hour at a time, which is called residence, and which any man alive may do, and devote the rest of his existence to lounging at a watering-place,

touring on the continent, or going pleasantly through the nothingness of London life. This is not said in a spirit of reproach to the general spirit of the British ecclesiastics, for they uniformly, when they have any sense of the infinitely solemn importance of their duty, regret this temptation to indolence, a temptation which is besides chiefly reserved for men willing enough already to save themselves trouble—the sons and connexions of the higher orders. The whole system ought to be revised. The stalls ought to be connected with positive duties. The Cathedrals ought to be turned into Colleges for theological education, or for some public purpose connected with the public knowledge. The stalls ought to be given to clergymen distinguished by their literature, and who would be actual professors. It is singular that in England, the Protestant head of Europe, and the actual stronghold of whatever religious truth subsists among men, there is no institution for religious education. In the universities it forms an altogether subordinate branch, and the divine is left to hunt out his knowledge as well as he can.

What is the practical value of St Paul's and Westminster Abbey as *churches?* Next to nothing. A corner is railed off, in which a service is chanted, which during the week nobody attends, which on Sundays is attended by no more than the ordinary congregation of any of the small churches, and which is the most incongruous and unsuitable form of service, as any one will know who attempts to *sing* his prayers. The Cathedral and its service are equally the legacy of Papal times. St Paul's and Westminster Abbey are actually little better than cemeteries, and very fine ones they are; and it is well, on the whole, that we have such receptacles for our national monuments. But as there are no such uses for our country cathedrals, however it may be right to keep them up, the Liverpool Corporation will act wisely in thinking a little, before they fling away their money on a mountain of stone, useless to every purpose but those of the contractors for the stones, and the idle, who may be pleased to promenade its aisles. Let them build churches, hospitals, and alms-houses, if they have money to dispose of, and desire to dispose of it usefully.

MANAGERS OF THE OPERA.

Why, among the innumerable books of the day, has no book appeared on the destiny of Theatres? The Opera-House is in the market again. It would seem of all others the most certain source of fortune, yet nothing is more unaccountable than the fates of every lessee of this theatre, contrasted with the eagerness for the purchase. The history of the adventurers for the last half century would be worthy of a first-rate collector of the speculations of mankind. Gould, who had the theatre when Kelly, whose Memoirs have lately so much amused the world, was manager, died, it was supposed, deeply embarrassed. Some of his shares got into the hands of an opulent trader, Waters, who purchased on until he had in one way or other embarked little less than a plum in the speculation. He grew sick of it, and a party started up to purchase his title. They actually offered him L.90,000. He pondered on this most tempting chance of independence, but some property boxes to be soon out of lease, and to revert to the income of the lessee, tempted Waters still more; he finally refused the offer, with expectation of making a mine of gold out of those boxes. He relied on a banker, the banker relied on something else; both were mistaken; the bank stopped, and Waters went abroad *sur le champ.*

Another lessee was Taylor, whose name has figured so often in the perpetual Chancery proceedings of this theatre. He, however, began his speculation with so little to lose, that his losses could not be formidable; but his chief dwelling continued to the last to be in a place where, as the wits say, to live *within Rules,* is not always to live in comfort.

Ebers, a respectable and active manager, then took it, urged by the peculiar patrons of the Italian Theatre among the nobility. He carried it on with unusual spirit, and apparently with considerable success. But he too

is gone. At present there is actually a keen canvass for the hire of the theatre from year to year. Laurent, a Frenchman, a most dashing speculator, is stirring up powerful patronage to back his proposal. This man is certainly not afraid of being overstocked with business. For he has already the English theatre in Paris, a theatre in Brussels, branches of theatres in other places of the Continent, and some interest in the theatres of Italy, to which he is labouring to add the tremendous responsibility of the King's Theatre. What is the business of a prime minister to this man's wear and tear of brain! His chief antagonist on the present occasion is one, who, like himself, sets distance at defiance; Price, the manager at once of Drury-Lane and of New-York, with half a dozen, or half a hundred theatres besides in the States. His management of Drury-Lane certainly affords a favourable promise of his success in any dramatic speculation. Following poor Elliston, who had every fault of rashness, over-activity, and under-diligence, the cleverest, giddiest, most hurrying, and most tardy of earthly creatures, his whole conduct has formed the most advantageous contrast, and his success has corresponded to his prudence. At a season when theatres can but seldom collect an audience, he has full houses. A train of new performances, the secret of success, has rapidly been presented, without being pressed on the public. If they have been found unpopular, the manager has flung them aside after a night or two, and something else has started forth. The result has been success to the theatre.

Other candidates for the Opera-House are making their proposals with the vigour of projectors, and the Duke of Devonshire is understood to declare his astonishment that there is so much money on earth to be disposed of in scenery and singing, and his sorrow that his acceptance of a "sinecure" should have suddenly overloaded him with the most laborious office under the Crown.

MILITARY UNIFORMS.

It is said that the present state of the military uniforms is about to undergo some revision, and that already the revision has produced, as military matters may be fairly entitled to do, some very belligerent conversation in very high quarters. The Lord High Admiral has begun with his department, and the navy are in future to invest their lower man in blue trowsers, seamed with gold, for dress, instead of close white pantaloons, which must have been, of all possible investments, the most inconvenient for tars. The naval uniform in all other points is, however, the most rational of that of all our services, because the practical life of the navy compels a man to rationality. The cocked hat may be an exception, for no more inconvenient contrivance for covering or comfort was ever adopted for the human head. But it is seldom used on board, its chief display is on gala days, and in the streets of the dock-yards; and if the navy are fond of it, they may be allowed to have their whim. But the dress of the army is the true object of censure.

Of the two purposes of uniform,—to give the soldier a convenient clothing, and to distinguish him from the enemy, —neither is attained by the present system, and the failure in the latter point is striking and unaccountable. The entire service, which is most likely to be confounded with the enemy, from the nature of its operations, and whose confounding is, of course, most hazardous to the general force, is actually made as like as possible to the same description of troops in the foreign armies. If we have lancers to raise, instead of making them so obviously British as to leave no liability to mistake in the field, we dress them on the very model of the French; who, notwithstanding all their experience, are so afflicted with Melodramatic taste, that they make everything on the model of a stage-tailor. We load the horseman with a cap of sickening weight, good for nothing as a defence, and so high, that in the commonest breeze half his time is taken up with keeping it from flying off, with himself in it. We cover the English face, not merely with the dandyism of the mustache, a military-looking appendage enough when worn by a foreign-

er, but inevitably incongruous and coxcombish when pasted on an English countenance. But the Lancer goes farther, and buries his physiognomy in a huge bush of beard—which would do honour to a Turk, and leaves scarcely any other evidence of the human face than the nose and eyes. At three inches off, no man could distinguish between this bearded burlesque and any savage from Scythia. The rest of the uniform is exactly of the cut, the colour, and the frippery of the Frenchman. The accumulation of all this foolery, which costs a prodigious deal to the country in the case of the privates, as may be judged from the expense of the officers' uniform, which amounts to about five hundred pounds, actually unfits the British soldier for anything but a dandy. Our light cavalry are, of all others, the most inefficient in the field. The outpost duty is intrusted to our German allies, and the charges are given up to the heavy dragoons. Yet these lancers are, of course, individually as brave as other men. But the evil does not stop here. From their studied similitude to French cavalry, the enemy have frequently contrived to get in upon our infantry; the firing that might have repelled them was restrained, under the idea that they were our own troops, and the mistake was discovered only when they began sabreing away in our very lines.

All our light cavalry are upon the same principle, as close as possible in their resemblance to the foreigners, and no officer alive could tell, at a quarter of a mile's distance, whether the column of light cavalry advancing upon him were English or foreign. To what hesitation this doubt might give rise, in circumstances where hesitation may be ruin, is easily conceivable. Yet all this hazard, which may be the utter destruction of an army or of a kingdom, is incurred from our taste for the fashions of men, to whom the British troops, undebased by foreign frippery, have been in every age superior. The whole of our light cavalry wear blue, for no other earthly reason than that the French and German cavalry wear blue. To say that this absurd imitation is for the sake of tricking the French in the field, is to know but little of the French, who are our masters in trickery of every kind, and who, in the field, are sure to turn our clumsy tricks against us. To say that blue is necessary for concealment in the operations of light cavalry, is absurd, to those who know that cavalry of any kind have little or nothing to do in woods or ditches; that to conceal the horse is next to impossible; and that to sit as a vidette and gallop off with intelligence, is the most that can be expected of any light-horseman; or, at all events, of the British trooper. But if concealment were to be ensured, its fullest advantages are not to be put in competition with a tenth of the disadvantages felt in every campaign by the Infantry Officer's utter impossibility of discovering, a few hundred yards off, whether the regiment, riding down upon him, is coming to reinforce or to charge.

The arming of the light-horseman is equally cumbrous. He is loaded with a carbine, which, in the line, he never uses, and which in skirmishing he uses to no effect. The German mounted marksman is a valuable soldier, for his shots tell from practice. Not one shot out of five hundred of the British is calculated to do anything better than frighten the crows. His horse is unruly under fire, his hand is unpractised, and he only wastes powder, and exposes himself to be taken down by the enemy's rifles. A dozen carbineers to a regiment, trained to the use of the weapon, would be enough for the purpose of protecting the outposts of the camp, or concealing the movements of the lines, and would save the general incumbrance and expense of a weighty and an expensive weapon.

The true service for the British is the heavy cavalry. An Englishman will never equal a foreigner in the outpost duties. He wants the forest habits; he is unaccustomed to the half wild life familiar to the Austrian hussar; he can never attain the patient vigilance, the power of enduring thirst, hunger, and the weather, nor even the adroitness in the management of his charger and weapons, that are almost native to the light troops of Germany. We also disregard the common expedients which might, in some degree, remedy those original disabilities. Who ever hears in England of a summer camp for the exercise of the cavalry? The thing is done every year in every principality of the Continent. The troops are there

taught to take up positions, to move over various kinds of ground, to manœuvre, to bivouac; the whole activity of a campaign is gone through, and nothing new to either officer or soldier can occur on actual service. In England we have still extensive spaces for such exercises. A camp on Dartmoor would give the range of a country wide enough for the whole display of a campaign. But we need not go so far. Windsor Forest would allow of every operation on the most interesting scale. Health, activity, and intelligence, would be combined, and the next scene of actual service would tell a different tale from the history of the British light-horse in the Peninsula and Flanders. But why should not the equivocal and foreign colour be changed at once for the English red? It is infinitely handsomer, is not more expensive, is as easily kept clean, and at once adds to the appearance of the soldier and the security of the general system.

Why should our other branch of service, the artillery, wear blue, when red is the distinguishing colour of the British army? In short, why should there be the existing rage for making the army as motley as possible, with only the principle preserved of making it as unlike a British one, and as like a French, as we can? The rifle corps must be excepted, as their business is concealment, and the more their colour resembles the trees, or the grass in which they lurk, the better. But in all other instances let us discard the foreign foolery. If Englishmen have beaten their enemies without the help of mustaches and beards, cuirasses and enormous conical caps, blue coats, and lace enough on one of them to eat up the fortune of a younger son—let us do without those absurdities, and fight with clean faces, and limbs clothed in the same colour in which Marlborough rode over the field at Blenheim.

STEAM CARRIAGES.

The most novel application of that most powerful of all agents, Steam, is now coming before the public in a form which at least promises practical effects. Gurney, an ingenious chemist and mechanician, has, after various attempts and failures, brought his steam carriage into a state allowing of actual experiment on the road. It some time since ran up Highgate Hill, a very steep ascent, at the rate of probably ten miles an hour; but its descent was more formidably rapid, for the pilot was unable to guide its velocity, and it tore off one of its wheels. To be run away with by a horse of this kind, that would think nothing of whirling carriage, passengers, and all, into the third heavens, or dissolving them to a jelly in the face of mankind, was too perilous an adventure to be assured of popularity. In the meantime another engineer sent another steam carriage to perambulate the streets, but his name was the most disastrous imaginable for the purpose. An old Roman would have pronounced him destined by fate never to prosper in steam apparatus, for the name was *Burstall.* The omen was true, for the carriage blew up, and boiled and parboiled several scientific spectators, doing at the same time the good work of washing the faces of the mob far and wide.

Gurney's carriage is now ready, like a pair of lovers, for a run on the north road, and the Edinburgh mail may begin to tremble. But its first run will be to Windsor to pay its respects to Majesty, as in duty bound. It is next to visit Bristol by day, and having felt its way in sunshine, is to try its speed with the mail; this will be a decisive proof of its locomotive powers, for the rapidity of the Bristol mail is such, that double insurance is said to be required by the Offices for all who travel in it, and all who have anything to leave are publicly requested to make their wills. But this machine has the one grand defect, that the steamery is under the feet of the passengers. The mighty agent which could make mincemeat of the whole cargo at a moment's warning, is working under the boards on which 20 human beings pretend to be at their ease, travelling fourteen miles an hour. Where the journey may end, whether at Bristol or in the other world, is the problem; and it will be some time before those who are not zealous of their speedy riddance of all the cares of life, will be

induced thus to soar upon hot-water wings. The engineer protests, by all the names of philosophy, that a blowing up is utterly impossible. But in the modern philosophy, the most *impossible* things have come to pass so often, that a man attached to his own vertebræ may well be allowed to indulge a little scepticism.

The machine will never be entitled to popularity, until the chance of blowing up is entirely out of the question; which it can scarcely be, while the steam-engine forms a part of the carriage. It must be detached, and at some distance from the carriage, and be not a steam-coach, but a steam-horse. Then, though our steed be blown, we shall not be in the same condition, which, though perhaps easily cured in his system of pipes, boilers, and valves, would defy the pharmacopœia in ours. And to this construction the machine will naturally come, and we shall have steam-teams for vans, and waggons; steam-sets for mail coaches, and single horse powers of any shape, size, or colour, necessary for the generation of the Tilburies.

The comforts and conveniencies of this contrivance will be universal and obvious. Gentlemen nice about matching their horses, will have nothing to do but send their own pattern to the japanner, and they may have any colour from scarlet to sky-blue. Awkward whips will drive like the choicest artists of Cambridge, without any more trouble than that of holding a rudder. The peculiar *genus* described in the advertisements, as "timid gentlemen, that love an easy-going cob, tender in the mouth, and pacing like a lady," may have one that will no more start or fling out than a Bath chair; and to the romantic, the whole romance of guiding fiery chargers by a pin in the forehead, will be realized in perfection, at the rate of sixpence a-soar! But if we can conceive this use of steam to be brought to that practical excellence which will allow of its general employment, the effects must be curious, and nationally beneficial in a very high degree. Its evils to the horse trade, or the travelling trade, or the oat trade, it must be idle to set in competition with any one of its advantages. Those advantages, too, will not be so rapid, that time will not be given for things to find their level, and thus the least possible evil be done. Political economy is, three-fourths of it, utter nonsense, or utter ignorance, made presumptuous by the use of high-sounding words, and exclusive pretensions; nothing, too, can be less wise than the attempt to overthrow an established manufacture for the sake of making the experiment of an unestablished one, or trying how far we may beat the French in silks and gloves, by allowing the British artizans of both to try how long they could live without eating. But where we obtain a new power over nature, we have a new source of national wealth; and no matter what it may displace for the moment, we are sure that it will replace the loss by ten times, or a thousand times, the gain. The spinning-jennies and power-looms have increased the weavers of England from 100,000 to nearly three millions! The steam-boats have perhaps not thrown a single ship out of employment, while they have increased the general tonnage, and rendered the intercourse of England with her dependencies and the Continent a matter of certainty. If the steam-carriage can be made general, its effects will be more important to us than even those of the steam-boat, as being applicable to a greater variety of purposes, more easy of employment, and involving less expense. The result on travelling would be probably ten passengers on the road for one; an obvious benefit to the trusts, to the innkeepers and the towns; the increased cheapness and facility of conveying every kind of produce, domestic, commercial, and agricultural. We should have flocks and herds carried up to our markets without the present delay, expense, and exhaustion of the animals. Corn, coals, all the necessaries and comforts of cities, would be brought with rapidity and ease by steam waggons, and exchanged with the country for the merchandize that now must go by the slow and expensive passage of canals and the coast. The intercourse from corner to corner of England would probably be increased in all its details tenfold or fiftyfold, within a few years; and there would be no assignable limit to its increase, except the surcharge of every corner with the produce of every other—a period beyond calculation.

The horse-breeders would possibly

feel the invention, in the partial decay of their trade for horses for the road. But the decay on the whole might be but trifling; with the general intercourse of the island, and the consequent general cheapness of living, men would have more money to lay out on luxuries, and a fine horse will be a luxury to the end of time. Thousands would keep horses for one that keeps them now. The consumption of provender for these animals might fall off for a little while; but if the farmer sowed less oats, he would have but the more room to sow wheat; the profits would be the same, and the public would be possessed of its food at a cheaper rate. Besides, in the operations of agriculture, the horse is at present a chief source of expense—the saving of that expense would be a fortune to the farmer. The Steam-horse, or plough, would besides be a better servant; it would not be tired, but would work as well by night as by day, and perhaps with the usual superiority of mechanism over animal power. It would thus do twice, or ten times, the work, in a brief period, when it was of the utmost importance, from the state of the weather, that time should be made the most of. It would do it better and more regularly. The Steam-horse would not be sick, it would not lose a shoe, nor run lame, nor require food through the winter. Every operation of the farm, from the first turning up of the ground to the harvest-home, might be intrusted to Steam in one shape or other of carriage, and this exemplary drudge would work wonders in all. In the forest it would plant, cut down, and carry home the tree; it would drag the boat against the river, or along the canal; it would rear chickens and carry them to market, with half the village on its back; it would stack the corn, and thrash it, and bake it, and carry it in fresh loaves from Bristol to London between breakfast and dinner. All the old miracles of locomotion, the arrow of Abaris, the car of Phaeton, the flying serpents of Triptolemus, the gryphons of the Arab magicians, and the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, will be tardy and trifling to the Steam-horse. Pegasus himself never soared higher flights, nor the Python was more irresistible.

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.*

Let no man abuse the Doctors, either of Religion or Medicine. We love the healing tribe, because we love our own souls and our own bodies. The soul being considered, on the whole, a superior article to the body, it might be said that we ought to prefer a parson to a physician. But no such inference can be logically drawn from such premises. For, in the first place, we do not positively know that the soul is a superior article to the body. That is a mere conjecture. Secondly, we do not positively know that the soul is a different article from the body. Here we are—soul and body it may be—or merely a Something which should in our humility be nameless—a something which thinks, feels, fears, loves, hates, goes mad, and—dies; and that is all we know about it, whether we choose to call ourselves Materialists or Immaterialists. As long as we believe that we are the children of God, and strive to act accordingly, in that creed we are safe. But thirdly, making use of the common distinction of soul and body, and giving the usual superiority to the former, still we need not prefer the parson to the physician. And that for many reasons. First, we know—men in general we mean—more of our own souls than we do of our own bodies—and therefore cannot surrender our judgment so entirely to the one professional man in black as to the other. Secondly, the soul is often sick and sore—sadly out of sorts—without our being aware of it—whereas no ailment assails the body without our shrewdly suspecting that something is amiss. For once, therefore, that we call in a parson, professionally, we send twenty times for a physician. Who ever heard, except in extreme cases, of knocking up a parson, out of his warm bed at midnight, to visit a sick patient? Thirdly, the spiritual Pharmacopœia is very meagre. The ablest practitioner—can he minister to a mind disea-

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* Sure Methods of Improving Health, and Prolonging Life, &c. By a Physician. London,—Simpkin and Marshall, &c. 1827.

sed? He may feel our pulse—look wise—order conscience a purge—and depart. But we, the poor miserable sinner, toss on our bed, give no sign, and die. Not a word more on that point. Fourthly, bad as the diseases of the soul are—very bad indeed—quite shocking—they seldom prove fatal; when they do, the patient lingers for a long time with a rueful countenance—and seems neither the better nor the worse of all ghostly prescriptions. Nay, what more common than a hoary-headed hale sinner of fourscore? But the diseases of the body, though sometimes mild and tedious, have a manifest tendency towards death, and therefore we take the alarm speedily, and long for the face of the physician. Fifthly, the diseases of the soul yield intensest pleasure—deny it not—and the active sinner laughs the praying and preaching parson to scorn. But the diseases of the body twitch and twinge, and pinch, and tear, and squeeze, and stifle, and suffocate, and we cry out with a loud voice to be released from the stake in fire or flood.

For these, and a thousand other reasons, we are inclined, contrary to what might have been expected of us, to prefer the physician to the parson. Still the parson is dear to us—exceedingly dear. We have a most particular esteem for him in pulpit and in parlour—in the pit of the General Assembly, or of the theatre—in peace or polemics—exhausting topics or teinds—battling for the Bible—or against the Apocrypha. As a bottle-companion—a friend—nay, a brother, we love him; but when anything goes very wrong with our soul—when the *primæ viæ* are obstructed—when we shiver in an ague—or in the delirium of fever, "see more devils than vast hell can hold,"--would you believe it?--we give the servant orders to tell the minister that we are not at home, hide our heads below the bed-clothes, and remember indistinctly what Shakspeare says—

> "Therein the patient must minister to himself."

We have scarcely been able to bring ourselves to believe, that human beings are in general indifferent about the state either of their bodies or of their souls. It is the high-flown fashionable doctrine, however, at present, both in the Religious and Medical World. The soul may be sorrowfully and penitentially sensible of its sins, without wishing to obtrude its sufferings on the notice of all eyes,—and a careless exterior may conceal a serious habit of inward self-meditation. That portion of the life of almost every individual that is visible and audible to the public eye and ear, is necessarily the least spiritual; and we can learn little or nothing of any man till we have been with him in his familiar privacy, and seen something of the chosen channels in which his thoughts and feelings love to travel, when his hearth is lighted and his house hushed. What false judgments does even the religious world pass,—and how slowly does it rescind or revoke them, even on new and full evidence, clear as the light of day! Charity is indeed then an angel, when she searches for, and sees, and believes, in the religion that lies hidden in almost all human hearts—unrepelled and unprovoked by differences in faith, creed, profession, pursuits, manners, or appearances, and still inspired in all her judgments of other human beings, by that meek yet lofty spirit of which the word "Christian" expresses the sacred signification.

We would almost venture to say, that many people are too anxious about the state of their souls, their anxiety making them selfish in all their religion. They deliver their consciences up into some saintly keeping, that it may be safe, and a look or a whisper from the mortal creature in whom they have put their trust, disturbs their serenity, and throws them before him almost upon their very knees. There is much Popery in our Protestant land; and the days are not yet gone by of auricular confession. Perhaps the people who speak least of their faith, have it deepest and most steadfast,—preserving its sanctity unprofaned by unseasonable colloquies,—avowing it on the Sabbath before man as well as God in public worship,—and to God alone every morning and every evening in the private chamber of their own thoughts. Yet may they be pronounced, by the rash judgments of the righteous overmuch, indifferent about the state of their souls!

Just so with that which we call our bodies. It is not possible that rational beings can be utterly careless about the health of their bodies any more

than of their souls. We all fear to die,—and at the slightest tap from the finger of Death at the door of our earthly tabernacle, how we hurry to barricado it, and to fasten all the bolts and bars! True, that when that disturber of all our peace is thought to be at a distance, we forget how suddenly he can be with us, and through what a small cranny he can creep in! But in this case, too, we may be too anxious about this body of ours, and look now in the same sort of selfish superstition towards the physician, as we did then towards the priest,—beseeching and imploring him to keep our body from disease,—terrified at the thought of its ceasing to breathe, and dropping and decaying into dust.

It is our belief, then, that people are, for the most part, far from being indifferent about the state either of their souls or bodies, although they are too often betrayed into fits of strange forgetfulness of the true interests of both, and into the adoption of the worst possible means for preserving their well-being; and this, we hope, will not be considered too serious matter for an introduction to an article which is intended to be, on the whole, of a facetious character—for mirth may be moral, and laughter as salutary as tears.

We have been very fortunate in our physicians—that is to say, we have had them of all the Three Kinds—and yet are alive, and supped at Ambrose's on Thursday. First, we have had, and have now, your man of education—your scholar and your gentleman—who is as open, honest, and sincere at your bedside, as at your dinner-table, and who would be disinterestedly sorry were you, in spite of his efforts to detain you here, to go to another and a better world. Experience has strengthened and refined his sagacity into an instinct; and what skill and knowledge can do, he will do for us, should we, which may be highly probable, die tomorrow. He is no monger of mysterious monosyllables—no silent head-shaker—no appalling mute, with one fearful fore-finger on your pulse, and two horrid eyes fixed on your face, till you are faint with the ticking of that accursed chronometer in your swimming brain—while you think you see visions of undertakers, saulies, a hearse, and many mourning coaches—a deep-dug wet hole, much shovelling, the sudden off-taking of hats, and the breaking up of anything but a convivial party, all discussing your character, and wondering if you have died rich or poor. Every smile on his face is worth a fee, and you set death and the devil at defiance, when he asks you "if you do not think the last an admirable Noctes, and Murray inimitable in Pong Wong?"

The Second Kind is your Old Woman. A pleasing imbecility reigns over face and figure—his speech is a trefoil of terror, stutter, and lisp; and he smiles so sweetly, that you pluck up courage to believe that you cannot possibly be near the last agonies. His sole anxiety is about your bowels—he beseeches you to keep quiet—administers his pill—tells you not to allow yourself to be flurried—and as he trips bustling away, and keeps talking to himself, and your housekeeper, all the way down stairs, and out of the street-door, you begin cautiously to put first one leg out of the bed, and then another, and having found your breeches secreted in your drawers, you apparel yourself in warm winter raiment, order dinner, and in a few hours are sitting with a friend, with your feet on the fender, and on your right hand a jug of hot toddy, a cheerful and chatty convalescent.

The Third Sort is your Quack—and from him Heaven preserve all the subscribers to this Magazine! Hard-hearted, coarse, vulgar, greedy, profligate, and unprincipled, in his unfearing ignorance, you see at once that he is the active partner in the firm of Mors, Morbus, and Co. He treats you as if you were a horse, and drenches you with drugs to death. Hence so many widows left with eight children—so many men six feet high on Monday, and only six feet long on the Saturday following—letters announcing the death of contributors on the eves of articles—in place of marriage-sheets, funeral-shrouds—instead of trips to the Trossachs in jaunting cars, rattling along eight miles an hour, journeys to the place of interment in the Grey Friars and the West Kirk churchyard, in a vehicle that, although drawn by six horses, goes nodding on at a snail's pace, and lands you in the dirt at last. The quack attends impatiently the patient corpse, in his own chariot, and then drives off to give the coup-de-grace to another incumbent.

The house visited by the true physician is known from the aspect of its inmates—especially the children. There is an airy freedom in the figures of the family; a clear-skinned complexion of face, inclining to pinkiness; a laughing lustre of lip and eye, set off by the glitter of well-brushed hair; a taking tidiness about the dress of the creatures, as if health and happiness had stood behind them at the mirror. This you seldom or never meet with in a house annoyed by the Old Woman, or cursed by the Quack. Not that the Old Woman often does much serious mischief to the bairns; that is to say, she seldom either kills them outright (though such things occasionally happen) or for life ruins their constitution. But then she teaches them to have recourse, on the most insignificant occasions, to small bottles and boxes, so that not the slightest touch of a sore throat, a headach, or a colic, is suffered to go off of its own accord, but must be ejected by drop or pill; while the amiable patient appears with a yard of flannel round her pretty throat, or a cap on her curly head, and is treated perhaps for a whole week as a valetudinarian. The Old Woman frequently infects both parents with her own fiddle-faddle, and when there is unfortunately no illness of any kind in their own families, they are like people appointed to a Dispensary, and prescribe for all the paupers about the place. We know not how it is, but were we a young man, we should not—we could not—we would not—marry out of a family attended by an Old Woman. Certain habits are disgusting; and from young women, whose health has been under the care of old women, that sensitive and instinctive delicacy is not to be expected, which guards wedded life from all offence of coarseness, and preserves to the husband's eyes the matron-wife pure and beautiful as the virgin-mistress.

As for the Quack, when he has fairly established himself in a house—farewell, domestic peace! He is a paid and privileged murderer. All your family, even when at their highest health, are more or less sick; when allowed to be ill, they are at death's door; and when they die, it is in some startling and shocking manner, enough to break your heart and turn your brain. Although two children are perhaps born to you in three years—your family never increases; and by the time that you and your wife are fifty, looking dismally about the house, you see yourselves to be childless, and feel yourselves to be old people.

There is, it must be confessed, something exceedingly perplexing in the medical profession. We are subject to a vast variety of diseases; and physicians, in order to cure them, study the art or science of medicine. By dint of extraordinary natural sagacity, great practice and experience, a physician becomes so wise in the knowledge of all diseases, and antidotes to death, that he acquires the character of a life-preserver. You see him driving about with supplies of health in his carriage, just like that neat cart-waggon with its Peebles ale, dropping comfort at every door. He dies; and in some half-dozen years or so, a physician whom he had long kept down, lifts up his now undepressed head, and gets into prodigious practice. He adopts a system diametrically opposite to that of his predecessor. That which the one said would kill, the other says will cure. Now, the question to be answered is, which of these two men is the murderer? If it indeed be within the power of medical treatment to put a patient to death, a hot close room, with a huge fire and nailed windows, and a cool airy room with no fire at all, and windows frequently open, cannot be equally good for a small child, with its face one blotch of small-pox. So on with all other complaints under the sun, moon, and stars. Fathers and mothers fall down on their knees before physicians, blessing them for having, under God, rescued a beloved child from the tomb; while, had they known the truth, as it is expounded by a future Hippocrates, they would have screamed him off the premises as an assassin. Yet the bills of mortality preserve a wonderfully nice equilibrium; and it would almost seem that both Life and Death laugh at the doctors. A patient labouring under a hereditary disease, say a cancer in the stomach, like Napoleon—or gout in the toe, like Christopher North—is puzzled, when told that at the very fewest, his father, grandfather, and great grandfather, have been murdered, and that he must submit to a new regimen, the result of

which said new regimen is, some hundred years afterwards, quoted to a generation yet unborn, as one of the most melancholy cases on record, of an invaluable life having been sacrificed to a mistaken policy of insurance. This is to us a riddle, which we wish the clever Sphynx would solve, since Œdipus is dead.

It is pleasing to think how very difficult it is to kill people by improper medical treatment. The doctors have, doubtless, doomed many millions to death—in their day—but many millions more have escaped scot-free from their most pernicious prescriptions, after having swallowed them with the most obedient and grateful simplicity, gulped them down with such monstrous ugly faces, that death most likely took fright and scampered off to do the job of less forbidding and formidable patients. Some people, indeed, there are, whom we defy you to kill by hook or crook—and who, like old castles that have stood sieges without end, will crumble at last into ruins. You do not so much wonder at their tenacity, or rather pertinacity of life, for they are lean, lank, bony, gaunt, grim and ugly customers, of whom death cannot get a fair hold, when the two stand up to wrestle, and it is pronounced a dog-fall—or a draw. But the persons worthy our unqualified admiration, are your poor, puny, slight, slim, slender billies, weighing barely seven stone, and whom Favonius might flit away with under his wing like a leaf—who, the moment they receive the smallest insult from any disease whatever—be he who he may—shew fight, without minding the difference of weight, and often by a dexterous dig on the wind, floor the lubber, amid the uproarious applause of the ring. They then put on their clothes with the utmost sang-froid, and leave the ground without a scratch. We know several such prime bits of stuff—more especially one—a Highlander who was out in the Fifteen, then a mere boy,—and afterwards, of course, in the Forty-five, a growing lad of two score—and who, never measuring above five feet three, nor weighing above seven stone seven—was yesterday—when he came for his caulker—as fine a fellow of a hundred and twenty and upwards, as ever turned up his little finger, although independently of being riddled by balls and bayonets, he ran the gauntlet in many fevers, scarlet, brain, rheumatic, and typhus, through Queensberry House and the Infirmary. Others again there are—fine, straight, stout, jolly ruddy-faced fellows, such as you see in the Six-feet Club, who occasionally go off like the snuff of a candle, after the long wick has been hanging for an hour or two alongside of the melting tallow—or who first keep walking about weakly and weekly in great-coats—are next seen shivering on horseback with long hair to its heels—then observed with whitey-blue faces at the window of a glass-coach—and finally—all within the month—are hearsed invisible to all eyes, and deposited beneath the galleries of the subterranean moudiewarp.

But to return—is the author of this medical work a Physician, an Old Woman, or a Quack? Or is he of the Composite Order? He is an Old Woman. The rustle of the petticoats is heard in the very preface. On his way up stairs, you hear that he and the old lady that used to edit my Grandmother's Review, are twins. His object is, to "impress people with the fact, that there are *certain* means of insuring a freedom from disease, and a long life." He is such an extremely old woman himself—such a dowager Lady Raven—his origin stretches back into such a remote antiquity, that he has little allowance to make for those foolish persons who persist in dying at fourscore. Galen, he tells us, reached, by means of regimen, the great age of one hundred and forty, although his constitution had been much shattered before he had arrived at the twenty-eight mile-stone on the road of life, not then Macadamized. The noble Venetian, Cornaro, half dead at forty, so restored himself to decent health, as to outlive the century that was born along with him, and see it gathered unto its fathers; and there is an Admiral Henry, he tells us, of Rovelden, in Kent, who, till his sixtieth year was a martyr to various chronic diseases, but who some years ago reached the age of ninety-one, and walked daily three miles, back and forward, to the neighbouring town of Tenterden without stopping or wetting his whistle. "The Admiral," quoth he, "is, I believe, now living." No doubt he is, and the very expression, "I believe," seems to imply a

doubt that proves our friend the Doctor to be, after all, of a very incredulous and sceptical mind—for if such puny fellows as Galen and Cornaro so bearded Time, why may not gallant old Henry—true English heart of oak—live six hundred years or more, and be entitled to add CCCCC to Rear-Admiral? The only difficulty with most people is to get safely and stoutly on the weather-beam of a hundred. After that it is all plain sailing—and, were we not restrained by our veneration for old age, we should say that the man who dies at all after a hundred and forty, must be a sad old blockhead—entirely superannuated, and in the last stage of dotage.

Before we go farther, we wish, with all due respect, to ask this worthy Old Woman one single question. Why all this anxiety for a long life? Does she not know that since the Flood the term of human life has been fixed at about threescore and ten years? It is quite long enough. If a man will but be busy, and not idle away his time, he may do wonders within that period. Only think of Alexander the Great, who had conquered the world at thirty, and having nothing more to do, got dead drunk in Babylon. Think of Master Beattie, who was the Young Roscius at twelve. Remember the name—which we have forgotten—of that universal linguist, who hopped the twig before he had cut all his single teeth—or fairly given up sucking. Lord preserve us in this literary age—if people were to keep scribbling on for centuries! When, pray, would a man or woman be in the prime of life? We presume a maiden lady of sixty would be quite a tid-bit—and that it would be nuts to carry off the great-grandmother of a gentleman in extensive practice at the English bar, or haply Lord Chancellor, to Gretna Green. No—no—no—life is long enough as it is—there is no occasion to stretch it to the crack of doom. Let us die at a moderate age and be thankful. Why this vain longing for longevity? Why seek to rob human life of its melancholy moral—namely, its shortness—and deprive flowers, grass, dew, smoke, vapours, clouds, and bubbles, of the poetry and passion now inherent in their names and natures, as natural emblems of the destiny of man?

Have you ever ruminated, our good Old Lady, on the consequences of the prolongation of human life—free, too, from all those diseases which at present flesh is heir to? What would become of the University of Edinburgh? The medical school would be knocked on the head—and instead of a hundred and thirty doctors per annum issuing out of its gates, you might as vainly look for a physician as for a phœnix—an arimaspian as an apothecary—a griffin as a graduate. If there were no sufferings of the body, there would be no paupers, and no charity. Religion would be a luxury rather than a necessary of life—people in general would walk about counting their fingers—ennui would cease to be fashionable, because epidemical—the most pathetic elegies would be poured over the interminable length and slowness of human life—and ten to one, there would be a violent re-action terminating in universal suicide.

Let us see, however, by what means our author proposes to add a century or so to the life of each purchaser of his volume. "I shall," says she, "proceed at once to point out the qualities of the chief articles used as food by man, both animal and vegetable, with the proper times for eating and drinking, and the quantity best adapted to the purposes of health and longevity; in order that those who are earnestly desirous of becoming acquainted with the art of living long and comfortably, and of adhering thereto, may not be at a loss on any point of consequence relating to so material a branch of that art as diet." The "march of mind" now moves at double-quick time, awkward squad and all—and we look over our left shoulder, as we advance, with contemptuous pity, on our ancestors. They knew nothing, they could do nothing, and it is odd how they contrived to keep themselves out of the fire. Before their eyes, the road to their own mouths lay dim and uncertain, and they sorely lacked a finger-post. Even now, it would appear from this book, that mankind, although, or rather because, an omnivorous animal, left to their uninstructed reason and instinct, are incapable of arriving at the discovery of the proper hour of the day at which they should all, as at the toll of one bell, or beat of one gong, sit down to dinner. It is now somewhere about six thousand years since man became an animal, or living crea-

ture, and it is singular he should all along have been such an ass as never to have discovered—not only not the longitude—but longevity. Millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions of human beings have been all that time eating and drinking, indeed doing very little else worth mentioning; and yet they now know no more about the matter, if indeed as much, as Adam or Eve. Either the "art of living long and comfortably," to use our friend's words, is one of very difficult acquisition, or all the nations of the earth are noodles, and incapable or unworthy of reading to any effect this Magazine. He speaks, in the passage quoted above, "of those who are earnestly desirous of becoming acquainted with the art of living long and comfortably;" but heretofore, how small must have been their number! What clouds of ephemeral children are for ever warping away on the wind of death—whence coming and whither going, why, how, or wherefore, who can tell? Poor motley phantoms, they had not sufficient sense given to them to "be earnestly desirous of becoming acquainted with the art of living long and comfortably, and of adhering thereto;" but why did not their parents know this for them? Why suffered they fate to blow them away out of sight for ever, like midges, and thousands of other sorts of small insects, all most beautiful when you look at them through a microscope, nay, even magnificent miniatures — pardon the Iricism, if it be one—in their flexile armour, their brightly burnished coats of mail beaten by the noiseless hammer of Nature out of silver and gold!

Yet true it is, this is a silly world—and therefore let us see how an Old Woman is to set us all to rights. He begins with diet — and tells us that food is of two kinds—Solid and Liquid — which, for the sake of convenience, he considers in separate sections. We have a confused recollection of having heard this distinction—this distribution of the subject —in early youth. It is not, we are confident, a new discovery, as our author seems to think. Indeed, the world we inhabit may be also said to be of two kinds—solid and liquid—the land and sea. But passing from that, all solid food is either of animal or vegetable origin. Thus, a cow or ox, a cod or howtowdie, is of animal origin. Wheat and oats, a potatoe, nay, even a parsnip, is of vegetable origin. The native of a cold climate ought to eat much animal food—of a temperate climate much vegetable. In favour of vegetables, generally, it may be said that man could hardly live entirely on animal food, but we know he may on vegetables. "A man was prevailed on to live upon partridges without vegetables, but was obliged to desist at the end of eight days, from the appearance of strong symptoms of putrefaction." The same man might have lived for eight years on potatoes, without appearing to putrify. Vegetable food has also, we are told, a beneficial influence on the powers of the mind, "and tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and acuteness of judgment, seldom enjoyed by those who live principally on meat." Now every lady and gentleman in Great Britain lives principally on animal food, or, as our author has it, "on meat." But then Dr Franklin, we are told, "took entirely to a vegetable diet," and a delicate person he was truly! Why, he was as clever, acute, and thoroughly coarse and unimaginative a gentleman of the press as ever defended Deism—the beau-ideal of a philosopher, to be set up as an idol in a Mechanics' Institution.

Notwithstanding the story of the partridges, and of Dr Franklin,—"from the preceding facts," quoth our friend, "we rightly infer that the combination of an animal and vegetable diet is, in general, best suited to preserve a perfect state of health and strength, and, as society is now constituted, to conduce to longevity."

The excellent Old Woman then tells us that the proportion of this mixture is of importance—that the valetudinarian will often find that a small proportion of animal food is the best for him, especially if he be very ill indeed —and that where little bodily exertion is employed, much animal food is improper; but where the bodily exercise or labour is constant and great, the use of animal food ought to be liberal.

Now really, there needed no old woman to come from her bed to tell us all this. Who ever ate, or saw eaten, a beef-steak without bread, or potatoes, or shalot, or mustard,—all vegetables, every mother's son of them? What round of beef in this world was

ever devoured without greys or greens? Even cannibals eat you with vegetables.

So, on the other hand, observe a man narrowly on a vegetable diet, and you will be delighted to see the immense quantities of animal matter which he devours. True, that enormous shave of bread in his paw is vegetable, but then the surface is the eighth part of an inch deep of butter, which is animal, we believe, as several full-grown flies well knew a few minutes ago, now imbedded in a state of insensibility in the yellow milkness. True, that boundless bowl of broth seems filled to the rim with barley, beans, pease, turnips, carrots, and many other vegetables which we have not now time to enumerate; but two pounds of mutton have been stewed down into it, and so amalgamated with the mess, that the whole seems the produce of the garden, and the gormandizer before you a member of the Horticultural Society. In short, it requires no nice analysis to detect all vegetable diet to be three-parts animal; and even in Ireland, the potatoe, which, we cheerfully grant, is, when eaten by itself, very much of a vegetable, often, thank Heaven! falls into the trap along with a bit of pig's face or trotter, than which there is no matter more animal in all the world. The mixture, then, of animal and vegetable diet will be found to prevail so generally, both in savage and civilized life, as to set—now that we have mentioned it—this Old Lady's mind completely at rest.

There is but one step from the Truism to the Paradox. The Old Lady forthwith tells us, that, "in the summer, our diet should be wholly vegetable." The devil it should? What! with all those beautiful fat lambs bleating on the hills? That hen and chickens searching for pearls on that dunghill before our very eyes? Those turkey-pouts, glancing their snake-like necks and heads in every direction—slim, yet satisfactory—and, as part of a dinner for a single gentleman, when nicely roasted, oh what a remove! Leave the Old Lady herself alone with such a temptation, about four o'clock of the afternoon, for she keeps good hours, and she will not pout at the turkey—not she indeed—nor yet turn her back upon the ham. If quite alone, she will draw, with both hands, first the one leg and then the other, through and through her teeth, tearing off all the sinews, and sucking out the pith, and even crunching the bones, till her plate is as clean as if Bronte had licked it; and yet, after all, the Old Lady does not scruple to say, "in the summer our diet should be almost wholly vegetable!" What a world this is for hypocrisy and double-dealing!

Summer! a pretty reason for a vegetable diet indeed in this country! Why, do you remember the summer that came upon us some four years ago? Thermometer seldom above fifty—the day a dismal drizzle, or an even-down pour—some light but no sun—and the night a hollow howl, through which you could not hear the owls. A vegetable diet, forsooth! Pretty vegetables they were—not two pease on an average to the pod! Animal food, in all its possible modes, was the sole resource of the wretched inhabitants. Then, the summer did not stop at the usual time, but kept soaking away through the autumn on into the very heart of winter—so that instead of a fine bold black frost at Christmas, we had a close clammy time of it, which, had people been weak from a vegetable diet, would have swept us off in thousands; but we found safety in the shambles, and the City, strong in animal food, was saved from the Plague.

The first section of the chapter on Solid Food terminates with this original advice: "It is worthy of observation also, that vegetable food is much the best for children, after they have done with the nurse's milk." Who ever doubted it? Suppose a child weaned within the year, who ever thought of cramming it with fat bacon without any beans, with sausages, or haggis? The imp would become a Vampire if thus fed on blood—would fasten upon its mother or dry-nurse; and when sent to school, instead of purchasing barley-sugar with its Saturday penny, would regale on Pluck.

The good Old Lady now comes to particulars, and treats of Animal, as one great branch of Solid Food. Bull-beef, she informs us, is tougher than that of cow, and ox-beef best of all. Old ewe mutton is coarse—five-year-old well-fed wether mutton fine—there is less nutriment in veal than in the flesh of the full-grown beast—lamb is less dense than mutton—venison very digestible, wholesome, and nutritious

—good pork is a very savoury food, and suited to persons who lead an active and laborious life—some writers praise it pickled—but with some delicate people it immediately affects the bowels in rather a violent manner—the flesh of the sucking-pig is a great delicacy—bacon is a coarse and heavy food—hare and rabbit are sufficiently nutritious—turtle a most nourishing and palatable food—and the esculent frog tastes much like chicken. Birds, in point of digestibility, rank nearly as follows :—Common fowl—partridge, pheasant, turkey, guinea-hen, and quail, pigeon, lark, thrush, and fieldfare, woodcock, snipe, and grouse, are easy of digestion. The goose is fit only for strong stomachs, and those who labour hard. The duck is preferable to the goose—and wild waterfowl cannot be much recommended, being generally heavy and indigestible.

Now, our own opinion is, that all the above birds are most easily digested; and that, to a hungry man, it is of little moment which of them you lay upon his plate. It is an idiotic calumny against the character of wildfowl, to say that they cannot be much recommended. They are always in bang-up condition—melt in your mouth beyond all praise—and we defy you not to digest them, if you ever digest anything. A teal!

The Old Lady is no admirer of fish, and denies that they are nutritious. Salmon, she says, is unwholesome!—Pray, may we ask, to whom? Not to men or otters, although a very small slice of salmon will indeed sicken a Cockney, who does not understand the curd, and likes it all in a slobber. Stewed oysters, we are told, are extremely pernicious to lying-in women—not so raw, which are highly nutritious, of easy digestion, and may be taken with great advantage by the robust, as well as the weak and consumptive. Notwithstanding this, in our opinion, a single barrel of oysters is as much as is good for man or woman at a single sitting; and even that quantity may be pernicious without a jug or two of Glenlivet.

"The best time for the consumption of fish," sayeth the old lady, "is in the summer;" that is, when the best among them are all either out of season, or not to be got for love or money.

By reducing to practice the above information concerning Solid Animal Food, any person of a tolerable constitution will infallibly, barring accidents, reach a good old age, say a hundred and forty—the age of Galen.

We come now to the second great branch of Solid Food—Vegetable. And first of farina. Of the two sorts of bread, fine white, and coarse brown, the latter, we are assured, is the most easy of digestion, and the most nutritive. Perhaps it may be; but it is cursed bad, and infernally vulgar. It has a sweetish damp taste, that adheres pertinaciously to the tongue and palate, and is generally gritty, and full of sand and small stones. Respectable servants object to it, and you are reckoned anything but a good Christian by the beggar who opens for its sake the mouth of his reluctant wallet. "A dog," it is asserted by our author, "fed on fine white wheaten bread, with water, both at discretion, does not live beyond the fiftieth day; but if fed on coarse bread, with water, precisely in the same manner, he preserves his health." Oatmeal porridge is not a bad thing, as the Scots can vouch; and on rice the Hindoos thrive. But never do you drink ale after rice and milk, as it is almost certain of producing cholic.

The Old Lady herself, however, now and then makes some not unsensible observations. Thus, she says that we may consider it an unerring rule, that any kind of aliment for which we feel a natural and permanent appetite, is salutary and conformable to our nature. We are delighted with the following panegyric on the much-abused, blameless, and most meritorious Potatoe.

"Of this kind is that invaluable root the potatoe, which, in the most simple preparation, and without any addition but salt, affords an agreeable and wholesome food to almost every person. It is the best substitute we possess for bread, being a light, alimentary substance, neither viscid nor flatulent, and having little tendency to acidity. It is, consequently, very nutritious, and, for the most part, easy of digestion. A few dyspeptic and bilious people, indeed, find it to disagree, more especially if not well cooked, or if not of a good sort; but this is a rare occurrence. A convincing proof of its highly nutritive qualities is, that the greater part of the arrow-root sold in England is extracted from it. The dry, mealy sort of potatoe is the most easy of di-

gestion, and by far the most nourishing; and the simplest mode of preparing them for the table is the best: mashed potatoes are more difficult of digestion. The valetudinarian should, in general, avoid the young potatoe, till after the first of August, on account of its indigestible nature when very young.

"The history of the potatoe conveys to us a most instructive lesson, forcibly reminding us of the extraordinary lengths to which prejudice will carry mankind, and showing us by what apparently trivial circumstances this prejudice is often removed, when the most powerful and influential arguments have failed to weaken it. The introduction of this valuable root to the gardens and tables of the people, received, for more than two centuries, an unexampled opposition from vulgar prejudice, which all the philosophy of the age was unable to dissipate, until Louis XV. of France wore a bunch of the flowers of the potatoe in the midst of his court, on a day of festivity; the people then, for the first time, obsequiously acknowledged its usefulness, and its cultivation, as an article of food, soon became universal. Now, its stalk, considered as a textile plant, produces in Austria a cottony flax. In Sweden, sugar is extracted from its roots. By combustion, its different parts yield a very considerable quantity of potass. Its apples, when ripe, ferment, and yield vinegar by exposure, or spirit by distillation. Its tubercles made into a pulp are a substitute for soap in bleaching. Cooked by steam, the potatoe is one of the most wholesome and nutritious, and, at the same time, the most economical of all vegetable aliments. By different manipulations, it furnishes two kinds of flour, a gruel, and a parenchyma, which in times of scarcity may be made into bread, or applied to increase the bulk of bread made from grain; and its starch is little, if at all, inferior to the Indian arrow-root. Such are the numerous resources which this invaluable plant is calculated to furnish."

Our author does not seem to know, that it has been discovered that the Potatoe is too productive and too nutritious; and that the people of Ireland have so much to eat, that they are all in a state of starvation. The great end of political economy is to get people fed. This the potatoe does to a miracle. Its beautiful eyes, God bless them, cheer the hearts of seven millions of Pats and Patesses, and, therefore, they must all be extinguished as they open to the light of day, on their prolific lazy beds! They are, it seems, a precarious crop! They are not. Name a vegetable in which such implicit confidence may safely be placed during any cycle of years. Wheat? oh the smutty sinner! why, once every three years he has not an ear to his head. Oats? He is often so short-legged that you cannot catch him to bring him under the sickle. Barley? often all chaff. Pease and beans? poor pods, indeed — empty shawps, and a mere rustle of straw! But the Pot oooooooo's—there they are, always sound at the core, whether waxy or mealy, and the shaws, are they not of a beautiful green, the apples that adorn them of a lovely yellow, and the root itself, whether roasted or boiled, pregnant with strong sustenance, and the parent of a thick-calved, broad-shouldered, strong-backed population, able and willing to fight the whole world in arms?

We now approach Section II., Liquid Food, and we find these are chiefly water, milk, toast and water, gruel, tea, coffee, chocolate, broths, soups, wine, malt liquors, and ardent spirits.

Of these, the first seven are obviously of little worth; the next two are better; the three last are excellent.

Our physician, on the other hand, holds, "that water is by far the safest and most salutary beverage in which a man can possibly indulge." We never remember seeing any man indulge in water. The best authenticated stories of water-drinkers are very apocryphal. It appears that there are several kinds of water, but rain-water, snow-water, and spring-water are the best. But the truth will out; and the following passage proves that hard water, that is well water, is a very dangerous beverage, unless boiled, and, of course, made into toddy. Our author pretends to prefer toast and water, and has the hardihood to call it nutritious; but nobody will believe that—toast and water being well known to be the most insipid of all waters; toddy, again, tasty in the extreme, while the Glenlivet renders unnecessary alkaline carbonate, or carbonate of soda.

We had marked for quotation a panegyric on water—but are afraid of corrupting the taste and feelings of our readers—therefore we omit it. It is open to a thousand objections—but might stagger the young and inexperienced, and have a baleful influence on their habits. We earnestly beg our subscribers to remember, that more people get their death by drinking cold water than any other fluid. Not that they indulge in it to excess—not that they are water-sots.

But the poor hard-working labourer can no longer endure the thirst of midday toil, and, laying down scythe or sickle, he goes to a spring, and drinks sudden death. It is a most beautiful Element—witness Windermere in England, Loch Lomond in Scotland, Killarney in Ireland, and all the rivers of the three dear United Kingdoms—bless them, one and all, as they float or flow! We know the use they are of in the economy of nature. But drink not, we beseech you, the simple but insidious Element. Yet it is the ground-work — the basis — of every other liquid. To it Glenlivat owes its being—but for it, we should seek in vain for the mountain dew. But for it, fermented liquor had never been—cold as it is, it is the parent of all ardent spirits.

From water the transition is easy and natural to milk. "Milk holds a very conspicuous place among the various articles of liquid food. It is one of the most valuable presents that nature has bestowed upon the human race." Milk certainly is most nutritive to the young of many animals, especially little sucking pigs and children; but to grown-up men and women it is by no means so, and consequently has fallen into desuetude. Ladies and gentlemen seldom drink milk—and even coffee, when fine, is much better without it. It does not kindly coalesce with the viands of civilized life. It sours and curdles on the stomach, and makes most people sick. It agrees well but with the most common-place characters—and we scarcely know a more opprobrious term in our vernacular than milksop.

It is a pretty sight to see a milkmaid milking a cow. Everything smells so sweet—the wild-brier hedge—the clover—the pail—the heifer's breath—and, above all, the breath of the milkmaid herself, who every now and then turns towards you her mouth so like a rose, that you do not try to refrain from kissing it, and are over head and ears in love with a rural life. But attempt to drink a bowl of milk warm from the cow for ten mornings, and long ere that you will be as sick as a dog. Milk is only long eatable in butter and in cheese. Cream cloys the soonest of anything—but honey. As for butter-milk, which our Old Lady panegyrizes, never does man or woman look so vulgar, as when we see him or her walking along after a draught of it from a tin can. Who would waltz with a long lady who drinks butter-milk?

We now come to gruel—which is said to be "a wholesome and nutritious article, well calculated for the supper of all persons." Imagine a man going out to supper on gruel! Or even supping at home over a bowl of gruel!

Our author again quotes Dr Franklin for an old lady, who lived in Philadelphia, on an annuity of twelve pounds, to a very old age, on gruel. Had she had twenty-four pounds per annum, the worthy soul would have given up gruel long before the ghost. Art, Fancy, Imagination, all love to play with Poverty. Thus, gruel being the most attenuated of all possible thin potations, they borrow its name to denote its opposites; and a contributor taking a trigonometrical survey of York Place on his way from Picardy, under the power of Glenlivat, is facetiously said to have got—his gruel!

Being now master of the chief kinds of Solid and Liquid Food, the next question is, when and how much are we to eat and drink, in order to die at a hundred and fifty years of age?

For persons in the high ranks of life, the best periods, we are told, are eight, twelve, four, and eight o'clock, that is, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea. No dinner should be taken later than four o'clock; and in "fixing this hour," quoth the worthy Old Woman, "I go to the utmost limit allowed by the principles of health and longevity. Three o'clock is a much better hour for fashionable society."

What a radical reformer! But don't you know, dear granny, that three o'clock itself was once reckoned the most portentous innovation that ever struck at the back-bone of the good Olden Time? Your ancestors used to dine at eleven, and none but the Blood-Royal delayed sitting down till one. Without knowing it, you are far gone in the luxurious spirit of the age—and at the very moment that you make that imp of a grand-daughter of yours stare, you make the ghost of your grandmother shudder.

But you are for having recourse, we see, to the solar system—Up with the sun and down with the sun. In the dead of winter then you go to bed, you and your husband, and all your sixteen sons and daughters, and all your ten

male and female servants, between four and five o'clock of the afternoon! Let the solar system, say we, mind its own business, and let us mind ours. There is room enough in the Universe for us all. Because an immense globe of fire, or luminous matter, of one kind or other, ever so many millions of miles off, chances to set at a given hour, is that any reason why you must set too, who are close at hand, and not of luminous matter? We hold that it is as reasonable to sit up with the stars, as to lie down with the sun. The man in the moon is as much of a man as the man in the sun is—every inch of him—and though he occasionally rises, no doubt, and goes to bed very early, yet, unless we are much mistaken indeed, we have seen him with a glass and a lass too—after the watchman had ceased to crow the hour, and morning showed, by a restless glimmer, that she was about to awake, and again to "stand tiptoe on yon eastern mountain top." But nothing like a general system of rules for the guidance of human life can be deduced from the motions of the heavenly bodies.

But let us see how literary men ought to fare, especially when composing. Only look at the following table, which the Old Lady thinks rather leans to the side of luxury:—

		Ounces.
Breakfast at Seven.	Stale bread, dry toast, or plain biscuit, (no butter)	Three.
	Tea (black), with milk and a little sugar, .	Six.
Luncheon, at Twelve.	An egg, lightly boiled, with a thin slice of bread and butter, ...	Three.
	Toast and water, ...	Three.
Dinner, at Half past Two.	Of Venison, Mutton, Lamb, Chicken, or Game, (Roast or Broiled), ...	Three.
	Bread, (no vegetables,)	One.
	Toast and Water, or Soda Water, . .	Four.
	White Wine, or Genuine Claret, (one small glassful), ...	One.
Tea, at Seven or Eight.	Stale bread, biscuit, or dry toast, with very little butter, ...	Two.
	Tea (black), with milk and a little sugar, .	Six.

No man need write for Maga, with the most distant chance of admission on any other scale than the following:—

Breakfast at 9.	Two hot penny rolls—two toasted rounds of a quartern loaf—one ditto of butter toast—two hen's eggs,—not earocks—a small ashet of fried mutton-ham—jelly and marmalade, *quantum suff.*—two bachelor's bowls of Congo—a caulker.
Lunch at 2.	Caviare—anchovies—pickled salmon—cold howtowdie and ham—a pint of porter—the loaf—two glasses of Madeira.
Dinner at 7.	Round of beef—hodge-podge—cod-head and shoulder—roasted turkey—plum-pudding—jellies—a few tarts—two pots of porter—four glasses of hock—ditto, ditto, of champagne—two ditto of port—a bottle of claret.
Supper at 11.	Oysters—crabs—rizzers—Welsh rabbit—pint of porter—three jugs of toddy.

By one o'clock the article is finished, perhaps a leading one, and given to the devil; and by breakfasting, dining, and supping in this style, for the last ten years, have we not enthroned Maga at the head of the Periodical Literature of the World?

Yet of all men that ever lived, we are the most abstemious. We care not—not we—what we sit down to—or how it is cooked. Bread and cheese has to us a gusto that penetrates the palate, up through the roof of the mouth, to the centre of that noble organ, the Brain. Even cold potatoe and point, we neither despise nor deprecate. Our servant sometimes sees us at sowans. Bread-berry—would

you believe it?—is a favourite food of ours—and how would they wonder, who always think of Christopher North, when they hear these words—

Fee fau fum,
I smell the blood of a Christian man,

were they to see him some night sitting in his night-gown and slippers, with a red Kilmarnock on his head, with a horn-spoon feeding himself on —Pap!

But we love to sweep the whole range of culinary science—from its simplest elements, to its ultimate results. Our taste is as plain and simple, as our appetite is sound and strong. But lovers as we are of divine simplicity—we can enjoy intensely the Oriental, the Asiatic style of most ornate cookery—passing with pleasure to and fro, backwards and forwards, from Meg Dodds to Monsieur Oude. We are not, like too many men of taste, fastidious and exclusive—and declare on our conscience, and as we hope to be saved, that we have had—and hope often again to have—as exquisite pangs of pleasure from the blue lean of a sheep's trotter, as from the green fat of a turtle's fin—and would as lief dine on a Howtowdie as on a Bird of Paradise.

It is just the same with what we drink. With all our perpetual talk—often wearisome, no doubt—of claret wines and Glenlivat, a more sober old man than North, is not in his Majesty's dominions. Much of our swilling is imagination. Then could we drink up Eisil were it claret all—the Baltic were it black with Burgundy —the Mediterranean dark

"As vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,"

with its tideless Port. Drunk are we in our dreams as Bacchus, but when awake, ever sober as a Judge with a triple gown. Our debauches are like Sir Walter's Novels, great Works of Fiction—yet true to nature, and overflowing with truth.

"Is that a tumbler that I see before me? Its handle towards me?"

So it seems to be—smoking too with the real Glenlivat—but it is but an air-woven crystal filled with light, and like that image on our study wall, obeying the flickering flame—now grows faint and unsteady—and finally disappears. Even so evanish many of the things of this life supposed to be Realities!

Sweet! oh sweet is the transition from a Noctes Ambrosianæ—all ringing with mirth and madness—to that "nest within a nest," that Sanctum within a Shrine—that peacefullest place within the Penetralia—this our dearly beloved Study within the very heart of the heart of low-founded, low-roofed, still, secluded, grove-embosomed, beautiful Buchanan Lodge! It is midnight—but we must not say not a mouse is stirring—for there he comes gliding from his hole, and, familiar as the robin red-breast now asleep in the eaves, runs up the leg of the table, and sitting up among all those wicked papers, squirrel-wise, with his fore paws at his mouth, minces and munches his bit of biscuit, without even having said grace, yet grateful to me the giver—for he knows no other—and then dips his whiskers in a little wine and water, sweetened to suit his taste to a very nicety—till, only see! he frisks round about the ink-stand as if he were tipsy—flings a somerset over the edge of the table—and scampers up and down the room at his wit's end with joy! "What if that great red tom cat were to leap upon you, now, Mr Mousey?"—"Nay, what if that tall, thin, fleshless skeleton, that men call Death, were to leap out upon you, master," the small moralist replies—or seems to reply—and with that *memento mori* disappears in the wall. The wicks of our candles are long—and their light is lost in that of the spacious window, from the moon and stars. There thou standest, pale, glimmering, and ghostlike—image of Byron. Methinks the bust breathes! Surely it gave a sigh—a groan—such as often rent and rived that bosom of flesh and blood! But thou art but a mockery of the mighty—moulded of the potter's clay! Lo! the stars, which a voice, now for ever mute, once called "The poetry of heaven!" Onwards they come—clouds upon clouds —thickening and blackening from the sea—heaven's glories are all extinguished—and the memory of Byron forsakes me—like a momentary brightness, self-born, and signifying something imperishable—in the mysterious moral of a dream!

This article seems to be a Rambler. So let us try to bring it to a point, by sharpening the nib of our pen. We have mislaid the Old Woman's work, and cannot remember whereabouts we were—where we broke loose about

Byron. Oh! yes—we were saying something about eating and drinking—and praising our own temperance. We were comparing ourselves, we believe, to a hermit in a cave, living upon roots and river-water. Yet the world will not give us credit for the virtues of a hermit—merely because our habits are irregular. Let us say a few words then to the world on this very subject-matter—regularity.

There are people who prefer to all other virtues—what they call regularity. Let a man go to bed—rise—take his meals—always at a stated hour—and he is then considered by many fathers and mothers as a very eligible match for any one of their numerous daughters. Nevertheless, 'tis ten to one that he is a numbskull—five to one that he is a profligate. Your stupid, sotting, soaking sensualists are all regular at board, bed, and bowels. They divide the day into its different departments, set aside for avarice—greed—gluttony—and grovelling gratifications. They break no engagement—for they make none that is not selfish. You see the wretches going out and coming in, to a minute—smug, smooth, and as if butter would not melt in their mouth—although their appetencies are oily to the most animal degree—and their diary, if they keep one, full of luscious chapters—and overflowing with rancid matter. They are generally well to do in the world—hold stock both of the Royal Bank and the Bank of Scotland—buy no books—get Maga from a circulating library, when she is a month old—and were never known, in all their lives, to make a party to Newhaven or Leith for a fish dinner.

In all these respects, we and ours are the antipodes to the Regulars. We go to bed at any time, from ten at night to ten in the morning—scorn to tie ourselves down to any hour for any meal, and obey only the finer impulses and movements of our own spirits. When we feel our Fancy free, we fly away over flowery fields, and disappear from before the ken of our contributors in a shower of sunshine;—when we know that our Intellect is strong, we tackle to philosophical criticism and politics. When we suspect that we are in a state of Civilation, we lie back in our easy-chair—laugh, or go to sleep. Of our soul, in short, it may be said, as Wordsworth said of the Thames at Westminster, before London was awake, "The river glideth at its own sweet will."

Do not accuse us of being capricious. We are the most consistent of characters. We give all the parts of our nature fair play. At times, you never saw such a pedant—and our talk is of longs and shorts—quantity is everything with us—quality nothing; Priscian, and Porson, and Parr—or the three P's, as we then call them—the prime men of the earth. Then we love to babble of green fields, and get so pastoral and so pathetic, that we begin to weep. In the twinkling of an eye, our tongue deals in "drums, guns, blunderbuss, and thunder," we fight all Napoleon's battles o'er again, and thrice we slay all Wellington's slain, shewing Borodino to have been but a skirmish, and Waterloo an affair of posts. Forthwith we are "on our legs," and bully Brougham about the Holy Alliance, till he has not a word to throw to a dog. Then off upon fox-hunting, like Nimrod of the Sporting Magazine; and with the brush round our caps, (an old fashion,) into a Cathedral we go, and preach away like the best bishop or archdeacon of them all—Bloomfield or Wrangham—with the left hand smiting the Dissenters, and with the right lending the Catholics such a facer, that they are unable to come to time, and give up the Veto.

We love to do our work by fits and starts. We hate to keep fiddling away, an hour or two at a time, at one article for weeks. So, off with our coat, and at it, like a blacksmith. When we once get the way of it, hand over hip, we laugh at Vulcan and all his Cyclops. From nine of the morning till nine at night, we keep hammering away at the metal, iron or gold, till we produce a most beautiful article. A biscuit and a glass of Madeira, twice or thrice at the most,—and then to a well-won dinner. In three days, gentle reader, have We, Christopher North, often produced a whole Magazine—a most splendid Number. For the next three weeks, we were as idle as a desert, and as vast as an antre—and thus on we go, alternately labouring like an ant, and relaxing, in the sunny air, like a dragon-fly, enamoured of extremes—impatient only of mediocrity, leading the life of a comet one day, of a planet the next, and of

a fixed star, perhaps, the third, never wearied of shining, yet avoiding all sameness even in our lustre—our motions often eccentric, no doubt, and irregular; but anything, as you know, better than standing still,—the only fault we ever had to find with the Sun, but which we are happy now to understand, cannot fairly be laid to his charge, as our whole solar system—nay, fixed stars and all, do, we are credibly informed, keep "moving altogether, if they move at all;" and, although they journey fast, and have been journeying long, have a far way before them yet stretching untravelled through the Universe.

The Old Lady is clear for a great deal of exercise, and, of course, fresh air. Fresh air has been exhausted by so many writers, that we shall confine our few concluding remarks to exercise alone. "Leaping," she informs us, "among the ancients was confined to distance—but in modern times extended also to height."—Strange that the ancients did not discover high leaping!—"One Ireland, a native of Yorkshire, in the eighteenth year of his age, by a fair spring, without any assistance, trick, or deception, leaped over nine horses, standing side by side—and a man seated on the middle horse." He also, according to this old woman, "jumped over a garter held fourteen feet high!!!" Now, neither Ireland, nor any other man on record, ever leapt seven feet in height without a spring-board, and none but a fool would talk of fourteen. The nine horses were thin narrow animals—not fairly placed—and Ireland leapt from a spring-board—two feet above the level on which they stood. It was a great leap—for Ireland was the prince of leapers,—but notmore than twenty-three feet on level ground—which we ourselves have done—on level ground or nearly so—in presence of a thousand spectators. That by the way—but far leaping is to people in general an unsafe exertion—as all intense exertions must be—and ought to be taken in moderation. Nor should any man leap at all after five-and-twenty. It is only for light elastic lads to leap more than twice their own length. Elderly gentlemen, from twenty-five to thirty, should become archers—and old men of forty and upwards, golfers. Indeed, various Golf-clubs—here and at St Andrews—are most amiable associations of old men. Such spindle-shanks you may nowhere else see as on those links—and even Galen and Cornaro themselves, and old Admiral Henry, would look juvenile among the shadows slowly moving from Tee to Tee.

The Old Lady likewise approves of walking, which she tells us is of two kinds, "either on plain ground, or where there are ascents." But "walking against a high wind is very severe exercise, and not to be recommended." Persons who are kept much within doors, "ought as much as possible to accustom themselves to be walking about, even in their own houses." No doubt they have a right to do so if they choose, and do not occupy an upper flat. But stair-walkers with creaking shoes must be disagreeable husbands and fathers. She advises also to change the place where we walk, "for the same place constantly gone over, may excite as many disagreeable and painful sensations as the closet or the study." An agreeable companion, too, she has discovered, contributes much to serenity of mind; "but unless the mode of walk is similar, as well as the taste and character congenial, it is better to walk alone—as either the one or the other of the two companions might be subjected to some constraint;" and, finally, she says, that "to read during a walk is an improper action, highly detrimental to the eyes, and destroys almost all the good effects that can be derived from the exercise."

Riding, or, as the old lady has it, riding on horseback, is next strenuously recommended to those who earnestly desire to "live long and comfortably;" but there is not a word dropt about Fox-hunting, almost the only kind of riding, besides Racing, that in our opinion deserves the name. O Lord preserve us! of all amusements, riding on horseback along the high-road by oneself, especially in miry weather, is the most deplorable! We seriously pity every man who keeps a horse—standing at livery. The animal must be ridden—regularly too—if you do not wish him to break your neck. You come at last to be afraid to look out of the window, in case he should be there—pacing up and down the street—with the saddle all wet probably—and the long dangling stirrups, with their vacant irons, summoning

you to come down, and take a gallop through the glaur. The brute often falls unaccountably lame—first in one foot, and then in another—giving you the air of a cadger—caves with his head, though the frost has killed all the flies long ago—keeps starting, boggling, and stumbling, every ten yards—and, once a-month at the least, comes down on his nose, without ever so much as once touching the ground with his knees, which nevertheless have been broken long ago, while the hair, having grown on white, gives them the appearance of being padded. We could not have heart to wish our worst enemy to keep a horse through the winter in a town. Then, what riders are our Edinburgh youth! It is the fashion now to take lessons—and every prig of an apprentice you see on horseback seems to have two cork legs. Out they jut in one immovable position—just as if the ostler had hoisted the young adventurer on, and then skrewed his cork legs to the sticking place—with a positive injunction not to attempt shifting them till they come home and have themselves dismounted. They seem to have no joints—either at hip, knee, or ankle—and then look at the way they hold the bridle! That is riding *à la militaire!* The quill-driver thinks himself a cavalry officer—and has the audacity to ride past Jock's Lodge. This Pain is expensive—and purchased Pain is by idiots for a while thought Pleasure. But we have an article on "Riding" lying by us—which shall be forthcoming in an early Number—by a gentleman lineally descended from John Gilpin.

Grannum next addresses herself, on the subject of Exercise, exclusively to men of letters—and we cannot help thinking has ourselves more particularly in her eye, which she cocks leeringly at Old Christopher. She recommends us to have "dumb-bells and a couple of flesh-brushes always at hand, that we may steal a few moments from our studies to exercise the superior extremities with the former, and the inferior limbs and the head and neck with the latter." Dumb-bells we have never used since Jack Thurtell attempted to murder his friend Wood with a pair—and as for flesh-brushes, why, our skin is as clear as amber, and our flesh as firm as marble. She tells us, farther, "to use the flesh-brush for fifteen or twenty minutes regularly every morning on first getting out of bed—and to pursue the same practice also at night." At this rate, the flesh-brush would never be out of our hands—and we should be afraid of "establishing a Raw." Let mangy and scurvy people scrub their superior and inferior extremities with the flesh-brush, to their own and the Old Lady's heart's content. But commend us to a good stiff, hard, rough, yarn towel—that makes our body blush like a Peony, and glow like a Furnace.

Literary men are also told "for a change to run briskly up and down stairs several times, or to use the shuttlecock"—"or fight with their own shadow,"—an exercise described, it seems, by Addison in one of his Spectators. When the worst has come to the worst, we shall fight with our own shadow;—but that will not be till not a blockhead is left on the face of the whole earth for us to bastinado—not till we observe that we are positively the Last Man, shall we have recourse to that recreation.

We are finally told to read aloud and loudly, "out of any work before us"—"to promote pulmonary circulation, and strengthen the digestive organs." We know a much better exercise of the lungs than that, and one we frequently practise. It is to thrust our head and shoulders out of the window, and imagining that we see a scoundrel stealing apples in the orchard, or carrying off a howtowdie, to roar out upon him as if it were Stentor blowing a great brazen trumpet, "Who are you—you rascal—stand still or I will blow you to atoms with this blunderbuss!" The thief takes to his heels, and having got a hundred yards farther off, you must intensify your roar into a Briareus—even unto the third remove—and then the chance is, that some decent citizen heaves in sight, who, terrified out of his seven senses, falls head over heels into the kennel—when you, still anxious "to promote pulmonary circulation and strengthen your digestive organs," burst out into a guffaw that starties the Castle rock—and then, letting down the lattice, return to your article, which, like the haggis of the Director-General, is indeed a Roarer.

Cetera desunt.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XXXV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

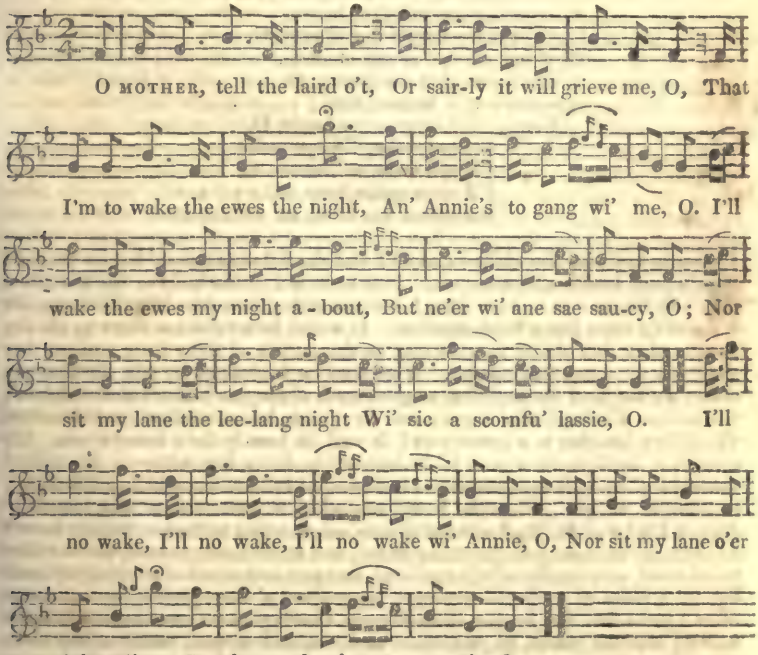
C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE I.—*Picardy Place—South-East Drawing Room—The* SHEPHERD *Solus.*

SHEPHERD.

Perfec' enchantment! Ae single material coal fire multiplied by mirrors into a score o' unsubstantial reflections, ilka image burnin' awa' as brichtly up its ain shadowy chimley, as the original Prototeep! Only, ye dinna hear the phantom-fires murmuring about the bars—their flickering tongues are a' silent—they micht seem to reek at a puff o' the Prototeep,—but sic seemin' wadna dim the atmosphere o' this splendid Saloon. The refraction and reflection o' light's a beautifu' mystery, and I wus I understood the sceence o' optics. And yet ablins it's better no—I michtna then wi' sic a shudder o' instantawneous delicht, naething short o' religion, glower upon the rainbow, the Apparition o' the storm. Let Pheelosophers ken causes—Poets effecks. Ye canna ca' him an ignorawmus that kens effecks—and then in the moral world, which belangs to men o' genius like Me and Burns, there's for the maist part a confused but no an obscure notion o' causes accompanying the knowledge o' effecks—difficult to express formally, like a preacher in his poopit, or a professor in his chair, but colouring the poetry o' effecks wi' the tinge o' the pheelosophy o' causes, sae that the reader alloos that reason and imagination are ane, and that there's nae truth like fiction.—O, ye bit bonny bricht burning fires, there's only ane amang ye a' that gies ony heat! A' the rest's but delusion—just as when the evening star lets loose her locks to the dews high up in heaven, every pool amang the mountains has its ain Eidolon, sae that the earth seems strewn with stars, yet a' the while there's in reality but ae star, and her name is Venus, the delicht o' Gods and men and universal natur.—Ma faith, you're a maist magnificent time-piece, towerin' there on the mantel, mair like a palace wi' thae ivory pillars, or the verra temple o' Solomon! To what a heicht man has carried the mechanical airts—till they've become imaginative! There's poetry in that portal—mercy on us, twa figures comin' out, haun in haun, frae the interior o' the building intill the open air, apparelled like wee bit Christians, yet nae bigger than fairies. Weel, that beats a'—first the tane and then the tither, wi' its tiny siller rod, seemin' to strike the chimes on a sheet o' tinsel—and then aff and awa in amang the ticks o' the clock-wark! Puir creturs, wi' a' their fantastic friskiness, they maun lead a slavish life, up and out to their wark, every hour o' the day and nicht, Sabbaths and a', sae that they haena time even to finish a dream. That's waur than human life itsell; for the wee midshipman in a man-o'-war is aye allooed four hours' sleep at a streatch, and mair than that is the lot o' the puirest herd callant, wha, haein' nae pawrents, is glad to sair a hard master, withouten ony wage—a plaid, parritch, and a

cauff-bed.—Mony, certes, is the curious contrivance for notin' time! The hour-glass—to my mind, the maist impressive, perhaps, o' them a'—as ye see the sand perpetually dreep-dreepin' awa momently—and then a' dune just like life. Then, wi' a touch o' the haun, or whawmle in which there's aye something baith o' feelin' and o' thocht, there begins anither era, or epoch of an hour, during which ane o' your ain bairns, wha has been lang in a decline, and visited by the doctor only when he's been at ony rate passin' by, gies a groanlike sich, and ye ken in a moment that he's dead—or an earthquake tumbles down Lisbon, or some city in Calabria, while a' the folk, men, women, and children, fall down on their knees, or are crushed aiblins by falling churches. "The dial-stane aged and green,"—ane o' Cammel's fine lines! Houses change families, not only at Michaelmas, but often on a sudden summons frae death, there is a general flitting, awa a'thegither frae this side o' the kintra, nane o' the neebours ken whare; and sae, ye see, dial-stanes get green, for there are nae bairns' hauns to pick aff the moss, and it's no muckle that the Robin Redbreast taks for his nest or the Kitty-Wren. It's aften been a mournfu' thocht wi' me, that o' a' the dial-stanes I ever saw, staunin' in a sort o' circle in the middle o' a garden, or in a nyeuck o' grun that might ance hae been a garden, just as you gang in or out o' the village, or in a kirk-yard, there was aye something wrang wi' them, either wi' the finger or the face, sae that Time laughed at his ain altar, and gied it a kick in the by-gaun, till it begood to hang a' to the tae-side like a negleckit tomb-stane ower the banes o' some ane or ither buried lang afore the Covenant.—Isna that a fiddle on the brace-piece? Let's hawnle her—Ay, just like a' the lave—ae string wantin'—and something or ither wrang wi' twa three o' the pegs—sae, that whan ye skrew up, they'll no haud the grip. Ne'ertheless, I'll play mysell a bit tune. Got, she's no an ill fiddle—but some folk can bring music out o' a boot-jack.



Dear son, be wise an' warie,
But never be unmanly, O,
I've heard you tell another tale
O' young an' charming Annie, O.

The ewes ye wake are fair enough,
  Upon the brae sae bonny, O;
But the laird himsell wad gie them a',
    To wake the night wi' Annie, O.
      He'll no wake, &c.

I tauld ye ear', I tauld ye late,
  That lassie wad trepan ye, O,
In' ilka word ye boud to say,
  When left your lane wi' Annie, O.
Tak' my advice this night for ance,
  Or beauty's tongue will ban ye, O,
An' sey your leel auld mother's skeel,
  Ayont the moor wi' Annie, O.
      He'll no wake, &c.

The night it was a simmer night,
  An' O the glen was lanely, O,
For just ae sternie's gowden ee
  Peep'd o'er the hill serenely, O.
The twa are in the flow'ry heath,
  Ayont the moor sae flowy, O,
An' but ae plaid atween them baith,
  An' wasna that right dowy, O?
      He maun wake, &c.

Neist morning at his mother's knee,
  He bless'd her love unfeign'dly, O;
An' aye the tear fell frae his ee,
  An' aye he clasp'd her kindly, O.
Of a' my griefs I've got amends,
  Up in yon glen sae grassy, O.
A woman only woman kens;
  Your skill has won my lassie, O.
      I'll aye wake, I'll aye wake,
      I'll aye wake wi' Annie, O,
      I'll ne'er again keep wake wi' ane
      Sae sweet, sae kind, an' cannie, O.

I'm no in bad vice the nicht—and oh! but the Saloon's a gran' ha' for singin'! Here's your health and sang, sir. Dog on't, if I didna believe for a minute that yon Image was anither Man! I dinna a'thegither just like this room, for it's getting unco like a Pandemonium. It would be a fearsome room to get fou in—for then you would sit glowerin' in the middle o' forty fires, and yet fear that you were nae Salamander. You wud be frichtened to stir, in case you either walked intil the real ribs, or gaed crash through a lookin'-glass thinken't the trance. I'm beginnin' to get a wee dizzy—sae let me sit down on this settee. Oh! Wow but this is a sonsie sofa! It wad do brawly for a honeymoon. It's aneugh o' itsell to gar a man fa' in love wi' he disna ken wha—or the ugliest woman o' a' his hail acquantance. I declare that I dinna ken whether I'm sittin', or stannin', or lyin', or hangin' in air, or dookin' in warm water. The leanest o' human kind wud fin' itsell saft and plump, on, or rather in, sic a settee, for there's nae kennin' the seat frae the thing sittin', and ane's amalgamated, to use a chemical word, corporeally wi' the cushions, and part and parcel o' the fringed furniture o' a room fit to be the Sanctum Sanctorum o' the Spirit o' Sardanapalus after Apotheosis. Sae intense is the luxury, that it gars me unawaures use langnebbed classical words, in preference to my mither tongue, which seems ower puir-like and impovereeshed for giein' adequate expression to a voluptuousness that laps my spirit in an Oriental Elysium. A doobled rose-leaf would be felt uneasily below my limbs the noo—yet I wud be ower steeped in luxurious laziness to allow mysell even to be lifted up by the saft fingers, and hauns, and arms, and shouthers, o' a train o' virgins, till the loveliest o' them a' micht redd

the bed, blawin' awa the disturbin' rose-leaf wi' her breath, and then commanding, with her dewy eyne, her nymphs to replace the Shepherd midst the down, and sing him asleep with their choral vespers. Thochts gang by the rule o' contrairies—that's certain sure—or, what could mak me think the noo o' a hard-bottomed kitchen-chayre, deep-worn, sliddery, ower wee, the crazy back bent in against the nape o' my neck, and a' the fower legs o' different staturs, ane o' the hint anes fit for a creepie, the tither a broken besom-stick, for a makshift, intil a hole far ower big; the fore anes like them o' a mawkin, unco short for sic lang hint anes, the tane stickin' out sturdily in a wrang direction, and for ever treddin' on folk's taes—the tither constantly craikin' frae some cause nae carpenter could ever fin' out, and if you sae muckle as mooved, disturbin' the reading o' the chapter. That chayre used aye to fa' to me, and it was so coggly that it couldna sit dooble, sae that nae lassie wud venture to drap down aside you on't, no, not even gin you were to take her ontil your verra knee. Wha cou'd hae foreseen, in thae days, that I, Jamie Hogg, would ever hae been sittin' on down cushions, covered wi' damask, waitin' for Christopher North, in Awmrose's Hotel, in Picardy, surrounded wi' mirrors a' ableeze, reflected fires, shintillating wi' gilt mouldins, and surmounted wi' eagles' beeks, seemin' to haud up the glitterin' glasses in the air by golden cords, while out o' the mouths o' leopards and lions depended chandeliers o' cut crystal, lustres indeed, dotted wi' wax caundles, as the galaxy wi' stars, and filling the perfumed Saloon wi' unwinkin' licht, frae the Turkey carpet to the Persian roof, a heicht that it would be fatal to fa' frae, and that a pridefu' poet couldna houp to strike wi' his head, even when lowpin' and dancin' in an Ode and Dream. Methinks I see my father and my mother! my brothers and sisters! We are a' sittin' thegither—the grown-up—the little and the less—the peat-fire, wi' an ash-root in't, is bright and vapourless as a new-risen star that ye come suddenly in sight o', and think it sae near, that you could maist grup it wi' your outstretched haun. What voices are these I hear?—the well-known, well-beloved tones of lips that have langsyne been in the clay! There is the bed on which I used to sleep beside my parents, when I was ca'd "Wee Jamie," and on the edge o' which mony a time, when I was a growin' callant, hae I sat with the lasses, in innocent daffin', a skirl noo and then half waukenin' the auld man asleep, or pretendin' to be sae, by the ingle-neuck. I see before me the coverlet patched with a million pawtrons, chance being the kaleedoscope, and the harmony of the colours perfect as that o' a bank o' flowers. As for mirrors, there was but ae single lookin'-glass in a' the house, gayan sair cracket, and the ising rubbed aff, sae that ye had a comical face and queer, when you shaved, and on the Sunday mornin', when the family were buskin' themsells for the kirk, it gaed glintin' like a sunbeam frae ane till anither, but aye rested langest afore the face o' bonnie Tibby Laidlaw.

(*Enter* Mr Ambrose *with some Rein-deer tongues.*)

MR AMBROSE.

A present, Mr Hogg, from the Emperor of Russia to Mr North. The Emperor, you remember, sir, when Duke Nicholas, used to honour Gabriel's Road.—Asleep, with his eyes open!

[*Exit retrogrediens.*

SHEPHERD.

Puir Tibby! Mony a time hae I tied my neckcloth extendin' the knot intil twa white rose-buds, in her een! stannin' sae close, in order that I might see my image, that the ruffles o' my Sabbath-sark just touched her breast-knot, and my breath amaist lifted up the love-lock that the light-hearted cretur used to let hang, as if through carelessness, on ae rosy cheek, just aboon and about the rim o' her wee, white, thin lug, that kent, I trow, a' the tunes ever sung in Scotland.—But—oh! that lug listened to what it shouldna hae listened till—and awa' frae the Forest fled its Flower wi' an outlandish French prisoner on his parole at Selkirk, but set free by the short peace. He disappeared from her ae night in London, and she became a thing of shame, sin, and sorrow. Years afterwards she begged her way back to the hut in which she had been born—was forgiven by her father and mother, wha had never had any other child but her—and, ere the second Sabbath after her return, she was buried decently and quietly, and without many tears, in the kirk-yard, where she had for many

springs gathered the primroses; for, although her life had latterly been that of a great sinner, nobody that knew her attributed that sin to her, puir cretur, but thocht on her as ane o' thae victims that the Evil One is permitted, by an inscrutable Providence, to choose out frae amang the maist innocent o' the daughters o' men, to confound all that would put their trust in human virtue.—Was Awmrose no in the room the noo? Preserve us! what a tot o' tongues! And it's me that used to fin' faut wi' Shakspeare for putting lang soliloquies into the mouths of his chief characters? Now, this seems to be the pheelosophy o 'the soliloquy:—either you are in the habit o' speaking to yoursell in real life or no—if you are, then it follows o' coorse, that you ought to lose no opportunity, if puttin' intil a Play, o' communicatin' your sentiments or opinions to yoursell in private, when there is none by to break the thread o' your discourse. If you are not, then you must never be left by yoursell in a scene; for nae actor, when he is *manet solus*, is allowed, by the laws o' the Drama, to say nor do naething—but just to walk about, or to sit down on a chayre in the middle o' the room, whirling his hat or counting his fingers. To soliloquize seems natural to a hantle o' folk—and that's reason aneuch to authoreeze the practice on the stage. Neither am I sure that soliloquies are aye short or shortish—for I ance keepit speakin' to mysell, I recolleck, a' the way frae the Gray Mare's Tail to Mount Benger. The fack is, that the Sowl, when up wi' ony strong passion, expresses a' it feels chiefly to itsell, even when it seems to be addressin' ithers that happen to be present at the hour o' trouble. The sumphs think it's poorin' itsell out to them, for the sake o' their sympathies, whereas it's in a manner beside itsell; and the tane talks till the tither, as if there were twa; but there's only ane—speaker and hearer being the same Sowl—and the triflin' creturs that are in the room at the time, being little mair than sae mony chairs—the tongs or the poker—or him that they ca' the Speaker o' the Hoose o' Commons. But I'm gettin' as hoarse as a craw—and had better ring the bell for a jug. Deevil tak the worsted bell-rape—see if it hasna bracken short aff, leaving the ring in my haun! Mercy on us, whatten a feet o' flunkeys in the trance!

(*Door flies open—and enter* TICKLER—NORTH, *supported by* MR AMBROSE.)

SHEPHERD.

What a queer couple o' auld fallows, a' covered wi' craureuch! Is't snawin', sirs?

TICKLER.

Snawin', my dear James!—Sleeting, hailing, raining, driving, and blasting, all in one unexpected coalition of parties, to the utter discomfort and dismay of all his Majesty's loyal subjects.

SHEPHERD.

And hae you wawked up, like twa fules, frae Bawhaunan Lodge, in sic an eerie nicht, knee-deep in mire, glaur, and sludge?

TICKLER.

One of North's coach-horses is sick, and the other lame—and——

SHEPHERD.

Catch me keepin' a cotch. It costs Mr North five guineas, every hurl—and him that's getting sae narrow, too—but Pride! hech, sirs, Pride gets the maister o' Avarice—and he'll no condescend to hire a haickney. Dinna melt in the Saloon, sirs—Gang intill the trance, and cast your outer skins, and then come back glitterin' like twa serpents as you are, twa Boa-Constrictors, or rather Rattlesnakes, wi' your forked tongues, and wee red piercin' een, growin' aye mair and mair venemous, as ye begin to bask and beek in the hearth-heat, and turn about the heads o' you to spy whom you may fasten on, lick a' ower wi' glue, and then draw them into your jaws by suction, crashin' their banes like egg-shells, and then hiss-hissin' to ane anither in weel-pleased fierceness, after your ain natur, which mony a puir tortirt cretur has kent to his cost to be without pity and without ruth—ye Sons o' Satan!

NORTH.

Thank ye, my dear James, for all your kind inquiries.—Quite well, except being even deafer than usual, or——

SHEPHERD.

Ne'er mind, sir; I'll mak you hear on the deafest side o' your head. But whare's the siller ear-trumpet?

TICKLER.

Buchanan Lodge, James, was stealthily entered a few nights ago by some rejected contributors, in a mere *jeu d'esprit*,—and a Shabby-genteel was observed by one of the police, this very afternoon, driving South in what appeared to be a hired gig, and attempting to make North's ear-trumpet perform the part of a bugle. He immediately gave chase, and has, doubtless, overtaken the depredator at Fushee Bridge or Torsonce.

SHEPHERD.

The neist article my gentleman sends, maun be on the Tread Mill. But what's North fummlin' at yonner? Odd, he's just, for a' the warld, like a wee bit corn-stack, frosted and poothered ower wi' rime. Noo Mr Aumrose has gotten him out o' the theikin',—and oh! but he looks genteel, and like a verra nobleman in that speck and span new blue coat, wi' big yellow buttons; nor wad that breast ill become a star. Reel roun' his throne, Mr Aumrose.

(Mr Ambrose *wheels* Mr North *in the Patent Chair to the off-door side of the Fire, setting his Foot-stool, and depositing the Crutch in its own niche, leaning on the pedestal of Apollo.*)

TICKLER.

Heaven and earth, James, are you well, my dear friend?—you seem reduced to a mere shadow.

SHEPHERD.

Reduced to a mere shadow!—I'm thinkin', sir, you'll hae been mistakin' your nain figure in the glass for me the noo——

NORTH.

Thank ye, Mr Ambrose.—Family all well? That's right—that's right. Where's the Shepherd? Lord bless me, James, are you ill?

SHEPHERD.

Me ill? What the deevil's to mak me ill?—But you're baith jokin', noo, sirs.

TICKLER.

Pardon my weakness, James, but I had a very ugly dream about you—and your appearance.

SHEPHERD.

Ma appearance? What the deevil's the matter wi' ma appearance? Mr North, am I luckin' ony way out o' health?—(*Aside*)—Aye—aye, my lads, I see what you're ettlin' at noo—but I'm no sae saft and simple's I look like—(*Aloud*). You had an ugly dream, Mr Tickler,—what was't about? Let's hear't.

TICKLER.

That you were dead, James,—laid out—coffined—biered—buried—superscribed—and——

SHEPHERD.

Houkit up by half a dizzen resurrection-men—driven by nicht in a gig to Embro', and selt for three pounds ten shillings to a lecturin' surgeon, for a subject o' demonstration afore a schule o' young doctors; and after that, an atomy in Surgeon's Ha'. Do ye ken, Mr Tickler, that I wud like gran' to see you disseckit. That is, after you was dead—for I'm no wishin' you dead yet, although you plague me sairly sometimes; and are aye tryin', I winna say wi' what success, to be witty at my expense. I wish you a' happiness, sir, and a lang life—but I houp I may add without offence, that gin ye was fairly and *bonny feedy* dead—I wud like to see the corp disseckit, no on a public table, afore hunners o' glowering gawpuses, but in a parlour afore a few chosen peers, sic as Mr North, there, and ODoherty; and Δ who, by the way, would be happy, I dinna doubt, to perform the operation himsell, and I could answer for his doin't wi' a haun at ance firm and tender, resolute and respeckfu', for ae man o' genius is aye kind to anither on a' sic occasions; and Δ would cut you up, sir, as delicately as you were his ain faither.

TICKLER.

Is it to give a flavour to the oysters, James, that you talk so? Suppose we change the subject.

SHEPHERD.

We shall leave that to Δ, sir. There's nae need for changin' the subject

yet; besides, didna ye introduce't yourself, by offerin' to receet your ugly dream about my decease? But——

NORTH.

My dear James, I have left you, by my last will and testament, my Skull.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! my dear sir, but I take that verra verra kind. I'll hae't siller munted—the tap o't—that is, the organ o' veneration, which in you is enormous—sawn aff like that o' a cocko-nit, and then fastened on for a lid by a hinge—and I'll keep a' ma manuscripps in't—and also that wee stereoteep Bible you gied me that beautiful Sunday simmer night we spak sae seriously about religion, when the sun was settin' sae gloriously, and the profound hush o' nature seemed o' itsell an assurance o' immortality. Mr Tickler, will ye no leave me your skull, too, as weel's the cremona that I ken's in a codicil, to staun cheek by jowl wi' Mr North's, on the tap o' my mahogany leebrary?

TICKLER.

Be it so, James—but the bequest must be mutual.

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae objections—there's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile you. Oh, sir! but I wad look unco gash on a bit pedestal in the parlour o' Southside, when you were enterteenin' your sma' snug pairties wi' anecdots o' the Shepherd. There's something pleasant in the thocht, sir, for I'm sure ye wad tell nae ill o' me—and that you wud every Saturday nicht wipe the dust frae my skull wi' a towel, mutterin' perhaps at a time, "Alas, poor Yorick!"

TICKLER.

James, you affect me—you do indeed——

SHEPHERD.

Silly fules, noo, were they to owerhear us jockin' and jeerin' in this gate about ane anither's skulls, wud ca' us Atheists, and deny our richt to Christian burial. But what signifies a skull? The shell of the flown bird, said Simonides, a pensive poet of old—for whose sake would that I could read Greek—though I fancy there are o' him but some sma' and uncertain remains.

NORTH.

Religion, James, follows the bird in her flight, and beholds her alight in heaven.

SHEPHERD.

Yet that's nae reason for treatin' a skull irreverently—playin' tricks wi't—pittin' a cigaur in its teeth—or a wig on't—or tryin' to stick spectacles afore the howes o' what was ance its een—without ony brig o' a nose for them to rest on—or whisperin' intill its wide-open but deaf, deaf lugs, some amusin' maiter frae ane o' the Noctes Ambrosianæ! There's nae reason for haudin' up a caulker o' Glenlivet to its gab, and askin' the silent skull for a sentiment—or to join, as it used to do, till its very sutures were like to split, in a Three times Three! There's nae reason for ca'in' upon't for a sang, true as its ear aince was, and its tongue like silver—for a sang either tragic or comic—ony mair than there is for playin' at bowls wi't on the green, or at fit-ba'—or giein' it even to the bairns, if they hae courage to accepp o't, instead o' a turnip, to frighten folk wi' a cawnle low within its banes by the side o' a kirk-yard wa' on Hallow-E'en. In short, there's nae need either for despair or daffin', when a man takes the skull o' a freen into his haun, or looks at it on the mantelpiece. Its a *mementy mori* o' friendship—and at a' yevents, isna't far better think ye, sirs, for a skull to be stannin' decently as a relic or bequest, in a warm cozy parlour like that at Mount Benger, Southside, or Bawhannan Lodge, than deep down within the clayey cauldness—the rotten corruption o' a great city kirk-yard, o' which the hail sile is a decomposition o' flesh and banes, as if ae vast corp filled a' the burial-grund—and ye canna stick in a pick without hittin' the splinter o' the coffin?

NORTH.

James, many a merry Christmas to us all. What a jug!

SHEPHERD.

It's an instinck wi' me noo, makin' het whisky toddy. A' the time o' our silly discourse about our skulls, was I steerin' about the liquid, plumpin' in the bits o' sugar, and garrin' the green bottle gurgle—unconscious o' what I was about—yet, as ye observe, sir, wi' your usual sagacity, "What a jug!"

TICKLER.

There is no such school of temperance as Ambrose's in the world—a skreed in any room of his house clears my head for a month, and re-strings my stomach to such a pitch of power, that, like an ostrich, I can digest a nail or a cork-screw.

NORTH.

Sobriety is the strength of our physical, moral, and intellectual life. But how can any man hope to continue long sober, who calumniates cordial conviviality—misnames fun folly, and mirth malignity—turns up the whites of his eyes at humour, because it is broad, broad as the sea in sunshine—who in his false wisdom knows not what real wit is, or, half knowing it, turns away, abashed and detected, from its corruscations, that are ever harmless to the truly good, and wither only the weak or the wicked—who——

SHEPHERD.

Stap, sir—stap—for you'll never be able to fin' your way, at this time o' nicht, out o' sic a sentence. It's o' a perplexin' and bewilderin' kind o' construction, and I'll defy mortal man to make his escape out o't without breakin' through, in perfect desperation, a' the rules o' grammar, and upsettin' Dr Syntax at the door o' a parenthesis.

NORTH.

Never shall Sot be suffered to sit at our Symposium, James. Not even the genius of a Sheridan——

SHEPHERD.

Pshewwhoohoo—the genius o' Sheridan! O, sir, but his comedies are cauld-rife compositions; and the hail tot of them's no worth the warst Noctes Ambrosianæ that ever Maister Gurney, that gentleman o' the press, extended frae out o' short haun. His mind had baith pint and glitter—but sae has a preen. Sheridan had but a sma' sowl—and even his oratory was feeble, false, and fushionless; and ane o' the auld Covenanters wad hae rowted him doon intill a silent ceepher on the hillside, makin' him fin' what eloquence is, no made up o' patches frae ither men's pamphlets, and o' lang accounts and statements, interlarded wi' rancid rant, and faded figures new dyed like auld claes, that do weel aneuch by caunle-light, but look desperate shabby in the day-time—wi' remarks, forsooth, on human life and the principles of Eternal Justice—nae less—o' which the unhappy neerdoweel kent muckle, nae doubt—having never read a good and great book a' his days, and associated chiefly with the vilest o' the vile——

NORTH.

James—What's the meaning of all this? These sudden bursts——

SHEPHERD.

I canna thole to hear sic a sot as Sherry aye classed wi' Pitt and Burke.

TICKLER.

Nor I. A couple of clever comedies—a few elegant epilogues—a so-so opera—some spirited speechifyings—a few fitful flashes—some composed corruscations of conversational wit—will these make a great man? Bah! As to his faults and failings, on their ashes we must tread tenderly——

NORTH.

Yes; but we must not collect them in an urn, and weep over them in maudlin worship. He was but a town-wit after all, and of a very superficial fancy. He had no imagination.

SHEPHERD.

No a grain. He could say sharp things upon blunt people—turn a common thocht wi' a certain neatness, that gied it, at first hearin', an air o' novelty; and an image bein' to him rather a rare occurrence, he polished it aff till the pebble seemed a diamond; but after a' it couldna write on glass, and was barely worth settin' in the warst goold. He wanted copiousness, ferteelity, richness, vareeity, feelin', truth o' natur, sudden inspiration, poor o' thocht; and as for either beauty or sublimity, he had a fause notion o' them in words, and naenotion o' them at a' in things, and never drew a tear or garr'd the reader grue in a' his days. Peezarro alone pruves him to hae had nae real sowl; for though the subject be patriotism, and liberty, and independence, it's a' naething but flummery, and a fritter o' gran' soundin' senseless words, that gang

in at the tae lug and out at the tither, like great big bummin' blue-bottle flees on a sinny day, in a room wi' cross lichts—the folk at their toddy half-wonderin' and half-angry wi' the pompous insecks. Better far the bonny, licht, spatty, and mealy-winged, aërial butterflee, that keeps waverin' frae flower to firmament, useless but beautifu', and remembered, for sake o' its silent mirth and motion, after the bit gaudy ephemeral has sank down and expired amidst the evening dews. And oh, how many thousand times mair preferable, the bit broon busy bee, that has a sting, but gin ye let it alane will sting naebody, that selects, by instinct, aye the sweetest flowers, rare as they may be in the weedy wild, and wi' cheerfu' murmur, returns wax or honey-laden, at the gloamin', to its straw-theeked skep in the garden-nyeuck, and continues, wi' the rest o' its innocent and industrious nation, to sing a' nicht lang, when a' the een o' heaven hae closed, and no a breath is stirrin' out ower a' the hills, trees, or castles.

TICKLER.

Would you believe it, Hogg, that it is no unusual thing for droves of numbskulls to come driving along these lobbies, poking their low-browed stupidities into every parlour, hoping to surprise us at a Noctes Ambrosianæ, and wondering what can possibly have become of us, with their great big grey goggle eyes, sticking boiled-lobster-like out of their dirty-red physiognomies, with their clumsy gift of tongues lolling out of their blubber-lipped mouths, in a sort of speechless slaver, their very nostrils distended and quivering with vulgar perplexity and disappointment, and an ear seemingly nailed to each side of their ignorance-box, somewhere about the size of a small kibbock?

SHEPHERD.

Whaten a fricht they wud get, gin they were to find us! The sumphs wud swarf.

NORTH.

They know not, James, that a single tap of the crutch on the floor enchants us and our orgies into instant invisibility. Hunt the dew-drops after they have fled from before the sun-rising—the clouds that have gone sailing away over the western horizon, to be in at the sun-setting—the flashing and foaming waves that have left the sea and all her isles in a calm at last—the cushats still murmuring on farther and farther into the far forest, till the sound is now faint as an echo, and then nothing—golden eagles lost in light, and raging in their joy on the very rim of this globe's attraction—during the summer heats, the wild flowers that strew the old woods of Caledon only during the pure snowy breath of the earth-brightening spring—the stars, that at once disappear with all their thousands, at the howl of the midnight storm—the lightnings suddenly intersecting the collied night, and then off and away for ever, quicker than forgotten thoughts—the grave-mounds, once so round and green, James, and stepped over so tenderly by footsteps going towards the low door of the little kirk, but all gone now, James,—kirk, kirk-yard and all, James—and not a house in all the whole parish that has not been many times over and over again pulled down—altered—rebuilt, till a ghost, could he but loosen himself from the strong till, and raise up his head from among a twenty-acre field of turnips, and potatoes, and pease, would know not his own bonnie birthplace, and death-place too, once so fringed and fragrant with brush-wood over all its knolls, with whins, and broom, and harebells, and in moist moorland places, James, beautiful with "green grows the rashes o'," and a little loch, clear as any well, and always, always when you lay down and drank, cool, cold, chill, and soul-restoring—now drained for the sake of marl, and forsaken by the wild swans, that used to descend from heaven in their perfect whiteness, for a moment fold up their sounding pinions, and then, hoisting their wings for sails, go veering like ships on a pleasure-cruise, all up and down in every direction, obeying the air-like impulses of inward happiness, all up and down, James, such heavenly air-and-water-woven world, as your own St Mary's Loch, or Loch of the Lowes, with its old, silent, ruined chapel, and one or two shepherds' houses, as silent as the chapel, but, as you may know from the smoke, old, but not ruined, and, though silent, alive!

TICKLER.

Hurra! hurra! hurra!

SHEPHERD.

O, man, North, but you're a bare-faced eemetawtor o' me! You never wud hae spoken in that gate, a' your days, had you never kent me, and hearkened till me, when Nature lets me lowse, like a water that has been gettin' itsell fed a' nicht, far aff at its source amang the muntains, and that a' at ance, when bits o' callants and lassies are plouterin' about fishin' for mennons wi' thread and cruckit prins, comes doon, red and roarin', in spate, and gin the bairns hadna heard the weel-kenn'd thunner, up aboon the linn, as it approached, wad hae sweepit them in twa three hours frae Mingan to the Main,—na, broken at ae charge a' the squadrons o' cavalry that ever nichered, frae queerassears to cossacks, and made parks o' artillery play spin like sae mony straes! Then how the earth-bound roots o' the auld forest trees rejoice, as oak, ash, and elem try in vain to behold their shadows in the turbid flood! The holms and meadows are all overflowed into a hundred isles—and the kirk is cut aff frae the main laun! How, think ye, will the people get to the summer sacrament the morn? By the morn, a' will be so quate that you will hear the lark at his greatest heicht in heaven, and the bit gowan you canna help treddin' on, crunklin' aneath your feet—the earth below will be greener than the heavens aboon are blue—a' the waters will be transparent as windows in shadow, or glitterin' like windows when the sun glints on the panes,—and parties o' well-dressed people a' proceedin' sae orderly thegither, or here and there comin' down hillsides, and out o' the mooths o' wee bit glens, anes, and twas, and threes, say a man and his wife and bairn, or a lassie and her sweetheart, or an auld body wi' fourscore on his back, but hale and hearty for a' that, comin' to worship by himsell, for his wife and family hae been lang dead, frae the farthest aff and maist lanesome house in a' a gae wild hill parish, every sabbath-day, as regular as the shadow fa's on the dial, and the kirk-bell is rung by drunken Davy, wha's fou a' the week thro', but nane but a leear will say that they ever saw him the waur o' drink on the Lord's day, and that's something—though but ane in seven.

TICKLER.

Hurra! hurra! hurra!

NORTH.

O, man, Hogg, but you are a barefaced "eemetawtor" of me.

SHEPHERD.

That's the way o't. That's the way that folks is rubbit o' their oreeginality. What's a Noctes withouten the Shepherd? Tell me that.—But you're welcome, sir, to be a copiawtor at times, for there's nae denyin' that when you either skatche or feenish aff, after your ain manner, there's few hauns like Christopher North, either ancient or modern. But excuse me, sir, for sayin', that, about the tenth tummler or sae, oh, sir, you are tiresome, tiresome——

NORTH.

A gross contradiction, James, of that compliment you paid me half an hour ago.

TICKLER.

Claw me, and I'll claw you. Eh, Jamie—Eh, Kit?

SHEPHERD.

He that disna like flattery, is either less or mair nor man. It's the natural language o' freenship, and as destinck frae flummery as a bee frae a drone, a swan frae a guse, a bit bonny yellow meadow-born spanking froggy frae an ugly carbunkle-backit, din, nettle-crawlin' taed—a real lake frae meerage. What the deevil's the use or meanin' o' a freen that aye looks doure at you whan you're speakin' at your verra best, and gies his nose a snifter, and his breast a grumph, whan you're dune singin', and a' hauns but his clappin', a' tongues but his roosin' your voice to the skies—his hauns rooted intill the pocket o' his breeks,—a hateful' attitude,—and his tongue seen through his chafts, as if he were mockin', a insult for which a chiel that's a Christian, ought to be hanged—drawn and quartered,—disseckit,—and hung in chains. Commend me to freens that flatter you, as it is ca'd, afore your face, and defend ye ahint your back, and review your books in Maga wi' a fine natural, nice, philosophical discrimination o' poetry—a deadly draucht to the dunces—and that, whan you are dead at last, seleck frae the Scriptures a solemn verse for your yepitaph, composed on some mild, mournfu', and melancholy nicht, when

memory grows wondrous bricht aneath the moon and stars, an elegy or hymn on your genius, and on what's better than, and o' mair avail than, your genius, —your virtue, or I wad raither say your religion,—and wha wad think naething o' pu'in' the nose or kickin' the houghs o' the fallow that wud daur but to utter ae single syllable against you, when out o' sicht a'thegither and for ever, and just the same, but for your writings, to the warld still whurlin' roun' and roun' on its axis, as if you had never been born!

NORTH.

Yes,—James,—people are proud of being praised in Maga—for they know that I would scorn to prostitute praise to Prince, Kaesar, or King.

SHEPHERD.

Brawly do they ken that, sir,—and the consequence is, that ye have only to look intill an author's face to ken whether he's been praised or no in Blackwood. If never mentioned at a', he pits on a queer kind o' creeticeesin' and dissatisfied face at naming o' The Periodical, but's feared to say onything against it, in case Mr North comes to hear o't, for hope's no yet quite dead within him, and he still keeps applyin' at head-quarters, through the awgency o' freens, for a notice in the Noctes——if roosed to the skies, he hauds up his head like an exultin' heir o' immortality, tryin' a' the time no to be ower proud, and sayin' ceevil things to the silly—praisin' ither folks warks—being far remov'd aboon envy or jealousy noo—and on an equality wi' a' writers, leevin' or dead, but Sir Walter—gie'n' capital denners,—sittin' in a frunt-seat o' a box in the play-house—amaist houpin' that the pit will applaud him wi' a ruff —aftener than afore, and mair conspicuous even, in his pew—on Prince's street, enveloped in a new London great-coat lined wi' silk,—and kissin' his hand to personages in chariots, who occasionally return the salute as if they had never seen him atween the een afore—but oh! sir,—ask me not to pent the face o' him that has been dammed!

TICKLER.

Wheesht—James—wheesht.

SHEPHERD.

Yes—I will wheesh—for it's "a face to dream o'," as that rare genius Colridge says, "no to see,"—and I'm sure, Mr North, gin you were to come on't suddenly, at the corner o' Picardy, you wud loup out o' your seven senses.

NORTH.

It is so long since I have damned an author, that the gentleman you allude to, James, must be well stricken in years.

SHEPHERD.

He's no mair than forty—to ma certain knowledge—and though he never, to be sure, had muckle meanin' in the face o' him, yet was he a stout able-bodied man, and ance walked sax miles in an hour, tae and heel. Noo he seems several centuries auld—just like a tree that has been left staunin' after bein' barked, and although a' covered, yards up frae the grun wi' nasty funguses, and sae sliddery lookin' in its whiteness, that ye see at ance nae sailor cud speel't, yet has here and there bits o' twigs that seem to contain life in them, but no life aneuch to put forth leaves, only bits o' scraggy, fushionless, bluidless buds, like shrivelled haws, or moles,—that is, deevil-marks,—on the arms and shuthers o' an auld witch. Good safe us, Mr North, if he was to come in the noo!

NORTH.

Catch him coming within compass of my crutch, James. Instinct with him now does the work of reason.

TICKLER.

I scarcely think, James, that you are in your usual spirits to-night. Come, be brilliant.

SHEPHERD.

O man, Mr Tickler, wha wud hae expectit sic a sumphish speech frae you, sir? Wha was ever brilliant at a biddin'? Bid a sleepin' fire bleeze—Wull't? Na. But ripe the ribs, and then gie the central coal a smash wi' the poker, and lo! a volcano vomits like Etna or Vesuvius.

TICKLER.

After all, my dear James, I believe the truth to be, that Christmas is not a merry season.

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins scaircely sae to men like us, that's gettin' raither auld. But though no merry, it needna be melancholy—for after a', death, that taks awa' the gude—a freen or twa drappin' awa ilka year—is no so very terrible, except when he comes to our ain fireside, our ain bed, or our ain cradle—and, for my ain part, I can drink, wi' an unpainfu' tear, or without ony tear at a', to the memory o' them I loved dearly, naithing doubtin' that Heaven is the trystin'-place where all friends and lovers will feenally meet at last, free frae all jealousies and heart-burnings, and sorrows, and angers—sae, why should our Christmas be melancholy, though we three have buried some that last year lauched, and sang, and danced in our presence, and because of our presence, and looked as if they had been destined for a lang lang life?

NORTH.

What mortality among the English Bishops, James, this year!

SHEPHERD.

An English Bishop maun hate to dee, proud as he is o' himsell, and his Cathedral, wi' his poothered weeg, his balloon sleeves, his silk petticoats, and his fearsome income—a domestic chaplain, wha's only a better sort o' flunkey, aye booin' and booin' at every word the Spiritual Lord says, and——

NORTH.

James!—I am delighted, Tickler, to see Copplestone a Bishop; not an abler, better man in England. Talent and integrity are, now-a-days, sure to make their way to the Bench; and it is thus that the church establishment of England will stand like a rock.

TICKLER.

The Edinburgh Review entertains singular opinions on Copplestone. One number he is a barn-door fowl, another a finished scholar; now a retromingent animal, then a first-rate theologian, metaphysician, and political economist—he soon afterwards degenerates into a third-rate man, and finally into an old woman, afraid of Catholic emancipation, and preaching prosy sermons, smelling of orthodoxy and dotage.—What do the blockheads mean, North?

SHEPHERD.

Sumphs, sumphs, indeed. But do you ken, in spite o' a' that, I'm just desperate fond o' Christmas minshed pies. Sirs—in a bonny bleeze of brandy, burnin' blue as snap-dragon—I can devoor a dizzen.

TICKLER.

Christmas geese are prime birds, James, with onions and sage sufficient, and each mouthful accompanied by its contingent of rich red apple-sauce.

SHEPHERD.

A guse aye gi'es me the cholic—yet I canna help eatin't for a' that—for whan there's nae sin nor iniquity, it's richt and reasonable to purchase pleasure at the expense o' pain. I like to eat a' sorts o' land or fresh-water wild fools—and eke the eggs. Pease-weeps' eggs is capital poached.

TICKLER.

James, whether do you like eating or drinking best? Is hunger or thirst the preferable appetite?

SHEPHERD.

Why, you see, I, for ane, never eat but when I'm hungry—and hunger's soon satisfied if you hae plenty o' vittals. Compare that wi' drinkin' when you're thrusty—either clear well-water, or sour-milk, or sma' yill, or porter, or speerits half-and-half, and then I wud say that eatin' and drinkin's pretty much of a muchness—very nearly on a par, wi' this difference, that hunger, wi' me 's never sae intense as thrust. I never was sae hungry that I wud hae devoured a bane frae the gutter, but I hae often been sae thrusty, on the mures, that I hae drank black moss-water wi' a green scum on't without scunnerin'.

NORTH.

I never was hungry in my life.

SHEPHERD.

That's a confounded lee, sir, beggin' your pardon——

NORTH.

No offence, James—but the instant I begin to eat, my appetite is felt to be excellent.

SHEPHERD.

Felt and seen baith, sir. A howtowdie's a mere laverock to you, sir, on the day the Magazine's finished aff—and Mr Awmrose himsell canna help lauchin' at the relays o' het beef-stakes that ye keep yokin' to, wi' pickled ingons or shallotts, and spoonfu's o' Dickson's mustard, that wud be aneuch to blin' a Lynx.

TICKLER.

I have lost my appetite——

SHEPHERD.

I howp nae puir man 'll find it, now that wages is low and wark scarce—but drinkin', you see, Mr North, has this great advantage over eatin', that ye may drink a' nicht lang without being thrusty—tummler after tummler—jug after jug—bowl after bowl—as lang's you're no sick—and you're better worth sittin' wi' at ten than at aught, and at twal than at ten, and during the sma' hours, you're just intolerable gude company—scarcely bearable at a', ane waxes sae truly wutty and out o' a' measure deevertin'; whereas, I'll defy ony man, the best natural and acquired glutton that ever was born and bred at the feet o' a father that gaed aff at a city-feast wi' a gob o' green fat o' turtle half way down his gullet, in an apoplexy, to carry on the eatin' wi' ony spunk or speerit after three or four coorses, forbye toasted cheese, and roasted chesnuts, and a dessert o' filberts, prunes, awmons, and raisins, ginger-frute, guava jeely, and ither Wast Indian preserves. The cretur cowps ower comatose. But only tak tent no to roar ower loud and lang in speakin' or singin', and you may drink awa at the Glenlivet till past midnight, and weel on to the morning o' the day after to-morrow.

TICKLER.

Next to the British, Hogg, I know no such constitution as yours—so fine a balance of powers. I daresay, you never had an hour's serious illness in your life.

SHEPHERD.

That's a' you ken—and the observe comes weel frae you that began the nicht wi' giein' the club my death-like prognosis.

TICKLER.

Prognosis?

SHEPHERD.

Simtoms like. This back-end I had, a' three at ance, the Tick Dollaroose, the Angeena Pectoris, and the Janndice.

NORTH.

James—James—James!

TICKLER.

Hogg—Hogg—Hogg!

SHEPHERD.

I never fan' ony pain like the Tick Dollaroose. Ane's no accustomed to a pain in the face. For the toothach's in the inside o' the mouth, no in the face; and you've nae idea hoo sensitive's the face. Cheeks are a' fu' o' nerves—and the Tick attacks the hail bunch o' them, screwing them up to sic a pitch o' tension that you canna help screechin' out, like a thousan ools, and clappin the pawms o' your hauns to your distrackit chafts, and rowin' yoursell on the floor, on your grooff, wi' your hair on end, and your een on fire, and a general muscular convulsion in a' your sinnies, sae piercin', and searchin', and scrutinisin', and diggin', and houkin', and tearin' is the pangfu' pain that keeps eatin' awa and manglin' the nerves o' your human face divine. Draps o' sweat, as big as beads for the neck or arms o' a lassie, are pourin' doun to the verra floor, so that the folk that hears you roarin' thinks you're greetin', and you're aye afterwards considered a bairnly chiel through the hail kintra. In ane o' the sudden fits I gruppit sic haud o' a grape that I was helpin' our Shusey to muck the byre wi', that it withered in my fingers like a frush saugh-wand—and 'twould hae been the same, had it been a bar o' iron. Only think o' the Tick Dollaroose in a man's face continuing to a' eternity!

NORTH.

Or even for a few million ages—

SHEPHERD.

Angeena Pectoris, is even waur, if waur may be, than the Tick Dollaroose.

Some say it's an ossified condition o' the coronary arteries o' the heart; but that's no necessarily true—for there's nae ossification o' these arterial branches o' my heart. But oh! sirs, the fit's deadly, and maist like till death. A' at ance, especially if you be walkin' up-hill, it comes on you, like the shadow o' a thunder cloud ower smilin' natur, silencin' a' the singin' birds, as if it threatened earthquake,—and you canna doubt that your last hour is come, and that your sowl is about to be demanded of you by its Maker. However aften you may have it, you aye feel and believe that it is, this time—death. It is a sort o' swoon, without loss o' sense—a dwawm, in which there still is consciousness—a stoppage o' a' the animal functions, even o' breathin' itsell; which, if I'm no mista'en, is the meaning o' a syncope—and a' the while something is rug-ruggin' at the heart itself, something cauld and ponderous, amaist like the fore-finger and thoom o' a heavy haun—the haun o' an evil spirit; and then you expeck that your heart is to rin doun, just like a clock, wi' a dull cloggy noise, or rumble like that o' disarranged machinery, and then to beat, to tick nae mair! The collapse is dreadfu'. Ay, Mr North, collapse is the word.

NORTH.

Consult Uwins on Indigestion, James—the best medical work I have read for years, of a popular, yet scientific character.

SHEPHERD.

Noo for the Janndice. The Angeena Pectoris, the Tick Dollaroose, are intermittent—"like angel visits, few and far between"—but the janndice lasts for weeks, when it is gatherin' or brewin' in the system—for weeks at its yellowest heicht,—and for weeks as the disease is ebbin' in the blood—a disease, if I'm no sair mista'en, o' the liver.

NORTH.

An obstructed condition of the duodenum, James——

SHEPHERD.

The mental depression o' the sowl in the janndice is maist truly dreadfu'. It would hae sunk Sampson on the morning o' the day that he bore aff on his back the gates o' Gaza.

TICKLER.

Tell us all about it, James.

SHEPHERD.

You begin to hate and be sick o' things that used to be maist delightfu'—sic as the sky, and streams, and hills, and the ee and voice, and haun and breast o' woman. You dauner about the doors, dour and dowie, and are seen sittin' in nyeucks and corners, whare there's little licht, no mindin' the cobwabs, or the spiders themselves drappin' down amang your unkempt hair. You hae nae appeteet; and if by ony chance you think you could tak a mouthfu' o' a particular dish, you splutter't out again, as if it were bitter ashes. You canna say that you're unco ill either, but just a wee sickish—tongue furry as if you had been licking a muff or a mawkin—and you observe, frae folk staunin' weel back when you happen to speak to them—which is no aften—that your breath's bad, though a week before it was as caller as clover. You snore mair than you sleep—and dream wi' your een open—ugly, confused, mean, stupit, unimaginative dreams, like those o' a drunk dunce imitatin' a Noctes—and that's about the warst thing o' a' the complaint, that you're ashamed o' yoursell, and begin to fear that you're no the man you ance thocht yoursell, when in health shootin' groose on the hills, or listerin' sawmon.

NORTH.

The jaundice that, James, of a man of genius—of the author of the Queen's Wake.

SHEPHERD.

Wad ye believe it, sir, that I was ashamed of Kilmeny? A' the poems I ever writ seemed trash—rubbish—fuilzie—and as for my prose—even my verra articles in Maga—Shepherd's Calendar and a'—waxed havers—like something in the Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine, the stupidest o' a' created periodicals, and now deader than a' the nails in Nebuchadnezzar's coffin.

NORTH.

The disease must have been at its climax then, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na, na; it was far frae the cleemax. I tuk to the bed, and never luckit out frae the coortains for a fortnight—gettin' glummier and glummier in sense and sowl, heart, mind, body, and estate—eatin' little or naething, and—wud ye believe it?—sick, and like to scunner at the verra name o' whusky.

NORTH.

Thank God, I knew nothing of all this, James. I could not have borne the thought, much less the sight, of such total prostration, or rather perversion, of your understanding.

SHEPHERD.

Wearied and worn out wi' lyin' in the bed, I got up wi' some sma' assistance frae wee Jamie, God bless him! and telt them to open the shutters. What a sicht! A' faces as yellow's yellow lilies, like the parchment o' an auld drum-head! Ghastly were they, ane and a', whan they leuch; yet seemed insensible o' their corp-like hue—I mean, a corp that has died o' some unnatural disease, and been keepit ower lang abune grun' in close weather, the carpenter having gotten drunk, and botched the coffin. I ca'd for the glass—and my ain face was the warst o' the hail set. Whites o' een! They were the colour o' dandelions, or yellow yoldrins. I was feared to wash my face, lest the water grew ochre. That the Janndice was in the house was plain; but whether it was me only that had it, or a' the rest likewise, was mair than I cud tell. That the yellow I saw wasna in them, but in me, was hard to believe, when I luckit on them; yet I thocht on green specks, and the stained wundows in Windermere Station, and reasoned wi' mysell that the discoloration must be in my lens, or pupil, or optic nerve, or apple, or ba' o' the ee; and that I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was The Janndice.

TICKLER.

Your portrait, coloured from nature, James, would have been inestimable in after ages, and given rise to much argument among the learned about your origin—the country of your birth. You must have looked cousin-german to the Green Man and Still.

SHEPHERD.

I stoittered to the door, and, just as I feared, the Yarrow was as yellow as a rotten egg—a' the holms the colour o' a Cockney's play-going gloves—the skies like the dirty ochre wa's o' a change-house—the cluds like buckskin breeks—and the sun, the michty sun himself, wha lends the rainbow its hues, and is never the poorer, looked at me with a disconsolate aspeck, as much as to say, "James, James, is it thou or I that has the Janndice?"

TICKLER.

Better than the best bits of Abernethy in the Lancet, North.

SHEPHERD.

Just as I was gaun to answer the Sun, the Tick Dollaroose attacked baith o' my cheeks—a' my face, lips, chin, nose, brow, lugs, and crown and back o' my head,—the Angeena Pectoris brought on the Heart-Collapse,—and there the three, the Tick, the Angeena, and the Janndice, a' fell on me at ance, like three English, Scotch, and Eerish regiments stormin' a fort, and slaughterin' their way wi' the beggonet on to the citadel.

NORTH.

That you are alive at this blessed hour, my dearest James, almost exceeds belief, and I begin to suspect that you are not flesh and blood,—a mere Appearance.

SHEPHERD.

Na, faith, am a reality; an Appearance is a puir haun at a jug. Yet, sir, the recovery was weel worth a' I paid for it in sufferins. The first time I went out to the knowe yonner, aboon the garden, and gazed and glowered, and better gazed and glowered, on the heavens, the earth, and the air, the three bein' blent thegither to mak up that mysterious thing—a Day o' Glory—I thocht that my youth, like that o' the sun-staring eagle, had been renewed, and that I was ance mair in the verra middle o' the untamed licht and music o' this life, whan a' is fancy and imagination, and friendship and love, and houp, oh, houp, sir, houp, worth a' the ither blisses ever sent frae Heaven, like a shower o' sunbeams, for it canna be darkenit, far less put out by the mirkest

midnight o' meesery, but keeps shinin' on like a star, or rather like the moon hersell, a spiritual moon, sir, that "is never hid in vacant interlunar cave."

TICKLER.

Mixed metaphors these, James.

SHEPHERD.

Nane the waur o' that, Timothy—I felt about ane-and-twunty—and oh, what an angelical being was a lassie then comin' wadin' through the ford! At every step she took, after launin' wi' her white feet, havin' letten doun fa' her cloud-like claes wi' a blush, as she keepit lookin' roun' and roun' for a whileock, to see gin ony ee had been on her, as her limbs came silveryin' through the water—

NORTH.

The Ladies, James, in a bumper.

SHEPHERD.

The leddies.—A track o' flowers keepit lenthenin' along the greensward as she wauked awa', at last, quite out o' sight.

TICKLER.

And this you call recovering from the Tic Doloureux, the Angina Pectoris, and the Jaundice, James?

SHEPHERD.

Few roses are there about Mount Benger, and nae honey-suckle; and, at the time I speak o', the field-peas and beans werena in bloom; yet a' the hollow o' the air was filled wi' sweetness, mair like than onything else to the smell o' thyme, and sic a scent would hae tauld a blin' man that he was breathin' in paradise. The shapes o' the few trees that grew on that part o' the Yarrow, became mair gracefu', and the trees themsells seemed as if leevin' creturs when the breeze came near them, and shook their tresses in the moonshine, like lasses lettin' out their hair to dry, after they hae been bathin' in some shady linn, and lauchin' about their sweethearts.

TICKLER.

James, you cannot get rid of your besetting imagery.

SHEPHERD.

Slawly, slawly did I fa' back into mysell—into a man o' fifty and some few years mair, into something duller, deader, mair obscure—yet no unhappy either, or inclined to utter ony complaints, but still owerburdened by a dimness, maist a darkness o' soul—and weel weel aware, that though you were to crown my brow wi' the garlands o' glory, and to set a diadem on the crown o' my head, and for Prime Minister to give me Power, and Health for my Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Pleasure for Home Secretary, never, never, never could James Hogg be what he ance was; nor, as lang as he leeves, enjoy as much happiness, put it a'thegither, and multiply it by decimals, as used lang, lang ago aften to be crooded into ae single hour, till I thocht my verra heart would hae burst wi' bliss, and that the stars o' heaven, pure as they are, burned dim with envy of us twa beneath the milk-white thorn, the trysting thorn for the Flowers o' the Forest, for countless generations.

Enter Mr Ambrose, *with Copper-Kettle, No. I.*

NORTH.

Who rung?

AMBROSE.

I have taken note of the time of the last four jugs, sir, and have found that each jug gains ten minutes on its predecessor—so ventured——

SHEPHERD.

Oh, Mr Ambrose, but you wud be a gran' observer o' the motions o' the heavenly bodies, in an Astronomical Observatory!—The jug's this moment dead.—There—in wi' a' the sugar, and a' the whusky,—fill up, Awmrose, fill up. That stroop's a gran' pourer, and you're a prime experimenter in hydrostatics.

[*Exit* Mr Ambrose, *susurrans.*

TICKLER.

You knew the late Malcolm Gillespie of Crombie Cottage, I think, James? He died game.

SHEPHERD.

Only middlin'. He had a cross o' the dunghill in him—which is the case wi' a' the cruel.

NORTH.

He should not have got faint in the Court-House. On the scaffold his behaviour was firm enough—and——

SHEPHERD.

He was an infamous ruffian—and mony a prime worm he broke—mony a' sweet-workin' stell,—and much he bragged of his duty and his daring—but a' the while the fearless reprobate was livin' on forgery; and feenally, naething wud satisfy him but to burn the house o' sin by the hauns o' his abandoned limmers. Yet he declared before God, that he died—innocent.

NORTH.

It is said that high interest was used to procure a commutation of his punishment. I hope not. No man who knew right from wrong would have dared to put his hand to a petition for mercy to such a profligate and hardened villain. Pardon would, in his case, have been defiance of justice—the triumph of vice, crime, and iniquity, over the laws. But there are people who will petition for the forfeited life of a felon, a forger, and an incendiary, who will be shy of subscribing a pound for the relief of the blind aged widow, who, industrious as long as she saw Heaven's light, is now a palsied but uncomplaining pauper.

TICKLER.

Nothing seems much clearer to me, sir, than the natural direction of charity. Would we all but relieve, according to the measure of our means, those objects immediately within the range of our personal knowledge, how much of the worst evil of poverty might be alleviated! Very poor people, who are known to us to have been honest, decent, and industrious, when industry was in their power, have a claim on us, founded on that our knowledge, and on vicinity and neighbourhood, which have in themselves something sacred and endearing to every good heart. One cannot, surely, always pass by, in his walks for health, restoration, or delight, the lone way-side beggar, without occasionally giving him an alms. Old, care-worn, pale, drooping, and emaciated creatures, who pass us by without looking beseechingly at us, or even lifting their eyes from the ground—cannot often be met with, without exciting an interest in us for their silent and unobtrusive sufferings or privations. A hovel, here and there, round and about our own comfortable dwelling, attracts our eyes by some peculiar appearance of penury—and we look in, now and then, upon its inmates, cheering their cold gloom with some small benefaction. These are duties all men owe to distress; they are easily discharged, and even such tender mercies as these are twice blessed.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir, you speak weel. I like you when you're wutty—I admire you when you're wise—I love and venerate you when you're good—and what greater goodness can there be in a world like this than charity?

TICKLER.

But then, my worthy friend, for one man to interfere with another's charities is always delicate—nay dangerous; for how can the benevolent stranger, who comes to me to solicit my aid to some poor family, whose necessities he wishes to relieve, know either my means, or the claims that already lie upon me, and which I am doing my best to discharge? He asks me for a guinea—a small sum, as he thinks—the hour after I have given two to a bedridden father of a large family, to save his bed and bed-clothes from being sold at the Cross.

SHEPHERD.

But you maunna be angry at him—unless he's impident—and duns you for your donation. That's hard to thole.

TICKLER.

Yet, am I to apologize to him—uninformed, or misinformed, as he is about me and mine—for not drawing my purse-strings at his solicitation? Am I to explain how it happens that I cannot comply—to tell him that, in fact, I am at that moment poor? He is not entitled to hold such a colloquy with

me—yet, if I simply say, "Sir, I must refuse your petition," he probably condemns me as a heartless hunks—an unmerciful miser—and, among his friends, does not abstain from hints on my selfish character.

SHEPHERD.

There's, for the maist part, I am willing to believe, a spice o' goodness about the greater number even o' the gadders about wi' subscription papers.

TICKLER.

But a spice, James, is not enough. Their motives are of too mixed a kind. Vanity, idleness, mere desire to escape ennui, curiosity even, and a habit of busy-bodyism, which is apt to grow on persons who have no very strong ties of affection binding them to home, do sadly impair the beauty of beneficence.

SHEPHERD.

They do that—yet in a great populous city like Embro', much good must often be done by charitable people formin' themselves into associations—findin' out the deserving poor, gettin' siller subscribed for them, visitin' them in their ain houses, especially in the winter time, sir, gein' them a cart o' coals, or a pair o' blankets, or some worsted stockens, and so on—for a sma' thing is aften a great help to them just hangin' on the edge o' want; and a meal o' meat set afore a hungry family, wha hadna expeckit to break their fast that day, not only fills their stamacks, puir sowls, but warms their verra hearts, banishin' despair, as by a God-gift, and awaukenin' Hope, that had expired alang wi' the last spark on the ashy hearth.

TICKLER.

Give me your hand, James. James, your health—God bless you—certainly a young lady—or a middle-aged one either—never looks better—so well—as when in prudence and meekness she seeks to cheer with charity the hovels of the poor. I know several such—and though they may too often be cheated and imposed on—that is not their fault—and the discharge of a Christian duty cannot fail of being accompanied by a great overbalance of good.

SHEPHERD.

Oh man! Mr Tickler—but you hae a maist pleasant face the noo—you're a real gude cretur—and I wad fling a glass o' het water in the face o' onybody that wad daur to speak ill o' a single letter in your name.—Is't no time, think ye, sir, to be ringin' for the eisters?—I hear them comin'!—That cretur Awmrose has the gift o' divination!

[*Enter* Mr Ambrose, *his Brother from Gabriel's Road, the* Two Stephens, Tappytoorie, *and* King Pepin, *each with a Board of Oysters.*]

TICKLER.

Fat, fair, and fifty!——

SHEPHERD.

What desperate breedy beasts eisters maun be,—for they tell me that Embro' devoors a hunder thousand every day.

NORTH.

Why, James, that is only about two oysters to every three mouths. I am happy to see from their condition, that the oyster population is not pressing too hard on the means of subsistence. They will be spared the Report from the Emigration Committee.

SHEPHERD.

Tak' them, right and left, sir,—this way,—first frae ae brodd, and then frae anither—crossing hauns like a young leddy playin' a kittle piece on the Piawno. Tappytoorie—some pots o' porter. I think I see a cauld roon' o' beef ower by yonner on the sideboard, lowerin' amang a fillet o' veal, a pie and a pasty, a howtowddie, and some smawish burds, maist likely snipes and wudcocks—for the lang-bills is come ower noo frae Norway—just like a three-decker lying at anchor in the middle o' as mony frigates. Yon's what I ca', sirs, a Core o' Reserve.

NORTH.

Were you at the Cattle Show, James, t'other day, in the Court of the Oil-Gas Institution?

SHEPHERD.

Eisters dinna interrupt taukin'.—There's a beauty, Mr North,—obleedge

me by allooin' me to let it down your throat. Haud back your head awee—open Sesame—there it goes, without ever a chack,—didna ye hear't play plowp in the stamach?

TICKLER.

Pleasing picture of piety!—The young cormorant feeding his old father.

SHEPHERD.

I was at the Show. But sic anither prize-bill as yon I never saw—a wee wizzened, waif-and-stray-looking cretur—sic a tawty hide—a mere rickle o' banes—sae weak that he could hardly staun',—and evidently a martyr to the rheumatism, the asthma, and the consumption.

NORTH.

But the breed, James—the breed!

SHEPHERD.

Nae doubt the breed was gude, for it was Mr Rennie's; but sic a specimen! I defy ony judge, since the days o' Gamaliel, to decide on the merits o' a beast in sic a condition as yon. Suppose, sir, by way of argumentative illustration, that a prize was to be given to the finest young man of eighteen that could be produced, and that from among ever so many noble fellows, all instinct with health and vigour, the judge were to single out ae urchin, a lean, lank, yellow, and loose-skinned skeleton, and put a belt round his waist as being the picked man of all England!

NORTH.

So might be his frame-work.

SHEPHERD.

What? Do ye mean his skeleton? But the prize was no for skeletons—if it was, a' the competitors should hae been prepared. Or take, sir, a shipwrecked sailor aff a rock in the middle o' the sea, where he has been leevin', puir fallow, on some moothfu's o' tangle, scarted aff the sluddery stanes, for maist pairt o' a fortnicht, and wringin' the rain out o' his troosers, to keep doon his ragin' thirst—and compare him wi' me—just me mysell sittin' here wi' a brodd o' eisters on ilka haun—after a denner the day wi' some freends in the Auld Town—and a December's eating, the month that's allooed to be the verra best in the hail towmount, and wha wad daur to pass judgment on the comparative pints o' sic a Sailor and sic a Shepherd? As for the bit bill, he was leevin' then—though nae doubt he's dead noo—for it was a raw day, and he keepit shiverin' in his pen like an aspen.

NORTH.

I confess, James, there is something in what you say—yet a bull bred by Mr Rennie of Linton, and approved by Captain Barclay of Ury, must have been, in spite of his delicate state of health, a rare animal.

SHEPHERD.

There's no twa mair honourable and cleverer chiels in a' Scotland—but it's just perfectly impossible to decide atween ane or twa brute creturs—or human anes either—when the tane's a' that it ought to be, or can be, in health and speerits, and the tither hingin' head and tail, little better than an atomy—it's just perfectly impossible.

NORTH.

The Highland Society, James, the promoters of these great Cattle Shows, is the most useful one in all Scotland; and you will be glad, I am sure, to hear, that, under their auspices, Mr Blackwood is about to publish, quarterly, an Agricultural Magazine, for which he has already found an Editor of rare accomplishments.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man, but I'm real glad o' that! sic a buik's a great desiderawtum—I'll write for't mysell, and sae will a thousan' ithers;—but still I doubt the possibility o' judgin' fairly o' a bill like yon, though, nae doubt, he wad hae been a beauty if in fine ruddy health, like a bailie or a bishop. It was just the vice versâ wi' yon prize pig. She was just a fat grunt, and had lost a' appearance o' a human cretur. Extremes should be avoided, for, as Horace says,

Sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

NORTH.

Very sensible, James. In like manner, with respect to horses. A colt, whose sire was a Regulus, and dam a Mandane, must almost necessarily be a fine colt—but shut him up in an empty stable till he is starved, and just able to hobble, and is there a man in all England who will take upon him to say that he can still fairly compare all his points with those of another colt at the moment of starting for the St Leger, and backed at even against the field?

SHEPHERD.

Let the judge ken that the colt belangs to Mr Petre or Lord Darlington, and name sire and dam, and let him also ken the inferior lineage of the ither competitor, and in spite o' himsell he will prefer the starvelin, and the mair because he is a starvelin; for, if filled up and fattened to the proper pitch, wadna he indeed be a pictur? But it's fause reasonin'!

NORTH.

James, you astonish me by your knowledge of the turf. You are a perfect Gulley.

SHEPHERD.

No me. I never saw a horse-race for higher stakes than five pounds and a saddle. But nae races for siller or leather like a—broose. I had ance a din powny, about fourteen hands but an inch, that I coft frae a set o' tincklers, that beat a' for gallopin' sin the days o' Childers or Eclipse. I wadna hae feared to hae run him against Fleur-de-lis, or Acteon, or Memnon, or Mameluke, or Camel, or Mullattoe, for a thousan' guineas.

NORTH.

Weight for inches, James.

SHEPHERD.

Deevil mind the wecht. Pats-and-Pans never ran so weel's whan he was ridden dooble—me and a weel-grown lass ahint me, for I never could thole thin anes a' my days. His favrite distance, carryin' dooble, was twal miles; and he used generally to do't, up hill and doon brae, within the half hour. Indeed, he never came to his speed till about the middle o' the fourth mile, and siccan a cretur for wund! I never saw him blawn but ance, and that was after bringin' the howdie ahint me, a' the way frae Selkirk up to Douglas Burn—no short o' eighteen miles, and bein' just ta'en aff the gerse.

NORTH.

Still, at Newmarket or Doncaster, James——

SHEPHERD.

He wad hae left them a' as if they had been stannin'—provided they had allooed me to carry as muckle wecht's I chose; for Pats-and-Pans never ran steddy under twal stane at the least, and wi' a feather he wad hae swerved ower the ropes, and played the mischief wi the carriages.—Where's Mr Tickler?

NORTH.

I saw him slip away a little ago—just as he had cleared his boards——

SHEPHERD.

I never missed him till the noo. Is he aff to Ducraw's, think ye—Yet it's ower late, for isna that ten that thae bits o' Fairies are chappin'?

NORTH.

Have you seen Ducrow? He is indeed a prodigy.

SHEPHERD.

After a', sir, it canna be denied that the human race are maist extraordinary creturs. What canna they, by constant practice, be brought to perform? It's a perplexin' place, yon Circus; ae man draps down in the dust, and awa out o' the door on his doup; anither after him, wi' a' celerity, on his elbows; a third after him again, soomin' on dry laun at the rate o' four miles an hour; a fourth, perpendicular on the pawms o' his hauns, and a fifth on the croon o' his head, without ever touchin' the grun' wi' his loofs ava. A' the while, the lang-lugged fule, wi' a maist divertin' face, balancin' himsell cross-legged on a chair wi' ae foot, it spinnin' roun' like a whirligig. Ordinary sittin' or walkin' seems perfectly stupid after that—feet superfluous, and legs an incumbrance.

NORTH.

But Ducrow, James, Ducrow?

SHEPHERD.

Then in comes a tall, pleasant-lookin' fallow o' a German, ane Herr Benjamin, wha thinks nae mair o' balancin' a beam o' wood, that micht be a roof-tree to a house, on his wee finger, than if it were a wundle-strae; then gars a sodger's musket, wi' the point o' the beggonet on his chin, spin roun' till it becomes nearly invisible; no content wi' that, up wi' a ladder aneath his lip, wi' a laddie on't, as easily as if it were a leddy's fan, and, feenally, concludes wi' twa mail cotch wheels on the mouth o' him——

NORTH.

But Ducrow, James, Ducrow?

SHEPHERD.

Yon's a beautifu' sicht, sir, at ance music, dancin', statuary, painting, and poetry! The creturs aneath him soon cease to seem horses, as they accelerate round the circus, wi' a motion a' their ain, unlike to that o' ony ither four-footed quadrupeds on the face o' this earth, mair graceful' in their easy swiftness than the flight of Arabian coursers ower the desert, and to the eye o' imagination, some rare and new-created animals, fit for the wild and wondrous pastimes o' that greatest o' a' magicians—Man.

NORTH.

But Ducrow, James, Ducrow?

SHEPHERD.

As if inspired, possessed by some spirit, over whom the laws o' attraction and gravity hae nae control, he dallies wi' danger, and bears a charmed life, safe as the pigeon that you will aftimes see gang tapsy-turvy amang the clouds, and tumblin' down to within a yard o' the earth, then reascend, like an arrow, into the sunshine, and, wheelin' roun' and roun' in aft-repeated circles, extend proudly a' its burnished plumage to the licht, till the een are pained, and the brain dizzy to behold the aerial brichtness beautifyin' the sky.

NORTH.

Bravo, James—excellent—go on.

SHEPHERD.

Wha the deevil was Castor, that the ancients made a god o' for his horsemanship—a god o' and a star—in comparison wi' yon Ducraw? A silly thocht is a Centaur—a man and a horse in ane—in which the dominion o' the man is lost, and the superior incorpsed with the inferior natur! Ducraw "rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm." And oh, sir! how saftly, gently, tenderly, and like the dyin' awa o' fast fairy music in a dream, is the subsidin' o' the motion o' a' the creturs aneath his feet, his ain gestures, and his ain attitudes, and his ain actions, a' correspondin' and congenial wi' the ebbin' flicht; even like some great master o' music wha doesna leave aff when the soun' is at its heicht, but gradually leads on the sowls o' the listeners to a far profounder hush o' silence than reigned even before he woke to ecstacy his livin' lyre.

NORTH.

Go it again, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Yon's neither walkin', dancin', nor loupin', nor rinnin', nor soomin', nor hingin', nor floatin' nor fleein', but an inconceivable conglomeration o' them a'—sic as I used sometimes to experience whan lyin' in a dream on a sunny knowe by St Mary's Loch—believin' mysell a disembodied spirit—and withouten wings, giein' the eagle and the hawk the go-by, richt afore the wund,—and skimmin' the real stars, just as skaters skim their images aneath the ice, and fearing not the mountain-taps, from which, every time I touched them wi' my foot, upsprung I again into the blue lift, and felt roun' my brows the cool caller halo o' the harvest-moon.

NORTH.

Empty your tumbler, James,—to Ducrow's health.

SHEPHERD.

That I will. But I houp the Circus 'll no injure the Theatre?

NORTH.

Not at all. Admirable Murray—incomparable Mackay—perfect Mrs Siddons, and elegant Miss Gray—cleverest Jones—accomplished Pritchard—manly Denham—genteel Stanley——

SHEPHERD.

Gie ower your epithets—for neither you nor ony man can describe an actress or an actor in ae word;—but I agree wi' you,—the mair general the speerit o' pastime, the better will the Theatre fill in the lang run; and the manager and his sister will aye be supported by their freen', the people o' Embro, wha admires in them the union o' professional genius and private virtue.

NORTH.

Their health and happiness—in the jug, James—in the jug.

SHEPHERD.

A stranger that chanced to be present at a Noctes without kennin' whar we twa was, wud never jalouse us to be Leeterautee, Mr North. We seldom hae ony brainless bother about books. Sic talk maistly marks the blockhead.

NORTH.

You know, James, that I would not give an intelligent and independent Tweedside sheep-farmer for a score of ordinary town essay-mongers, poetasters, and getters-up-of-articles. The thoughts and feelings of the Pastoral run in a channel scooped out by themselves—they murmur with a music of their own, and ever and anon overflow their banks in a style that is flood-like and impressive. He of the common stair is like a canal-cut, navigable only to flat-bottoms, muddy in the clearest weather, and its characterless banks wearisome with their gritty gravel-walks, on which you meet nothing more lively than an occasional old blind horse or two towing coals, or a passage-boat crowded with the paltriest people, all sorely sick of one another, themselves, the locks, and that part of Scotland in general, the women staring at you from below ill-shaped bonnets of coarse dirty chip, and the men crowned with third-head water-proof hats—napless and greasy—strolling candle-snuffers, petitioners, editors, contributors, and a sickly man of tailors perhaps, trying change of place and posture. Whereas——

SHEPHERD.

Stop a wee, and I'll sing you Blue Bonnets—by a fine fallow—a freen o' mine in Leith.—I promised him that I wad sing't at a Noctes.

Write, write, tourist and traveller—
  Fill up your pages, and write in good order;
Write, write, scribbler and driv'ler—
  Why leave such margins? Come nearer the border.

Many a laurel dead, flutters around your head;
  Many a *tome* is your *memento mori:*
Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and pen—
  Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.

Come from your rooms, where the farthing wick's burning—
  Come with your tales—speak thy gladness or woe;
Come from your small-beer to vinegar turning—
  Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow.

Fame's trump is sounding,—topics abounding,—
  Leave then, each scribbler, your high attic story;
Critics shall many a day speak of your book, and say,—
  "He wrote for the snuff-shop—he wrote not for glory."

Write, write, tourist and traveller—
  Fill up your pages, and write in good order;
Write, write, scribbler and driv'ler—
  Why leave such margins? Come nearer the border.

NORTH.

Very well, indeed.—A mere literary man, James, is a contemptible creature. Indeed I often wish that I had flourished before the invention of printing, or even of writing. What think you, James, of a Noctes in hieroglyphics?

SHEPHERD.

I scarcely ken; but I think ane wud no look amiss in the Chinese. Wi' re-

speck to mere literary men, O dear me, sir! hoo I do gant when they come out to Mount Benger! They canna shute, they canna fish, they canna loup, they canna warsle, they canna soom, they canna put the stane, they canna fling the hammer, they canna even drive a gig, they canna kiss a lassie in an aff-haun and pleasant manner, without offendin' her feelins, as through the dews she "comes wadin' all alane;" and what's perhaps the maist contemptible o' a', they canna, to ony effeck, drink whusky. Ae glass o' pure speerits on the hill afore breakfast wud gie them a sick headach; and after denner, although the creturs hae nae objections to the jug, oh! but their heads are wake, wake—before the fire has got sun-bricht, they are lauchin'-fou—you then fin' them out to be rejected contributors to Blackwood; and you hear that they're Whigs frae their wee, sharp, shrill, intermittin', dissatisfied, and rather disgustin' snore, like a soun' ane aften hears at nicht in moors and mosses, but whence proceedin' ane knows not, except it be frae some wildfool distressed in sleep by a stamach fu' of slug-worms mixed wi' mire—for he aiblins leeves by suction.

NORTH.

He is all mind, James; king of the Coteries, and monarch of all the Albums. His mother laments that he is not in Parliament; and, up to the Preface, used to hint that he had a finger in Kenilworth and Ivanhoe.

SHEPHERD.

Yet, after a', it's far frae unamusin' to read the verses o' sic creturs. They're aye taukin' o' inspiration—o' bein' rapt, and carried awa by the Muses—and ridin' on Pegasus—and climbin' Parnassus, on their hauns and knees, nae doubt—and drinkin' Hippocrene and Helicon, twa kinds o' Greek wine, ance red, but noo tawny; and though no like to flee to the head, yet apt to soor sair on an empty stamach. Yet a' the time there's no a whut mair inspiration, or ravishment, or ridin', or climbin', or drinkin' about the bit versifying creturs o' Cockneys, than there is about a grocer's clerk copying out an adverteesement o' sweeties for the newspapers.

NORTH.

Yet such Sons of Genius think themselves entitled to become unprincipled, because they can occasionally count their fingers—disdain area-doors, with eyes in fine frenzy rolling—get into a network—that is, James, according to Dr Johnson, a thing equally reticulated and discussated with equal distances between the interstices—a network of small coarse debts—attempt to commit forgery—fall, through ignorance of the forms of business, into the inferior crime of swindling—off on the coach-box of the Carlisle mail to Liverpool; and, by packet that is to sail to-morrow morning, right slick away to the United States.

SHEPHERD.

You're really verra interteenin' the nicht, sir; but dinna be ower hard on them a'; for when natur has kindled the spark o' genius in the heart o' a fine out-spoken, enthusiastic, hopefu' callant, wi' bauld bricht een, like far-keekers spyin' into futurity, isn't delightfu' to grasp his haun, and to clap him on the shouther, and praise him to his face, as you shove ower the jug to him, and ask him to sing or receet something o' his ain,—and tell ane o' your bairns to gang roun' the table and speak till him, for that he's a freend o' yours, and a gran' fallow, and no to mind even about climbin' ontil his knee, and ruggin' the curly locks o' him, as black as a raven?

NORTH.

How delightful for a town-talk-teazed poor old man, like me, to take refuge, for a month or so, in a deeper solitude even than Buchanan Lodge—the House at the head of the Glen, which, know it ever so well, you still have to search for among so many knolls, some quite bare, some with a birk or two, and some of them each in itself a grove or wood,—self-sown all the trees, brushwood, coppice, and standards.

SHEPHERD.

You're getting desperate descriptive in your dotage—sir—dinna froon—there's nae dishonour in dotage, when nature's its object. The aulder we grow, our love for her gets tenderer and mair tender, for this thocht aften comes across our heart, "in the bosom o' this bonny green earth, in how few years—shall I be laid—dust restored to dust!" That's a' I mean by dotage.

NORTH.

What a difference, James, between the din of twenty little waterfalls, that absolutely seem pursuing one another away down the glen, and as many hackney coaches jolting along a street! A composure in all faces and figures that you meet going out to work or coming in from it—or sitting or walking about the house! Quiet without dulness—without languor—peace! There the gloaming is indeed pensive—each star as it rises sparkles contentment—and the moon is felt to belong more especially to this one valley, most beautiful of all the valleys of this earth. Not an action of all my life—not a word I ever uttered—not a tale, or poem, or article, or book in two, three, or four volumes, that I ever wrote—not one of all the panegyrics, anathemas, blessings, curses, prayers, oaths, vows, and protestations, ever pronounced, denounced, and announced anent me, known to one single dweller in all the vale! There am I strictly anonymous. That crutch is as the crutch of any ordinary rheumatic—and I, James, have the unspeakable satisfaction of feeling myself—a Cypher.

SHEPHERD.

What are ye hummin' at, sir. You're no gaun to sing?

NORTH.

Why does the sun shine on me,
When its light I hate to see:
Fain I'd lay me down and dee,
For o' life I'm weary!

O 'tis no thy frown I fear—
'Tis thy smile I canna bear—
'Tis thy smile my heart does tear,—
When thou triest to cheer me.

Ladies fair hae smiled on me—
A' their smiles nae joy could gie—
Never lo'ed I ane but thee,
And I loe thee dearly!

On the sea the moonbeams play—
Sae they'll shine when I'm away—
Happy then thou'lt be, and gay,
When I wander dreary!

SHEPHERD.

Some auld fragmentary strain, remindin' him, nae doubt, o' joys and sorrows lang ago! He has a pathetic vice—but sing what tune he may, it still slides awa' into Stroud-water.

NORTH.

Oh, James! a dream of the olden time——

SHEPHERD.

Huts! huts! I wush you maunna be gettin' rather a wee fuddled—sir—hafflins fou—Preserve me, are ye greetin'? The whusky's maist terrible strong—and I suspect has never been chrissened. It's time we be aff. Oh! what some o' them he has knowted wud gie to see him in this condition! But there's the wheels o' the cotch. Or is't a fire-engine?

(*Enter* AMBROSE *to announce the arrival of the coach.*)

Dinna look at him, Mr Ambrose—he's gotten the toothach—and likewise some ingon in his een. This is aye the way wi' him noo—he fa's aff a' on a sudden—and begins greetin' at naething, or at things that's raither amusin' as itherwise. There's mony thousan' ways o' gettin' fou—and I ken nae mair philosophical employment, than, in sic cityations, the study o' the varieties o' human character.

NORTH.

Son James——

SHEPHERD.

Pardon, Father—'twas but a jeest. I've kent you noo the better pairt o'

twenty years—and never saw I thae bricht een—that bricht brain obscured—for, wi' a' our daffin'—our weel-timed daffin'—our *dulce est desipere in loco*—that's Latin, you ken—we return to our hame, or our lodgings, as sober as Quakers—and as peacefu', too,—weel-wishers, ane and a', to the hail human race—even the verra Whugs.

NORTH.

Sometimes, my dear Shepherd, my life from eighteen to twenty-four is an utter blank, like a moonless midnight—at other times, oh! what a refulgent day! Had you known me then, James, you would——

SHEPHERD.

No hae liked you half as weel's I do noo—for then, though you was dootless tall and straucht as a tree, and able and willin' baith to fecht man, doug, or deevil, wi' een, tongue, feet, or hauns, yet, as dootless, you was prooder nor Lucifer. But noo that you're bent down no that muckle, just awee, and your "lyart haffits wearing thin and bare," sae pleesant, sae cheerfu', sae fu' o' allooances for the fauts and frailties o' your fellow-creturs, provided only they proceed na frae a bad heart—it's just perfeckly impossible no to love the wise, merry auld man——

NORTH.

James, I wish to consult you and Mr Ambrose about the propriety and prudence of my marrying——

SHEPHERD.

Never heed ye propriety and prudence, sir, in mairrying, ony mair than ither folk. Mairry her, sir—mairry her—and I'll be godfather—for the predestined mither o' him will be an Episcopaulian—to wee Christopher.

NORTH.

As the Reis Effendi well observes to the interpreters of the Three Powers—we must not name a child till we have ascertained its sex.—But, Ambrose, open the Ear of Dionysius.

(Mr Ambrose *opens a secret door, and flings it open.*)

SHEPHERD.

Mr Gurney—the short-haun writer! Dinna be frighted, sir. What a cozy contrivance! A green-baized table o' his ain—twa wax cawnles—a nice wee bit ingle—and a gae big Jug!

NORTH.

Not a whisper, James, that Mr Gurney does not catch. I will explain the principle to you at our first leisure. You know the Elements of Acoustics?

SHEPHERD.

Cow-steeks,—Cow's horns. What do you mean? Let me try your toddy, Mr Gurney. Oh, man! but it's strong. Good night, sir; dinna steer till ye extend. Come awa', Mr North—Awmrose, rax him ower the crutch.

NORTH.

What a hobbletehoy I am, James—Allons. But hark ye, James—are you the author of the "Relief Meeting?" No? I wish I knew how to direct a letter to him about his excellent article. Let us off to Southside—and sup with Tickler.

Glee,—*For Three Voices.*

Fall de rall de,
Fall, lall, lall de,
Fall de lall de,
Fall, lall le, &c.

[*Exeunt Ambo et Ambrose.*

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FRITHIOFF—A SWEDISH POEM,

BY ESAIAS TEGNER, BISHOP OF WEXIO.

Had the Foreign Quarterly Review* no other claim upon the gratitude and good-will of the reading public, it might, perhaps, safely found one on having drawn its attention, by a lofty, though by no means exaggerated, encomium, to the beautiful Swedish poem of "Frithioff;" which, no longer locked up, as it unfortunately was, in its own soft yet sonorous dialect, from all save its native Scandinavians, has lately afforded, in more than one German translation, a high treat to the kindred imagination and feelings of the other northern nations. We too are, by more ties than one, Northmen—and though the mythology of the Edda, and the exploits of the Sagas, have been replaced in our nurseries, and our fancy, by the softer dreams of our Southern invaders, we may, nevertheless, hail an occasional interview with the grim heroes of Valhalla, with feelings not altogether alien to their grandeur and their gloom. That such congeniality of sentiment is not entirely imaginary, is proved by the favourable reception which Gray's and other translations of Runic rhyme met with in a country to whose inhabitants they must, but for some such unsuspected associations, have spoken a language both uncouth and unintelligible.

The specimens of northern poetry hitherto presented to the English reader, have been chiefly of that fierce and gloomy character, which, pervading as it does both the history and mythology of Scandinavia, is, nevertheless, sometimes relieved—and with tenfold effect, from the very power of contrast—by passages of exquisitely natural pathos and beauty; like a rainbow on the thunder cloud, or like that well-known spot, amid the glaciers of Mont Blanc, called the "Jardin," whose verdure derives its chief charm from the eternal barriers of "thick ribbed ice" which form its boundary.

It might seem wonderful to one even slightly acquainted with the Northern Mythology, to observe how sweetly fanciful are some of its personifications, how apparently inconsistent with its human sacrifices, and

* To this most excellent Periodical we wish all success. Its distinguished Editor was instrumental, along with others, in creating a taste for foreign literature, by admirable articles in The Magazine. We have still among us, however, many writers of at least equal erudition in that department; and shall from time to time present our friends with such articles as this our opening one, most interesting, we do not hesitate to say, in its subject matter, and of admirable execution.

C. N.

blood-stained groves; had not even the luxuriant imagination, and flowery rites of Indian superstition, been found in still more unnatural alliance with shocking penances, and reckless self-immolation. Man is a strange compound in everything—in nothing more so than in the systems of religion, which his unassisted fancy (for reason it cannot be called) has devised. The Norwegian pirate, who propitiated Odin with the blood of his first born, and drank mead from the skulls of his enemies, could invest Freya—the Venus of his Olympus—with attributes ethereal and graceful as those which formed the girdle of her Grecian prototype; and to tread on higher and more sacred ground, the mild and benign virtues ascribed to the God Baldur, (through envy of which he falls a sacrifice to the rage of the powers of evil,) served in the early and rude ages of Christianity, to identify him in the wild imagination of the new converts, with its benevolent founder. The epithet of *White*, so frequently applied by them to the Saviour, though as symbolical of purity no inappropriate adjunct, was merely transformed from the only one among their former Gods, who could by any effort be brought within the pale of a mild and merciful dispensation.

The anomalies presented by the religion of a barbarous people, are sure to exist equally in their character and history, and the Sagas are full of the heterogeneous elements of heroism and cruelty, terror and pity, hatred and love. So is the Iliad; so are all genuine histories of uncivilized, perhaps also of civilized man—at least of that inner world, where passions rage not the less for their exterior bondage.

The Saga, or adventures of Frithioff—the work, according to the erudite Muller, of the end of the thirteenth, or beginning of the fourteenth century—has always been held as one of the finest relics of northern antiquity. The date of the adventures themselves, and the period at which their hero flourished, have given rise to much speculation; but seem, from concurring testimonies, to be somewhere about the *eighth* century, nearly two hundred years before the reign, or at least the death of Harold the Fairhaired; a period surely remote enough to render a faithful picture of its passions, its usages, and its pastimes, both curious and amusing.

The modern Swedish poet, it is said—in a preface to that beautiful German translation by Baroness Helvig, which has all the spirit of the original, and in which the similarity of two kindred dialects has enabled her to retain much of its energetic brevity—has adhered faithfully to the ancient Saga; and whatever slight departures he may have occasionally indulged in, are such as in no degree to impair the antique cast of the characters and sentiments.

Tegner, bishop of Wexio, a name idolized in Sweden, and rapidly rising to equal fame in Germany, had, in his poem of "Axel," given, perhaps, to a simple tale of love and jealousy, all the tender pathos of which it is susceptible. That short work teemed with beautiful and original images, the peculiarity and felicity of which betrayed an imagination revelling amid a field whose treasures had been skimmed, not exhausted. When he compares the dark tresses on the cheek of Beauty to "midnight slumbering on a bed of roses," or represents night, as brooding over a field of carnage, "like a sated raven," the images appear as true as unhackneyed; and when "Madness, Death's younger brother," arises from the central abyss, and walks the world in bodily shape, few spirits more striking and terrible have been evoked from their dread abode, since the Sin and Death of Milton.

But Frithioff is a composition of a bolder and loftier character. It for ever enshrines a precious Runic medal in a setting so exquisitely appropriate and characteristic, that one may be allowed to question if the most experienced eye could detect their amalgamation. The polished languor of modern poesy derives marvellous and superhuman energy from the contact—such as pervades the souls of heroes from quaffing the horn of the immortals, or such as is infused into a relaxed and enfeebled imagination, by the influence of what Madame Helvig beautifully styles the invigorating breeze, which sweeps through this poem, not indeed like the "sweet South o'er a bank of violets," but like the fresh Northern gale over the sparkling wave, breathing life, and freshness, and inspiration.

An analysis of the story of this primitive Epic, and an almost hopeless attempt to translate a few of its most admired passages, may perhaps have the effect of calling into so worthy a field, some master spirit, capable of transfusing into the "Well of English undefiled," the singular and unhackneyed strains of the Northern Minstrel.

The Poem—which, in division of parts or chapters, follows the Chronicle,—begins with a description of the companionship and early education of the hero and heroine, Frithioff and Ingeborg, under the roof of a peasant foster-father, in a forest far removed from courts and camps. "The course of true love never *could* run smooth," between King Bela's daughter and a peasant's son; though Thorsten Wikingsohn, the father of Frithioff, is rich and valiant withal, a bosom friend and brother in arms of the old King's. One foresees peril too, from the characters of the two brothers of Ingeborg; the elder, a dark sinister bigot, self-appointed to the congenial office of high priest of the bloody grove, and the younger, a weak contemptible youth, a mere puppet in the hands of his future partner in empire.

Amid such stormy and unpromising elements, or rather, in happy forgetfulness of them all, it is beautiful to trace the growth of the lovely pair, from infancy, to those riper years when love and care awake together in their bosoms. The sapling oak affords an apt, but often used simile for the young hero; but Tegner could not liken the maiden to a rose, without telling us that "it was a rosebud in which Spring yet lay dreaming!" The simplicity of Nature which pervades this whole ballad, for as such it might be taken singly, would render its translation no easy task. It terminates with a prophetic warning from the old foster-father, and an indignant appeal from the young hero, to those exploits against the wild beasts of the forest, which were already to him in lieu of ancestral trophies, and a pledge of future glory, if not sovereignty.

The next strain is a fine contrast to this scene of woodland courtship, with its grave and solemn images of the old age and death of the king, and his faithful Thorsten; and their dying advices to the three young men, whom they seem to consider, almost indiscriminately, as their sons. The two aged silver-haired warriors, leaning on their swords, are finely compared to grey pillars of some long-forsaken temple, "whose Runic inscriptions teem with the wisdom of the past, and whose former mysterious sanctity still inspires a reverential awe." The entrance of the youths is a perfect picture:—

First enter'd Helga, with his brow of gloom
And pale cheek, ominous of victim's doom;
Through the dread mystic circle pleased to rove,
And quit with blood-stain'd hands the sacrificial grove.

Next Halfdan came, a slender fair-hair'd boy,
Whose glittering sword hung like an idle toy:
Such softness o'er his lovely features play'd,
He seem'd, in hero's garb, a sportive maid.

Last Frithioff came—his blue vest floating free,
By a full head the tallest of the three;
He stood between them, just like full-grown Day
'Twixt rosy Morning placed and Twilight grey.

The oracular brevity of the old King's admonitions almost defies translation, at least into English—for in one harsh, but expressive line, is usually comprised, what, in our diffuse idiom, would require a stanza. Let one of the latter serve as a sample:

Boast not of Day, till Night has made it thine,
Nor untried counsel, nor untasted wine;
Youth's easy faith to all an ear will lend,
But battle proves the sword—and need the friend.

He thus indirectly reproves and guards against the illiberal bigotry and natural harshness of his son and successor:

Helga! if Gods in Temples deign to dwell,
'Tis not as insects pent in narrow cell—
Where'er light streams, or sound can cleave the air,
Or Piety can soar—the Gods are there!

The hawk to yield false auguries may bleed,
The mystic rhyme may puzzle to mislead,
But Odin graves his characters of Truth
Deep in the pure ingenuous heart of youth.

Helga! be firm—not stern—the polish'd steel
Of sharpest swords, is still most flexible!
Mercy decks power, as flow'rs the hero's shield,
Spring suns, not winter storms, kind harvests yield.

How poor the pride a father's honors lend!
Is the bow thine, unless thine arm can bend?
Can the dead's buried glories profit Thee?
On its own waves the stream must reach the sea!

He then recommends mutual union between his high-born sons, and their more nobly gifted comrade:

If brethren-like, united thus ye stand,
No mightier three shall grace our northern land.
Valour, with rank indissolubly bound,
Is the steel ring that clasps the gold shield round.

The dying warriors then beautifully recall their long friendship, and desire to be buried near each other:

On either margin of the deep blue wave,
Sons! raise twin hillocks o'er your fathers' grave.
The billows' murmurs please the spirits' ear,
Like whisper'd dirge of comrades buried near.

When streams pale moonlight o'er the distant hill,
When midnight dews on the grey cairn distil,
Then, Thorsten, faithful friend! it shall be ours
To hold sweet converse through the silent hours.

Next comes the description of Frithioff taking possession of his inheritance; a rich and fair one truly, and one which might recall, in some of its features, the patriarchal state, did not heathen idols, and warlike weapons, and spoils of rapine, come into startling contact with its flocks and herds. There is something very delightful in the following picture of Framnäs, the young hero's paternal domain, encircled on three sides by mountains, and open on the fourth to the sea.

A birch wood crown'd the hill, whose sunny flank
Glow'd with ripe corn, and rye as heroes tall.
Lakes held their frequent mirrors to the peaks
Of giant mountains, and to woods whose depths
Were trod by troops of lofty-crested elks,
Laving their stately sides in countless brooks.
Low in the vale, grazed herds of lowing kine;
And, scatter'd far and wide—unnumber'd flocks
Of white-robed sheep—just like the fleecy clouds

Which Spring winds sport with o'er the face of Heaven.
Steeds stamp'd there—tameless as the imprison'd winds
Twice twelve they stood—their flowing manes bedeck'd
With rosy bands—their hoofs with shining steel!

Then follows the description of the vast drinking-hall, built of pine logs, which five hundred, or twice five hundred guests could scarce fill on festive occasions; with its table of polished oak shining like steel. Then come the household gods—the two elm-tree images of Odin and Freya, emblems of might and love; and placed between them, the elevated patriarchal seat of old Thorsten himself, characteristically covered with a huge bear's skin of his own killing, its jaw still tinged with red, and its claws tipped with silver.

Here we are told sat the old man of yore, with his friends, "like hospitality over against joy," and narrated his adventures in all climes, while the guests hung on his lips like bees on roses. In the midst of the hall blazed the lofty hearth, and through its ample chimney, the stars, "man's heavenly friends," looked pleased upon him. Then follows the usual furniture of spears, and helmets, and shields, hung round the walls; but the shields far most numerous; so much so, that when the fair maiden, whose office it was to fill the drinking-horns, chanced to look down and blush, a thousand shields reflected her blushing image, to the diversion of the bearded carousers.

Next come spoils of all kinds—cups and caskets, gold inscribed with runic characters, and silver curiously wrought by art. Three treasures, however, claim the pre-eminence. A sword, the heir-loom of the family, "brother to the lightning"—with its fine legend, which we have not room to transcribe. Next a bracelet, the masterpiece of the Northern Vulcan, representing the gods in their various abodes; a sort of zodiac, beautifully described, but too deep in the mythology of the Edda for the uninitiated.

Last, not least, comes Ellida, the magic ship—evidently Frithioff's favourite as well as our own—a gift to his ancestor for disinterested hospitality to a sea god, and endowed with the marvellous powers of steering, manœuvring, and anchoring itself. Its construction is no less extraordinary. Its oaken ribs were not joined by Man, but Nature—they grew together. It resembled in form a Dragon—a frequent simile of ships throughout the north—its lofty crest glowing with red gold—its body spangled with gold and blue, and its powerful tail forming the stern in scaly wings of silver. Dark tipped with red were its wings, and when fully extended they flew with the storm, and left the eagle behind. When filled with her gallant crew, Ellida might have been taken for a great king's castle, a floating fortress; and her fame transcended that of all the ships of the North.

Frithioff, the worthy heir of all these marvels, boasts a yet more precious heritage—twelve long-tried aged champions, and one faithful friend, the youthful Biorn, playful as a child, yet wise as a greybeard—his sworn brother in life or in death—with whom he sadly celebrates the obsequies of his aged and stalwart father.

We next hear of a very natural, but in some respects imprudent, act of hospitality in the young heir, viz. inviting to his board the dark Helga and childish Halfdan, and fair Ingeborg, his early love. He seems, after the manner of lovers, to have confined his attention, somewhat injudiciously, to the latter, for we hear of much sitting hand in hand, and many a gentle-whispered allusion to their childish pastimes, and days of unconscious enjoyment, that can never never return. They depart, and Frithioff is left in a dreaming melancholy, which greatly scandalizes his friend Biorn, who evidently prefers war and hunting to love and musing, and finally stirs up Frithioff, by his characteristic queries and reproaches, to more decided proceedings.

The effect of these remonstrances is a desperate resolve. The magic ship is unbound, and carries Frithioff to the abode of the princes, then assembled with their people at the "Thing," or National Council, at the tumulus of King Bela.

Frithioff's request of the hand of Ingeborg has all the simplicity of nature, and the dignity of conscious worth. "Give me your sister," says he, "for I love her, and the king,

who brought us up together, doubtless willed it so. My father was neither earl nor earl's son, but kings' courts have rung with his deeds, and many a stone bears witness to them. Easily could I win myself a country and kingdom, but I love my home, and will remain to shield your throne from storms. We stand on King Bela's grave, he hears my beseeching words, and he, the old man within, joins his voice with the prayers of Frithioff."

King Helga, with equal brutality and rashness, refuses his sister to a "peasant's son," and completes the insult by offering Frithioff a vacant place among his retainers, or, as the original dialects and our old English more broadly term it, his Men. Frithioff, it may be believed, declines being any one's *Man* but his own, and draws his father's sword, which, when waved above his head, appears beautifully instinct with life, by displaying the flame colour always assumed by its Runic inscription when drawn in scenes of strife and discord, while in a milder element they retain their silver brightness. "Thou, at least, my sword!" cries Frithioff, "hast noble blood in thy veins! Were this not King Bela's grave, thou shouldst cleave the head of yonder boaster!"—but, under existing circumstances, Frithioff only splits his golden shield, hanging on a bough hard by. "Well done, good sword! hide thy glowing characters awhile, and dream of adventures as we steer homeward over the midnight wave."

We are next transported to a new scene of old northern pomp and pride, though of a character tempered by that of its monarch, the venerable King of Norway, whose peaceful sway, and tranquil old age, form a fine contrast with the stormy encounter of youthful passions that precedes them. A fairer picture of patriarchal rule in a monarch, and filial obedience in a people, could not be drawn by a civilized modern hand. The good old king sighs in the midst of his observant courtiers, and deplores the early death of his consort, whose tomb has long been decked with turf and flowers, and whom throne and people, and especially her orphan children, grievously miss. He calls to mind the friendly visits paid him of yore by King Bela, and declares that *his* far-famed daughter is alone worthy to succeed his translated partner. He is aware of the disparity of years, but speaks rationally and sensibly on the subject, hopes to atone for it by worth and kindness, and determines to ask the damsel in marriage.

The reception experienced by this royal ambassage, is little more auspicious than that given to the peasant Frithioff. Whether the *three days'* drinking-bout, with which its opening was prefaced, had any share in the stultification of the Princes, we cannot decide; but this time the refusal is founded on auguries all unfavourable to the match, and the affront inflicted by the bigotry of Helga, is completed by the childish irony of Halfdan, who "wishes the greybeard had himself been there to make him sport." This being, with all due ambassadorial circumlocution, reported, the greybeard very naturally resolves to gratify with all convenient speed his intended brother-in-law's longing. War is forthwith declared; and the cowardly yet obstinate Helga, prepares for it by immuring its fair cause in Baldur's Temple.

And there she sadly drew her thread of gold,
While tears unnumber'd o'er her bosom roll'd,
As among lilies gleams the evening dew!

Next follows a very curious chapter entitled "Frithioff at Chess;" and did we not know how early the Sea-Kings imported many other eastern and southern luxuries, the idea of a polar chess-board in the 8th century would seem rather startling.

As neither bishops nor knights occur in this game at cross-purposes—in which Frithioff, out of humour, as he might well be, indulges at the expense of his old foster-father, Hilding, by answering all his entreaties to save the kingdom, by remarks on the moves to his friend Biorn—we are left ignorant by what titles these pieces were distinguished in the chess-clubs of the north. Perhaps, however, the early prevalence of the game among the Northmen, may throw some light

on the late triumphs of their descendants. If this dialogue is really a remnant of antiquity, (as the preface assures us, and as, from its very singularity, we should be led to conclude,) the art of *punning* must be at least coeval with that of chess. Frithioff only answers representations of the King's danger, by declaring his antagonist's in check, and telling him he may save it by the aid of a *Peasant*, (meaning, we presume, a *Pawn.*) When threatened with peril to himself, he defies the efforts of Biorn to storm his *Castle;* but when at length touched on the tender point of Ingeborg's jeopardy, he declares his Queen to be his favourite piece, and that to save *her*, all must be dared. Replying then more seriously, in consideration for the somewhat wounded feelings of his aged friend, he declares himself bound by no ties to the injurious monarch, and declines giving him any aid. Hilding, who cannot blame the offended pride of his nursling, only wishes it may come to good, and returns to those who sent him.

The next chapter, in which Frithioff, borrowing the wings and the very spirit of Love, flies to the temple to visit Ingeborg, will be perhaps by many admired as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the poet. It is truly a brilliant and glowing assemblage of all the images that Nature or Fancy ever dictated, to express the longings, the anxieties, or the transports of youthful passion. Of all the poetry with which the English reader is familiar, it is perhaps most akin to the impassioned effusions of Juliet; and perhaps that very relationship, while it conjures up favourable associations, lays it open to the same imputation of occasional extravagance. Juliet and Frithioff are both children, and if they sometimes talk childishly, it is only what might be expected; but both analyse and refine upon their love to an excess which we, perhaps erroneously, always feel to be somewhat unnatural. The uniform beauty and dazzling brilliancy of nearly all the stanzas, render selection difficult and translation still more so. We must content ourselves with a feeble reflected ray, from this very focus of all that is rich and glowing in expression and imagery.

Frithioff, having arrived towards evening at the consecrated grove surrounding the shrine which contains his beloved, passes the lonely hours of rosy eve in feverish impatience, writing her name with his sword in the sand, and reproaching the God of day for his tardiness in rejoining some beloved object, whose suspense he compassionates. At length he thus joyfully hails his parting beam :—

> Within his halls of living gold,
> Wearied at length the God reposes;
> See in the gorgeous West unroll'd,
> By Evening's hand, his bed of roses!
> One kindling atmosphere of Love
> Breathe—wave below and skies above.
> Mother of Gods! O Night! I hail
> Thy pearl-besprinkled bridal veil!

He then pours forth friendly greetings to the grove, with its familiar paths, the well-known murmur of its brooks, and delicious tones of its nightingales. He gazes on the image of his beloved, " as traced to Fancy's eye by the elves, with the rosy hue of evening on the grey cloud," till the shadowy picture is eclipsed by the appearance of Ingeborg herself,—" true as Childhood, and beautiful as Hope." He welcomes her by every endearing epithet, and gives way to the strongest, but perhaps never to be exaggerated, expressions of a pure first passion. He soothes her fears of human interruption, by assurances of safety, from the vigilance of the faithful Biorn, and his attendant champions; and when she trembles lest Baldur should resent his presence as a sacrilegious intrusion, he thus appeals to the purity of their love :—

> Here stands his image! holy awe
> Deepens beneath his glance benign—
> Oh! that our prayers that eye could draw
> Into our love-blest hearts to shine!

Come! let thy knees with mine be bended!
Can purer incense reach his throne,
Than love like ours, from Heav'n descended,
And faith, unswerving as his own?

The idea of the heavenly origin and consummation of their love, gives rise to many fine stanzas, full of beautiful allusions to the future joys of heroes in Valhalla, and his preference of her society, and their youthful attachment, to its loftiest triumphs and loveliest maids. His passion is, however, even on earth, blended with aspirations after a future and better world. He exclaims—

Hear'st thou yon quail call, wildly screaming?
It echoes from Valhalla's strand;—
Seest thou the waves in moonshine gleaming?
That beam is from the Spirits' land.
The song, the ray, alike bespeaking
A world of love, to care unknown;
Oh! were I but its confines seeking
With thee, for ever thus—mine own!

Nay! weep not thus—Life's joyous stream
Throbs in my veins—Oh! weep no more!
Though hero's thought and lover's dream
To yon blue vault must ever soar;
Ah! were those arms but softly spread,
That look one moment turn'd on me,
How swiftly, surely had they sped
The dreamer back to love and Thee!

Hush! 'tis the lark!—nay, in the grove
Some dreaming turtle-dove is blest—
The lark still sleeps beside her love,
Too softly in her mossy nest.
Day, as it, gently stealing, breaks,
Blest ones! to *you* no parting brings—
You, whom with mutual song it wakes,
To soar on undivided wings!

After indulging the lover's frequent wish, that the sun would forget to rise—he says—

In vain! while Love its blossoms closes,
Shrinking before the breeze of morn,
The East unfolds her budding roses
Fresh, as upon thy cheek are born;
Heaven's myriad choristers are raising
The jubilee of infant Day,
While his bright chariot wheels are chasing
Twilight and Love alike away!

A flood of radiance on the wave!—
Forgive, O Sun—my heresy!
I hail thee, beautiful and brave,
And own thy present Deity!
Oh! who in majesty and might
E'er trode Heaven's trackless path like Thee?
Who ever walk'd, thus robed in light,
Thus radiant crown'd with victory?

He commits his beloved to the guardianship of the luminary whose beauty and purity she reflects, and after the tenderest of farewells, reluctantly tears himself away.

We are led to conclude, that during this interview the soft influence of Ingeborg has been excited to prevail on Frithioff to offer reconciliation and aid to her brother, and renew his suit; for in the next chapter, the most exquisitely pathetic in the poem, we find her impatiently awaiting the result of this final attempt to propitiate adverse fortune. It is to be hoped that the truth and nature of the sentiments will atone for the length of this our favourite specimen.

The parting of Frithioff and Ingeborg.

INGEBORG *speaks.*

Already dawns the day, and Frithioff comes not!
Yet was the council summon'd yesterday,
At Bela's grave—could fitter spot be chosen
To seal his hapless daughter's destiny?
Alas! what prayers unnumber'd has it cost me,
How many tears (may Freya reckon them)
To melt the ice of hate in Frithioff's bosom,
To soothe the pride that ill could brook repulse,
Once more to stretch his hand in reconcilement!—
Alas! how stern is man! and for his honour
(The name he gives his pride) how little recks he
If in his path a faithful heart should break!
Yet to his breast clings woman—like the moss
Whose paly foliage shrouds the cliff's rude brow
With silent unmark'd growth, enfolds the rock,
And draws its nurture from the night-dew's tears.

There was my fate seal'd yesterday!—the sun
Sunk in the west long since—but Frithioff comes not!
The pale stars, one by one, are vanishing,
And ah! with every one that disappears,
Another hope expires within my breast!
Yet wherefore should I hope? Valhalla's gods
Smile not on me—I have offended them.
Baldur, beneath whose lofty shade I dwell,
Is sure traduced—they say a youthful love
Is too unhallow'd to endure his glance;
That not unpunish'd may the joys of earth
Intrude within the halls where Heavenly night
Sits proudly throned—and yet, where lies my crime?
What should offend the gods in maiden love?
Is it not pure as Memory's crystal flood,
Not innocent as childhood's morning dreams?
The Sun's pure eye turns not from love away.
Even Day's widow—star-encompass'd Night,
Hears, mourner though she be, love's vows with joy!
Can what is innocence beneath the cope
Of Heaven, be crime within a temple's bound?
True—I love Frithioff—far as memory's chord
Can backward reach—I ever loved him thus.
'Twas surely born with me—I cannot trace
Its fond beginning—nor endure to think
'Twas ever otherwise. Just as the fruit
Sets on its kernel, and in ripening growth
Clings round it still, till Summer suns mature
Its golden ball—so did I grow and ripen
Round this fair seed. Methinks my very being
Is but the outer shell where dwells my love!

Forgive me, Baldur! with a faithful heart
Thine halls I enter'd—and with constant heart
Will I go thence. My love shall tread with me
The rainbow bridge, and boldly face the Gods.

The child of Heaven released, with fearless soar,
Bright shields her mirrors—and with dovelike wings
Unfetter'd, takes her flight through endless space,
To the great Father's bosom whence she came!
Why frowns thy clear brow thus in glimmering dawn?
Flow not my veins like thine with blood of Odin?
What wouldst thou, kinsman? Not the love I cannot,
Nay, will not sacrifice—'tis worthy Heaven!
But I can sacrifice my life's sole bliss,
And cast it from me, as a queen her robes
Can proudly doff—yet be a sovereign still.
'Tis fix'd—Valhalla's child will never shame
Her ancestry. I go to meet my fate
As heroes meet it. Yonder Frithioff comes—
How wild, how pale!—I see it all—'tis past!
And with him comes relentless Destiny.
Be strong my heart!
Welcome, though late it be!
Our fate is seal'd: 'tis legible, alas!
Upon thy forehead.

Frith. Dost thou read it there,
In blood-red characters, that speak of scorn,
And shame, and exile?

Ingeb. Frithioff! be a man!
Relate what pass'd—the worst has been foreseen
Long since, and nought can find me unprepared.

Frith. I sought the council, at the Mount of Graves,
On whose green sides, shield closely joining shield,
Resting upon their swords, the Northmen stood
In still decreasing circle, gathering thick
Up to the summit, on whose crowning stone
Sat, dark as thunder-cloud, thy brother Helga,
Pale and sinister like a man of blood!
And o'er against him, in perpetual childhood,
Halfdan, unconscious, playing with his sword.
Forward I stepp'd, and spoke, "War is abroad!
Her clarion has been heard upon thy shores;
Thy kingdom is in jeopardy—King Helga!
Yet give me but thy sister, and I lend
Mine arm to ward the blow—it may avail thee!
Forgotten be betwixt us former hate;
I cherish none against my Ingeborg's brother.
King! be advised—enfranchise with one word
Thy golden sceptre, and thy sister's heart!
Here is my hand. By mighty Thor, 'tis offer'd
For the last time, in pledge of reconcilement."

Tumultuous rose the crowd—a thousand swords
Were struck at once, upon a thousand shields.
The steel-clang rose to heaven, which echoed gladly
The free men's utterance of their sense of right.
"Give," cried they, "give him Ingeborg—fair lily,
Fairest that in our valleys ever grew.—
Is not his sword the mightiest in the land?
Then give him Ingeborg!"—My foster father,
The reverend Hilding, with his beard of snow,
Came forth, and with o'erflowing wisdom, held
Short pithy speech, keen as the falchion's edge.
Even Halfdan, rising from his idle throne,
Implored with word and look his brother's pity.

It was in vain!—in vain was every prayer!
Long on the naked cliffs may sunbeams play,

Nor win bright harvests from their barren breast.
So did King Helga's iron brow return
Its chill refusal to warm human prayers!

"The peasant's son," he said, ('twas spoke in scorn,)
"Might wed my sister; but the sacrilege
Were no fit mate, methinks, for Odin's daughter!
Didst thou not, Frithioff, Baldur's shrine invade?
Saw'st thou not Ingeborg within his temple,
While Day, affrighted, shrunk before thy crime?
Speak! yea or nay." Loud from the circling crowd
Echoed the cry, "Say Nay, say only Nay;
We will believe thy word, enforce thy suit,
Thou son of Thorsten, as thou wert the King's;
Say only Nay, and thine is Ingeborg!"

"My life-long bliss hangs on a single word,"
(So did I speak) "yet fear it not, King Helga!
I would not lie to gain Valhalla's joys,
Nor those of earth—Yes! I have seen thy sister,
Have spoken with her in the Temple's night;
Yet did I not thus break the peace of Baldur."

I said no more. But murmurs deep of horror
Ran through the circle; those that nearest stood,
Shrunk, as from breath of pestilence away;
And, as I gazed round, pale panic sat
On every cheek late blooming bright with hope;
King Helga conquer'd; and with hollow accents,
Like those in which dead Wala sang to Odin
His kindred's overthrow and Hela's triumph—
Thus did he speak:—"To banishment or death
I might condemn thee; but I will be mild
As him, whose sanctity thou hast invaded.
Far in the western sea, a garland floats
Of Isles, whose sovereign is Earl Aganthyr.
Long as King Bela lived, to him the Earl
Sent yearly tribute—ours is yet unpaid.
Be't thine to sail, and claim the right withheld.
This penance for thy boldness I impose.
'Tis said," (again he spoke in keen derision)
"That Aganthyr is close, and like the dragon,
Renowned Fofnir, watches o'er his gold;
But who our modern Sigurd shall withstand?
A manlier enterprise is this, I ween,
Than to delude a maid in Baldur's grove!
When summer shall return, we wait thee, here,
With thy renown—but above all the tribute.
Else is thy honour, Frithioff, forfeited,
And from our land thou dwell'st a life-long exile."
This was his speech—and so the council rose.

Ingeb. And thy resolve?
Frith. Doth there remain a choice?
Hangs not mine honor on my sovereign's challenge?
I will redeem it, should Aganthyr hide
His worthless gold in Nastrand's deepest flood.
Ev'n now I sail.
Ingeb. And thou forsakest me?
Frith. Nay, I forsake thee not—thou comest with me.
Ingeb. Impossible!
Frith. Nay, hear me ere thou answer.

. . . . . .

We are reluctantly obliged to omit the long and glowing speech in which Frithioff, from the descriptions of his late father, draws a delicious picture of a life of love and freedom amid the lovely isles of Greece. He paints, with all the eloquence of passion, their laurel-groves and clustering vines, and the moss-grown temples and mouldering pillars, whose graceful forms look out from amidst them, to enchant the wondering mariner. "Here, my Ingeborg!" exclaims he, "We will build ourselves among the waves a little Northland, fairer than the one we have left—our love shall animate the deserted temples, and please their forsaken gods—and when with loosely-flowing sail, (for storms are here for ever bound,) a mariner shall pass our isle in the rosy glow of evening, he shall see a southern Freya, (for such there is, called Aphrodita,) and marvel as he sees her golden locks flow in the winds, and her eyes brighter than Heaven's own blue. There, too, like a troop of elves, a little band of ministering cherubs shall grow around her, with cheeks glowing as if the South had shed her clustering roses on our Northern snows."

How eloquent is passion!—how tempting opportunity. Ellida flaps her eagle wings, and favouring breezes only await the fiat of the maiden to bear her for ever from bondage and oppression to liberty and love. Let her reply.

Ingeb. Alas! I cannot follow thee!
Frith. Not follow—me?
Ingeb. Ah! Frithioff, thou art happy,
Thou followest none; thou wend'st thine own bright way,
Just like thine arrowy sea-snake, at whose helm
Stands stern resolve, and guides her destined course,
With steadfast hand amid the chafing billows.
Oh! it is sadly otherwise with me!
In ruthless hands my destiny has fall'n;
Hands that ne'er quit their prey till it has bled.
To yield herself a victim, scarce complaining,
Is the King's daughter's lot—and therefore mine!
Frith. Art thou not free, if such thy will?—thy father
Lies in his cairn . . . . .
Ingeb. King Helga is my father,
Stands in his room, nor can I without him
Bestow my hand. And know that Bela's daughter
Steals not her bliss, though placed within her grasp.
Oh! what were woman, did she proudly spurn
The holy ties with which Eternal wisdom
Bound her frail being to some mighty stem?
Her fittest emblem is the water-lily,
That sinks and rises with the billows' swell.
The mariner holds on his reckless course,
Nor marks when her frail stem his keel has sever'd!
Such is her simple history—while yet
Her deep roots anchor in th' unfathom'd sand.
Worth and esteem are hers—she borrows hues
From her pale sisterhood the stars, and swims
Amid her own blue depths—herself a star
Let her but struggle free, then does she float
A wither'd leaf upon the waste of waters!

This very night—O 'twas a fearful night!
(In agony I waited, and thou cam'st not,)
While swam a cloud of pale and dark-hair'd thoughts
Before my wakeful, burning, tearless eyes,
While Baldur's pallid image look'd upon me
With fix'd, unalter'd, threatening, dreadful gaze,
This night I wrestled with my fate—'tis seal'd—
I bend a victim at my brother's altar.
Yet would I ne'er had heard of those bright isles

Swimming in floods of evening's purple glow,—
A quiet land of flowers, and love, and peace!
Who can her weakness fathom? Childhood's dreams,
That long had slept, awaken'd with the sound,
And whisper'd in mine ear with voice familiar
As sisters—tender as love's flatteries!
I hear you not—nay, nay, I will not listen—
Ye voices, so seducing—once so dear!
Child of the North, why should I seek the South?
I am too pale for yonder rosy clime—
My soul would fade beneath its ardent suns,
And still my longing glance would fondly seek
The steadfast Pole-star—keeping heavenly watch
Over my father's grave.
My noble Frithioff
Shall never scorn for me his native land,
Shall never cast his bright renown away
For aught so worthless as a loving maiden!
A life of sunny days, whose golden threads
Still flow'd alike—were sweet, perchance, to woman—
But to man's soul—to thine—a leaden chain!
Thou'rt happy, when the tempest proudly bears thee
Upon its foaming crest o'er depths unfathom'd,
'Mid life and death, on some frail bounding plank,
Plucking bright honor from the grasp of Danger.
The lovely solitude thou'st drawn, would be
To thee, the grave of many an unborn deed.
And envious rust might, like thy shield, corrode
Thy noble nature—It shall never be!
No! never will I steal my Frithioff's name
From the proud songs of heroes, nor eclipse
In its first rosy dawn—his bright renown!
Frithioff! be wise, and let us from Fate's shipwreck
Save fame and honor, though life's bliss be lost.
We part. . . . . .

Frith. 'Tis well! King Helga's sister, fare thee well!

Ingeb. Oh! Frithioff, Frithioff! is it thus we part?
Hast thou no look of kindness for the playmate
Of unoffending childhood?—not a hand
For one so wretched, and so late beloved?
Think'st thou I tread on roses, and can fling,
With cold and hollow smiles, life's bliss away,
And rend without a pang that bosom's hope
That twined with all my being's fibres grew?
Hast thou not been my young soul's morning dream?
All I e'er knew of joy, I call'd it Frithioff!
And all that life contains of great or noble,
Brought to my mind's eye but the thought of thee.
Shroud not this sunny picture!—nor repay
Thus sternly woman's weakness, when she offers
All that is dearest to her here below,
And dearest shall be in yon high Valhalla!
Hard is the offering, Frithioff! hard enough,
And well deserves one word of friendly comfort.
I know thou lov'st me—I have known it long,
E'er since thought dawn'd upon my infant being.
And memory of Ingeborg will haunt thee
For many a year—go wheresoe'er thou wilt.
Now drown'd, perchance, amid the din of arms,
Now lost amid wild winds, and wilder waves;
Scared by the tumults of the jovial board,
Shunning the deep carouse for victory won,—

But now and then, when in the hush of night,
Days long gone by are hovering o'er thy pillow—
A pale and shadowy form shall flit among them.
Thou know'st it well—it comes a gentle herald
From youth's enchanted land!—it is the form
Of the pale distant maid in Baldur's grove.
Thou wilt not chide it hence—no! as its gaze
It fondly fixes—thou one friendly word
Wilt softly whisper—and the winds of night
On viewless wings shall waft it to mine ear!
One comfort yet remains—I have no other!
Nothing lives round me to disturb my grief,
For all that dwells around me speaks of Thee.
They speak of thee—these lofty temple halls—
No longer threatening—the sacred image
Seems in the moonbeam to assume thy features.
If I gaze on the sea—there swam thy prow,
Cutting its way through foam, to gain the shore.
If I roam in the wood, there many a stem
Has Ingeborg's cipher on its tender bark,
Though still, as grows the rind, it disappears,
And that, old proverbs say, betokens death!
I ask of Day, when last it gazed on thee—
Night, too, I question—but 'tis silent still.
Even the sea that bears thee breathes alone
Soft sighs in answer to th' unconscious strand.
I send thee greetings with the eve's red glow,
As in thy kindred waves it sinks to rest.
And the swift-sailing clouds ne'er flit above me,
But freighted with the poor forsaken's tears!
So sit I in our maiden's bower—a dark
And shrouded widow, 'mid the joys of life
Weaving pale lilies, all untimely gather'd,
Till spring shall weave a greener, fresher woof,
And scatter brighter flowers upon my grave.

. . . . . .

Frith. Thou'st conquer'd—Bela's daughter, weep no more!

. . . . . .

He then conjures her to forgive his injustice, the effect of bitter disappointment, adopts her for his good Destiny, and, under its influence, promises himself speedy conquest, and subsequent success in a suit no longer addressed to a tyrannical brother, but to the nation assembled in council. In the meantime, he bids her the tenderest farewell, and puts on her arm the wonderful bracelet before mentioned among his heir-looms, as a sort of golden zodiac. He compares it on her white arm to a "glow-worm on a lily's stem," breathes a passionate adieu, and departs.

INGEBORG—*alone.*

How bravely he departs—how full of hope!
He sets his good sword's point to the hard heart
Of Destiny, and says "Thou shalt give way!"
Alas! poor friend—Destiny yields to none—
She goes her way, and laughs at idle threats!
How little dost thou know my gloomy brother!
Thy open hero's soul could never fathom
The dusky depths of his, nor guess the hate
That burns concentred in his envious bosom.
Never will *he* give thee his sister's hand!
Rather than yield his crown, he'll sacrifice me—
Either my life to Odin, or my hand
To yon old King, who claims it with the sword.

Far as I see, there is no hope for me,
Yet I rejoice she dwells within thy heart.
Mine be the pangs—Heaven's blessing go with thee!
Thy bracelet here shall lend me lore to reckon
The dreary months, that roll on leaden wing—
One, two, four, six—These past, thou mayst return,
But thou shalt find thine Ingeborg—no more!

Ingeborg's complaint follows, a sweet pathetic strain, in which, after committing her absent lover to the special charge of winds and waves, and stars friendly to mariners, she bewails her own approaching immolation, and holds converse with her Frithioff's stray falcon, which had remained behind with her. She longs to borrow his wings to follow his master, but sighing, invokes the heavenward pinions of Death to re-unite her finally with her beloved.

Frithioff at sea, is one of the finest and most characteristic of the various strains, which, in delightful diversity of subject, of measure and of passion, are strung together to form this most spirit-stirring of epics. Perhaps a more animated picture of danger at sea, and heroism amidst it, was never drawn. The tempest, which nearly proves fatal to Frithioff, is conjured up by the magic arts and incantations of Helga. At every new assault of the elements, the hero waxes bolder and more unappalled; only contrasting, during the intervals of the storm, its awful accompaniments, with his still moonlight voyage and blissful interview with Ingeborg in the peaceful grove of Baldur.

He declines running for a port, fearful of the maiden's contempt as a timid mariner, and declares his lofty joy in contending with the mountain billows. The marvellous ship is described as threading the waves, "now disappearing beneath them like a falling star," then "springing up again from the abyss like a chamois among the cliffs."

Night comes on, so grim and starless, that one mast is not to be seen from the other, and an unfathomable grave "yawns for the devoted crew." Still Frithioff is undaunted, though the sea goddess Rana is even now, he says, "spreading for him her deep, blue couch." While he is yet speaking, a mountain wave sweeps the deck, carrying all before it. He then bethinks him of propitiating the goddess, by dividing with his surviving companions a massy gold bracelet, the gift of King Bela, that "they may not go empty-handed to dark Rana's cold embrace."

The sails are rent, the rudder snaps, and Frithioff can no longer conceal from himself that "Death is on board;" yet, amid the howling of the angry elements, his voice yet resounds in tones of courage and confidence. He exclaims that such an unheard-of tempest cannot be the legitimate decree of the Gods, but the work of unhallowed arts; and, climbing "like a martin," to the mast-head, he discovers that the ship is pursued by three sea monsters, a huge whale, a bear, and an eagle. Ellida is desired to exert her self-moving and instinctive power; to steer right upon, and cleave with her keel the whale that "floats like an island;" while a pair of well-aimed lances demolish the unholy bear and eagle. All goes henceforth well with the mariners; the spell is broken, and the wished-for land comes in sight. The return of fine weather is beautifully hailed, and ascribed by the grateful Frithioff to the prayers and tears of his betrothed.

The exhausted crew are carried to land on the sturdy shoulders of the hero and his friend; Biorn carrying four, and Frithioff of course twice as many. They kindle a fire, and are just beginning to forget the perils of the deep in a horn of mead to Ingeborg's health, when they are descried, and, as a matter of course, defied to deadly combat, by some of Earl Aganthyr's champions.

Frithioff, exhausted as he is, accepts the challenge of a gigantic adversary. Chivalry could have taught nothing new, in the way of courtesy, to either of these doughty warriors; for, when the stranger's sword snaps, Frithioff throws his to a distance; and, when the former lies prostrate, and Frithioff cannot give him the *coup de grace* for want of a sword, the vanquished man promises "to lie still in his present position, till the weapon is picked up again;" coolly observing, that one

must die some time or other! Frithioff, though he avails himself of the proposal, is too much of a gentleman actually to decapitate such a conscientious antagonist—so they shake hands amicably, and go to court together. Aganthyr receives him graciously, and with a refinement of diplomacy, which might do honour to more civilized times, while he declines paying any tribute to Frithioff's master, gives him, as the son of his old friend Thorsten, a costly purse, full of gold, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. At this comparatively polished court, (that of Orkney,) the hero is courteously invited to pass the winter—and complies.

The first breath of Spring, however, wakes thoughts of home in Frithioff's breast. He thanks his host, and departs. "The west wind sighs in the sails like nightingales," and "Ægia's daughters, the waves, leap invitingly before the rudder."—Here follow a few beautiful lines, descriptive of a wanderer's return to his native scenes.—

How sweet to the rover, from distant land,
His prow to turn to his own home's strand!
There rises the smoke from his fathers' hearth,
And, gaze where he will, 'tis his native earth,
Where his childhood's haunts in the brooks are seen;
Where his fathers sleep in their hillocks green;
And where still, from the cliff, his faithful bride
Sends her anxious gaze o'er the waters wide.

Frithioff first reaches the land at Baldur's grove, but the falcon alone flies to meet him on the silent shore. It perches on his shoulder, from which no caresses can lure it,—flaps its white wings in restless anxiety, and seems to whisper in his ear some fondly-treasured message; but its language, alas! is unintelligible. Frithioff next steers for his rich inheritance of Framnäs; but what a prospect awaits him there! He "rubs his eyes, and shades them as one blinded by the sun," for all before them is havoc and devastation. In vain he seeks the hearth of his fathers, or the cradle of his infancy. His home is a shapeless heap of ashes!

His faithful dog Bran, and his milk-white steed, with the golden mane, "whose hoof is the rein-deer's, and its neck the swan's," come running up to him, and (familiar, but delightful idea! difficult to be rendered into English,) *search* his hands for the accustomed bread, which the wretched Frithioff, amid this scene of former plenty, has not the means of bestowing.

While standing thus "shelterless," beside his paternal hearth, he sees coming towards him his foster father, Hildrig. He hails him, amid the ruins of Framnäs, bitterly remarking, that thus, in the absence of the noble eagle, base hands invade its lofty nest. He guesses the author of this desolation, the cowardly Helga, who, cruel as cowardly, had consoled himself, when flying as a fugitive before his conquering invader Ring, by committing to the flames the whole worldly goods of his absent ambassador. More painful tidings still, however, await poor Frithioff!

The conqueror, having allowed Helga the option of atoning for his former contempt, by giving him his sister in marriage, or forfeiting his kingdom, Ingeborg had been, as a matter of course, sacrificed, and had followed her ancient bridegroom to Norway. The first emotions of the forsaken lover are too natural to be charged with injustice.—

"Oh! woman!" he cried, with bitter smile,
"Love's first device was a murd'rous wile.
He shrouded it deep in female guise,
Raining false tears from her dark-blue eyes;
With bosom of snow, and look so mild,
Man had but to gaze, to be beguiled!
Coquetry and folly with art he twined,
Constant as weather, and true as wind,

With the fleeting smile of an April morn,
And lips that bloom but to be forsworn!"

He continues his passionate invectives against the sex, and resolutions of a roving and desperate course of vengeance on the species, when good old Hilding places the matter in a new light, by an affecting account of poor Ingeborg's forced nuptials. He describes beautifully her silent dignified grief, confided to his parental bosom alone; "as the sea-bird, mortally wounded, seeks its kindred element to dye with its heart's blood."

"A victim am I," she calmly sigh'd,
"For Bela's land—a sorrowing bride.
Pale snow-drops meetly crown her head,
Whose heart on the altar of Peace has bled!
'Twere sweet to die! but a life of tears
May better atone for youthful years;
Baldur a pardoning glance may shed,
When the pulse beats low, and the heart is dead!
But bury in silence my mortal strife,
For pity to me were worse than life;
The daughter of Kings can bear her doom—
But gently greet Frithioff—when he comes home!"

He then describes her riding to her splendid bridal on a black steed, "pale as a ghost on a dark cloud." While she prayed long and fervently to Baldur, all around wept—she alone was calm. The cruel Helga, seeing her bracelet, the parting gift of Frithioff, snatched it from her arm, and hung it on the statue of Baldur. The old foster-father had drawn his sword to avenge the insult to his nursling, even on his sovereign, when Ingeborg, praying to be spared this additional pang, had committed her cause to the Father of all, who would sooner or later avenge her.

"Vengeance!" exclaims Frithioff, transported with fury; "I, too, will taste its pleasures;" and recollecting that Helga will soon preside at a festival, in Baldur's temple, he resolves, in his unhallowed mood, to attack him in it during the ceremony.

The burning of the temple is a grand picture of the simultaneous fury of human passion and a devastating element. "The blood-red sun of midnight tarries behind the hill," and solemn twilight reigns around. The holy pile (Baldur's symbol) blazes high on the consecrated hearth. The priests, aged men, with snow-white beards, stand gazing on the flame, brandishing their stone knives in their ruthless hands. The king, his crown laid aside, keeps watch beside the altar, when the clang of arms is heard in the grove, and the avenging voice of Frithioff—surrounding the temple with his companions, and dooming its inmates to inevitable destruction. He thus defies the pusillanimous and shrinking Helga.

Here is the tribute at thy behest,
Snatch'd from the wild waves of the west;
Take it, and let us, in mortal strife,
By Baldur's light, risk limb and life.

Our battle shall be without helm or shield,
Lest either undue advantage yield.
To strike the first blow, as King, is thine—
Bethink thee, Helga! the second is *mine!*

Eye not the door with look of despair,
The fox is a prisoner in his lair;
Think on mine heritage—think, beside,
On the once bright cheek of my youthful bride!

So saying, he, somewhat unceremoniously, fells the arch-coward to the earth, by hurling at his head the rich purse of tribute-money, brought at his

bidding from Aganthyr. He disdains to pollute his sword with the blood of such a recreant, but perceiving on the sacred image the well-known bracelet, he flies with sacrilegious eagerness to resume possession of it. The gold and the arm seem inseparable—they long resist his efforts—at length they give way, but, in the struggle, the image of the God itself falls on the burning pile. All is instantly in a blaze.

Hark! how it crackles! the flame mounts high,
And beams and rafters crashing fly—
Biorn, pale as death, on the threshold stands,
And Frithioff for shame is wringing his hands!

"Open! open! let all come out,
Why keep ye watch a ruin about?
Within there is fire—but without, to save,
The fathomless depths of the welcome wave."

In vain does Frithioff, heedless of danger, sit amid his own wild work, directing undismayed the efforts of his companions. The devouring element conquers—the red gold drops in the burning sand, and the silver vessels melt away. The consecrated grove shares the common devastation—the sun sinks red in a glowing sea—all is at length reduced to ashes—and Frithioff weeps, in the grey dawn, over his already repented sacrilege.

Morning sees him a conscience-stricken and sad fugitive; taking an eternal leave of his native land, and adopting the sea henceforth for his troubled dwelling and early grave. Helga pursues him with his ships, but no sooner does the fight become serious, than the recreant king swims ashore, and bends his bow, which, long rusted by disuse, fortunately breaks. Frithioff stands waving a lance, which he could easily aim at the King; but his shaft, like his sword, disdains to become a craven's executioner, and he leaves the caitiff to merited infamy. He then pursues his course, addressing a simple and beautiful adieu to all the objects familiar to him from infancy.

Renowned North! Earth's brightest star!
From my father's hearth I must wander far.
From thee my birth I proudly drew,
Now, Mother of Heroes—adieu, adieu!

Eve's radiant eye! thou Moon so bright,
Keeping watch on high, in thy robes of light!
Thou Polar sky—so wildly blue
With thy starry host—adieu! adieu!

Ye bowers so dear, where I loved to stray,
And soothe mine ear with the brooklet's play—
Hills, woods, and streams, once known so well,
Land of my dreams—farewell! farewell!

With a blighted fame, o'er the wide, wide sea,
From devouring flame an exile I flee!
The soul may defy what fate can do,
But the heart says to joy—Adieu! adieu!

Next comes the Code of the Sea-Kings, a curious document, probably strictly founded on tradition, and full of mingled heroism, rude honor, and doubtful morality, mixed up with no little worldly, or rather *watery* wisdom. A specimen will suffice.

"Stretch no awning over thy vessel, nor build thee an house on shore, lest thine enemy surround thee unawares. The Sea-King sleeps on his shield, and the sky is his blue tent. When the storm is mightiest spread thy sail highest—let go, let go! He is a coward who furls—do thou rather sink in the

whirlpool! Cherish woman on land, but banish Freya herself from on board; for her dimple is the most perilous of graves, and her flowing hair the worst of nets." Or thus in verse—

If a trader thou hail, unharm'd let him sail,
When the feeble his ransom has told,
Thou art Lord of the Wave—he to profit a slave,
And thy steel is well worthy his gold.

But the foe, if thou board, when fighting's the word,
And blood in good earnest is spilt—
If thou yield'st but a pace—in eternal disgrace
Thou must quit us—so do as thou wilt!

In conquest rejoice, but ne'er let thy foes' voice
Implore thy compassion in vain—
Know that Prayer, pale and mild, is Valhalla's own child,
Whom a tyrant alone would disdain.

In the practice of this gentlemanlike, though piratical code, the champions "sail and sail," (as the old ballads have it,) till at length they reach the soft shores of Greece—and here poor Frithioff is painfully reminded of the happiness which he had in these distant isles endeavoured to induce Ingeborg to share. With these ideas all his love revives, and he can no longer resist his desire, after three years' exile, to know whether her memory is equally faithful, and how she lives with her old monarch. He is weary of renown, and loaded with despised gold; he pines for a sight of his father's grave, and of the tree he planted over it. The flag at his masthead points due north, and his heart hails the omen.

Winter overtakes the mariners, and, urged by necessity as well as inclination, Frithioff resolves to pass it at the Court of Ring; to see once more his betrothed, and hear the music of her voice. Biorn, (whose ruder and more downright character is finely contrasted throughout with his friend's), concludes it can only be with hostile intentions towards his rival; and offers his services either, *more piratico*, to set fire to the old King's palace, and carry off his bride; or, to do the thing more genteelly, defy him and all his peers to single combat on the ice, and defeat them, of course. "It's a' ane to honest Dandie Biorn!"

Frithioff, on the contrary, deprecates the very thought of conflict, and shudders at the ominous word "fire." Peace, peace, is now all his earthly ambition, and a solemn farewell to Ingeborg his sole object in life. Biorn, in undisguised astonishment that he should abjure war and glory for a woman, offers to bring him such precious articles in any number to choose from—remarking somewhat uncourteously, that the world, God wot, "is but too full of them!"

Frithioff answers, that Biorn, wise as he is in council, faithful in friendship, and brave in peril, a true worshipper of Thor and Odin, is destined, sooner or later, to be a votary of Freya also; and advises him, not, by idle jests, to exasperate the goddess to exercise her irresistible power upon him. He determines, perhaps from well-founded distrust of Biorn's forbearance, to go alone with his good sword on his pacific enterprise; and bidding adieu to his friend, who swears to avenge any injury that may befall him, departs.

Frithioff finds his aged rival and his Queen celebrating the festival, which, among the Pagans of the North, preceded that of Christmas,—"sitting side by side, like Spring and Autumn." He enters the hall disguised in a huge bear-skin, and leaning on his staff, like some ancient beggar—yet "taller, even thus bent, than those around him."—He takes the poor man's place near the door, till, being mocked and pointed at by some of the young lords, he inflicts on one of them a chastisement, which draws the old King's attention. On being closely interrogated, he gives an enigmatical account of himself, which so pleases the King, that he invites him to his table, and requests him to be more communicative. Frithioff on

this casts his slough, and stands confest "in his blue velvet mantle and silver girdle a hand broad," one of the best dressed, as well as best looking of Northern warriors! And what does Ingeborg think? How feels the poor sacrificed bride?

Then mantled the blood in her cheek of snow,
As on ice-clad Alps eve's purple glow;
Like water-lilies when billows swell,
Her lovely bosom rose and fell.

The trumpet now commands silence, and the pious old monarch (little knowing who his new and highly favoured guest is) vows over the head of the dedicated victim, a gallant and gaily adorned steer—with the assistance of the Gods—to vanquish Frithioff, their common enemy. Frithioff, upon this, declares himself related to the threatened hero, and flinging his sword on the oaken-table, while the hall resounds with the blow, swears, aided by it alone, to defend his cousin, if need be. The King, rather pleased than offended by his guest's plain speaking, only bids his fair wife "fill him a horn of her best wine," and invite the stranger to pass the winter. She fulfils her task in beautiful confusion.

And as with eye averted, the horn she trembling pass'd,
It overflow'd, and fragrant dew on her rosy fingers cast;
As lilies in the evening glow with streaks of crimson shine,
So trickled, o'er her lily hand, dark drops of purple wine.

Frithioff, to her secret joy, drinks off at a draught a horn which no two degenerate men of the poet's day could manage. The songs of bards, and a deep carouse, conclude this ancient festival.

The feast is succeeded by a sledge party on the ice, during which the old King, notwithstanding Frithioff's warnings, exposes himself and his consort in a very boyish manner; but the faithful guest skating beside the sledge, averts the danger, by lifting sledge, rein-deer, and all, backward from the edge of a fearful chasm, into which they were fast hastening. The King laconically, but expressively, praises the deed, by exclaiming that "the mighty Frithioff himself could not have done it better!" He returns to court ashamed, and winter passes without farther disclosure.

Spring returns, the birds are twittering,
Green leaves glitter in the sun,
Dancing to the sea the brooklets,
New enfranchised, gaily run.
Glowing as the cheek of Freya,
Roses red their prison break,
And in human bosoms bounding,
Hope, and joy, and vigour wake.

The old King will go a-hunting,
And the Queen must with him wend.
See! in joyous crowd assembled,
All the rich-clad court attend.
Bows are clanging, quivers rattle,
Palfreys throng the dusty way,
And on wrist the hooded falcon,
Screaming, hails the coming prey.

Yonder comes the pageant's wonder!
Wretched Frithioff, shun the sight;
As a star the light cloud shines on,
Sits the Queen on palfrey white.

Half like Freya, half like Rota,
Only fairer still than these!
Graceful from her hat of purple
Stream light feathers to the breeze!

Gaze not on the eye's clear heaven,
Gaze not on the golden hair,
Round the slender throat entwining,
Clust'ring o'er the bosom fair!
Gaze not where the rose and lily
O'er her cheek alternate play;
List not to the voice familiar,
Whisp'ring soft as breath of May!

Frithioff remains behind in the wood with the old King, who is unable to follow up the chase; and with the restlessness of love and misery, silently bewails his having quitted the sea and its congenial perils to pine in hopeless torment on the land. He thinks on Baldur's temple and its broken vows; broken, he says, not by his betrothed, but by the incensed gods, to whom human joy is hateful, and who have revenged themselves by laying "his rosebud in cold winter's icy lap."

While Frithioff is thus bitterly musing, the old King expresses a wish to sleep, and lays his head, in all the confidence of unsuspecting virtue, on the knee of his unknown rival. He is no sooner asleep, than two birds, one coal black, the other white as snow, perch on an adjoining bough. The former urges Frithioff to dispatch the old King, and possess himself of his own betrothed bride, "for no human eye can see, and the grave tells no tales." The other "guardian cherub sits up aloft," and, reminding him of the all-seeing eye of Heaven, bids him for ever forswear the hero's name, if he could murder the aged and the sleeping. Frithioff, shuddering with horror, flings his sword far from him into the forest. The tempter flies to the land of oblivion, while the white pinions of the heavenly messenger sound in the skies like the tone of a distant harp.

The King wakes, and misses Frithioff's sword. The hero answers that it was possessed by an evil spirit, inimical to sleep, and a foe to grey hairs; on which the King owns he had not been asleep, but had now fully proved his guest's fidelity—reproaching him, however, with having come to his court in disguise, thereby giving rise to injurious suspicions. These being now for ever dissipated, he offers to retain him as his son and friend, till his own decease, which cannot be far distant. Frithioff sadly declines, disclaiming all evil purposes in having sought his court, but declaring that the unappeased wrath of the gods weighs too heavily to permit him to enjoy anything on earth; that storm and tempest, the excitements and perils of the deep alone, afford any alleviation of his misery—or the hope of soon rejoining through their means, the reconciled deities in Valhalla.

Frithioff now takes a pathetic leave of Ingeborg, solemnly consigning to her, once more, the bracelet so fatally rescued for her sake from the arm of Baldur. He bids her resign it only with life, though she will never, on earth, see him again. The sea, henceforth, is to be his home and grave.

Tread not, oh friends! in moonlight sweet,
Or starlight soft—the silent strand,
Lest cruel waves should to your feet
Waft my pale corse upon the sand!

Ingeborg's breast, during this mournful adieu, heaves with bitter sadness. The old King is moved with compassion for the almost forgotten sorrows of youth; and reflecting that "life is no longer life to the aged," and that, according to the universal belief of his countrymen, no one dying in his bed can enter Valhalla—he abridges the short remnant of his pilgrimage by dignified suicide. He inscribes Odin's mystic characters deep in his arm and breast; and "it is beautiful," (in the eyes of those who

counted such self-immolation praiseworthy,) "to see the red drops mingle, one by one, with the silver hairs on his breast." He quaffs a horn to the honor of the North, takes a kind leave of Ingeborg, his guest, and his young son, (by his former wife,) and resigns his breath to the common parent of all.

Then follows his dirge, a fine mythological ode, which we must pass over.

The next chapter, called the Election, is full of life and spirit.

To council! To council—Bower and hall,
And hill and valley ring!
The Monarch is dead, and the freemen all
Must assemble to choose their King!

The warrior, whose sword so long had slept—
O'er its edge his finger drew,
Pleased to find that, from rust and stain well kept,
It still was good and true.

The infant hero look'd undismay'd
On the steel's unwonted blaze,
But to raise from earth the ponderous blade
His arm in vain essays.

The maiden who polish'd the helm anew,
With mingled awe and care,
Stood blushing to see, as it brighter grew,
Her own soft image there.

These long-peaceful subjects of a pacific monarch at length meet, fully armed, for the election. Frithioff is seated in the midst, on the crowning stone, but by his side the King's little fair-haired boy. The council at first incline to set the child aside; but Frithioff raises him on his shield, and says,—"Here is a sapling from your venerable oak! See! this child of lofty race, is as much at home on my shield as a fish in the sea! I swear to defend him and his crown against all foes, and take to witness Baldur's son!"—(the God of Justice.)

The child sat meantime on the polished shield, proud and confident "as the young eagle on the sunbeam!" At length, tiring of his position, and of the delay, he springs boldly down! The delighted people unanimously swore fidelity to this "Son of the Shield," but appoint Frithioff protector of him and the kingdom, with a hint to marry his fair step-mother. But Frithioff coldly answers, —"We are met to choose kings, not brides. I select not mine at the will of others. I must go to Baldur's grove, and hold converse with my Destinies, who await me there. The mild eye of the God is still unreconciled; and he alone who robbed me of my bride, can restore her." So, kissing the forehead of the king's son, he silently withdrew.

Frithioff, at his father's grave, in a beautiful strain, well worthy translation, hails all the well-known objects around the consecrated spot; but oppressed by the burden of his unexpiated guilt, invokes the shade of his father to point out a mode of atonement. "If Aganthyr, when interrogated on the subject, spoke from the dark grave about a sword, surely a son's release from misery is worthier the exertion."

Suddenly the setting sun illumines the west with a flood of glory! and one of those gorgeous illusions called Fata Morgana in Italy, and by the poet said to have a more beautiful name in heaven, appears immediately over Baldur's Grove, like a diamond on an emerald ground. A stately temple gradually unfolds itself to view—such as mortal eyes have rarely seen—woven out of shining ether. Its silver walls are an emblem of the palaces of heaven,—its pillars of glittering steel,—its altar an inestimable gem. The dome, raised by viewless hands, resembles a clear starry winter sky, and all the gold-crowned gods of Valhalla occupy its awful summit. At the gate, the Sisters three are seen, leaning on their mystic shields. White

Ulda, who presides over the present, points to the ruined temple; Skulda, the Goddess of Futurity, gently raises her hand towards the new one; but, ere Memory can seize its image, the pageant vanishes from Frithioff's eyes.

He hails the omen, however, and resolves to rebuild the temple, that the work of piety may atone for that of passion, and the gates of Heaven be re-opened to the pardoned One. He lifts once more a joyous and fearless eye to the stars, "walking in brightness," and no longer sees in the northern lights, "unreal mockery" of the burning Temple. Cradled by the song of his native heroes, he lies him down on his shield, to dream of peace and reconciliation!

The Temple is at length finished, and surrounded with a palisade of iron, tipped with gold, like a guard of steel-clad warriors with golden helmets. Its mystic circle is formed of gigantic stones, destined to astonish posterity,—like Upsala's Temple, regarded by the North as an earthly image of Valhalla. Round it, like a flowery girdle, lay Baldur's vale, with the murmur of its groves and the songs of its birds, once more the abode of peace.

Before the image of the God, twelve dedicated maidens, "with the roses of youth on their cheeks, and the rose of innocence in their bosoms," danced, softly "as spring winds rock the fountain's cradle, or as the elves of the wood flit over the long grass, scarce shaking its pearls of morning dew." They sang the holy hymn of Baldur, the spotless—how beloved he was among all creatures, till he fell by the arrow of his blind brother Hodur, while earth, sea, and heaven wept. The song never drew its birth in the narrow cell of a human bosom, but seemed a strain from the abodes of immortality,—like a maiden's solitary dream, when the quail's deep note wakes the echoes of night, and the full moon lingers over the birches of the North.

Frithioff stood lost in ecstasy! His piratical life, with all its battles and adventures, vanished like a bloody spectre; and the feeling of hate and vengeance melted away with it, as the "icy cuirass of the cliff yields to summer sunshine."

The aged high priest, before whom he bends in filial reverence, solemnly addresses him in mingled strains of welcome and admonition, beautifully founded on the mythology of his country. After bewailing the untimely death of Baldur, and its consequences to humanity, he thus represents him as yet living in the hearts of the virtuous:—

Each human bosom has its Baldur.—Think
How in thy early days of peace, thy life
Flow'd free from care, and still, as dream of birds,
When the soft breath of evening gently rocks
On its green couch, the weary flow'ret's head!
Baldur lived then in thine unsullied soul,
Thou child of Heav'n—stray offspring of Valhalla!
The God revives in infancy—and Hela
Yields back her prey each time a child is born;
But o'er against him, in each human breast,
Dwells his blind brother Hodur—born in darkness,
As is the bear's wild brood—and robed in night,
While, clad in light, his radiant brother moves.

. . . . . .

Thou seekest reconcilement—dost thou know,
Young man! its name—hear it, and tremble not
The reconciler of the earth is Death!
Time is a troubled streamlet from Eternity—
Life but a fall from our great father's throne,
And reconcilement—our re-union with him.
The Gods themselves have fallen—not unavenged,
However, for the Evil ones must die
Eternally—while from a world in flames
The Good shall rise to loftier existence!

Yes! though from Heaven's proud brow the garland drops
Of faded stars, and Earth sinks in the deep—
Fairer and newly born, her flow'r-crown'd head
Again shall rise above the crystal flood;
And younger stars shall hold, with purer lustre,
Their silent course above the new creation.

. . . . . .

Earth is Heaven's shadow—human life the porch
And outer court of Baldur's heavenly Temple.
The vulgar offer blood—they bring proud steeds,
With gold and purple deck'd, before the altar—
It is a symbol, rightly read, that blood
Is the red dawn of every day of grace.

Christianity is thus beautifully alluded to in one of the only two passages which seem to indicate a modern origin.

Stones cannot plead with Baldur; expiation
Dwells here—as in yon upper world—with peace!
Be with thy foe and self but reconciled,
If Freya's gold-hair'd son thou wouldst resemble!
Its Baldur has the South—the Virgin's Son,
Sent by th' Eternal to explain the rhymes
Yet undecipher'd on the shield of Fate!
His battle-cry was Peace! Love was his sword!
Innocence, dove-like, sat upon his crest.
Pious he lived and taught—died and forgave!
And distant palms o'ershade his radiant grave.
'Tis said his doctrine spreads from dale to dale,
Softens hard hearts, lays hand in hand, and speeds
A reign of peace over a pardon'd world.
I know it not aright—this creed, but heard
Slightly and darkly in my better days—
In many a heart, like mine, its presage beats;
Ere long I know 'twill come, and brightly wave
Its dovelike pinions o'er our northern pride.
The North, alas! shall then no more be ours—
Its oaks shall wave o'er our forgotten graves!—
Hail, happier race, thus privileged, to quaff
The radiant cup of newer, holier light,
Whose influence shall dispel the thousand clouds
Shrouding with murky veil our Sun of Life.
Despise us not, for it was ours to seek,
Though with still-erring eye, its heavenly ray.
God's messengers are many.—He is one!

He then informs the hero of the death of Helga, while attempting to overthrow the idols of the neighbouring Finland, and exhorts him, as a proof of his submission to Baldur, and his sincerity in seeking reconciliation, to offer peace to the insignificant Halfdan. While he is yet speaking,—

Thus did Holfdan stand,
With doubtful glance upon the iron threshold,
Gazing in silence on the dreaded one.
Frithioff unbuckled from his side the sword,
Against the altar lean'd his golden shield;
And all unarm'd to meet his foe advanced.
Mildly he spoke—"I hold him in our strife
The worthier, who first gives his hand in peace."
The blushing monarch doff'd his iron glove

And hands long sever'd, each the other wrung
In grasp as steadfast as the mountain's base!

Then did the priest remove the curse that lay
So long and sorely on the outlaw's brow;
And as, its weight removed, the hero's head
Once more was proudly raised, came Ingeborg
Dazzling in bridal pomp—in royal robes,
Of ermine wrapt, and all her damsels with her,
Like the moon's handmaids in the tents of heaven.
Tearful she sank upon her brother's breast—
But he transferr'd the grateful burden soon
In Frithioff's long-tried bosom softly laid.
Then at God's altar did she plight her hand
To her youth's earliest—truest, best beloved!

BURNING OF INDIAN WIDOWS.

The papers published by the House of Commons, on the Burning of the Indian Widows, are a striking evidence of the affected delicacy which men can assume in matters which do not touch their own interests. Within the five years ending with 1824, there have been no less than,—will it be believed?—*two thousand nine hundred and eighty-one murders* of wretched women, committed in the face of day, by the most horrible of all tortures, in the presence of the British Authorities, and, for the most part, in the very centre of our power, the Presidency of Bengal!

The plea on which these horrors have been sanctioned, (for to permit them under the circumstances is to sanction them, and, in fact, the British Authorities are in general present,) is the delicacy of interfering with the prejudices of the people. But if the question were one of tribute, we have no delicacy on record. It must offend the Hindoo population as much to be compelled to pay a tax, or to be shot, as to see a miserable woman prohibited from burning herself, or being burned by the rabble as a sport. Yet, let a rupee be deficient, and the European collector feels no scruple of offending the Hindoo's morbidness by demanding summary payment, and shooting the refractory.

But the Burning is supposed to be a rite of religion. Even if it were, we have no scruple of taking possession of pagodas, and making ourselves the disposers of the Brahminical influence on all occasions that suit our convenience. We guard the passes of the Ganges, and knock the pilgrims on the head if they are unruly; we plant our sentinels in the very house of Juggernaut, and raise a handsome revenue out of their pious foolery, to their infinite indignation; we cudgel, confine, and mulct the whole holy mob, without caring a sixpence whether we hurt the feelings of a worshipper of Mahomet or Brahma. But the moment that the question comes unconnected with money or power, and merely calling upon common sense and common humanity, our East India governors discover that the religious prejudices of the natives are very solemn affairs, and not to be touched, but at the risk of the overthrow of the whole Indian empire.

Now, the Burning of the Widows is *not* a religious ceremony, nor a part of Hindoo religion, for it is *not enjoined* in any of the standard books of their religion, and the command of them is simply, that the widow should devote herself to a reserved and correct *life*. It is merely an act of presumed voluntary effort to gain a place in the state of future happiness, or to shake off the inconveniencies of a solitary life; the act, however, is attended by fabricated ceremonies, by Brahmins who are paid by the relatives, who divide the property of the victim, and by the rabble, who are described as crowding to the sight, with the same kind of enjoyment with which an English mob would crowd to a bull-bait.

Nothing is more known in India, than that with those Brahmins we may do what we will; a menace or a bribe has every man of them, at least in the Presidency of Bengal, completely at our disposal. Nothing is more certain, than that the whole

cruelty is set up and sustained by the Brahmins for money-getting; and the certainty is equal, that the total prohibition of those horrors would not be followed by the slightest popular disturbance. The murder of children was once the national custom. An order was issued prohibiting infanticide. It was obeyed in all the provinces. One curious exception alone occurred, which proves the rule. In one of the most barbarous of the interior tribes, the chiefs and priests declared that child-murder was a part of their law, and a national custom from the beginning. The officer in command was a man of resolution and good sense. He told them that Nature prohibited murder, and that no national habit could be so old as Nature. He firmly declared that he would not suffer the practice. From that hour it was never attempted. And the mothers used to throw themselves before his horse's feet, and bless him for having saved their children. It was the custom to expose the aged to die of hunger or by the crocodiles. It was a habit of pomp to put slaves to death on the death of their masters. These atrocious acts were prohibited, and who has ever heard of rebellion in consequence? The *Suttees* might be prohibited to-morrow with the same ease, and with the same impunity. But can we be innocent of crime, when we stand by and permit a crime which we have the means of extinguishing? Then let the extent of the murders be recollected,—two thousand nine hundred human beings destroyed before our eyes! If our government saw two rival tribes within their borders attacking each other, they would undoubtedly prohibit the mutual slaughter, without any consideration of delicacy whatever. If the slaughter amounted to five hundred, as the Suttees do every year under the eye of this delicate government, every combatant would be thrown into chains, or the dispute would be finished on both sides by the British bayonet. No government would be justified in wantonly offending even the most absurd religion, but when humanity calls upon us—and what is humanity but the command of Heaven and of wisdom?—we are deeply culpable for every hour's delay of following its dictates, and putting an end to the abomination.

HYMN TO HESPERUS.

Εσπερε παντα φερεις.
Sapph. Frag.

Bright solitary beam, fair speck,
  That, calling all the stars to duty,
Through stormless ether gleam'st to deck
  The fulgent west's unclouded beauty;
All silent are the fields, and still
  The umbrageous wood's recesses dreary,
As if calm came at thy sweet will,
  And Nature of Day's strife were weary.

Blent with the season and the scene,
  From out her treasured stores, Reflection
Looks to the days when Life was green,
  With fond and thrilling retrospection;
The earth again seems haunted ground;
  Youth smiles, by Hope and Joy attended;
And bloom afresh young flowers around,
  With scent as rich, and hues as splendid.

This is a chilling world—we live
  Only to see all round us wither;
Years beggar; age can only give
  Bare rocks to frail feet wandering thither;
Friend after friend, joy after joy,
  Have like night's boreal gleams departed;
Ah! how unlike the impassion'd boy,
  Is Eld, white-hair'd, and broken-hearted!

How oft, 'mid eves as clear and calm,
  These wild-wood pastures have I stray'd in,
When all these scenes of bliss and balm
  Blue Twilight's mantle were array'd in;
How oft I've stole from bustling man,
  From Art's parade, and city riot,
The sweets of Nature's reign to scan,
  And muse on Life in rural quiet!

Fair Star! with calm repose and peace
  I hail thy vesper beam returning;
Thou seem'st to say that troubles cease
  In the calm sphere, where thou art burning;
Sweet 'tis on thee to gaze and muse;—
  Sure angel wings around thee hover,
And from Life's fountain scatter dews
  To freshen Earth, Day's fever over.

Star of the Mariner! thy car,
  O'er the blue waters twinkling clearly,
Reminds him of his home afar,
  And scenes he still loves, ah how dearly!
He sees his native fields, he sees
  Grey twilight gathering o'er his mountains,
And hears the murmuring of green trees,
  The bleat of flocks, and gush of fountains.

How beautiful, when, through the shrouds,
  The fierce presaging storm-winds rattle,
Thou glitterest clear amid the clouds,
  O'er waves that lash, and gales that battle;
And as, athwart the billows driven,
  He turns to thee in fond devotion,
Star of the Sea! thou tell'st that Heaven
  O'erlooks alike both land and ocean.

Star of the Mourner! 'mid the gloom,
  When droops the West o'er Day departed,
The widow bends above the tomb
  Of him who left her broken-hearted;
Darkness within, and Night around,
  The joys of life no more can move her,
When lo! thou lightest the profound,
  To tell that Heaven's eye glows above her.

Star of the Lover! Oh, how bright
  Above the copsewood dark thou shinest,
As longs he for those eyes of light,
  For him whose lustre burns divinest;
Earth, and the things of earth depart,
  Transform'd to scenes and sounds Elysian;
Warm rapture gushes o'er his heart,
  And Life seems like a faëry vision.

Yes, thine the hour, when, daylight done,
  Fond Youth to Beauty's bower thou lightest;
Soft shines the moon, bright shines the sun,
  But thou, of all things, softest, brightest:
Still is thy beam as fair and young,
  The torch illuming Evening's portal,
As when of thee lorn Sappho sung,
  With burning soul, in lays immortal.

Star of the Poet! thy pale fire,
  Awakening, kindling inspiration,
Burns in blue ether, to inspire
  The loftiest themes of meditation;
He deems some holier, happier race,
  Dwells in the orbit of thy beauty,—
Pure spirits, who have purchased grace,
  By walking in the paths of duty.

Beneath thee Earth turns Paradise
  To him, all radiant, rich, and tender;
And dreams, array'd by thee, arise
  Mid Twilight's dim and dusky splendour;
Blest or accurst each spot appears;
  A frenzy fine his fancy seizes;
He sees unreal shapes, and hears
  The wail of spirits on the breezes.

Bright leader of the hosts of Heaven!
  When day from darkness God divided,
In silence through Empyrean driven,
  Forth from the East thy chariot glided;
Star after star, o'er night and earth,
  Shone out in brilliant revelation;
And all the angels sang for mirth,
  To hail the finish'd, fair Creation.

Star of the bee! with laden thigh,
  Thy twinkle warns its homeward winging;
Star of the bird! thou bid'st her lie
  Down o'er her young, and hush her singing;
Star of the pilgrim, travel-sore,
  How sweet, reflected in the fountains,
He hails thy circlet gleaming o'er
  The shadow of his native mountains!

Thou art the Star of Freedom, thou
  Undo'st the bonds, which gall the sorest;
Thou bring'st the ploughman from his plough;
  Thou bring'st the woodman from his forest;
Thou bring'st the wave-worn fisher home,
  With all his scaly wealth around him;
And bid'st the hearth-sick schoolboy roam,
  Freed from the letter'd tasks that bound him.

Star of declining day, farewell!—
  Ere lived the Patriarchs, thou wert yonder;
Ere Isaac, mid the piny dell,
  Went forth at eventide to ponder:
And, when to Death's stern mandate bow
  All whom we love, and all who love us,
Thou shalt uprise, as thou dost now,
  To shine, and shed thy tears above us.

Star that proclaims Eternity!
  When o'er the lost Sun Twilight weepeth,
Thou light'st thy beacon-tower on high,
  To say, "He is not dead, but sleepeth:"
And forth with Dawn thou comest too,
  As all the hosts of night surrender,
To prove thy sign of promise true,
  And usher in Day's orient splendour.

Δ

Whiggism.

In most countries of Europe the change of a Ministry is seldom more than the change of a man; the individual closes his commission, and sinks into the multitude; the political grave receives him to silence and oblivion—and the world goes on as usual. But in England a Ministry is an embodying of many men and many interests, exercising a broad, personal, and corporate influence through the nation, and not to be removed but with a corresponding extent of change. The old fabric cannot be thrown down without involving in its fall established principles and practised modes of action; the new cannot be raised up but along with new theories. There is but little of the spirit of succession in these transfers of power. The new possessor is not an heir reverencing the dignity and magnificence of an ancestral seat; but a stranger, who comes with the feelings of an alien, and the pledge to break down and sweep away until the foundation can be cleared for a novel piece of architecture, as little as possible like the old. What wonder, then, that in England the commencement of a new Administration should be universally felt as a crisis of the most serious importance to every man?

As yet, we are scarcely in a situation to know who actually compose the Government. Last week it was different from what it is this week; and this week may furnish as little security for the week to come. In variety of visage it rivals everything but the moon. No man, ungifted with prophetic power, can tell with what association the Minister will finally approach to the actual conduct of public affairs; we have no grasp for this slippery figure; the perpetual Proteus eludes the chain; we might as well sit down to write the history of an administration of nine-pins.

But the principles of the new Government are more tangible; and they are the principles of Whiggism.

Mr Fox was the father of this modern sect. Great ability sullied by personal vices, and boundless ambition uncorrected by a sense of what he owed to his country or to himself, made him a formidable instrument of evil. By birth and habits an aristocrat, and one who, as Minister, would have bowed down King and people to the footstool of the aristocracy, nothing but the most disordered ambition could ever have sunk him to the populace. Wanting the natural dignity of mind that disdains to revenge itself on fortune by personal degradation, and not less wanting that generous self-confidence which stands erect and the same amidst all the vicissitudes of public life, the very first repulse from the councils of his Sovereign flung him into the arms of the rabble; to fabricate empty accusations against the men by whom he had been exiled; to blunt and vilify the national heroism summoned to a contest for all that was free on earth; to raise recruits among the basest passions of the ignorant, the licentious, and the revolutionary; to shake the pillars of the constitution; and, in return, by a vengeance as just and as direct as ever fell upon political profligacy, to find himself, year after year, exhausting his high talents in vain; to feel haunted by the reproaches of those whom his example had alienated from all hope of honourable service; to see his reputation sink with every rising hour of his country; and, finally, as the keenest infliction of all to such a mind, to have one tremulous and tantalizing grasp of power, which he was the next moment to quit for the grave.

Fox established the whole law of his sect, and nothing can be either more simple or more comprehensive. "In all cases, stir up the rabble; if you are beaten in the senate, fly to the streets; if the country scorn you as a profligate, or dread you as a disturber,—if the King erase you from his councils as a traitor, fly to the streets. The licentious life, the gambling honour, the disdain of public principle, the abject individual habits, the perpetual imposture, the hopeless debt, will be no disqualifications there; they will even help you to float the more easily along the turbid and discoloured stream."

We were not to be deprived of such experience of the man and the system as a short-lived triumph of both might furnish. As if to prove how compatible talents for opposition are with ministerial imbecility, Fox's posses-

sion of power showed nothing but his incapacity for its use. The most boastful and haughty of oppositionists sunk into the most inactive and unpurposed of Ministers: the bold instigator of measures which were to have retrieved the lamented name of England, collapsed into the office-clerk; the sagacious politician, whose European influence was to command peace, was burlesqued in his single weak attempt at negotiation; the magnanimous Statesman, whose foresight was to secure the country from the recurrence of disaster, was baffled in every attempt on the enemy. His home government was a tissue of national insults and injuries: it began with a breach of the constitution in the Cabinet; it was carried on in the contemptuous violation of every pledge to even his own former supporters among the people; it embarrassed the finances; it *doubled the income-tax;* it purchased partisanship by the most open traffic and the most scandalous compliances. The last exploit of his Cabinet was worthy to consummate such a career. They had pledged themselves to the Roman Catholics that they would bring in their bill;—to gain power, they pledged themselves to the King that they would *not* bring in that bill. Having thus defrauded the people, their next step was to bring in the very bill that they had forsworn; and so equally defraud the King. The threat of being turned out altered the contrivance once more; and, to delude both King and people into the sufferance of Whig dominion, they introduced a half-measure, which compendiously defrauded both at once. The administration was overturned in the midst of national rejoicing; "All the Talents" became a common by-word of contempt, and a sentence of banishment was supposed, even by the modern Whigs themselves, to have gone forth against them for ever.

Whiggism, however, has returned to power; and men who possess the faculty of memory, may be pardoned for asking why? Have they been summoned by any one of those desperate conjunctures in which the state must bear up against the final hazard by what desperate means it may? We can discover nothing of this. The world was quiet; the country was yet pursuing its old opulence, by its old road of industry and enterprise. We heard from the throne assurances of the good faith and peaceful intentions of the continental governments: the pressures of commercial difficulty had been comparatively trivial; and in the speeches of the Whigs, above all others, they were pronounced transitory, and the mere first troubled workings of a spirit of lavish prosperity. We looked in vain to the heavens or the earth for the signs of the tempest, from which England was constrained to seek shelter under these feeble and ill-omened wings.

But, perhaps, this party has of late exhibited improved qualities for the stewardship of the empire; perhaps the course of nature has been changed in favour of a Whig Administration; long exile from public respect and authority may have only imprinted its alien visage with a more generous and British colour; an original tendency to the populace may have been purified and exalted by a habitual penal association with the lowest of the low. The art of government may have only been learned through disuse; and the love of social order, and the temperate polity of England, inspired by the bitterness of disappointed ambition.

But we retain our memories, and do too much justice to Whiggism, to suppose that, however summarily it has changed its professions, it has changed the most trivial of its principles. Those principles we must estimate from its conduct. And what was that actual and undeniable conduct during the last thirty years?—the depreciation of British triumphs; the eager exaggeration of British misfortune; the perpetual panegyric of our enemies; the restless solicitation of all the means of national disturbance; the naked hostility to every principle made sacred to us by the memory of the purest times of the Constitution.

We were embarked in the mightiest of all wars, for the noblest of all objects. The royal fleet of Europe had gone down; England rode victorious, but alone; her flag nailed to the mast, the great sign of hope and final refuge to the nations; she rode in the midst of doubtful, of unparalleled battle. What hand of those men was lifted in her fight? what voice of theirs was heard among the cheerings of her crew? Through the whole of that great day, and in the midst of displays of endurance and heroism that will

make the richest recollections of every future age, those men stood aloof. There was not one moment in which the common impulses of human nature were suffered to get the mastery over the bitter prejudices of faction; from the beginning to the end, they thwarted, sneered, vilified, and despaired. They had bound themselves by a bond of baseness and malignity, and never was bond more rigidly performed. The Spanish insurrection at length rekindled the heart of Europe, and England was called in to conquer by a summons, which it can scarcely be superstitious to pronounce the command of Heaven; but their frozen blood resisted the general sunshine. The war, in all its forms, was that very one in which, if their lips were to be believed, they must have felt the strongest sympathy; a war of the people, for popular rights, undefiled by what they had so often called the unclean and contagious touch of royalty. The battle was to be fought for no kingly caprice; no idle aristocratic privilege; no haughty pretension of priestcraft; but for the hearths of a peasantry against the most unprovoked of all invasions; for life and freedom against the most false of despots. The light which had kindled cheerfulness and hope throughout Europe, only expanded the sluggish vapours of faction, and ripened and subtilized them into keener pestilence. The hostility of the party at that memorable period had the fierceness and the rashness which form, from time to time, the judicial visitation of men studious of wrong. The name and hopes of England were turned into perpetual exercise for their unbounded scorn; while their panegyric was at the service of the national enemy, in whatever quarter of the earth he was to be found, and broadest and boldest for the most inveterate and formidable. Slaves never bowed before despotism more abjectly than these champions of freedom did before Napoleon. Yet who can believe that the real character of Napoleon and his ambition, and the real sanctity of England and her cause, were not known to these men? The Whigs hungered and thirsted for place, and place was hopeless without the overthrow of all the manlier impulses of their country. Faction loves a lie for its own sake, but it doubly loves it as an instrument of covetousness and revenge. Principle was, as it has at all times been, out of the question: patronage, lucre, title, were more than an equivalent for the deepest hazards of the empire. They would rather have seen the prize of their heartless contention torn limb from limb, than wanted the triumph, were it but the triumph of an hour, over truth and justice.

But their parliamentary conduct, profligate as it was, does not supply us with the complete standard. There is an obvious restraint on the darker parts of the human character in the forms and decorums of human life. Who, standing up in the senate, will dare openly to offer offence to the crown, to morals, or to the legislature? The orator who should do so, would either find himself suddenly left alone, or consigned to the proper hospital of political insanity—expulsion or Newgate would be the natural regimen for his disease. To see the true exercise of the faction, we must look elsewhere.

The subtlety, activity, and impassibility of an evil spirit, are the emblem of a literature determined to run the full career of evil. Is there one desperate theory of government, a guilty political tenet, a profane insult to religion, that has not found its stimulant and its defence in the literature of this party? Their most boasted volumes teem, even to this hour, with principles subversive of all government and all religion; the lower are fit only for the bandit and the dungeon to which they drive him; nor is this turpitude confined to those for whom the bitter necessity of existing by means of a degraded pen, or early prejudice working on an invidious and acrid temperament, or an utter and contemptuous exclusion from the ranks of honourable life, might appear to furnish some miserable palliation. It flourishes among the most vaunted of the tribe; men of rank and opulence are found soliciting infamy by the compilation of long-forgotten licentiousness; men of professional distinction snatch an hour from the night to prepare the train of popular inflammation; men of talent, basking in the sunshine and smiles of society, hide their heads in espionage, to refresh the exhausted virulence of the more habitual hirelings; and if they dare not use the dagger themselves, at

least put it into hands that know no restraints either of fear or shame.

It is possible that the leaders may creep to the happy shelter of denying all responsibility for the guilt or folly of their retainers; they may declare that they never rewarded with more than a supper and a smile, the courtship of their most assiduous slaves; they may tell us that they shrank with instinctive disgust from the profane mummeries of their festive priestlings, and recoiled, with mingled fear and contempt, from the embrace of that unmasked and unshaken jacobinism, which professed itself ready to live and libel through all weathers, at once fawning and ferocious, the sycophant of the table and the scoffer of the closet, the tool of party in the club and the brawling rebel in the street. All this may be said; yet one circumstance, alike undeniable and unequivocal, must remain. For the last twenty years every base assailant of those feelings and maxims which form the strength of human virtue, and the security of English government, has been taught to believe himself in possession of a natural right to the protection of this party.

A villain thrown out of all honest occupation, bankrupt all over, and, through ignorance and chicanery, utterly incapable of re-entering into any creditable course of existence, adopts the thriving expedient of compiling and publishing a series of abominations. The tardy law, at length, grasps him; he is thrown into jail; and the Whig sympathies are instantly up in arms. Their poets among the crowd of examples, tune their indignant lyres; their journalists pour out torrents of wrath and woe; their barristers forswear nature, and harangue without a fee; their parliamentary orators swell with threats of impeachment, and the haughtiest of their nobles gird up their robes and storm the national charity, begging-box in hand. Men of fifty thousand a-year and upwards, bow gratefully over the patriotic donation of a sixpence, and mendicant dukes lay up treasures for themselves in the unfading repositories of the limbo of revolution to come. Shall we wonder that this zeal is not barren?

Another villain starts forth, blacker and more bankrupt still, if possible, than the former; the way to fortune lies plain before him, and he follows it. The illuminated tinker outruns competitorship in the grossness of his blasphemy; he proclaims himself *atheist*, and proves his eminence in the profession by publishing the most abhorred insults to religion. His consummation, devoutly wished for, is at last reached; he is rejoicingly cast into prison, and there waits for the flow of fellow-feeling. It comes with the certainty of a law of nature. The country is appealed to on behalf of the much-injured patriot and infidel; the mission of the ermined is again afoot, and the martyr is consoled at the rate of two thousand a-year.

So much for their religious sympathies; let one instance illustrate their political.

A ruffian of the lowest popular vulgarity, wandering from town to town in a season of public pressure, with the express purpose of infuriating the mob—a regular organizer of rebellion, who disdains to utter his mandates to less than a hundred thousand lunatics at once, armed with pike and pistol, and marching in battle array, with banners and emblems of massacre—is brought to trial. Again, the Whig sensibilities are in commotion. Prison visits are made with the respectful anxiety due to the victim of remorseless power; nay, bulletins of the gallant and patriotic sufferer's health regularly relieve the national perturbation, until bars and bolts fall from around the "friend of freedom," who starts from his jail to be borne in triumph through the dominions of his party, and finally set down in a curricle of his own for the rest of his days.

And who were the patrons, the open subscribers, the volunteer exhibitors and encouragers in these atrocious violations of common sense and honour? Who were these publishers of premiums for blasphemy? Were they miserable outcasts, in whom the "poverty" might be some plea for the "will?" Were they ragged intruders from the beggary and turbulence of the west, or the broken-up remnants of northern rebellion, who, after shivering over the last embers of jacobitism, came to rekindle nature in them by stirring up the fires of revolution here? They were Englishmen of ancient birth, some of them of the highest rank next to the throne, which a long succession of royal benefits and

generous privileges bound them to defend.—No one dreams that they were sincere in these acts of guilt and ingratitude: no one dreams for a moment of charging them personally with atheism or rebellion. But who can shut his eyes to the sacrifices demanded by Whiggism,—to the prostration of conscience, the abandonment of all nobler habits and impulses, the ready hazard of all personal dignity, manliness, and principle, when such hazard is demanded for the advancement of the faction?—

The answer put forward to those undeniable charges is, that the country cannot do without the talents of the Whigs. Self-conceit is the natural consolation of faction, and this sort of vaunt appears to be among the hereditary comforts of all "his Majesty's Oppositions." In the dictionary of party, talking is talent: nothing is to withstand the female privilege of the last word. But the number of haranguers is of all others the most fallacious criterion of talent. A Tory Ministry, and even a Tory Opposition, is much disqualified by its very nature, for the function of thus charming the popular ear. The business of a Ministry is not assault; and, above all, it can never assault the measures of a Whig Opposition, since no such Opposition produces any. On the Ministerial side, too, the defence of measures is in chosen hands, and the speaking of members not in office is in a great degree precluded: thus half a dozen individuals, and those almost limited to the exposition of measures, necessarily represent the ability of the Ministerial members. Even a Tory Opposition has limits to the display of superabundant oratory. It has, by principle, a respect for the constitutional throne, which extends itself to the government sanctioned by the throne. It knows the necessity of the routine measures of government, be it in what hands it may: the navy must be kept up, unless we would tempt invasion; the army must be paid, unless we would court mutiny; the public creditor must be provided for, unless we are prepared for the alternative of national bankruptcy. And in addition, without fancying that any political creed can clear the human mind of all the irregular impulses and passions of our feverish frame, there must unquestionably be some tendency in the early habit of reverencing constituted things—established law, morals, and religion—to temper even the hottest irritation, and lend a generous and manly form to the keenest resistance of a Tory Opposition.

But Whiggism comes into the field at the head of a different array: its tactic is not defence, for it proposes nothing to defend; but assault, perpetual assault, conquest at all risks. It is impeded by no nervous nicety of selection in its force; it gathers its troops from the whole crowd of those who can boast that they possess passions and tongues; it then flings its *levée en masse* into the enemy's fire, without regard to loss, for it sets no value on its instruments; and with the true spirit of revolutionary generalship, looks to nothing but the result of the campaign. In political warfare, the dishonourable nature of such a system is obvious; but it clearly works the effect of bringing forward all the existing ability of the party. Where every man may harangue without restraint or fear, upon every subject; may be beaten without disgrace to his side; may be put down night after night from session to session, with the perfect assurance that his personal degradation can be no deeper on the last night than on the first; that obstinacy is a merit; and that mere asinine insensibility to rebuke has led others to the highest ranks of the faction—Who will hide his light under a bushel? Who will suffer ignorance or imbecility to thwart his progress in a career where such leaders have ascended before him? Who can despair of success where it has been attained on such terms of intellect, morals, and knowledge? Those only are likely to remain silent, whom nature has made dumb.

Yet, with all this agency of stimulation in perpetual activity, what has been excited? With all this digging and delving into the depths of society, with all those experiments in the native regions of darkness and combustion, what has been produced? *Nothing.* The ability of the Whig party had long been contemptible; what exhibition does it make, even at this moment, of its triumph? The country has been hunted through to make up a company for the new "grand theatre royal;" age has been beguiled from the chimney-corner, and boyhood from

the school-room; "every encouragement" has been held out to the deserter and the discarded. And after all, their best performance is farce, their foremost characters are worthy of a barn. To estimate the national mind by the existing ability of this party, would be the darkest omen, if it were not the bitterest libel, on England.

Yet those men cannot be accused of having injured their reputation by any haughty neglect of the common instruments of fame. No human beings have less suffered the breath that should have filled their trumpet, to be scattered into thin air; they have laboured for display in its thousand channels, light and dark; they have harangued in every province, city, and village; they have kept the press under one continual groan with their writings; they have harangued, and published their harangues, and reviewed them with that tenderness of criticism which belongs to none but the paternal pen; they have enlarged the science of panegyric, and invented a new language of admiration: they have summoned the world's wonder for everything Whig—from an epigram to a page in a Review—the fated limit and last aspiration of their genius. Happy the ingenuous youth who dips his virgin pen in Whig ink, and pours out the first vehemence of his soul in the shape of some deep-mouthed vituperation of the universities, the church, the magistracy, or the peerage! Happy the Tityrus who touches his sylvan reed to the scorn of personal faith and national honour, and sings, in alternate strains, the malignant gossip of court-scandal, and the fierce and burning hatred with which Jacobins regard the institutions of freedom. He shall not pine long in the obscurity of his Mantuan village. But most fortunate of all is he, who, after beginning his course as the menial of a Minister, turns his discharge into revolt, entitles himself to confidence, by throwing off honesty, and volunteers the patriot by trampling on the tomb of the Father of his Country.

This incessant grinding of the machinery, which professes to send up the supply of genius for the national market, has turned out a waste of labour. The Whigs have engaged in every department of intellectual exertion, and we should be at a loss to point out one in which they have not been signally foiled. They have given us no historian—no profound investigator of nature—no master of ancient learning—no great interpreter of the constitution. By the eternal law of mediocrity, all their wisdom evaporates as it passes from the lip. Even in public speaking, that art in which their boasting has been the loudest, what have all their opportunities achieved? Occasions, such as the ambition of eloquence most covets, have crowded before them;—war, civil distress, foreign perplexity, impeachment of the highest personages of the state—and yet, in all that mass of party bitterness and obloquy—in all that long out-pouring of venal invective, selfish calumny, and furious Jacobinical jargon, which has oppressed the public ear, when were we once relieved by the novelty of a high-minded thought? When was the individual among them, who most affects the name of orator, betrayed into the language of a generous and accomplished mind?—when did a single glowing allusion to nobler times and things,—a single flash of classic imagination, that native birth of genius awakened by the heart, lighten across his dreariness? Where are we to look, in his most laboured orations, for those rich maxims of philosophy and religion, that spring spontaneously from the spirit of true eloquence;—golden sands, that increase the splendour, without diminishing the volume, or the force, of the mighty stream? All is cramped, crabbed, affected, dull; sublimity on stilts, vapid virulence, and emaciated spleen. Who looks to his recorded effusions for instruction or for pleasure?—who treasures them at the time, as we may remember men treasuring fragments of energy and beauty, which the great parliamentary heroes of the former day lavished—like the coin scattered in some Roman triumph, precious relics, and memorials at the hour, and to become more precious every hour to come? Modern Whiggism is as much the successor of the ability of Whiggism a quarter of a century ago, as that Whiggism was of the principles of 1688. The humblest associate of Somers was not more above Fox in political honesty, than the humblest partaker in Fox's fame was above the

most bustling advocate of the degenerate tribe that now usurp his honours. What have they among them similar or second to the Burkes, the Sheridans, the Erskines—that circle of brilliant minds, which revolved round the great leader of Opposition, often all but eclipsing him, until he fell from his sphere? They are never weary of calling themselves the successors of Fox and his friends. As well might the Arab, who builds his hut among the ruins of Tadmor, call himself the inheritor of the magnificence and letters of Palmyra. Their dead would disown them as scornfully as Cicero would the intellectual progenitorship of a Cicerone.

But those are, comparatively, trifles. Were this party the undeniable possessors of ever so much ability and knowledge, there is about them an original and irremediable disqualification for high public trust. The grand maxim—the motto that blazes in the front of the *bonnet rouge*, is, "All power belongs to the people, and the people are the populace." The falsehood cannot be promulgated, without an equal consciousness of its moral emptiness, and its physical danger; but to this falsehood they are bound. What reprobation can be too stern for this hypocrisy? Who, that has ever witnessed a meeting in Palace-yard, can pardon the quackery that appeals to the rabble of London as the natural arbiters of public affairs—demands their voice on private character, their judgment on problems of finance and legislation, which throw philosophers into despair; and declares that, amidst the general corruption of law, government, and religion, the only hope of patriotism is in their talent and their justice? Who can doubt, that the orator violates truth with an utter disregard of the furious excesses into which his falsehood may urge the passions and the vices of the multitude, whom he at once loathes and flatters? The man who would not advise with any one individual, of the ten thousand before him, on the most trivial concern of life—who would not tempt their consciences with a shilling—who would shrink personally from all contact with the most absterged patriot within the horizon, declares his solemn conviction, that their roar ought to be relied on in the highest matters of the commonwealth. The King, the Peerage, the Church, are called up for judgment before these august assessors, and sentence is passed, which the orator professes to revere from the bottom of his soul, as the voice of God and the nation. Even this is moderation, and for quiet times; when he can advance to practice, he disdains to stop at theory. The first public pressure, a failing harvest, a check in trade, a threat of war, lets loose the orator from his reluctant moderation, and plants him before the people in his genuine attitude. He points to the guilt of opulence, the usurpation of birth, the tyranny of establishment, the chicanery of a constitutional throne; he asks the multitude, whether they are willing to perish, while it is in their power to plunder; recommends the drill-sergeant and the pike, instead of the manufacture and the shuttle, and maddens them to a conflict with the power of the state.

It is impossible to deny that this has been laboured in all directions, and with all the instruments of faction, wherever an audience could be gathered. The sounds of those speeches are still ringing in our ears. There is not an excitement to popular rage, not a figure of libel, not a phrase of fierce malignity against lawful government, of which the most vigorous examples might not be pointed out in the speeches of Whig itinerancy. How short a time has elapsed since we have seen the insolent processions for the express purpose of overawing justice; the daring muster to place harlotry above the law; the rebel determination to vilify all authority by the most direct forms of insult; the law bearded in its very tribunals, the senate in the senate-house, the king in the palace; nay, threats of rearing a rival banner in the land, and committing the nation to a civil war, for the justice and purity of a cause which, privately, its loudest advocates pronounced to be unjust and impure in the most corrupting degree of loathsomeness! Nay, when that most unfortunate and most guilty means of mischief was taken out of their hands, we have seen them exhibiting the last efforts of baffled malignity in defying public order, and stirring up the rabble to open violence, of which no man could see the limit, if they had been in the first instance successful. Who

were the plotters of that rabble revolt, the devisers of the trenches across the streets, the palpable instigators of the attack on the king's troops, the abusers of a melancholy and sacred ceremonial into the means of inflammation and bloodshed?—who, but the patriots, who must have a riot, if they could not have a rebellion. None can require to ask what names ought to stand beneath this picture! But what language shall express the surprise, with which rational men first heard it announced, that the bearers of those names were to be numbered among the principal artificers of an English Ministry—that uncleared of conspiracy, with not one atom of the broad stain of treason washed off their hands; with the contempt of every man of honour and integrity in the empire branded on their foreheads; with the public scorn of every court of Europe still marking them, like the marks of Cain, wherever they might wander,—they were actually to be suffered to sport with the destinies of England!

By their conduct in Opposition they must be judged. In that character they covered with obloquy measures shown by experience to have been essential to the security of England. The bitterest enemy of human freedom had only to profess an especial and more concentrated hatred of England, to be hailed by them as the champion of the rights of man; the fiercest incendiary at home was sure to be their martyr;—to sum up all, the mob was the nation; and what man, in the whole range of the faction, had virtue enough to be disgusted, and courage to vindicate the truth? Where is their Burke of the French Revolution?—where is their Sheridan of the Nore?

The necessities of Mr Canning's ambition at length, to the astonishment and disgust of all men, called them into office. It was far from our purpose to speak harshly of that accomplished man; and the melancholy close of his ambition puts an end to even the few remarks that we might have hazarded on his personal conduct in the recent changes. The nation had long since formed their estimate of his character. Who could refuse admiration to his graceful mind, to the polish of his individual attainments, the copiousness, liveliness, and dexterity of his parliamentary eloquence? But higher qualities still are demanded for the ruler of an English legislature:—constitutional integrity, straightforwardness, and vigour; a Roman steadiness of soul, that will swerve neither to the right nor to the left in its path to the temple of public honour: a moral elevation, which disdains to stoop to the vulgar instruments of vulgar minds, but stands superior to fortune, strong in the pride of having done its duty, and asking no nobler applause than that of conscience. On these topics, now painful and remediless, we shall say no more; we reverence the grave. Nor can we forget, in the transactions of those unhappy months, the services of a life-time—his dazzling overthrows of the theories which menaced the state; his alternate assaults by argument and ridicule, alike irresistible, of the rebel fabrications of Whiggism; the gallant scorn with which he trampled their plebeian host, and the scorpion lash which he laid on the guilty nervousness of their more conspicuous culprits. We would look on the last few months as erased from his history; as the work of an illusion, to which great intellects have yielded before him—Ambition, the tempter of the more radiant and winged race of minds—"By that sin fell the angels."

It appears that the system of a mixed government is, for the present, to be persevered in; a contrivance of which we cannot hesitate to profess our deepest distrust, ineffectual, as it is, for all the purposes of a British government, disappointing to the people, suspicious to foreign cabinets, and containing within its own structure every element of feebleness and caducity. It violates the original purpose of all government, singleness of counsel. Kings and legislators have had no higher origin than in the public necessity of condensing the various and scattered wisdom of nations into a centre, and using their condensed wisdom free from fluctuation or decay. The proverbial ruin of a house divided against itself is not more sure than the worthlessness of a cabinet that can agree in nothing but place, or than the national degradation of a cabinet that can agree only in a temporary and hypocritical compromise of principles, to which its members have severally professed

themselves pledged, by every obligation that can bind the human conscience. But will the exigencies of the country wait for this courtier-like bargain of conscience for conscience? Are there not questions of the mightiest importance pressing at this moment for decision?

But are we to be told that the Cabinet has its proportion of Tory Ministers sufficient to prevent any immediate public misfortune; that if Lord A. be a notorious organ of the lowest *liberalism*, Lord B. will raise his voice at the table against overthrowing the constitution; that if Lord C. be the public assailant of the Church, the avowed advocate of every sectarian insult, the chosen delegate of Popish petitions; Lord D. is an honest man, who makes a speech against Popery once a-year; or that if Mr Such-a-one be a notorious disciple of the giddiest school of the giddiest politics, a new Turgot, trained to office in some revolutionary club, and inflated with systems, contemptuous of every maxim of British trade, he is safely balanced by some Tory, who thinks Turgot the quack that he was? How much are we bettered by this? Or, are men of common sense to be told that, the true use of a Cabinet is for one half of the members to be spies and antagonists of the other—that national strength is to be found in ministerial disunion, and that our only hope against public undoing, is the hope that the Cabinet will never agree upon any one question whatever? But even this miserable chance cannot be left to us long. The high places of power are already in the hands of Whiggism; Toryism already disowns its representatives in the Cabinet, as degraded by the Coalition, and sustaining a feeble underpart, equally adverse to public interests, and personal dignity. Whiggism is already pushing its retainers into the peerage, sapping the indolent vigour of the righteous cause, and labouring to turn into apostates those who could condescend to be, under any circumstance, allies.

The English nation have seen this whole procedure with the scorn that affects honest men at the sight of the basest treachery. They are indignant at the helplessness, ignorance, and mean tergiversation, that characterise the Cabinet; they feel themselves degraded before Europe, by the extraordinary spectacle which their Government presents at this hour; a substitute administration, a provisional, experimental cabinet, a deputy-assistance-ship of power; a wretched system of trickery, and shifting in all points, men and measures alike, all feeble, poor, and contradictory.

The parentage of this provisional system was suitable to the character of the unhappy individual by whom it was produced. But this piece of political ambidexterity was intended by him to continue only for the moment. Like Falstaff, he brought his ragged regiment only to save appearances, and be peppered. He would have scorned to march with them through Coventry. His compact with his politicians was plain; their places were, like soup tickets, to be valid only for a day. With what face the proposal was made, is below serious speculation; but the genius of caricature never dipped his pencil in richer burlesque than that scene of unsubstantial glories.

"You," says the Premier to one, "have for thirty years retired from public life to the administration of the farm yard, to still the storms of vestries, and sit the dispenser of law to clowns—You shall be Secretary of State—But observe, it is but for a week." To another. "You have been rambling through the coffee-houses and coteries of the Continent, since your failure in public life; and know infinitely less of England and her politics, than of the Palais Royal—You shall have the Home Department. But I will not allow you to have it above ten days." To a third. "Nature made you for a clerkship, and into that you must sink at last—You shall have the Treasury. But a fortnight is the very utmost of your tenure." To all. "I am engaged in the desperate attempt to patch up a Government for this time; you must be my patches. I mean to make an attack on public honour and national security, you must be my forlorn hope, to receive the first fire of public indignation, and fill up with your worthlessness the ditch, that I must pass at the head of other men to the plunder of the Constitution."

If Mr Canning had survived, he would long ago have either broken up this Provisional Government and completed his Cabinet, or retired. For

even his subtlety was manliness and plain dealing to the system of his successors; more dignified even his craftiness, than that system which unites all that is mean in political duplicity, with all that is rash in public hazard, in which black and white are so mingled, that we cannot distinguish the one from the other. We say, rather than be eternally disgusted with this coward hypocrisy, let us have a plain, avowed Whig Administration. Let us see the Colonies abandoned to the hands of an *Ami des noirs.* The Foreign Secretaryship given up to a worn-out Jacobin, publicly proscribed by foreign courts. The army given up to the Queen's Commander-in-chief, and something or other found for that babbling Empiric, that surprising Philosopher, who, with the basest eagerness for the most paltry distinction of place, is repelled by the bitter consciousness, that to bring him into office would blast his party; and is content to lurk and lie by, in the dastard hope, that he may yet steal into, what they dare not give, nor he seize.

Let us examine for a moment the working of such an Administration, or even of one in which Whiggism should possess the majority, on our foreign relations. England seems to have been designed by Providence for the protectress and arbiter of the continental kingdoms: her physical disunion from the continent has formed her moral bond: unfitted to make European conquests, she can wisely desire no territory beyond the Channel: within that great fortification she is secure: thus, at once unassailing and unassailable, she stands on somewhat of the splendid impunity of a superior being, unsuspected of evil, and vigorous only to serve the general interests of mankind. But the predominance of Whiggism extinguishes the noble character of benevolent power, and summons up in its place a fierce revolutionary shape, threatening every throne of Europe. Our best allies already shrink from the overbearing liberalism of the British Government. What confidence can they repose in a Cabinet recruited from their libellers? The speeches of the Whig party are before them, running over with insults, individual and national. What sovereign has not been held up to contempt by the habitual sarcasm and vulgar railing of the men, whom we are now to suppose controlling every part of our intercourse with foreign courts? What foreign diplomatist has not found his departure followed by a burst of safe sneering and poltroon ridicule from them? What foreign incendiary, (however notoriously the tool of Jacobinism,)—what lurking conspirator against the quiet of his native government, (no matter how notoriously his career had been one of treachery and blood,)—has failed to ask and receive the protection of our Liberals? With what aversion and surprise must every Sovereign that would not bare his throat to the revolutionary sword, have heard the doctrines of a Jacobin club thus promulgated from the lips of a British Minister?

"The next war to be kindled in Europe, if it spread beyond the narrow limits of Spain and Portugal, will be a war of a most tremendous character—a war, not merely of conflicting armies, but of *conflicting opinions:* England will see under her banner, arrayed for the contest, *all the discontented and restless spirits of the age*—all those who, whether justly or unjustly, are dissatisfied *with the present state of their own country.* There exists a power *to be wielded by Great Britain* more tremendous than was ever, perhaps, put into action within the memory of mankind."

By whom were these fatal doctrines cheered? *from whose books were they taken?* They were the very words of Whiggism, applauded by that faction alone, and thus publicly pronounced as the *purchase of its assistance* in overthrowing the natural polity of England. The palliatives which accompanied these fierce declarations, were the language of the man; the substantial threats belonged to the party whom he courted—they were the very echo of the old revolutionary uproar against kings, the rabble-cry of *Guerre aux palais!* revived to head the manifesto of a *Liberal* Coalition. The true and sole purpose was that alliance: the modern Æolus was no more disposed than the ancient to let loose his tempests without a price:—"*connubio jungam stabili propriamque dicabo*" was the agreement; and for the loan of the storm, he was to lead to the altar the reluctant blushes of the most modest of factions.

England is not merely a mighty

depository of the peace of nations, but the highest earthly guardian of the purest form of religion. She has hitherto held the shield over Protestantism throughout the world; and how vast an extent of bloodshed and misery she may have prevented, how many fetters she may have condemned to rust, how many dungeons to decay, they may imagine who have traced the old fury of persecution, while yet unchecked by this great protectress. But with what eyes would Protestant Europe behold the British legislature under the guidance of a set of shallow sciolists, whose tenderness for Popery is but a symptom of their contempt for religion? With what feelings could she approach a Cabinet filled with Whigs, in some great day of trial and suffering, which may not be far off, and which such a revolution in the established policy of this country may very probably hasten?

Their home policy is still more palpably vicious: here they almost scorn disguise, and scarcely hesitate to avow, in distinct words, that they have three great objects of hostility,—the Peerage, the Church, and the Crown.

The House of Lords is more than a showy receptacle for the higher portion of the commonwealth, or a stately instrument of the prerogative: it is an integral and essential member of the body of our freedom. The democratic party of the constitution is regulated, and held in salutary awe, by the higher senate. But slightly interposing in the immediate popular effervescence, it gives time for wisdom to take the place of passion. It is impossible to calculate the value of that quiet which the existence of the Peerage secures to the public mind of this country on all occasions of new emergency, on every stirring of any untried perilous question. It extinguishes the necessity of that continual nervousness which is essential to public safety in a democracy. Instead of being compelled to perpetual watching round every corner of the horizon for the banners of the enemy, instead of being condemned to a harassing vigilance, the relaxation of which might be death, we can lay aside our arms in the incomparable security that, while this great guardian of the constitution stands in our front, we cannot be taken by surprise. We have the consciousness that no important change can be attempted, without having undergone the revision of a council, removed equally from popular rashness, and dishonourable submission to power; and the result has been national tranquillity, to an extent and under circumstances which foreigners can never contemplate without wonder. The most extraordinary popular effervescences, the most violent concussions of party, measures that would overwhelm the governments of the continent with the force of an earthquake, are heard of here with scarcely a disturbance of the ordinary pursuits of men. The most menacing shapes of public evil move on our left and on our right, yet we scarcely lift our eyes from our natural labours to ask whence they came, or whither they go. The necessary work of life feels no interruption, and the empire proceeds in the path of opulence and power, calm in the consciousness that the evil will be repelled without any extraordinary interference. Who, for example, can doubt that the general quiet of the country, during the discussions of the Roman Catholic Question, has arisen from the belief that it could never pass the Lords? There are, even by the admission of the Whigs, thousands and tens of thousands of the highest, purest, and most accomplished minds in this country, who devoutly believe that the passing of that question, under any shape which it has hitherto assumed, would be national ruin. There are many, we cannot doubt, who would die martyrs at the stake rather than see Protestantism polluted by Popery, as a sharer in the government of the Church of England. There are many, bred up in the school of the true and ancient Whiggism, who would feel this to be the first blow at the constitution, an unatoneable violation of that freedom, which, once offended, flies, and leaves a nation without a hope or a virtue. Yet of this multitude, mighty, determined, and, we venture to say, absolutely irresistible, how few have stirred? The mere idle rumour of a change in the opinion of the Upper House during the last session of Parliament, which, in a moment, covered its table with petitions, might teach the most conceited tamperer with the feelings of the nation, what would be the effect if such a rumour were true. There can be no theory more incontestable,

than that to the general security as to this and every other great question, inspired by the House of Lords, we owe, that the country is not, in every hour of every session, convulsed through all its provinces with conflicting opinions, maddened with partisanship, and torn asunder between men looking for relief from a condition of miserable and ruinous anxiety to the fatal composure of an absolute monarchy, and others inflamed into the worse insanity of a Jacobin revolution. Yet to break down this power, and humiliate the character of the House of Lords; to represent their services as a mere incumbrance; to hold them up as a body to the derision and contempt of the populace,—is the favourite and eternal aim of Whiggism.

The hostility of the Whigs against the Church is still more virulent and contemptuous; but this is a subject too extensive for us to enter on now. The overthrow of the Church of England is the daily theme of their subordinate organs. Speeches, pamphlets, poems, reviews, romances, every form in which a pen, studious of evil, can hope to shake or seduce the people, all are called on and enlisted in a warfare, the first object of which is to triumph over the Established Church:—need we ask what are its ultimate expectations?

Their hostility against the Crown has been personal and rancorous in the basest degree. The private slander, the public insult, libel, caricature, the eternal scoff at monarchy, were their habitual instruments through the long period of exile. And yet they could sink themselves lower than even these foul arts had placed them. The career of treacherous sycophancy remained behind. It is only the reptilism of faction that can at once feed on the dust, and sting the foot on whose dust it feeds. We speak of things notorious. All men have seen, with disgust immeasurable, the fierceness of their opposition succeeded by the meanest submission of office—the rebel stimulant contrasted with the slavish compromise—every commonplace of faction suddenly sunk into abject silence. On this infinitely repulsive and humiliating subject, we disdain to say more.

Loss of principle often betrays the mind into a loss of sense; therefore we need scarcely wonder to find the Whigs attempting to vindicate coalitions. The Revolution, say they, was effected by a coalition; the Seven Years' War was carried on by a coalition! Agreed;—but if the highest national emergencies alone can be brought, even by such apologists as those, to justify the connexion of men previously opposed in politics, must we not ask what national emergency six months ago transferred the whole body of Whiggism to the footstool of the man whose life had been spent in spurning them? No one denies that between the principal personages on the two sides the fiercest public wrath had been deepened by the bitterest personal offence.

Every one admits that the Prime Minister had always and openly declared his most solemn adherence to the constitution, against what is called Reform; to the principle of tests against sectarian aggression; and that he had even added to his repugnancies the pledge not to suffer the Roman Catholic bill to have the influence of his Cabinet; that the Whigs, on the other hand, had declared their most solemn conviction that the Minister, whoever he might be, who should dare to refuse these concessions, all and each of them, must be utterly incapable of government, utterly barred from the confidence of honest men—in plain opposition language, either a fool or a rogue; that the country must continue on the verge of ruin till all these concessions had been made; that the Roman Catholic question, in particular, could not be deferred a single year, or a single month, without the most imminent hazard of a general rebellion in Ireland, and the consequent abscission of that Island from the empire; over and above all, that they had pledged themselves, man by man, in this belief to live and die—and that all men who maintained a different set of opinions must be either dolts or traitors, or a compound of both. Yet at the beck and wreathed smile of the Premier, the whole troop, with this declaration fresh upon their lips, marched across the house, and placed themselves under his orders, leaving their noisy herds of ragged suitors out of doors to blank astonishment—every more intelligent adherent of their sect

to disgust and resentment—every honest lover of his country to mingled emotions of pity and contempt.

If it had been the intention of the Minister to finish his long triumph over the faction by a master-stroke of defeat, to strip them of every remnant of character, and chain them for ever hopeless slaves to his chariot-wheel—he, in that hour, accomplished his wish. He branded on their feeble foreheads the same stigma that had burned even into the brain of Fox. Their founder's coalition with Lord North was the only true prototype of the one with Mr Canning; both framed in defiance of every feeling of delicacy, self-respect, and manly faith; in the utter absence of necessity, in the mere spirit of rapine; and both destined to sink the Whig name in national scorn, more deeply than it can afford us much satisfaction to see the name of any English party sunk. Happen what will otherwise, the party is degraded for ever. If cast from power, which, unless Providence has some heavy vengeance in store for us, they must soon be, they will be tongue-tied for the rest of their lives. Their abandonment of all the great public questions will be flung in their faces until they dare not show them. What can ever give back the life and vigour of an Opposition to the present silent and crouching dependents on royal bounty? Those guardian dragons of our treasure, that lay so long with their fangs bared and their eyes unvisited by the dews of sleep—where are they now, or what hope can we nourish of ever seeing them at their stern post again? What is become of that circle of inexpugnable virtue, all those Catos and Fabricii, whom it would be as hard to turn from virtue as the sun from his course? What miracle can ever again marshal round even the banner of rabble patriotism, men at whom the very populace point the finger of scorn?

It would be almost idle to advert to the evidence of their feebleness, disunion, and distrust, forced upon the country by those men themselves; the eagerness in every man of them to shift responsibility from his own shoulders, the attempted resignations, that make their Council more like a roomful of apprentices, longing to get rid of their indentures, and held on only by fear or entreaty, than a British Cabinet; their palpable dread of meeting Parliament; their womanish perplexity on foreign measures, on the very edge of what their weakness may turn into the most formidable crisis of Europe.

But let us suppose that they meet Parliament at last; in what condition do they stand to meet any of the great domestic questions? The Roman Catholic petitions first stare them in the face. How are they to deal with the petitioners? It will not be enough to say this year: "We are your sworn friends, though we have pledged ourselves *not* to be your friends. But the nation are adverse to your objects, and if you force us to speak out now, the public scorn will not suffer us to hold office for an hour. Wait until vigilance is asleep, until the nation begins to place confidence in us, and mistake us for honest men,—then we shall remember our promises to you. But, for Heaven's sake, first let us imbed ourselves so solidly in place, that we may defy the national voice, and go to work at our ease."

This saved them for a session, and they of course prided themselves on the dexterity with which they deluded at once the British nation and the Papists. But this will not answer their purpose a second time. The Popish petition *will* be forced before the House. Is it to be the subject of a Cabinet compromise? Are the Papists to be again told, Lord A. is your faithful slave, but he has arranged, in consideration of Lord B.'s feelings, that the Cabinet shall take no notice whatever of your claims? The Sectaries then come and demand the abolition of the defences of the Church of England. They are told, "Lord C. has, it is true, pledged himself, over and over again, to carry your bill. But he has subsequently made an arrangement with his fellow-minister, Lord D., by which he must decline all assistance. In fact, the subject is not to be mentioned by either of the parties in the Cabinet."

What can be more monstrous than such a state of the public councils—yet what can be more undeniable? In this state they have been ever since the entrance of the Whigs into power. This was the notorious compact on which they were suffered to come in by Mr Canning. Every great public question was to be compromised. The

Test Act, the Catholic Claims, the Rights of the Church, the West Indian Question,—all were to be *paired off.* The Government was to proceed *sub silentio.* The grand art of the cabinet was to consist in never giving an opinion on any subject under the sun.

But there is a time for all things; and there is a time when public scorn will compel those men to speak. What then will they speak? Whether shall the oracle be inspired by their newly-discovered deference for the Constitution as by law established, or by their habitual and ineradicable tastes for the constitutions of *Liberalism,* or their education in the Jacobin school, and their old propensity to the politics of the rabble? A short period must spare us the humiliating task of inquiring into the motives of such men. The basest love of office may lead some of them to laugh at their former professions, and feel themselves compensated for national contempt in their quarter's salary. But there are those among them, whose salaries are not yet valuable enough to come up to that measure of fortitude, and who will speak the native tongue of the party. The politics of the pen are already transferred to the Cabinet; and we may only await the command of the faction out of doors, to see the Crown and the Church finally insulted, embroiled, and mutilated, by the faction within.

1*st January* 1828.

LETTER FROM A WHIG-HATER.

My Dear North,

Although I am well aware that there are very few respectable persons in these kingdoms who do not more or less despise the people called Whigs, yet do I, by reason of "a lodged hate and certain loathing," which I bear these children of Cain (for I think Cain was the first Whig, and not Satan) consider myself entitled in some sort κατ' ἐξοχὴν to be called a Whig-hater. I do not mean, that I feel towards Whigs that kind of stern enmity which a respectable foe inspires. I cannot, in my opposition to them, experience

"That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel;"

but rather feel towards them that mixture of hatred and contempt which I believe is best expressed by the word disgust. When I meet a Whig, I experience a sensation like that which, when a child, I felt at the sight of a toad crawling in horrid loathsomeness along. Everything about him is repulsive.

It is impossible, without making use of a very expressive Scotch word, to give a neat logical definition of a Whig. The verb to "girn" admirably expresses the ill-nature and imbecility of his character. You say a "girnin' wean," when you speak of a dirty ill-tempered little devil, the torment of all the house it lives in, but you never apply the term to a man; I think, therefore, that "a girnin' animal" is the best possible definition of a Whig—"Animal ringens" might please the scholar better, but it is not half so expressive. Cassius, as drawn by Shakspeare, was a perfect Whig. How many of them are there that an honest man might speak of thus?

"Would he were fatter:—*But I fear him not.*
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous."

It must have been a Whig who sat for his portrait, when Charles Lamb drew the following character: "Nothing that is great, nothing that is amiable, existed for this unhappy man,—he feared, he envied, he suspected; but he never loved. The sublime and beautiful in nature, the excellent and becoming in morals, were things placed beyond the capacity of his sensations. He loved not poetry, nor ever took a lonely walk to meditate; never be-

held virtue which he did not try to disbelieve," and (to quit quotation for the sake of a sublime climax,) never shook with joyous laughter at Blackwood's Magazine. Whigs have no merriment that is not contaminated with malignity—their smile has bitterness in it; their laughter would become the mockery of a fiend.

I think I see a Whig before me at his evening recreation. He has left his wife and children, and gone into his dimly-lighted study. A bad fire of damp coals chokes up the grate, and he is dismissing his servant with a growl, who has just placed a bottle of sour claret on the table. He sits down to read the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, and his face begins to work with what at first appears twitches of sharp pain, but which you ultimately discover to be Whig smiles; then as he reads some ribald jest at all that is most estimable, most venerated, and most sacred in his country, a shrill laugh breaks from him, something like a shriek. His little child opens the door thinking to be permitted to join in the mirth, but is hastily driven away with a frown and a reproach, and the book is resumed. How different is the mirth of Tories! their laughter is merely a cachinnatory emotion of benevolence, a jocose paroxysm of philanthropy, the bubbling up of merriment, from the depths of a glad and honest heart—its very sound reminding you of heartiness and sincerity.

* * * * *

Let me go up to the drawing-room, the fire blazes brightly; and light and song will make glad the heart—roll over the sofa nearer the hearth—Maria, my pet, place the little footstool for me, and do you, Harry, fetch me the Magazine I was reading in the morning—I have not yet read the last Noctes. Was ever anything so delicious!—There—a peal of laughter shakes the room—the pendants of the lustre jingle an harmonious accompaniment—the strings of the harp vibrate a melodious echo—that Flemish peasant in Teniers' picture which hangs against the wall, seems for a moment to dance with even more than his usual animation—his gestures droller than ever—I almost think I hear him snap his fingers. "Show me—show me the pretty story that makes you laugh," saith little Harry; "is it a story?"—"No, my boy, 'tis humour—genuine good-humour. You cannot understand it yet, but you will when you grow up, and then you will laugh too, like an honest Tory, as I hope you will be."—"And what must I do to be a Tory?"—"You must fear God and honour the King, my dear boy—it is doing that, with all your heart, that constitutes a Tory."

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You recollect, my dear North, what a brilliant fellow poor Canning was, till his mind and eloquence became tainted by debasing contact with the Whigs. They used him as other serpents use their prey, covering him all over with the slime of their flattery, by which he the more easily glided into the jaws of destruction which they held open for him.

Before another month has passed, the affairs of a new and momentous Session of Parliament will have begun to engross your attention; and, as the mention of Canning's name brings the subject to my mind, I shall take this last opportunity of looking at his decline and fall, intimately connected as they are with those Whig manœuvres which ruined him, and which it will require all the exertions of Parliament to prevent from ruining the country.

The Whigs had utterly failed in their wicked endeavours to excite a national mutiny by the Queen's business. They had done everything which the greatness of their folly and the fury of their faction could suggest. The base attempt to palm a woman (whom they knew in their hearts, as certainly as they knew their own existence, to be that which I shall not stain my page with naming) upon their Sovereign, and on the matrons and maids of England, as "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best," was seen through, and dragged down upon them the odium it merited. They now found their case was desperate, and that, being Whigs, they had not the remotest chance of coming into power; they therefore soon after began to change their tone. Lord Grey indeed, and some other impracticable men, stood firm; but the rising generation—the progress of light, and march of intellect men—saw farther into the

millstone. They vowed that Whig and Tory were naughty and villainous names, fit only for violent and bigoted party men. They coined a new word, as they were for having everything new, and called themselves Liberals. They protested that black was not black, nor white so *very* white. Session after session they gave up principle after principle, and felt that they rose as they ratted, and floated nearer to the haven where they would be. The proverb says, that fools are fortunate, and fate seemed now to favour them. One of the two high-minded noblemen who were most conspicuous in his Majesty's councils, was hurried to an untimely grave; over-wrought, and worn out by the super-human tension of intellect and weight of exertion which he devoted to the interests of his country. The Whigs were to a man cock-a-hoop at this most deplorable event. Mr Canning was then on the eve of his departure for India; every one remembers under what circumstances. Lord Londonderry was as noble and generous an enemy as he was a sincere and devoted friend: he had too lofty a soul to be galled or ruffled by any of the miserable trickery of malice; his heart could afford forgiveness and kindness even to one who might be supposed to have the least reason to expect them at his hands. It was universally acknowledged, that Mr Canning was of brilliant and fascinating powers, and he was confessedly, too, of no mean calibre as a statesman. In the emergency, Lord Liverpool was naturally anxious to secure the assistance of such a man, who, although his conduct on some occasions had not been quite unexceptionable, had professed that he would always endeavour to the utmost of his power to mould his public measures on the model of Mr Pitt's administration. The arrangement was consented to by his colleagues, and the Whigs were cut to the soul; for they had fondly hoped a total change. Yet they had the cunning to affect some modified satisfaction: they even felt, that, on the whole, they had some reason to rejoice. With Lord Liverpool or Lord Londonderry they knew they had no chance—*they* were too strong, too earnest in their honesty, but now they had another man to deal with—one who could condescend to be pleased with that sort of smart, trimming, clever, little literary flattery which the Whigs could bestow; and accordingly they stultified him with their praises. On the Catholic Question they did not content themselves with barking in with Mr Canning; they professed to glory in his opinions, as if it were quite a new thing to find a member of the Cabinet taking that view of the question—other views of his, too, they damned with the stigma of their praise. The bait caught—the falcon, towering in his pride of place, was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

The visitation of Providence overtook the second of the noblemen before alluded to, and the Protestant members of the Cabinet, conceiving it to be a question between God and their own conscience, respectively and independently of each other's determination, decided that they could not act *under* Mr Canning, whose station at the head of the Government might tend to deprive of its full effect, that perfect freedom of sentiment on the Catholic Question which each member of the Cabinet had enjoyed, and was allowed to express. His Majesty was pleased to make Mr Canning his Prime Minister, and the stanch Tories all resigned—not certainly, as has been falsely asserted, to embarrass their royal master, but because they felt that under Mr Canning they could not serve him to his good and to their own honour. I believe, indeed, it is true, that they were not prepared to expect from that gentleman such a line of conduct as he afterwards pursued. They could hardly have supposed that he would not only disobey his Sovereign's commands to form a ministry on the principles of Lord Liverpool's government, but that he should go the further length of committing an act so abhorrent to his own avowed principles—one that must so outrage his own earliest and proudest associations, as to form a voluntary junction with the bitterest enemies of William Pitt. Yet so it was—the orator was piqued to find the men on whom he had so long been darting all the beams of his brilliant imagination, and who ought now to appreciate his value fully, yet so careless of his co-operation, and so willing to "leave him alone with his glory." He knew that men suspected him of being more specious than profound, and he feared the imputation might perhaps be true. He prudently

reflected, that it was at least the safest way to get as many of the talkers to his side as he could—he feared that the men of tart reply, who sat in the chair of the scorner, would shoot forth their arrows—even bitter words—unless he blunted the points with gold. He knew too that many of them partly lived by the radical press, and thus he would gain through them a double weight of influence over the mobocracy. He made the desperate plunge, and leaped the hedge. The horse and the ass coupled together, and produced a motley progeny of mongrel mules. Luckily nature has denied to these creatures the power of re-production. Monsters cannot multiply their kind.

At the head of the Administration, indeed, the Right Hon. gentleman might picture to himself the "mulier formosa superne;" but alas! when he looked round at his new supporters, and thought of the member for Reading's* countenance, so gracefully promised to him, on the very first occasion after his accession to the Premiership, he must have mentally ejaculated, "at turpiter atrum desinat in *piscem!*" Mr Canning had a mind capable of feeling the degradation of such support, and one can easily conceive the bitterness of heart he must have felt at seeing himself surrounded by those whom he scorned, yet was obliged to receive with smiles of welcome. It is impossible to think without pity, of one possessing the exquisite taste and classical sympathies of an elegant scholar, reduced to such a situation, even though he brought himself to it, by deplorable forgetfulness of what was due to his King, his country, and his own reputation.

There is a set of creatures of another class, whom one cannot afford to be angry with. All the little Whiglings, from John O'Groat's House to Penzance, cawed, and fluttered, and flapped their wings, "rejoicing at that tide," while their leaders in another place crowded and crouched round the seat of the new Premier, and whooped and snarled at the noblemen and gentlemen of England. What a blessing it is to Great Britain that she has a House of Lords! How often have the deliberate and dignified habits, and the lofty English feeling, of that august assembly, saved us from the evils which precipitation and popular excitement would otherwise have brought upon us! To this House the new Premier's personal influence did not extend at all, and that of his new friends but in a very slight degree, while men, second to none, who have adorned this country and made its name glorious throughout the world, stood there, opposed to his Administration. The great and good Earl of Eldon was there, whose profound wisdom makes his single voice of greater weight than that of a wilderness of the smart chatterers whose puny wits have been so often tried against him. There, too, was the Duke of Wellington, the greatest man of his time, not only in this country, but in Europe. It was perhaps necessary, to the full accomplishment of his fame, that the occasion should be presented to him which the circumstances of his resignation afforded. The Duke's fire required to be roused by the indecorous and unaccountable slight attempted to be put upon him by one who, had he even been of much greater reputation than he was, would still have been exceedingly the inferior of the Duke of Wellington.

On his Grace's military talents it were idle to waste a word; "Vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre," is his appropriate title. The noble simplicity of his dispatches was well known—it was worthy of the events they recorded. The greatness of his character, too, as a diplomatist, was acknowledged, and that he had even raised the general character of European diplomacy, by the frank and soldierly bearing with which he always went directly to the point; but the public were hardly prepared for the commanding talent as a speaker, which he displayed in his explanation of his motives for quitting the Cabinet, and they hailed with pride and pleasure that indication of a master-mind which seems formed to carry victory along with it whether in the field or in the senate. It was not, however, out of the quiver of the ex-ministers that the shaft was taken, which was hurled with such calm and deadly strength against the new Premier. Had the memorable speech which held up Mr Canning to such cold and bitter scorn come from one of the Tories, it might have been im-

* Mr *Fyshe* Palmer.

puted to anger, to vexation, and a desire of revenge; but the blow came from a quarter where no such artifice could be used to parry it. The new Premier had suffered the common fate of those who trust to intrigue and dexterity, rather than to bold and manly sincerity; he had no *real* friends, no one to throw their shield over him in his hour of need, and save him from the stern vengeance of his haughty enemy—Lord Grey saw his opportunity, and smote him to the earth. The newspapers of the day give no adequate idea of the wonderful effect of Lord Grey's speech of the 11th of May. While he was speaking, and pouring forth invectives, which fell, like a torrent of bitter waters, full upon Canning's devoted head, the House of Peers, which was extremely crowded, hung with breathless attention upon his words; and when he had concluded, no man rose up to gainsay that which he had spoken. Mr Canning's party stood aghast at the fearful castigation of their leader, and the Tories felt that anything more would be superfluous. In a few minutes the House was empty—men's minds were too full of what they had heard, to allow them to address themselves to the ordinary business of the House, and it adjourned almost immediately, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour. The news flew about as swift as the wind, that Lord Grey had destroyed Mr Canning in the House of Lords, and it soon reached the Premier himself. The iron entered into his soul—He found he had climbed a pinnacle, only to be the more conspicuous to scorn; but he was not a man to sit down and weep under his mortification. His bitter thoughts lashed him into fury.

"'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism, that from that hour
Passion held o'er him."

He became fierce and almost savage in his language and deportment. He could not command his temper even while he addressed the House. The heat of his chafed blood preyed upon his health, while his noble tormentor, far from relenting, lost no opportunity of mercilessly repeating the blow he had given, and throwing the superiority of "his order" into the teeth of the ill-fated votary of popularity whose elevation he opposed.

It is said, that Mr Canning intended to have closed the Session with a furious explosion of his wrath against the House of Lords; an intention which all the entreaties of his friends would hardly have prevented him carrying into effect, had not the accident which happened to the Speaker, at the critical moment, rendered it impossible for him to occupy the chair during a lengthened speech. The Session, therefore, closed without this opportunity of venting his burning heart; but his frame could not bear the agitation which he suffered—he sunk down exhausted. His old friends were gone, for he had forfeited their esteem; those who called themselves his new friends, he knew he could not confide in, and in this unhappy condition, George Canning died—the last of the Rhetoricians!

Unhappily for the country, the system which personal feeling had led him to adopt, has been persevered in since his decease, and difficulty, danger, and national dishonour, have been the consequence. The country is filled with disgust at seeing its affairs mismanaged by so absurd a Ministry—a Ministry without unanimity, without energy, without a particle of the people's respect—a Ministry so ridiculously constituted that it is not even an aggregate of the talents of the mediocre men who chiefly compose it, but an ill-assorted group, each thwarting and neutralizing the efforts of each. How such a Ministry will meet Parliament, or whether they will venture to meet it at all, a few days will now discover.

I protest, my dear North, I have grown solemn about these stupid politics; but how can one help it on so unsatisfactory a subject? Yet cheer up, old heart! you are a Tory stanch and true—a stout defender of that party, whose emblem is the British oak, slow in its growth, and solid in its core; and why should you disquiet yourself about the mushroom crop of mongrel Whigs and wild Economists, that, for a brief season, covers the ground?

This unnatural growth of a night shall wither and perish, and be clean forgotten, as a dead man out of mind; when the oak and the hearts of oak shall tower in their strength, a defence, and an honour, and an ornament, to the isle that gave them birth.

Yours continually,

A Whig-Hater.

London, Jan. 7, 1828.

LETTERS FROM THE PENINSULA.

No. II.

The Battle of Vittoria.

CAPTAIN SPENCER MOGGRIDGE,

TO HIS AUNT

MRS DOROTHEA MOGGRIDGE.

IO PÆAN!—My Dear Aunt, kick your embroidery-frame to the devil—let Tomkins hoist the flag, and fire the patereros—order a bottle of Champagne,—then, with a hip, hip, hip, and a hurrah, that shall make the old walls ring again, toss off a bumper to Lord Wellington and his victorious army. So far so good. Now for another glass. No heeltap, if you please; and not a glimpse of day-light at the brim. Again, concentrate the whole volume of your voice into one glorious hurrah, and drain it, till it stands keel uppermost, to the health of your gallant and distinguished nephew, who, for a wonder, has got off without a scratch; and, in gratitude for his escape, direct old Coutts to pay his next bill, should it be for five hundred. There is only one thing more to be done. Let a hogshead of October be broached instantly in the kitchen, and if, in two hours, man, woman, or child of your establishment, be found even moderately sober, dismiss him, her, or it, instantly from your service, as a rascally radical, and a nincompoop.

Preliminaries being thus settled, brush up your spectacles, take a pinch of cephalic from the little agate box on your work-table; and now, my dear Aunt, I think you are suitably prepared for the interesting details of rapine, murder, and sudden death, with which I am about to feast your imagination.

My last letter, I think, was dated from Orbada, at which place we remained about a week, without its becoming the theatre of any remarkable occurrence. We broke up from our quarters, and crossed the Douro on the 4th of June; passed Valladolid on the 6th, and encamped at Duenas on the 7th. Our march was most unpleasant. The towns we passed through afforded, as you would say, "nothing comfortable;" everything in the shape of an esculent had been devoured by the French, whom we were closely following; and from the colonel to the drum-boy, rations were the order of the day. The weather, too, was abominable; the roads deep; and the setting in of night was generally the signal for heavy torrents of rain. This latter misfortune was less felt by the English who had tents; but as for the poor Portuguese, they really did seem in the morning more like half-drowned rats than anything else, which it just at this moment occurs to my dull imagination to compare them to. But I must not detain you on our march with any long description of our difficulties and privations; I shall, therefore, rattle over it as quickly as possible, giving you just information enough to enable you to follow our course on the map.

On the 8th we bivouacked most uncomfortably at Torquemada. On the 9th and 10th, at places of which I forget the names. The 11th brought us to the neighbourhood of the village of Los Valbasas. On the 12th, we advanced on Burgos; and the cavalry on that day had a brush with the enemy. It was thought possible that this partial rencontre might become a general engagement; and in a devil of a heavy rain we were ordered to break up from our encampment, and advance. Luckily—I say *luckily*—for, hungry and drenched to the skin as I then was, I really felt no great stomach for fighting—the enemy retired, and we were suffered, weary and exhausted as we were, to return once more to our former quarters.

The French army was commanded by King Joseph in person, assisted by the advice of Marshal Jourdan, as major-general of the army. This functionary was, no doubt, intended to act as a sort of Viceroy over his most Catholic Majesty in all military matters, with

regard to which it is very generally believed that old Joe is no great deacon. Be this as it may, however, they rather unexpectedly retired from Burgos on the 13th, having previously blown up the castle. As to the *why* and the *wherefore* this strong measure was adopted, the question involves a problem which they only can solve; but this at least may be said, that to meaner and more ordinary understandings, the policy of it appears somewhat questionable. Burgos was a place of strength; and had in the preceding campaign bid defiance to the British army, and afforded time to the scattered forces of the French to rally and collect. Lord Wellington had been forced to retire once more to the frontiers of Portugal, and had to encounter all the evils of a pursuing enemy, and a disastrous retreat. In truth, there appeared something generous in thus voluntarily relinquishing possession of a fortress so important, and levelling so strong a barrier to the further progress of the allied armies.

Be the policy of the measure, however, good or bad, Burgos was blown up on the 13th of June, and the French army retired. Lord Wellington immediately directed his army to cross the Ebro, which was effected on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. This was no small achievement. The banks were generally steep and precipitous; and the country above Miranda was so mountainous and rugged, as to be quite impracticable for artillery. Indeed, to have effected without loss the passage of an army over a river so considerable as the Ebro, in face of an enemy who might have opposed us with every advantage of position, is an indication of generalship of no ordinary or vulgar kind. This was shewn by Lord Wellington.

On the 17th we continued our advance, and having marched about four leagues, halted for the night. On the 18th and 19th several partial affairs with the enemy took place. The cavalry and light division came up with and attacked a considerable body of the French army; and by a most gallant attack, drove them from their position, extending between the villages of Subijana and Pobes, with the river Bayas in their front. On the 20th a general concentration of the army took place in the neighbourhood of Vittoria, from which it was only separated by a range of heights of no great altitude or extent. Lord Wellington on the same evening made a reconnoissance on the position of the enemy, and formed the resolution of attacking them on the following morning.

Though no orders had been issued, the army were aware of the intention of attack. The officers, having refreshed themselves from the fatigues of their march, stood conversing in groups, sagaciously discussing the projects of the adverse Generals, and discriminating between the chances of failure, and the probabilities of success. I remarked, I thought, that the certainty of approaching battle had wrought some change of manner and expression in my brother officers. They bore about them the appearance of excitement; spoke with an unwonted energy of vocal intonation, and performed the most common and perfunctory acts with a vivacious rapidity, for which their general manner was not remarkable. Thus did the evening pass on, till darkness had descended like a curtain, and the camp, save where illuminated by the blazing watch-fires of the soldiers, lay hid beneath the dense and cloudy canopy of the starless sky. There were three of us that night, friends,—messmates,—companions,—fellow-sufferers in difficulty and privation,—partakers of the same pleasures,—sharers of the same dangers,—united together in love and amity by a thousand coincidences of taste and disposition,—and though differing in much, yet never separated or estranged by accidental collisions of judgment and opinion;—there were three of us that night, who, after retiring to our tent, partook together of a soldier's simple fare, and with smiling faces, yet with beating hearts, drained the wine-cup to the success of our country's arms on the field of deadly struggle, on which the morning sun was about to dawn. To two of these three it was the last meal of which they were ever destined to partake on earth. Never again was the goblet raised to their lips; on the morrow their bodies swelled the heap of noble slain on the field of Vittoria. But a truce to sentimentalism; there is no matter for tears in the death of a brave soldier, who falls, as they fell,

on the field of honour; so clear your eyes, my dear Aunt, and proceed.

The night of the 20th of June, 1813, was one of darkness and almost continual rain. Towards morning, the rain gradually ceased, and when we stood to our arms an hour before day-dawn, a broad and deep mist hung hovering between air and earth, as if the atmosphere through which we moved had become a thing palpable to sight and touch. But as the grey twilight gradually brightened into sunshine, and the dark and sombre clouds, by the beautiful magic of nature, were converted into vast plains and mountains of gold and vermilion, the rain ceased, and the world and all its creatures seemed suddenly to waken into life amid the glorious radiance. Napoleon has often talked of the "sun of Austerlitz," and I know not with what face the great luminary of nature may have that day gazed on the field of blood; but never can the sun of Vittoria fade from my heart or memory; and should it please the Great Disposer of events that I should again revisit my native land, often amid its green pastoral hills, or beautiful and fertile valleys, when I behold the peaceful and bloodless scenery bathed in a flood of glorious sunshine, will deep thoughts agitate my bosom, when I remember that such was the sun of Vittoria.

On the evening before, Lord Wellington had made a reconnoissance on the position of the enemy, and about five o'clock, the necessary preparations having been made, the army moved forward to the attack. It was divided into three columns. The right was commanded by Sir Rowland Hill, and consisted of the division of Sir William Stewart, one of the best and bravest officers, by the way, with whom my military duties have ever brought me in contact; a corps of the Spanish army, under General Morillo, and the Portuguese division under the Conde d'Amarante. The centre column consisted of the divisions of Cole, Picton, and Lord Dalhousie, with a body of Germans under Baron Alten. The left was commanded by Sir Thomas Graham. It consisted of the first division, and that of General Oswald, with the addition of two brigades of infantry, a considerable body of cavalry, and a division of Spaniards under Longa. The great body of the cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, were not attached to any single column of attack, but were formed in readiness to afford support to any, which circumstances might indicate as affording scope for efficacious co-operation.

The column under General Hill continued its movement in advance towards the enemy, who were yet hid from our view. We at length drew up on either side of the road, for about half an hour, and the ammunition and arms of the men underwent a rigorous inspection. When this was completed, we again resumed our march, and soon crowned the heights which afforded a complete view of the field of Vittoria. From this eminence we at once beheld the enemy drawn up in order of battle; and it may serve, my dear Aunt, to render your views of the subsequent conflict more lucid and consistent, if I intrude at this moment a short general sketch of the character of their position. The field of Vittoria then, permit me to observe, is intersected by the river Zadorra, a stream, not generally fordable, which flows through it, in a direction from north to south. On either side of the river, stands a village, that of Abechucho being on the bank nearest the British; that of Gomecha being at some miles' distance on the other side. The right of the French army was posted on a range of heights above the former of these villages, by which it was at once guarded and commanded, and was supported in its position by a strong force of artillery. Their centre stretched along a series of eminences, which run nearly parallel to the river Zadorra, behind which they lay, and the left of their army was thrown back on the village of Gomecha.

Thus you will observe, my dear Aunt, that the position occupied by the enemy was of great extent, covering a surface, I should imagine, of not less than two leagues. By its occupation they covered the great communications from Madrid, Bilboa, and Logorno, which converge, a little beyond Vittoria, into the great road running northward to Bayonne. It was of course above all things necessary to their safety, that this communication, by which alone they could receive reinforcements and supplies, and which alone, in case of necessity, afforded the means of retreating on their resources, should be kept open and uninterrupt-

ed. By a series of masterly manœuvres, Lord Wellington had hitherto compelled them to retreat, and give up the possession of a large district of territory; and it had at length become necessary, either that they should decide on totally evacuating the country, or, by a general stand, endeavour to give a check to the farther progress of our arms, and, by one great and decisive effort, turn the tide of victory and success from the channel in which it had hitherto almost uninterruptedly flowed on.

Little time was afforded to ponder on the prospect before us, and, continuing our march, the sound of firing, from the heights around Puebla, gave pretty intelligible notice that the action had already commenced. These had been attacked by the Spanish division under Morillo, which would certainly have been repulsed with slaughter, but for the timely assistance of a brigade of English, by which they were instantly supported. As it was, the heights were not gained without considerable loss on our part, and it was in this attack that Colonel Cadogan of the 71st was killed: The service did not boast a braver or more deserving officer.

In the part of the action I have just described to you, our regiment bore little part. We only crowned the heights as the enemy were retiring. But gallant as this first achievement was, we were not suffered to repose upon our laurels. The left of the French army, having been largely reinforced, from the centre and right, once more returned to contest with us the possession of the heights, which were in every view most important, as giving us the power of turning their position. We were attacked by about 10,000 men, who perseveringly moved on under a heavy fire, by which we attempted to arrest their progress, as if resolved to regain the advantage they had already lost, or perish in the attempt. Never, I imagine, my dear Aunt, was there a much hotter fire than that we were now exposed to; and our men fell in such numbers, and with such rapidity, as to threaten the utter extinction of the brigade by which the height was occupied. The French then advanced to the charge, emboldened perhaps by the progressive weakness of our fire, which had slackened considerably, both from exhaustion of ammunition and the slaughter in the ranks. I remember the sort of figure cut by the *Crapoes*, as they came onward with levelled bayonets to attack us. They were dressed in great-coats, made, both in cut and colour, to resemble those of the Spaniards, and they wore white covers on their shakos, in order to complete the resemblance to our allies. This *ruse* had not been played off without effect, for in the commencement of the action, they had indeed been taken for Spaniards; nor was it till the delusion was rather unpleasantly broken by their firing a volley, that the troops opposed to them became fully aware of their real character.

Well, in our part of the battle, my dear Aunt, the tide of war rolled on with increasing volume and impetuosity. So resolute was the attack of these great-coated gentry, that a part of the brigade gave way, and retired for a short distance in some confusion. At that moment Sir Rowland Hill came up at full speed. The character of Sir Rowland Hill is to me one of the deepest of human enigmas. No moment could be more trying than that in which he rode up to the height already red with the work of slaughter. Symptoms of confusion had shewn themselves in its defenders. On maintaining the position we occupied, depended in a great measure the whole fate of the battle. Then—just then it was, that I had an opportunity of examining his countenance; and I declare to you, that it was calm as I had ever seen it in times of tranquillity and inaction. In eye, cheek, or brow, no traces of anxiety or apprehension were discernible. His round massive countenance had in nothing changed its usual expression of deliberate and tranquil self-possession. Neither his motions nor the tone of his voice betrayed the smallest symptom of unusual excitement; and there was visible, in his outward man, no demonstration of that force and concentration of internal energies on the successful exercise of which so much depended. I cannot conceive this. I cannot conceive that at such a moment all physical and mental impulses should not have been powerfully awakened; that the sympathy of mind and body should not have been more legibly displayed in his counte-

nance and actions; and that with a heart moved by all the hopes, fears, doubts, anxieties, and aspirations of such a moment, all without should bear the semblance of tranquillity and calmness the most profound and unbroken.

The portion of the brigade which had been thrown into temporary disorder, soon rallied, however, and once more stood brave and undaunted on the heights, ready to repel attack, or to carry forward the war into the ranks of the enemy. In the meanwhile, the 50th and 79th regiments had been ordered forward, by Sir Rowland Hill, to our assistance, and the prospect of regaining the heights he had already lost, was to the French General more distant than ever.

While this was proceeding on the right, the centre of the enemy's line had been made the object of vehement attack by Sir Thomas Picton. Let me again pause a moment in my narrative to draw another portrait, differing somewhat from that I have already given you of Sir Rowland Hill. Do you observe, in a group, at a short distance on the left, a tall upright figure of a man, seated on a strong, bald-faced, wall-eyed, chesnut horse? He is dressed in a plain blue surtout, rather ancient and threadbare, and, above a countenance which, besides being naturally hard-featured, it is abundantly evident has not, on this morning at least, to say nothing of the preceding, undergone the operation of shaving, he wears a cocked hat, embrowned by the sun, and without a feather. There is a cloak before him, strapped to his saddle bow; and slung across his shoulder, he wears a prospect-glass in a leather case. There is the true military air for you. See how upright he sits in his saddle! Were the muzzle of one of the enemy's cannon within a yard of him, that man, you may swear it, would not stir an inch. Now, what do you take him for, my good Aunt? An adjutant of the old school perhaps; one who, in obtaining a commission, becomes likewise invested with the brevet rank of gentleman, and who still retains, amid the novel dignities of his recent promotion, the air and manners of a sergeant? No, this guess will not do; nor if you take him for a brigade-major, or a commissary, or a provost marshal, will you be much nearer the mark. Look at him again, and you will observe an air of dignity about him—an occasional attitude of command which must knock even the possibility of the truth of your conjectures at once on the head. But I will puzzle you no longer; the man you observe, is no other than Sir Thomas Picton; and now you know him, you will gaze on him, I think, with more interest than formerly. The tall thin man mounted on a grey horse, whom he has just been speaking to, and who a moment ago galloped off, is Sir Lowry Cole, and those two officers beside him are the assistant adjutant-general of his division, and one of his aides-de-camp. But this will not do, and I really must return to the main business of my letter.

Imagine, therefore, that Sir Thomas Picton and his division are already on the advance, and that you see them cross the Zadorra by two bridges, on the roads leading from Mendoza, which, by some unpardonable oversight on the part of the French General, have not been destroyed. They have no sooner done so, followed by the divisions of General Cole, Lord Dalhousie, and a brigade of the German Legion, than a fierce and rapid attack is made on the heights occupied by the enemy. These are lined by a numerous artillery, which opens a tremendous fire on them as they advance. Whole ranks of the column are mowed down; the fire of Tartarus itself could not be more deadly and destructive. Where now is Picton? He is the very leading man of the division in the foremost post of honour and of danger. But see, the progress of the column has been arrested; the quarter-master-general is riding with orders to the rear, and the division, in unbroken order, halts on either side of the road, leaving space for the advance of two brigades of artillery, which pass onward at full speed to the front. Now, the fire of the British guns answers that of the enemy, and once more the infantry is in motion. Now they are at the heights, and have already begun the ascent. All now depends on the musket and the bayonet, and truly they are not idle. Three brigades have already formed line, and the divisions in rear are in the act of deploying.

Now leave things for a minute or two as they are, and observe that

brigade of Highlanders which have been detached by General Hill to turn the flank of the enemy, and take them in rear. Mark the almost magical effect of this masterly movement. The enemy have been compelled to retire and throw back their left, in order to counteract its consequences, and the heights so severely contested at the commencement of the action, are now left in the undisputed possession of Sir Rowland Hill. But will he be contented with this advantage, and remain stationary? If he does, never trust me. I know old Rowley better. He has already moved on with his division to attack the heights to which the enemy had precipitately retired on the appearance of the British force on their flank, and on which they seem resolved to make a resolute and manly stand.

Such was the state of things on the right at the moment when I left the centre of the British army under Picton, engaged in fierce and deadly conflict with the enemy on the heights across the Zadorra. The issue was not long doubtful. The enemy were at once overwhelmed by the vehemence and rapidity of the attack; and being driven from their ground by a charge of bayonets, fled in great disorder, leaving twenty-eight pieces of artillery as trophies to the victor. On this event, the masses of the hostile army, which occupied the heights which General Hill was advancing to attack, were under the necessity of immediately retiring, in order to prevent the British centre from getting into their rear. The right and centre, thus simultaneously successful, continued, of course, to follow up the advantages they had acquired by a vigorous pursuit of the retiring enemy. Nothing could be finer to a military eye than the spectacle which now presented itself. The left of the French army, and the centre, which had rallied from its recent confusion, retired slowly, and in fine order, before the columns of the British, which advanced in echelons, ready at any moment to form line, and to attack. In these movements, all advantages of ground for obstructing the progress of the assailants were most skilfully seized on by the enemy. Every height became the scene of contest; from whatever point artillery could be brought to act with efficacy, shot and shells were showered down on us with destructive effect. It was in this manner, that, for upwards of two hours, Hill's and Picton's divisions continued to follow up their success, and to drive the enemy before them from position to position.

While the events of which I have given, I fear, somewhat of a feeble description, were passing on the right and centre, the left, under Sir Thomas Graham, was not idle. From the detour which the direction of the roads had rendered it necessary for this portion of the army to make, before it was found practicable to reach the position of that part of the enemy they were destined to attack, the right and centre had been engaged for some time before they had descended into the plain. On doing so, however, no time was lost in attacking the heights occupied by the French in the neighbourhood of Abechucho. After a vigorous resistance, these heights were at length carried, and Graham detached part of the force under his orders to gain possession of the villages of Menor and Gamarra Major, which were considered as of vital consequence, from their commanding the communication by the great road to Bayonne, which passes through them. With the remainder of his force, General Graham advanced to the attack of Abechucho, which was carried by a *coup de main;* and the guns planted by the enemy for the defence of the bridge across the Zadorra remained in our possession. The occupation of Gamarra Major was not effected without a greater sacrifice on our part. The division of General Oswald, to whom this service was intrusted, advanced with the most determined gallantry, in column of battalions, under a terrible and destructive fire of musketry and great guns. No fire was returned by the assailants, who continued their advance in double quick, and, by a decisive charge of bayonets, drove the enemy from different points of the village in irretrievable confusion, and with enormous slaughter.

The enemy lost no time in making a vigorous effort to retrieve this disaster. Reinforcements were instantly brought forward, and they again advanced on the village in formidable power. Another charge gave a check at once to their hopes. The brigade of General Hay drove them back at the point of the bayonet, and the British were for a while the peaceful and uncontested occupants of the village

of Gamarra Major. In a short time, however, with a pertinacity proportioned to the importance of the position, the French once more united their forces for an attack still more powerful than the preceding. For this General Graham was not unprepared. The houses in the village had, by his orders, been loopholed and filled with troops, and several battalions, which had been stationed behind the walls on either flank of the road, opened on the advancing enemy so destructive a fire, that they speedily desisted from any further prosecution of the attack, and retired in confusion.

But while the division of General Oswald thus gallantly succeeded in maintaining Gamarra Major against the utmost efforts of the enemy, they were rendered too weak by the great losses they had already sustained, to be capable of undertaking offensive operations against the very powerful body to which they were opposed. The only demonstration of hostility, therefore, on either side, consisted in a cannonade, which was kept up with vigour, until the advance of the right and centre, to whose movements and operations you are no stranger, rendered it necessary for the right of the French army to retreat. Hill and Picton had already penetrated beyond the village of Vittoria, triumphantly driving the enemy before them from every position on which he deemed it practicable to make a stand. No sooner had the right of the French army begun to retire, than General Oswald crossed the Zadorra, and, by this movement, having become master of the road to Bayonne, the enemy were compelled to make a hasty and retrogressive movement towards the centre, into the wood leading to Pampeluna.

The pressure thus occasioned by the unexpected agglomeration of the different corps of the French army on one line of march, was such as soon to destroy all order and regularity in the retreat. The roads became blocked up with fugitives; and guns, and tumbrils, which were relinquished in the hurry of retreat, contributed to impede the progress of the enemy and augment their confusion. Not a moment's respite was allowed them by Lord Wellington. The whole cavalry and infantry of the Allied army were engaged in ardent pursuit. Never in my life did I undergo a day of greater exhaustion and fatigue. Since morning not a drop of water had moistened my throat. My whole frame seemed arid and parched up. My tongue seemed glued to my palate. I felt, in short, as if the blood in my veins had been transmuted into solid flesh —not such rosy, juicy, moist, tempting flesh, as one might spy, I daresay, in your larder at Beaumont, but the flesh of an overdone beefsteak, hard, dry, calcined, and hot as the devil. Ah, these, my good Aunt—to say nothing of the danger of shot and shell—are the pleasures of campaigning! But then the *glory*—ay, the glory to be sure, is something; but, with your good leave, we will sink the glory for the present.

On then we went, pell mell, helter skelter, man and horse, great guns and small, lightbob and grenadier, through mud and over ditch, with tired limbs and hungry stomachs, to catch the enemy if we could, and give him another dose of British bullets. What the cavalry did I do not know, but I know that we poor infantry did little or nothing, for the Frenchmen were too fleet for us, and we got no more than an occasional distant view of them in the windings of the road. The results, however, were as brilliant as could be wished. We took 150 pieces of artillery, and all their ammunition, money, arms, baggage, and provisions. In short, between two and three thousand carriages of all descriptions fell into our hands, including that of King Joseph, who very narrowly escaped being made prisoner by some of our hussars.

The loss in numbers sustained by the French, in this signal defeat, was not perhaps of magnitude quite corresponding to its decisive character in other respects. Taken altogether, their killed, wounded, and missing, may be estimated at about 12,000, a loss smaller than might have been anticipated, from the utter confusion into which they were thrown towards the conclusion of the action, and the total sacrifice of their *materiel* rendered necessary by the vigour of our pursuit. It is known, indeed, that the enemy only succeeded in carrying off two pieces of artillery from the

field, but one of which entered Pampeluna, the other having been relinquished on the road.

In this long-winded, and I fear somewhat tiresome account of the battle of Vittoria, you may be surprised that I have said nothing of the Marquis. The truth is, that during the whole of it, I did not get above two or three glimpses of him, and these either too distant or too brief to afford matter even interesting enough for a paragraph. At one time I saw him gallop past from right to left of the line, with a sort of meteor-like velocity, which soon excluded him from my gaze. At another, I saw him on a height at some distance, where, amid the lengthening shadows of the setting sun, he seemed to tower, like a gigantic Titan, high up into the Empyrean.

I am not insensible of the glory which, from its commencement, has invested and encircled the career of Lord Wellington; and I know not by what splendour of enterprise he may yet be destined to establish and emblazon the security of his country, and the honour of her arms. But I do know, that were his name hitherto as obscure as it has been splendidly illustrated,—were Vittoria the only basis,—the sole pedestal of his fame, it would support a column as high and as proud as that of any warrior of ancient or modern times, whose name has been irradiated by the admiration of past ages, and will be by that of those yet unborn. During the whole of the present campaign, his operations have been distinguished for an union of science, promptitude, and decision, impossible to be surpassed. So skilfully have his combinations been made, that, notwithstanding the troops of three nations were embraced by them, in no one instance have they failed. He has outmanœuvred the enemy by his calculations in the closet, as completely as he has beaten them by his army in the field. To the French General, Vittoria was but a forlorn hope. It was an endeavour to regain, by fair fighting, the advantages he had lost by the superior talent and strategy of his antagonist. The issue has been, that Spain is at length finally and decisively wrested from his grasp, and the remains of the invading army have been driven to the passes of the Pyrenees, to seek for shelter and safety from the pursuit of their victorious foe.

We continued our pursuit of the enemy for about two leagues beyond Vittoria, where we bivouacked for the night. We had no sooner taken up our position, than, tired, jaded, starved, I cast myself on the ground in a temporary, yet universal paralysis of all powers and energies. Never did bivouac afford fewer appliances for comfort—yet these are not wanted by the tired soldier. In the mere cessation of exertion, he finds, when bathed by the cold dews of heaven, a medicinal balm for the weariness of exhausted nature. And then the sleep, by which, in a brief space, his heavy and motionless eyelids seem to be hermetically sealed! Think you, my good Aunt Dorothy, it at all resembles the light and fragile slumbers which nightly soothe your senses into forgetfulness beneath your tester of pink damask and eider-down quilt? Slumbers which the ticking of a clock, or the softest whisper in your apartment, or the pattering of rain on the window panes, could break and dissipate in a moment? No, no, believe me, it is nothing like this. The sleep of the worn campaigner is very different from that of an amiable and respectable maiden lady, whose fatigues during the day have proceeded from an airing in the carriage, or a walk in the shrubbery; and, perhaps, an extra rubber at whist or back-gammon in the evening. It is a sleep, deep, dreamless, and imperturbable—a still, calm, unbroken sabbath of all his faculties and senses. Fire a pistol at his ear, and he hears it not. Let the glare of a thousand torches be concentrated on his eyelids, and they move not. Let his stony bed be shaken by the concussion of an earthquake, and, beyond an occasional snore, he will shew no signs of animation. But try him with the sound of drum or trumpet, and, with curses on the earliness of parade, muttered in something like a grunt, he springs at once to his feet, restored, as if by magic, to all the functions, powers, and attributes, of a sentient and living man.

On the day following the battle, we moved onward, and again halted at Salvatierra, where we took up our quarters in a wood. Since then we

have approached still nearer to Pampeluna, in the vicinity of which we are now encamped. What service we are next to be employed on I know not; but I am very sure our life at present is about as unpleasant as may be. There is nothing to be had for love or money in the country; these abominable cormorants, the French, having taken or destroyed everything possessing marketable value they could lay their hands on. Our supply of *creature comforts*, therefore, is, as you may suppose, rather scanty. I gave orders to my servant, not an hour ago, to boil the but-end of a ham—the last produce of my panniers — for dinner to-day; and when I may get another, is known only to God and the army sutlers, which latter gentry, by the by, seem, of late, to have forsaken us altogether. In the meanwhile, I shall comfort myself, when inclined to fall into the blue-devils, by chanting a stave of the old song, which assures us that—

"A light heart and thin pair of breeches,
Will go through the wide world, brave boys."

Now, my dear Aunt, God bless you. I leave the details of this long letter to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by you at your leisure; only assuring you, in conclusion, that if you are not already somewhat muzzy with Champagne, and your whole establishment drunk as Chloe, in honour of the glorious victory of Vittoria, you are unworthy of so excellent and admirable a nephew as

SPENCER MOGGRIDGE.

MR WILMOT HORTON AND EMIGRATION.

MR WILMOT HORTON, is a very honest and well-meaning man; yet if his late transfer from the Colonial Office shall put an end to his fantasies about emigration, the country and himself may be equally congratulated upon the change. The truth is, that a well-meaning man, when he gets a wrong idea in his head, is the most consummate of public nuisances. His consciousness of intending all for the best makes him stubborn in the wrong; he cannot conceive his honesty can be absurd, any more than his perseverance through thick and thin can be often but another shape of obstinacy, that no experience can soften, or sullen self-will, that nothing in the shape of reason can guide. The favourite idea which has occupied Mr Horton's studies for some years is Emigration. For the evils of England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the poor-rates, for fevers, and famines, and poaching, and the crowding of Newgate, and the multiplication of pickpockets, he has one theory; that they all proceed from an excess of population. His theory is wrong in its principle, just as his remedy would be trivial in its practice.

There is *no excess* of population in the British Islands. There may be districts to which the people crowd till they overstock agriculture or manufactures, but the surface of these islands has acres enough to feed, clothe, and employ, *five* times their present number. Even in England there are immense spaces almost totally unpeopled, and scarcely touched by the hand of man. It is true, that they are not to be found within ten miles of London or Manchester. But what is the population of Derbyshire, of the whole huge district between the parallels of York and Berwick, of the Scotch Highlands, of North Wales, of three-fourths of South Wales? Excepting in the immediate vicinage of mines and manufactories, those immense districts are comparatively deserts.

It is allowed that they are not rich plains, nor probably easily productive of the support of man. They are mountains, often bleak, and comparatively barren, on which no opulent farmer would be justified in speculating, and among whose wild summits no gentleman of travel, taste, and in the habits of London life, would think of living beyond a month of the shooting season; but they are, notwithstanding, cultivable ground. There is scarcely a spot among those wastes, in which a labourer could not find the means of subsistence by the soil; the potatoe, and the common vegetable tribes, would amply reward him for his labour.

It is obvious that no landholder will think it worth his while to farm on those wilds, nor needs any man go among them who can live elsewhere, nor will any peasant think of taking those rude acres at a high rent; nor, perhaps, at any rent at all. But let the land be given to them for fifty years to come, to make the most of it as their own, to let them feel, that when they are taming the stubbornness of the ground, they are taming for their own profit—let the peasant feel that he stands upon his own property, and we shall see, in a few years, the barrenest mountain that rears its head in England smile with produce and population. The great point is property—the feeling, that what we do is for ourselves and our children, works wonders everywhere. It is the whole secret of the superiority of our nation in all the branches of human industry—it has covered England, a reluctant soil, in a forbidding climate, with verdure, beauty, and fruitfulness, denied to the brilliant climates and teeming luxuriance of the south. It makes the British labourer—a man, above all others, attached to home—to disregard the feelings of home, cross the ocean, and bury himself in the wildernesses of the United States or Canada, and submit to every desperate privation that can break down the strength and heart of man, in the hope at last to secure a property to himself. The same impulse would act with still more vigorous activity nearer home, and the happiness and the strength of England would grow together.

But to come to the case that makes all the pillows of the Emigrationists sleepless—the tremendous over-population of Ireland. Ireland has, of surface nineteen millions and a half statute acres. Of this will it be believed, that seven millions and a half are totally untouched by spade or plough? and those deserts are divided, by the present survey of the Commissioners of waste lands, into

	Acres.
Uncultivated lands, and bogs capable of improvement,	4,900,000
Incapable surface,	2,416,000

The whole bog of Ireland is computed about 1,250,000 acres. But there can be no doubt, with any man who knows the loose terms in which the Commission talk of incapable land, that every acre of ground in the most incapable, is capable of making a return to labour; not, of course, to repay hired labour, nor to indemnify a rich proprietor in the outlay of his money, but to indemnify and support the peasant, who brings to it his spade, his sturdy arm, and his determined resolution to work a subsistence for himself out of the ground.

No man who has travelled through any province of Ireland can have seen, without surprise and regret, the mountain-sides and valleys that are given up to the range of a few sheep, or left in a state of utter barrenness. The bogs are, with scarcely any exception, capable of being turned into arable land; and when once so turned, they are actually of inexhaustible fertility. Of course, there must be a vast deal of trouble and discomfort in the exertion, and also considerable delay, but the result would be success, and the peasant would soon have solid possession for his pains.

The only true remedy for the pressure of population and pauperism in Ireland, is to distribute these wastes among the peasantry; to give from ten to twenty acres to a family, without the power to alienate the farm for the next twenty-five years; and to give the possession for fifty or a hundred years, free of all rent or incumbrance whatever. For this purpose, the land must be purchased from the present proprietors, to whom it is almost totally useless, and from whom it would be had cheap; or if the spirit of chicanery should prompt them to raise their price, on the chance of government purchase, the price might be left to the decision of a jury, as in the common case of purchasing the ownership of houses in London. A hundred thousand pounds laid out in this way would buy ground for the location of a million of people. Their freedom from rent would soon enable them to make their subsistence; the trifling advance of a few agricultural utensils would be easily repaid; and we should have, in place of the double nuisance of a host of beggars and a desert, a vigorous population, and a cultivated district. The demands of the population, as it increased in means, would amply remunerate this original

expense, in the employment of manufacturers and traders.

But the whole question is a business of necessity. We *must* adopt this scheme of settling, for we *can* adopt no other. The emigration scheme is utterly impossible. It has the disqualification of an expense that we cannot sustain, and of that expense lavished without an approach to the attainment of the object. To transport over 100,000 Irish labourers to Canada, and place them on the located ground, is, at the lowest rate, and by the friends of the measure, computed at L.30 a-man. Thus we plunge, at the very first step, into an outlay of no less than *three millions* of money! But the labourer must be supplied with money for the erection of a dwelling, with utensils, with clothing against a seven months' winter of prodigious severity, and with a year's provisions. The probable expense of the entire amounting to about L.100 a-man. Thus, to locate 100,000 people, would amount to *ten millions* of pounds! And what relief would the abstraction of 100,000 men, from a growing population of eight millions be? Absolutely nothing. Their places would be filled instantly, the relief would not be discernible at the end of a month, and the whole process would require to be commenced again. But if it should be said, that the idea of settling the waste lands has been tried in England, and without success, the answer is obvious:—It has not been tried but in the most inadequate, and even the most dishonest manner. When a common has been inclosed, has it been given in divisions as property to the poor people who have hitherto fed their pigs and poultry upon it? Quite the contrary. The inclosure has been the signal of expulsion to those poor. The neighbouring gentlemen have each grasped the share nearest to themselves, and the intentions of the Legislature have been perverted to the actual increase of pauperism. It is thus, that in England, any further haranguing upon the benevolence of inclosure acts, excites only disgust.

If it be said, that even the cultivation of the Irish waste lands would only put off the evil day, and that the burden of our population must return as soon as those lands were fully peopled, the answer is plain. It is, in the first place, of importance to put off the evil day, in all cases where postponement does not increase the original mischief. But the more sufficient fact is, that the only remedy for pauperism from multitude is to be found in the increased respectability of the national habits, mind, and property. The Irish peasant now follows the impulse of youth, and marries without a care for the provision of a family, because he knows that, let him care as he will, he must throw away his pains. Expecting, till his life's end, little better than beggary, or ill-paid daily toil, he thinks that his children can beg and dig for tenpence a-day just as well as himself, and perish out of the world as little indebted to clothing or comforts as any of their tribe. But let this man become the *master* of any property in the ground he tills, and find that he can be by degrees something better than the drudge at tenpence a-day; his decent feelings will be roused. There is no man incapable of such feelings, and no man more rapidly excited to them, than the Irishman; and before he involves himself with a family, he will consider whether he can put shoes and stockings on their feet, give them some degree of education, clothe them so as not to be laughed at by his thriving fellow-proprietors round him, and do all this without sinking from the station of a farmer.

Such a man will not marry to see his wife and children driven to beg from door to door, as is now the common resource. Early marriages, which are generally ruinous to the peasantry, will be avoided. Something of dower, and decent housewifely habits on the woman's side, will be required, and the *fashion* of decency, competence, and education will spread, to the signal prevention of the long lists of miseries and crimes attendant on a pauper population.

We are to remember also that every man who makes a livelihood by this cultivation and reclaiming of the deserted ground, not merely brings so much produce into the general mart, for it is by the surplus produce that he must grow rich enough to supply himself with necessaries; and not merely adds to the actual strength of the country in its most vigorous and peculiar

arm, a healthy and wealthy yeomanry, but increases the consumption of what is more tempting still in the eyes of the English public, its manufactures. The trade too is at *home;* one of all trades the most productive. It has no ocean to cross, no insurance to pay, no storms to struggle with, no privateers to dread, and, above all, no delay to warp and enfeeble its power and credit. It is the most rapid, the most easy, the most constant, and, as the general result, the most profitable.

And to this, what can the location in Canada, or any of our remote settlements, compare? What can the settler return from Canada? Wood, we have already more than enough; furs are in the same condition. Peach brandy, and maple sugar—and there are but few districts where they can be produced—are not among our luxuries. At the same time there should be no restriction on the voluntary emigrant. Let him make his way into the forest and erect a hut, and after he has fought out the wolves, and frightened away the backwoodsmen, and thieving *voyageurs*, and mastered the misery of solitude, and hardened his frame against a frost that would split rocks, let him found a dynasty. But let our legislators first look at home, which is not more the place of charity than wisdom.

SENTIMENT.

The London newspaper authorship is forced into something like common sense, by the perpetual necessity of writing. Men may be as sentimental by inclination as a German dramatist; but the absolute drain on their sentimentality in the wear and tear of London, would exhaust the "fount of feeling" in a week; and the "thoughts that lie too deep for tears" would be fished up, and turned to service inexorably before a month renewed its moon. But in the country the case is different. The interval of a week allows an accumulation of the tender feeling, which inevitably overflows through the pen the moment it is taken in hand. A dog "suspected of being mad," an over-drove ox, a village quarrel, a rustic elopement, or the breaking down of a safety coach, can never be done justice to in London. The facts may be given, and the conclusion, whether by inquest or induction, declared for the general behoof. But it is in other and more verdant quarters that the narrative is touched as a narrative ought to be, with the whole picturesque of the affair, "with mellowness of pencil, and magic of detail," as the most celebrated auctioneer alive says of every picture that undergoes his hammer.

Of course there are exceptions, and some of the country journals are written with a spirit that would do honour to the sagacity or skill of any public writer. But still the "sentimental" flourishes along with the cabbages and cauliflowers, chiefly at a distance from the "*fumum strepitumque;*" and the richest class of description is never found on this side of the fifty mile stone.

Metaphor is the native language of fancy, and fancy is the daughter of feeling, and feeling is the daughter of the fields. Then the use of metaphor is established as an heir-loom in the soil of the hawthorns and blue bells; and accordingly the dialect of rural description is always magnificent, profound, eloquent, and rather puzzling; as "to do common things in an uncommon way," has been considered an evidence of genius, so to say common things in an uncommon way, is an evidence of similar superiority to the race of mankind.

Thus, if your true describer has to talk of pen, ink, and paper, he disdains the homeliness of the immediate expression, and invests his meaning in the dignified phrase of "writing materials." If one clown's wig takes fire from another clown's pipe, we hear of the operation of "the devouring element," *fire* being obviously beneath the rustic pen. If a flash of lightning set a haystack in a blaze, or ring the bells of a steeple, the approved epithet is, "the electric fluid." If a dog bite a pig, the narrative teems with "virus," the "rabid animal," and the "latration" of the patient. Or, if a stage-coach running races meet its natural fate, the world are called to wonder at "centripetal force," "dire concussions," and "compound fracture

of the tibia." The whole being wound up with the solemn pledge of the writer, that the accident never had equal, or similar, in the "memory of the oldest inhabitant;" a circumstance generally to be accounted for, when true, by the oldest inhabitants having lost what memory they ever had.

But those are scientific touches, and may be expected to increase when Mr Brougham's sixpenny system, of which the value is very accurately proportioned to the price, shall have "progressed" among the operatives, and every thinking man, with or without breeches, shall be liable to ride the wooden horse, jump the skipping-rope, repeat the French alphabet, prove that a circle is not a square, trample on the heels of the nobility, write his own name, and settle the constitution.

But it is in the sentimental subjects that the true triumph is found. If a street-walker is committed to a village Bridewell, the describer discovers her to be "a hapless victim." She is, of course, "an interesting figure," with "a touching voice, and the remains of what once was remarkable beauty." A "tale, alas! too true," lately "wrung the heart," detailing the sorrows of "an interesting pair, found, by a gentleman of humanity, in the lowest state of mortal privation, on the edge of a wood," in the West of England. The female had been "evidently of the first order of fine forms," and the man was worthy of her. "An unhappy attachment, cruel parents, remorseless friends, and an inhospitable world," having excluded them from hope, they took the desperate resolution of seeking an asylum from the bounty of nature, in one of those spots "where lonely want retires to die."

Further intelligence ascertained the fact, that the hero was a poacher, driving a handsome trade in purveying hares and pheasants for London. The heroine was the usual companion of such heroes, and both are now furnishing fresh matter for description in the county jail.

But fine effect may be produced on more repulsive topics. Who has ever dreamed of detailing the mutual compliments of a blackbird and a stage-coach guard before? Yet the history is extant, scarcely a week old.

As the coach was rolling along, a hawk hunted a blackbird into a hedge. The blackbird was in prodigious hazard, and the guard flung his stick; luckily for the catastrophe, he hit the hawk instead of the blackbird. The narrative must now be left to the original hands. "So exhausted was the *poor* blackbird, and so *unexpected her deliverance*, that when the guard proceeded to pick up the hawk, she was unable to move, but merely *shot forth a look of expression of her gratitude*, and *which amply repaid* the conducteur for his promptitude and decision." And that man of generosity relinquished his half-crown with a feeling worthy to be as memorable as it is unfortunately rare. But the story is imperfect without the fact, that the rescued bird pulled out a white handkerchief, wiped a brilliant eye, and made him a curtsey down to the ground.

INCLOSURE BILLS.

Avarice has been observed to be the only passion that defies caricature. Comedy cannot exaggerate it. Ridicule cannot repress it. Sermons are thrown away upon it. Public scorn might as well sneer at the winds. Nothing but the grave can extinguish it, and it follows to the very verge of the grave.

The inhabitants of the country immediately surrounding London, have been for some time thrown into a ferment by the intimation that the commons are to be inclosed. Clapham, Wandsworth, Battersea, and a whole host of minor denominations, have been noticed with bills of inclosure for the next session, on the part of the lords of the manors. Now, every one knows that the present inhabitants, the greater number of whom are opulent persons, who escape from their daily occupations in London, to sleep in fresh air out of the immediate smoke of the city, had taken their houses upon the notorious presumption that they were not to be deprived of fresh air, when they paid for it the enormous prices that villas in the vicinity of London cost every man. The fragments of open ground, called commons, are equally well known to be

totally useless for any purpose of agriculture; so none of the pretexts of wanting ground for tillage will apply. Their chief use, in any case, must be that of keeping open a belt of verdure to refresh the intolerable atmosphere of the city, to allow the Londoner to know that the natural colour of grass was green, and to permit those whom public or private business compelled to remain in that deleterious atmosphere during the day, at least to have some refuge from the unwholesome and exhausting fumes of the great city, of forges, steam-engines, and chimneys innumerable. The remarkable change in the mortality of the opulent ranks of London, has arisen almost wholly since the period when the citizens began to dwell in the vicinity, instead of remaining in town during the whole twenty-four hours; and if the health of the people be of importance to government, the prohibition of all impediments to that health is a fair object to its wisdom. Their inclosing of the parks would probably be followed by an epidemic. Yet, if the parks were in the hands of a "Lord of the Manor," they would be inclosed before a month was over. Luckily government has them in its protection, and the people may walk about without being run over by carriages.

But the inclosure of those patches of ground has a collateral effect, probably worse than the loss of health, as the breach of implied contract. In all the instances which have occurred within these few years, as the object of the "Lords of the Manor" was to make money, there was no hesitation as to making it in the most summary way. Three-fourths of the belts of land that surrounded London, and divided it from the villages even twenty years ago, are now inclosed. Those fine fields, in which the manufacturing and trading population were used to breathe after the fatigues of the day, and take the little exercise allotted to their confined lives, are open to them no more; not by being converted into farms, or cottage fields for the poor, to whom, by the law of the land, the commons were the natural provision; nor by being planted and turned into gardens for the rich, nor by any conversion into anything ornamental or advantageous; but by being cut up into streets of wretched huts, miserable heaps of hovels hideous to the eye, the natural nests of pestilence, from their closeness and want of ventilation, and still more hideous to the moral sense, from the nature of their inhabitants. The projectors, in those abominable excrescences of London, having no purpose but that of making what they could, of course took for tenants all whom they could find, and the general criminality of those outlets is the scandal and the pest of London. Into some of those districts one can scarcely feel safe in venturing by day. What must they be at night, but the common receptacle for all the pollution that belongs to the lowest poverty and the lowest obscurity of a huge populace, gathered from every corner of the land?

Whether the operation is to succeed on Clapham and the adjoining commons, will be speedily tried. Meetings of the inhabitants have been held, protesting in the strongest terms against this violation of the understood compact on which they took their property. The result of the inclosure would be the instant fall of value to a prodigious amount in the whole circuit, the flight of the opulent inhabitants, their substitution by a host of paupers, and probably their substitution again by a host of a still more obnoxious description. And will it be conceived that this whole confusion, which strikes much deeper than the inconvenience of the individuals in question, and would be in fact a cry for a similar violation in the vicinage of every town in England, is at the utmost a matter of but L.1500 or L.2000 a-year, and that the project is set on foot by a man wallowing in opulence, an enormous patriot, a "people's friend," and so wrapt up in philosophy and letters, that he would give a thousand pounds any day in the year for the *Editio Princeps* of Tom Thumb; has a regular succession of horn books, without missing one from the days of Elizabeth to George the Fourth inclusive, and keeps a regular bibliomaniac to publish an annual gilt catalogue of his discoveries among the stalls!

THE COUNTRY BANKS AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

No. II.

In returning to this important question, we must, in the first place, examine the currency doctrines, which have had so large a share in placing the country Banks in their present situation.

It will, we think, be readily conceded to us, that laws of all descriptions, but more especially those which have incessant and sweeping operation, alike on the collective trade and wealth of the empire, and the property and bread of every member of the community, should be founded, from beginning to end, upon TRUTH. It is not for the legislator, whatever the case may be with others, to act upon speculative untested assumption and theory. No matter how plausible an opinion may appear, how strongly it may be sanctioned by great names, and how widely it may be believed in, he is prohibited from making it law, until he has first converted it into demonstration. Such a prohibition is placed upon him by duty and honesty, if not by statute; and if he violate it to form laws which scatter around them confiscation, bankruptcy, and hunger, he is morally as guilty as the wretch who dies for his crimes on the gallows. No defence can be found for him in purity of intention. The broad truth is before him, that nothing can justify legislation which involves the property and weal of the community, save the clearest *proof* that it will be beneficial, or imperious public necessity. That nation of old acted very wisely, which made every parent of a new law responsible for its consequences; and visited him with pains and penalties, if it proved an injurious one. Such a regulation would have at present, in this country, most salutary operation.

In proportion as the Legislator acts upon erroneous principles, in making laws to govern the currency and Banks, in the same proportion will his laws be productive of confiscation and suffering. If the doctrines, that the amount of currency regulates prices —high prices cause the export of gold, &c. &c.—be untrue, their conversion into law will not be the less ruinous, because great authorities have promulgated, general opinion has sanctioned, and Parliament has adopted them. This will suffice to prove, that in subjecting them, at a moment like this, to rigorous examination, we only discharge a sacred duty; and it will prove further, that if our examination shew them to be at variance with truth, we should disgrace ourselves as honest men, were we to shrink from attacking them, on the score of their parentage and popularity, or from the fear of arraying ourselves against both government and nation.

The doctrine that prices are governed by the amount of currency in circulation, and that they must, of necessity, rise or fall, as this amount is increased or diminished, forms the foundation of the fashionable currency creed. It is the parent doctrine, from which the rest have been generated. Whenever the currency is spoken of, high and low prices are ascribed wholly to its fluctuations. Are prices high? They are rendered so, by an excessive issue of currency. Are they low? They are rendered so, by a contracted issue of currency. An excess of currency caused the high prices of the war—an excess of currency caused the rise of prices in 1824 and 1825—a return to a metallic currency, by annihilating excess, brought low prices after peace was concluded—and a metallic currency, by preventing excessive issue, must always keep prices regularly low. This is the doctrine constantly held by the Ministry and Legislature—by all parties, whenever the currency is under discussion. It is not admitted that other causes have a leading share in governing prices; but it is contended that the latter are governed solely by the currency,—or, at any rate, that the effect of other things upon them is quite insignificant.

As the foundation of such a creed, this doctrine necessarily demands an unsparing scrutiny. If it be not true —essentially as well as partly—generally as well as occasionally; if it be not an infallible rule, subject only to the exception, to which all human rules must be subject; if it be the reverse —false in essentials, false generally, and the exception to the rule, it ma-

nifestly ought to be cast to the winds, as dangerous even when used as the plaything of writers, and ruinous when taken as the guide of statesmen.

As we have said, this doctrine is held by all parties, whenever the currency is made matter of discussion. It is not spoken of as something liable to be controverted; but it is reasoned from and referred to, as an unassailable first principle—a fundamental truth, established by proof as conclusive as mathematical demonstration. But when the Ministry,—the Legislature,—the political economists by profession,—even the metallic men, who are, both within and without, composed of metal, though of a somewhat base description,—speak of other subjects, they charge variations of prices wholly upon other causes, without allowing the currency to be a secondary agent, or even mentioning it. When they speak of corn, they ascribe its high price to the Corn Laws. They assert that the abolition of these laws would make it, barring the effects of bad harvests, constantly cheap. When they speak of labour, they say that its price depends on the price of corn, provided the Corn Laws be under consideration; but if the latter be not in sight, they maintain that its price is governed by supply and demand. In the last Emigration Report, it is laid down that low wages are caused by excessive supply of labour. When they speak of taxes, they charge high prices upon taxation. And when low prices produce evil, they ascribe them to excessive production. This is notoriously the fact. Every one knows, that while they constantly assert the doctrine to be infallible truth whenever they treat on the currency, they always virtually proclaim it to be gross fiction when they treat on other matters.

This ought to be sufficient for proving that it is utterly unworthy of being made the basis of legislation. We will, however, produce other evidence.

It is matter of demonstration to all, that the admission of foreign corn duty free would make corn generally very cheap; and, of course, would make other things very cheap likewise, if the price of corn regulate that of other things—that short harvests must make corn dear—that excessive supply must produce low, and inadequate supply high prices—in a word, that prices are not governed wholly or principally by the currency. In addition to this, it is matter of certainty to all, that high or low prices, produced exclusively by deficient or excessive supply, must, of necessity, call a large additional amount of currency into circulation, or throw a large amount out of it; and that consequently the proof that a variation has taken place in the amount of the currency, is no proof whatever that this variation has been the *cause* of its accompanying variation of prices.

This, at any rate, ought to be conclusive in proving that it is impossible for the currency to be the general and paramount ruler of prices; and that their variations must of necessity be, in general, owing wholly or principally to other causes. We will, however, produce still further evidence.

If it be true, that an increase, or decrease, of currency, must always produce a corresponding rise, or fall, in prices; it must be equally true, that the aggregate of the trading and money transactions of the country is, *in extent*, exactly the same, in every part of every year—is unchanging and unchangeable; in other words, that, daily and for ever, there is the same quantity of corn, merchandise, and manufactures in the country,—there is the same quantity of imports and exports,—there is the same quantity of goods manufactured,—there is the same quantity of labour employed,—there is the same quantity of land bought and sold, &c. &c. The one cannot possibly be true, without the other. If the aggregate we have mentioned vary; if, from variations in the *extent* of its money transactions, the country employs more currency in some parts of the year than in others, and in some years than in others, the doctrine is demonstrably fallacious.

It would be a waste of time to offer proof, that the means of the country for employing currency vary very greatly in different parts of the same year, and in different years. In certain months of the year, there is comparatively but little importing and exporting; in other months there is far more of both, than in the rest of the year. In some seasons, the manufacturers sell far more goods, and consequently, employ a much greater

amount of currency in the purchase of labour, &c. &c. than in others. In certain periods, the farmers employ a much greater amount of currency than in others. This refers to the same year; but taking every year as a whole, no two in succession will yield exactly the same extent of employment for currency. In one year, the imports, or exports, or both, are much larger—the quantity of goods manufactured is much larger—the quantity of produce drawn from land is much larger—and the quantity of labour employed is much larger—than in another. All this is glaring truth, which will not admit of doubt or controversy. It demonstrates, that a large increase, or decrease, of currency, may frequently be made, without affecting prices in the least—that a large increase or decrease is frequently necessary, to prevent prices from fluctuating—and that prices cannot be kept stationary, if the amount of currency do not continually vary, as the extent of business varies. If the currency be kept always precisely the same in amount, an increase in the extent of business must of necessity cause a fall, and a decrease, a rise, of prices: without this, it is impossible for the amount of currency to be preserved from variation.

But it is said, that an increase in the supply of currency must reduce its real value—that, like goods, its price must, in reality, rise or fall, as it is scarce or abundant; and that, as its nominal value is not suffered to change, its virtual rise or fall of price is indicated, by the rise or fall in the price of goods. In conformity with this, it is asserted, that during the war there was no real rise in the price of goods, and that the apparent rise was in reality a fall in the price of currency, occasioned by superabundance.

If this be true, it must of necessity be likewise true, that the price of goods is in reality immutable, and, of course, that the supply of goods actually bears exactly the same proportion to demand. If the real variation be in the price of the currency, it cannot be likewise in that of goods; and if supply and demand govern the price of currency, they must in like manner govern the price of goods.

Refutation of this absurdity can scarcely be necessary. Adam Smith, with his wonted good sense, states, that in all inquiries touching variations of price, a line should be drawn between variations caused by the currency, and variations caused by other things. That the truth can only be reached in this manner, must be obvious to all. Our present currency philosophers, however, will look at nothing but the currency, and they will not admit that the price of anything else can really vary.

That the precious metals can rise or fall in price, solely from their scarcity or abundance, and that a smaller or greater quantity of them can be put into coin, are matters capable of comprehension and demonstration. But the case is different with bank-notes; or, in other words, mere promissory notes. The philosophers cannot prove that the work of the latter has been varied, by variations in the work, or quantity of the paper they contain; neither can they prove that their intrinsic current value has ever varied. They cannot deny, that bank-notes have been constantly in that state in which a metallic currency is, when the price of bullion, and the quantity of it contained in coin, remain without the smallest alteration.

How then do they prove, that, during the war, the paper currency virtually lost much of its value? Simply by the fact, that the price of the guinea rose to 27s. or 28s. This fact is evidently worthless, unless it can be proved that no rise took place in the price of bullion, and that the guinea fetched the price we have stated as circulating medium—as currency—in this country.

It is matter of demonstration, that a great rise took place in the price of bullion, not only in this country, but in others; and that this rise sprung from the scarcity of bullion. It is notorious, that the guinea sold for the price we have mentioned, solely as an article of export, and not as currency. From the prohibitory system established, almost throughout the Continent, by Bonaparte, we could not pay for our imports from thence with goods, or bills, or anything, save specie. The high price of bullion prevented the import of it, and coining; while we were compelled to buy what we wanted of the

continental nations, in a great measure with gold, or to be without their goods. Hence, chiefly, the high price of the guinea: a demand for guineas greatly above the supply was created, and they rose to scarcity prices. The foreign goods, thus bought with guineas, were of necessity proportionally raised in price on being imported; but they were so raised, because they could not be bought of the foreigner with notes, or anything but the guineas.

Gold at that time formed in reality no part of the currency; the little of it that was in the country was merely an article of merchandise. If wheat had been at 40s. the quarter, and labour had been equally cheap, would the price of the guinea have been less than it was? No, this price would still have risen to 27s. or 28s. A state of things existed, which compelled Government to make large exports of gold—which caused a scarcity of gold, raised it above the currency price, and thereby took it out of the currency—destroyed bill-drawing between nation and nation—and compelled this country to make its purchases of foreign ones, to a great extent, with gold. This state of things was not created by bank-notes, the natural working of the exchanges, or our own high prices, but by causes having nothing to do with them; and therefore, had our prices been as low as they were high, the guinea would have risen to the price we have stated. Were our manufactures, colonial produce, &c. at this moment wholly excluded from France, Holland, Germany, &c.—were bill-drawing between us and these countries prevented—were we compelled to pay for our purchases of them chiefly with specie—were there a demand in them for gold sufficient to raise it so far, as to prevent it from returning to us—and were Government compelled to export much gold—the guinea would speedily rise to 27s., though corn, labour, &c. should continue as low as they now are.

With regard to general prices in that period—there were various short, and some bad harvests, while no corn of moment could be obtained from abroad. Could this have no effect on prices? The taxes and duties were very greatly raised. Could this have no effect on prices? The war raised insurance and freight very greatly; it diminished supply; and it frequently caused a great scarcity of various articles. Could this have no effect on prices? There was a very large and increasing demand for men for the army and navy. Could this have no effect on the prices of labour, and consequently on general prices? The expenditure of Government in consumption was enormous. Could this have no effect on prices? If there had been no bank-notes, would prices have resisted the combined influence of these gigantic causes, and remained regularly low? To men of common sense, reply is not necessary; for such men know, that before bank-notes were invented to perplex and madden philosophers, scarcity, or deficient supply, always caused corn or other articles to be as dear as they were during the war. Never since man was created, was he deluded by a more absurd and self-evidently false proposition, than the one which holds, that the high prices of the war were caused solely, principally, or in a considerable degree, by the paper currency.

If it be true, that variations in supply and demand must vary the value of currency, as they vary that of goods; it must be equally true that they operate on the value of currency in the same manner as they operate on that of goods, and that they operate on gold as well as paper currency. How do they affect the value of goods? They raise or depress the price, not only virtually, but also nominally: when they do neither—when the price remains unaltered—it is not admitted that they have any effect on the value. To operate in the same manner on currency, they should raise or depress its nominal, as well as real, value. During the war they operated on the guinea precisely as they do on goods; they raised its price nominally, as well as virtually; but on the nominal price of the bank-note, they had no effect whatever. The variation in supply must, therefore, have raised the price of gold, but not depressed that of paper, or the doctrine is evidently erroneous.

It is a great argument with the metallic people, that the South American mines caused an advance of prices by making money more abundant, independently of any fall in the price of bullion. To give this value, it ought

to be proved that there was nothing else to raise prices. Population increased in every country, and this of necessity raised the price of corn and cattle, by causing the supply to be more expensive in its production and conveyance. London could have cheap corn when the richest land adjoining it was sufficient for supplying it abundantly; but when it had to procure a portion of its supply from Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, &c. it was compelled to raise its price. With this rise the currency had nothing to do whatever. Throughout Europe the mere increase of population was of itself sufficient to cause a continual advance in the extremely low prices of land and its produce. As population, civilization, and wealth, increased, trade and manufactures increased; and this necessarily raised the prices of various kinds of produce. Taxes increased, and this necessarily raised prices. If the South American mines had never been discovered, it is matter of demonstration that the price of land, corn, cattle, and most commodities, must have risen considerably in Europe generally.

The argument, therefore, is of no value. If we admit it, we must likewise admit that with the same currency, and with the same supply in proportion of the precious metals, land, corn, and cattle, would be no higher in this country at present, than they were when our population did not exceed two or three millions. The American mines might have some effect, but it is clear that without them causes existed capable of producing the rise of prices.

We will now endeavour to ascertain what the actual working of a paper currency must be when it is not influenced by accidental circumstances.

Bank-notes, as our readers know, are not given away, or sold below their nominal value. They are sold or lent precisely as gold coin is. Those who buy or borrow them of the Banks, must pay the same price, or repay the same sum, which they would do, should they buy or borrow gold. They are to the community strictly capital, and not revenue. In so far as they differ from gold in rendering money more abundant, they render capital more abundant in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and trade. Into these the additional capital which they create is all thrown. They only enlarge individual revenue, by enlarging individual capital.

That the individuals who obtain this additional capital from the Banks in bank-notes, act with it, as they would act, were it to consist of gold; and that the additional capital thus created by bank-notes, operates on prices exactly like other capital, needs no proof. No metallic man, even though he be composed wholly of lead and brass, can deny it. In fact the currency philosophers admit, that, whatever an abundance of money may consist of, it will have the same effect on prices. The question, therefore, forces itself upon us—how are prices affected by capital?

In order to give a satisfactory reply, we must, in the first place, answer another question—What principally governs prices? We will not follow the lumping generalizing system of the philosophers, but we will examine prices in detail, beginning with that of corn. The price of corn in such countries as Poland, Russia, and Prussia, which produce a large surplus, must demonstrably be governed by the price their corn will fetch in the countries to which it is exported. If this country were circumstanced like those we have named, no abundance of money could raise its corn above the maximum fixed by foreign markets. If foreign corn were admitted into our market duty free, no abundance of money could raise British corn above the maximum fixed by the price at which foreign corn could be imported. If our market were constantly closed to foreign corn, an excess of our own production would bring low prices, and a deficiency high ones. Corn must be mainly governed in its price by supply and demand. The producers cannot possibly regulate its price at pleasure; it must be high or low according to the quantity at market. It is matter of proof, that whenever corn was very dear, there was a scarcity; and that whenever it rose to moderately high prices, there was a scanty supply. And it is matter of proof, that scarcity and short supply always did render it more, or less dear, when there were no bank-notes, and no abundance of money.

If the agriculturists obtain a large

amount of additional capital through bank-notes, how do they employ it? They bring additional land into cultivation, buy manure, enlarge their stocks of cattle, procure better utensils, adopt improvements, in a word, they employ it in enlarging and economising production to the utmost. Now ask the metallic men and economists, without mentioning bank-notes, what effect this must have on prices, and their reply will be, it must lower them. They constantly maintain that the want of capital compels the farmer to produce at the dearest rate, that abundance of it is essential for enabling him to produce at the cheapest rate, and that the application of additional capital to land must enlarge production and reduce prices.

It is matter of notorious fact, that the agriculturists employ the money they obtain through bank-notes as we have stated; and it is admitted by the metallic people, and known to the whole world, that by so employing it they lower prices. The irresistible conclusion is, that bank-notes, instead of raising corn, cause it to be cheaper.

We will now proceed to Manufactures. What is the primary ruler of their prices? So long as we export, the price of cottons, woollens, linens, hardware, iron, &c. must be principally governed by the price which competition will suffer us to obtain in foreign markets. So long as we have free-trade, the price of silks, gloves, &c. must be prohibited from rising above that at which foreign manufactures of a like character can be brought into the market.

Proceeding to Merchandise — the price of raw cotton, wool, sugar, hemp, timber, &c. &c. must be mainly governed by that which these articles bear in foreign countries.

If the manufacturers obtain a large amount of additional capital through bank-notes, how do they employ it? They buy raw produce at the cheapest rate, procure machinery, adopt improvements, increase competition, enlarge their returns, and reduce their rate of profit—in a word, they employ it in increasing and economising production, and in reducing prices.

If the merchants and tradesmen obtain a large amount of such capital, they employ it in filling the market with goods, stimulating production, and underselling each other.

Ask the metallic men and economists, without mentioning bank-notes, what effect abundance of capital must have on manufactures, and their reply will be—it must enlarge and cheapen production, increase competition, and create low prices. They uniformly ascribe the cheapness of our manufactures in a large degree to capital. Ask them the same question with regard to commerce and trade, and their reply will be—it must produce low prices; abundance of capital is essential for making the price of everything low.

Let any man examine the prices of manufactures and merchandise seriatim, and he will find that every article is sold at the lowest price possible. The system is almost universally acted upon, of selling at the lowest rate of profit, and of trusting for amount of profit to large returns. Nothing could well be sold lower, without causing loss. It is demonstrable, that it is the abundance of capital alone, which, by enabling them to buy for cash, obtain machinery, make large returns, &c., enables them to sell at such low prices, and that if they had less capital, they would be compelled to charge higher prices to gain the same amount of yearly profit, and they would obtain much higher ones from the decrease of competition.

In corroboration of what we have said, we will glance at the prices of other countries, with reference to those of this country. Corn in various foreign countries is exceedingly cheap, solely because they produce a great surplus of it, which they cannot sell, save at very low prices. It is admitted, that from the want of capital, they produce it at the dearest rate. Corn is much dearer in this country than in most others, evidently because we produce no excess, because we frequently produce a scanty supply, and because we cannot import it save at comparatively high prices. By means of capital we produce it at a cheaper rate in proportion than other countries. While corn in foreign countries is cheaper than it is here, manufactures and merchandise have been until lately—taking into account duties, &c.—much dearer. This dearness has arisen in a great degree from the want of money. The foreign merchants and tradesmen, as

a whole, from the scarcity of money, could not import and sell at so cheap a rate as our own: the manufacturers, from the same cause, had to pay more for raw produce; they could not obtain machinery, and they could not obtain large returns, therefore they were compelled to charge higher prices. They have of late increased their capital, and this has enabled them to reduce their prices: but still, taking everything into account, merchandise and manufactures are in general cheaper here than in other countries.

This abundance of money, or capital, which gives to this country its superiority in respect of cheapness, flows from bank-notes. It cannot exist without them. If they be destroyed, a very large part of the capital which is formed by bills must be destroyed. If they be destroyed, the means of doing business of merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen—putting out of sight a few of the richest—must be diminished one half. This abundance of money, which is so loudly railed against as the parent of dearness, is, in reality, that abundance of capital which is so warmly eulogised as the parent of cheapness. The money and the capital are the same, a scarcity of the one must be a scarcity of the other. If the one produce high prices, so must the other.

Thus far we have spoken with reference to the doctrine, that a paper currency must cause prices to be generally high. At times the metallic people insist on the truth of this doctrine, and at other times they maintain that such a currency must keep prices continually fluctuating between the extremes of high and low. Such are their gross contradictions. If they are to be believed, the capital formed by bank-notes is chiefly employed in speculation. Leaving this error to the contempt of all who know anything of business, we will now inquire into the nature of speculation.

A more absurd libel could not well be thrown upon our merchants and manufacturers, than the doctrine that their speculations are only limited by their ability to obtain money. Our readers are aware that many of the most important articles which are dealt in by merchants, and used by manufacturers, such as corn, cotton, sugar, indigo, hemp, &c. &c., are produced in the shape of yearly crop; if the crop of one year fail, the deficiency cannot be immediately supplied, but must continue until the crop of the following year comes to market. The quantity of each article consumed in the year is known, and the stock of it on hand is likewise known with more or less of accuracy. If the crop of any article be a bad one, or if from the increase of consumption it be found that it will scarcely satisfy demand, the article then becomes an object of speculation, from the probability that its price will be higher. Here is one cause of speculation. Another cause is, the fall of an article to such a price as will not pay the cost of production. There must be a reasonable prospect that the working of supply and demand, will raise prices exclusive of speculation; without this, the mere abundance of money will cause no speculation, or at least none to have any material effect on prices.

It follows, that speculation, in general, only operates on a few articles at the same period; frequently it does not reach more than one or two. In 1825 there was no speculation in corn, and some other important commodities. The speculation in spices arose from the short supply—that in cotton arose from the belief that there would be a great deficiency in the supply—and that in tallow and tobacco arose from the expectation, that the speculators could monopolize the supply, and obtain their own prices. The large imports of several articles, respecting which so much has been said, were to a considerable extent consignments, and they were in a great measure justified by the increase of consumption. As to the new companies, they sprung from the madness of the time, and had nothing to do with general speculation. Even in that year, the price of many articles was not disproportionate to the costs of production.

In 1826, notwithstanding what had just taken place, there was much speculation in indigo, in consequence of the failure of the crop.

In the present year, money has been as abundant in London as it ever was known to be, yet there has been no speculation except in two or three articles. There has been much speculation in sugar from the failure of the crop; and it has been active in saltpetre, from the uncertainty respecting the continuance of peace.

The war comprehended a period exceedingly favourable to speculation. If the crop of corn were bad, there was almost a certainty that no quantity of foreign corn worth mentioning could be imported to make up the deficiency. In regard to articles imported, there were the variations of supply caused by the war, in addition to the general ones caused by difference of crops. Some articles could often only be obtained by smuggling. The events of the war yearly created scarcity in one or another; and repeated short crops made corn almost constantly an article of speculation; yet, during the war, some articles, particularly those produced by our colonies, were frequently at losing prices; and a favourable crop brought wheat down to 60s. High prices, then, could only be obtained when supply was deficient, or was likely to be so.

If, as was the case in the latter part of 1824, and the early part of 1825, a great increase of consumption take place, generally without any corresponding increase in the yearly crop of the various kinds of produce, speculation may then operate on most articles at once; but this can only happen occasionally. In general, it can only operate on one, two, or three articles at the same moment. But whether it operate on few or many, it must, in so far as it raises prices, diminish demand and increase supply; in consequence, the advance of price it produces can only be of momentary duration, unless the scarcity which gives it birth continue. If this scarcity continue for some years, speculation, by advancing prices at the beginning of the term, will cause them to be lower on the average of it, than they would be were it not to exist.

During the war, the high prices of agricultural produce gave a prodigious stimulus to its production. As every one knows, save the metallic people, these high prices, and not loans from Country Banks, were the grand cause why so many inclosures took place—why such a vast portion of new land was brought into cultivation—why such immense sums were expended in increasing the fertility of the whole land of the nation—and why the production of corn and cattle was so enormously augmented. Had no advance taken place in price, there would have been comparatively no increase of production. Had there been no speculation whatever, prices would frequently have been much higher than they were; they would have been sometimes lower; fluctuations in them would have been more numerous and violent, but on the average they would have been higher. Speculation—looking at the term as a whole—by supporting them, prevented the efforts to enlarge production from being suspended, and caused the increase of produce to be greater. The economists assert, that high prices alone bring the poorer soils into culture; and this is equivalent to asserting, that the high prices of the war were the sole cause of bringing a vast additional quantity of corn, &c. into the market. It is matter of proof, that notwithstanding the increase, there was no excess of produce; that there was no accumulation, but, on the contrary, one year's crop only sufficed to bring in that of another; of course, had there been no increase, or a smaller one, prices would often have been much higher though there had been no speculation.

In 1825, the high prices of cotton, &c. were only of momentary duration. They almost immediately diminished consumption, enlarged imports, and fell to low ones. The price of one article fell before that of another reached its elevation.

If there were no bank-notes, would there be no speculation? Would no one be seduced into it by scarcity, and the promise of large profits; or would every one be deprived of the means of speculating? It must be known to all, that if this should annihilate the smaller speculators, there would be left a vast number of rich ones, possessed of the means of speculating to almost any extent; and few can need informing, that these would always speculate whenever they could hope to profit by it. Speculation would exercise quite as much influence over prices, as it exercises at present. Through bank-notes, the retailers, and traders generally of all descriptions, are enabled to hold constantly considerably larger stocks than they could hold otherwise; and, in consequence, there is always a much larger stock of commodities in the country than there would be, were no such

notes in existence. Without the notes, the stock of commodities, which is now barely sufficient to keep prices at what they ought to be, would produce ruinous glut. The additional stock, thus in reality created by the bank-notes, makes the deficiency in a failing crop of any article much smaller; and it enables the smaller dealers, when prices become high, to suspend for some time their purchases. If the notes multiply speculators, they in an equal degree multiply importers and holders, prevent combination and monopoly, and restrain those who speculate from keeping goods more than a few weeks from the market.

At present, if the supply of an article be likely to be deficient, all the dealers in it, great and small, wholesale and retail, stock themselves heavily with it, before its price is materially advanced. In consequence, as soon as its price gets high, there is almost a suspension of demand for some weeks; when the demand revives, it is comparatively small and languid; the smaller speculators are compelled to resell for any price they can obtain, to meet their payments.

If there were no bank-notes, the stock of commodities in the country would be much smaller; if the crop of any commodity should fail, none but rich houses could speculate in it to any extent. These houses could act in concert; they would in a great measure monopolize both the stock and the importing; they could hold for almost any time; there would be little temporary suspension of demand; and prices would be effectually under the control of the speculators.

Speaking generally, the stock of commodities must be proportioned to the amount of capital—in proportion as the capital is annihilated, in the same proportion must the stock be reduced—in proportion as the stock is small, and as the people possessed of the means to speculate and import are few in number, and are able to hold what they buy; in the same proportion the failure of a crop will produce scarcity of any article, and speculation will be more frequent, will produce more combination and monopoly, and will cause high prices to be still higher, and to occur more frequently.

What we have said is abundantly verified by experience. In countries which have but little capital, like the new States of South America, a few cargoes of goods are sufficient to glut the market; and variations of price are more frequent and violent than they are in richer countries. In general, prices have fluctuated more frequently and violently in the continental nations than in this nation. Prices here were more variable, and were often much higher before bank-notes were known, than they have ever been since.

From what we have said we hold it to be certain,—

1. That speculation will never cause any advance of prices worthy of notice, unless it be generated or aided by actual, or apprehended, deficiency of supply.

2. That speculation, in its general operation, has not the power to produce general high prices. It can only raise a very few articles at once, without affecting, save in a trifling degree, other articles. The state of things essential for enabling it to produce general dearness, can only rarely occur, and its occurrence is the exception to the rule.

3. That it is impossible for speculation to make prices high, save for the moment, if it be not aided by other causes, exclusive of the abundance of money.

4. That if there were no bank-notes, speculation would operate more frequently and largely on prices, than it does at present; the occasional high prices it produces would be still higher.

5. That the allegations of the metallic people, which charge bank-notes with being the sole, or main cause, of producing, by speculation, *general* high prices, either at intervals, or permanently, are grossly erroneous.

What we have said refers to the natural and general working of a Paper Currency. Of course, such working is not accountable for the effects of changes made in the currency by law. If any legal measure destroy the whole, or a considerable part, of the paper currency, it must produce for a time, low prices. It destroys a vast portion of capital, which cannot be replaced. Almost every merchant, manufacturer, and trader, finds his command over capital very greatly contracted. Very many find themselves deprived of the chief part of their means of doing business. The

aggregate capital of the country loses its proportion to the aggregate stock of commodities*—intermediate dealers and retailers hold smaller stocks—labour is thrown out of employment—debts cannot be paid—general poverty takes place—consumption is diminished—producers and importers are overstocked, forced sales follow, and prices become ruinously low. All this is produced, not by paper currency or metallic currency, but by the change of law.

It is held by the philosophers, that the low prices thus produced by plunging the money transactions of the empire into chaos, will always continue with a metallic currency. Nothing could be more erroneous. It is at variance with common sense, and it is refuted by the whole of experience. If it be true, why are most articles of merchandise and manufacture, allowing for duties, &c., at all times cheaper here than they are in countries having a currency almost wholly metallic? These low prices will continue for perhaps two or three years—they will continue until the proportion is restored between the general capital and the general stock of commodities; until the glut vanishes, but not longer.

Those who argue that a metallic currency would keep the quarter of wheat constantly at or under 40s., and the price of other corn and animal food equally low, take their stand chiefly upon this—corn and animal food were thus cheap in former times, with such a currency. In former times, when the population was one-half less—when the consumption of corn and animal food was perhaps two-thirds less—when most large places were amply supplied with corn and animal food, by the best land immediately surrounding them—when taxes and duties were infinitely lower, and when this country, instead of having to import, produced a large surplus of corn and cattle, the price of corn and animal food, with a metallic currency, was so and so; *ergo* the price must be at present the same with such a currency. A greater blunder could scarcely be found in the history of argumentation.

England does not grow a sufficiency of corn for her consumption: she constantly imports, largely, from Ireland and Canada; and, occasionally, from foreign countries. Were wheat to continue at, or under 40s., and other corn to be equally low, a large part of her Irish supply would be cut off, and a vast portion of her own land would be thrown out of cultivation. An immense part of the corn she consumes, could not, by any possibility, be grown and brought to market for the prices. This, assuming that the Corn Laws should remain unaltered, would soon make corn dear by scarcity, in spite of the metallic currency. England does not produce a sufficiency of animal food for her consumption: she imports largely from Ireland, and, to a certain extent, from foreign countries. A reduction of 3d. or 4d. per lb. in the price of animal food, would cut off her Irish, her foreign, and a very large part of her native supply. This would soon make animal food dear, in spite of the gold. She does not produce a sufficiency of butter, cheese, and eggs, for her consumption: she imports very largely of these, therefore their price, whatever the currency may be, must be sufficiently high to admit of importation.

We speak thus on the assumption that the consumption of corn and animal food would not be reduced. If the metallic currency should reduce such consumption, it would operate as a national scourge; for the reduction would take place wholly amidst the working-classes, and it would flow from their penury and hunger. The important question therefore arises—what effect would the metallic currency have on the consumption of corn and animal food?

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* We must here observe in explanation, that the stock of any article must vary greatly in the course of the year; if capital were reduced, the stock would vary as it does at present, but it would always be smaller; of course, the surplus of each year's crop would be smaller. There is frequently a stock of some articles in this country, sufficient to supply consumption for some months, when the first of the new crop comes to market. The same quantity of stock will, in some years, barely keep prices from rising, while in others it will produce glut; and this difference in its effects is occasioned by variations in the amount of capital.

We have already shewn that the farmer cannot regulate the price of corn; he is compelled to regulate by this price, which is above his control, the costs of production. If corn fall, he lowers his wages, not because food is cheaper, but because he cannot produce corn without. The state of other countries, and of some parts of the United Kingdom, proves, that if the price of corn will not permit him to give more, he can beat down wages until his workmen are compelled to feed on potatoes. Two farmers shall each take exactly the same quantity of land, of exactly the same quality, exactly at the same rent: and they shall both have exactly the same market. The one shall have one-fifth more capital than the other; and he shall have sufficient, while the other shall have a deficiency. The one with the sufficiency of capital will, with the same quantity of labour, have a greater surplus of corn and live stock, and will have it in his power to give considerably higher wages, than the other. Plenty of capital enables a farmer to keep more live stock, to raise and buy more manure, to keep better horses and utensils, to choose his time of selling, and to get better crops; and it thereby enables him to make a greater amount of gross profit, and to pay higher wages. If the farmers of this country were deficient of capital, they would be compelled to pay, with the same prices, rents, &c. much lower wages.

The metallic currency, therefore, by straitening the farmers for capital, would compel them with the same prices to lower wages, and it would throw a vast portion of labour out of employment. A small reduction of present wages would place our agricultural labourers on a potatoe diet. A very great reduction would consequently take place in the consumption of corn and animal food; but, on the other hand, the scarcity of capital would cause a very great reduction to take place in the production of them.

A plentiful supply of capital enables the manufacturer to buy raw produce at the cheapest rate, to manufacture his goods by means of machinery, &c. at the cheapest rate, and to enlarge his returns so far that the lowest rate of profit will repay him. The manufacturer of limited capital pays higher for his raw produce; he is compelled by the want of machinery or utensils to produce an inferior article at greater cost, and his returns are so small that a higher rate of profit will not repay him. He must have labour cheaper than the other to obtain the same profit from the same prices.

The metallic currency, by contracting the capital of the manufacturers, would compel them with the same prices to lower wages, and it would throw a large portion of manufacturing labour out of employment. The reduction of general wages, by reducing ready money payments, would operate as a farther larger diminution of capital. All this would tend to reduce the consumption of corn and animal food. The town-working classes, however, are in no danger of being brought to a potatoe diet, for to them potatoes must generally be about as dear as bread.

The falling off in production would, perhaps, nearly balance the falling off in consumption. At any rate, if the latter should be largely reduced, the quantity of corn and animal food required by the remainder could not be produced if wheat were much below 50s. and if other corn and animal food were proportionably cheap.

With regard to imported merchandise and manufactures, importing will cease if goods cannot be imported without loss. Depreciation of prices here would diminish production abroad. Speaking generally, the goods we import are at all times produced at the cheapest rate; a metallic currency in this country could not make them cheaper in foreign ones. Such a currency would make the prices of imported commodities after the glut higher and not lower.

With regard to our own manufactures, a metallic currency could not cheapen the raw produce from which they are fabricated, and it would, by creating a scarcity of capital, make them dearer rather than otherwise.

Upon the whole, then, the metallic currency, in the first place, would cause a general glut, from which would flow very low prices; these low prices would be general losing ones, and they would very greatly reduce production. Then supply would sink until it would be exceeded by demand;

Then there would be a general scarcity; and then there would be high prices and speculation.

When prices should fall to natural ones, corn and animal food would perhaps be cheaper; but they could only be rendered so by being taken from the reach of a large part of the working classes. Merchandise and manufactures would, in general, be dearer.

From the doctrine that a paper currency causes prices to be high by making money abundant, proceeds the conclusion of the metallic people, that the amount of such currency should be limited. High prices, they say, enlarge imports, diminish exports, turn the exchanges against us, and banish gold. The fashionable political economy, and the fashionable currency creed, are furiously at war with each other on almost all points. According to the economists, everything we import must of necessity be paid for, directly or indirectly, with manufactures or produce. The export of gold, they aver, must increase the export of manufactures, because gold must be bought with them before it can be exported. If this be true, exports must always increase with imports.

What we have said of the working of a paper currency applies to this point. If high prices enlarge imports beyond what is called for by consumption, a glut ensues which immediately brings them down again. If the enlarged imports are called for by consumption, prices must be high, or they cannot be obtained. An increase of consumption must be produced by public prosperity, and it must raise prices whether the currency be paper or metal.

If imported goods rise here, they rise equally in other countries; in so far as they enter into manufactures, they enter as much into foreign ones as into our own; their advance of price must raise foreign manufactures as much as those of this country, therefore it cannot injure our export of manufactures, or turn the exchanges against us, so far as concerns this export. Our exported manufactures cannot be raised beyond what this would raise them, except by a greatly increased export, or home demand. If their price rise so far as to materially diminish their export, a glut takes place, which immediately brings it down again. High prices alone can never produce other than momentary injury on the import of manufactures, unless the home demand increase so as to balance the falling off in exports.

If a paper currency raise prices, it must raise what we import, and what we export equally: in respect of price alone, it cannot therefore affect the exchanges. It cannot raise what we export, if the quantity exported be materially reduced; therefore, in respect of quantity exported, it cannot materially affect the exchanges by reducing exports. If it operate unfavourably on the exchanges by enlarging imports more than exports, it must do so by increasing consumption, and it can only do this by increasing wealth and prosperity.

But every one knows that the state of the exchanges depends mainly on other things than prices. Loans are made to foreign states, and their amount, while in course of transmission, is thrown into the exchanges against us. Foreign states impose higher duties on our manufactures, their own manufacturers undersell us, they supply themselves with articles they previously bought of us, and we buy of them various articles in addition to those we previously bought. By these and similar causes, the balance of trade is chiefly governed, and it cannot be much affected by general prices.

Since the war ended, it has been decisively proved that the state of the exchanges is not regulated by prices, and that low prices are no security against the export of gold. The first issue of the new gold coinage almost immediately disappeared, although prices were low. In 1824 and 1825, prices were not generally high; those of corn were only remunerating ones; and those of various important articles were not higher than they had been in former years. In 1827, prices were so low as to be losing ones; those of corn especially subjected the farmers to heavy losses; but still the exchanges turned against us. As corn fell, the export of gold increased.

The metallic people here stand in reality on the monstrous proposition, that currency and prices have a directly opposite effect in this country to what they have in foreign countries. High prices in England diminish exports; high prices in foreign nations increase exports; the dearer silks,

wines, corn, tallow, hemp, &c. are in France, Germany, and Russia, the greater will be the export of them. Rising and high prices in England must cause an export of gold; rising and high prices in foreign nations must cause an import of gold; the higher prices are in France, Germany, &c. the greater will be the influx of gold into these countries. The metallic people, we say, in reality, affirm this monstrous proposition, and it proves that they are unworthy of being listened to.

The philosophers in consequence insist that the amount of paper currency ought to be limited, to prevent high prices. Our readers will bear in mind that their limit refers, not to quality, but to amount. It is to prevent the aggregate paper currency from being too great in amount, without any regard to the solidity of the Banks. Now what is their limit? It prohibits the Banks from issuing notes under the value of five pounds, and it compels them to pay their notes in gold on demand. This is an excellent limit in respect of quality, but it is almost worthless in respect of amount. The Bank of England has liberty to issue notes to any amount. The Country Banks may multiply themselves to any extent. If there be 600 of them which issue £30,000,000 in notes; 300 more may commence and issue £15,000,000 in addition; and there is nothing in law to prevent it.

If gold begin to leave the country, it is to be regarded as a proof that prices are too high, and the currency is excessive. No inquiry is to be made whether there be any other cause—whether loans are travelling to other states, or Government is exporting gold, or a great demand for gold has been created abroad, or a bad harvest has made a large import of corn necessary, or anything else has taken place to turn the exchanges—but the Banks are immediately to draw in their notes to beat down prices. Prices and bank-notes may not have the smallest share in causing the export of gold, but, nevertheless, they must bear the whole blame. Prices may be losing ones, but still they must be reduced.

The Banks, therefore, are immediately to set to work to beat down prices. How are they to accomplish it? The Bank of England is suddenly to contract its discounting; and in addition to this it is to pour a mass of Exchequer bills into the market: in other words it is to absorb all the loose money possible, lest the bills it refuses should be discounted elsewhere. It is to create a ruinous scarcity of money. The London and Country Banks are suddenly to contract discounting and accommodation. The merchants who have goods arriving and to arrive, and the manufacturers and tradesmen who have stocked themselves heavily, in the expectation of receiving the accustomed aid from the Banks, suddenly find themselves deprived of it, not because their security is unsafe, but because gold is exported. Those who want to buy, suddenly find themselves deprived of their accustomed means of buying, not because their security is unsafe, but because gold is exported. Holders are overloaded, and buyers are kept out of the market. Stagnation takes place, forced sales follow, and then prices are brought down.

This is the process. If the Banks cannot compel holders to sell at a loss by depriving them of their wonted accommodation, they cannot reduce prices. In the first place, the whole community is plunged into losses, and business is in a great measure suspended. This necessarily produces numberless bankruptcies, prices fall further, and the working classes are overwhelmed with distress. The Banks began the mischief, and now they become its victims. The scarcity of money and badness of trade strips them of balances of account and deposits, confidence is destroyed, and a general run commences upon them, partly for gold and partly from doubts of their stability. This increases public suffering, until the nation is filled with ruin and distress.

And now what evils does the export of gold produce, that this horrible expedient is resorted to for its prevention? None worth speaking of. If the Banks should not contract their issues in the least, a few weeks or months would convert the export of gold into an import, in so far as prices are concerned. If in the interim all the gold leave the country, business can be carried on as well without, as with it.

If the Bank of England had not contracted its issues previously to the

panic, would not prices have fallen? They would have fallen, but they would have fallen in detail and gradually, without producing, speaking comparatively, much injury. There was a stock of commodities sufficiently heavy for reducing them. The Bank spread the alarm, by drawing in its notes; the conviction was produced that prices must fall; and a vague idea took possession of the public mind, that the nation would be ruined by the loss of its gold. A very large part of the evil was produced solely by the run for gold. If cash payments had been suspended when the pressure for money began, there would have been comparatively but little run upon the Banks, scarcity of money, bankruptcy, and distress. The run upon the Banks was occasioned, in a large degree, not by doubts of their solvency, but by a desire to possess the gold. Those who joined in the run merely to obtain the gold, had no use for it. They were actuated by ignorant groundless alarm; they kept the gold in idleness for a few weeks, and then they parted with it. They thus jointly abstracted an enormous mass of capital from trade and manufactures, to the incalculable injury of the country, without deriving the least benefit from it.

If cash payments had been suspended, as we have said, prices would still have fallen sufficiently, but they would have fallen slowly. The mass of capital which was called in from the Banks merely to be hoarded, would have remained with them to support the holders of goods. The season for large imports was passing away, and that for large exports was approaching. In a very short time the exchanges would have taken a favourable turn, and an import of gold would have taken place, while the country would have escaped a very large part of the ruin and misery which befell it.

This expedient of the metallic people is the most exquisite and perfect one that human ingenuity could devise for re-plunging the country into ruin and suffering, as often as it may be able to emerge from them. A few months of public prosperity are pretty sure, particularly under the free-trade system, to produce in the latter part of the year an export of gold. The newspapers instantly raise the clamour—the Banks pull in their notes—the capitalists call from the Banks their money—the run begins—and the country is speedily filled with bankruptcy and distress. All this takes place without any valid reason; it takes place merely to keep that gold in the country which is not wanted for use, and which, if nothing were done, would soon return after being exported. It matters not how prosperous agriculture, trade, and manufactures, may be,—their prosperity must be destroyed solely because useless gold is exported.

These are some of the doctrines which have placed the Country Banks in their present situation. The latter, by the suppression of their small notes, and the establishment of the Branch Banks, are to be deprived of all leading influence over the currency; and the currency is to be placed under the control of the Bank of England. The Bank religiously acts on the doctrine, that its issues ought to be regulated by the exchanges; and, of course, whenever the latter are unfavourable, it will contract the currency throughout the country at the same moment to bring down prices. A more mischievous and ruinous power it could not possess.

We will now glance at the general character of the Country Banks.

In a former Article, entitled Public Distress, we called the country bankers "a body of men second to none in integrity, respectability, and claims upon the gratitude of the country." We repeat it here. Speaking of them generally, they are men of great opulence. The partners of almost every Bank possess among them landed property of great value. In general, each Bank, looked at with reference to its engagements, is solid and wealthy. Exceptions there are; it is not in the nature of things, that 600 or 800 establishments, situated in different parts, doing business in different circumstances, and having different means of making profit, should be equally rich. Many Banks exist in places where a large capital cannot be employed, and large profits cannot be made; a Bank may commence with abundant property, and through losses, or the withdrawal of partners, become weak and insecure. But the exceptions are few, and they consist chiefly of Banks which possessed sufficient property

when first established. A new Bank cannot hope to obtain connexions sufficient to keep it in being, if it be not known to be reasonably wealthy. As to the trash which has been propagated, that Banks are established in the country by swindlers, men destitute of property, &c. &c. it is beneath contempt.

Putting aside runs, the legitimate business of a Country Bank is attended with little risk and expense. It has nothing to do with speculative buying and selling. If the Bank lend money, it lends on good information and security; and nothing but bad management can make it lose much by bad debts. Its profits are fixed and certain. If it act with moderate prudence, it is scarcely possible for its own business to render it insolvent, or to diminish its property.

We have known various Country Banks fail, but we never knew one that failed through losses caused by its legitimate banking business. The partners in one were perhaps merchants, as well as bankers; and their mercantile transactions ruined them, while their Bank was highly prosperous. The monied partner of another, was perhaps extensively engaged in trade, and his trade rendered him insolvent, while the Bank gave him a handsome revenue. The partners of a third, perhaps, lost their property by some wild speculation in corn or some other article, while their Bank flourished. We believe it will be generally found, that if a Bank fail from any other cause than unwarrantable run, *it fails from trafficking and speculation in matters having no connexion with its legitimate banking business.*

What suggestion does this furnish towards increasing the stability of the Banks? This—every banker ought to be strictly bound from entering into trade and manufactures, and from engaging in trading speculations; he ought to be strictly confined to his business as a banker. When its failure brings such heavy evils on the community, a Bank ought to be prohibited to the utmost from plunging into perils which do not in any way flow from its own business. Much has been said in favour of increasing the number of partners in the Banks, as a means of increasing their wealth and solidity. We are ourselves friendly to joint-stock Banks, less from their greater wealth, than because their nature protects them, in a great measure, from being injured by speculation. But we are not sure that any increase of partners in the Country Banks would yield material benefit.

An increase of partners would bring to a Bank no increase of regular business worth mentioning. Many Banks are so situated, that no increase of capital could gain them new accounts, or enable them to put out more notes. The additional capital gained from its new partners by a Bank, would, perhaps, lead it into speculation, and cause it to be more insecure.

Such trafficking and speculation as we have named, and unwarrantable run, form almost the only causes which ruin Banks. If they could be protected from these, they would rarely fail. We have already spoken of a remedy for the first cause, and we will now speak of one for the second. We do not mean, by unwarrantable run, a run which occasionally takes place on a single Bank, from well-founded doubts of its stability; we mean an almost general run, like that of 1825, arising from groundless fears, and erroneous opinions.

Without a moment's notice, a demand is made upon a Bank for the payment of its notes, balances, and deposits, in gold. It is scarcely in the nature of things, that the most opulent one should be prepared to meet such a demand, particularly as three or four days are necessary for enabling many of the Banks to communicate with London. The Bank has lent the deposits, value of the notes, &c. and cannot immediately recall the amount; it has land, but this is not available; it has bills, &c. which it sends to London to buy gold with, but there is a run on most of the Banks for gold, the London Banks are pressed, the Bank of England cannot provide gold with sufficient rapidity, and the bills are refused on the excuse that confidence is destroyed. The Bank has funded property which has just fallen very greatly in consequence of the run, but which it is compelled to sell at a very heavy loss. The run causes it a loss, from first to last, of some thousands. Perhaps it becomes bankrupt with property sufficient to pay 30s. or 40s. in the pound: then a handsome fortune is wasted in law

and other expenses, bad management of assignees, forced sales of land, &c. in bad times, &c. &c. until the creditors, after waiting a year or two, cannot obtain 20s. in the pound.

Putting out of sight general runs, like that of 1825, Bank failures are of rare occurrence. The failure of one Bank, or of a couple of Banks, in a year, is not felt by the community at large. Even the solitary failures, which take place between general runs, are often caused by these runs; the Bank gets so much weakened by the general run, that it cannot recover itself; and after struggling for a year or two, it sinks.

No one can need convincing, that the Banks ought to be protected to the utmost from these runs, for the sake of the community. Bank-notes ought to be convertible into gold on demand, *so long as the gold is wanted for use, and the community at large is not injured.* Here the line should be drawn. The moment the probability appears, that a general run will take place on the Banks for gold, not for use, but to lock it up in idleness for a few weeks, from groundless fears, cash payments should be suspended. The suspension need not continue longer than a month or two: not a soul would be injured by it, and it would yield incalculable benefit to the community. Bank-notes would still be generally convertible into gold on demand; the suspension would only create an occasional exception to the general rule. During its continuance, Country bank-notes ought to be payable on demand in notes of the Bank of England.

This would protect the Banks from general run, merely for the sake of gold.

With regard to general run, caused by panic and the destruction of confidence, the Bank of England would have no difficulty in providing the Country Banks with notes, if relieved for the time from the obligation of paying in gold. The Government ought to stand forward promptly, and throw its shield over the Banks; it ought to lend liberally to every Bank, which could offer fair security in land, stock, bills, &c. By this the Banks would be protected from loss; they would be able, without making any material sacrifice, to provide Bank of England notes in abundance to meet the demands upon them. It would be far better for the Treasury to lose a few thousands, than for the community to lose what it lost from the run in 1825. But if the Treasury should lose a few thousands by the Banks, it would gain far more by the revenue. We must not be mistaken; we are calling for the interference of Government in cases of general run *only;* and we are only calling for it, in order that it may avert an immense mass of national calamity and distress. By supporting the Banks, Government would render the most efficient support to trade and manufactures.

To the scheme of compelling the Banks to give security to Government for the amount of the notes they issue, we are strongly opposed. It gives to one part of a Bank's creditors a most unjust advantage over the other part. The evils which flow from the failure of a Bank consist in but a small degree of the loss they occasion to the holders of its notes. The poorer part of the working classes seldom have a bank-note in their possession longer than a few hours; and if the small notes be suppressed, they will scarcely ever hold a bank-note. The currency of a town or district generally consists of the notes of several Banks, so that, if one fail, its notes form only part of the money which traders happen to hold. The loss sustained by the holding of notes is shared amidst a great number of individuals, and only a few suffer from it severely. The great losers are those who keep accounts with a Bank, and have in it balances and deposits; through the losses sustained by these, the working classes lose, by being deprived of employment. The scheme we have mentioned, by paying the least sufferers in full, would pay scarcely anything to the greatest. Suppose a Bank should fail, and owe in notes £40,000, and in other ways £80,000, and should have assets to pay 10s. in the pound, the note holders would get 20s. in the pound, and the other creditors only 5s. The man holding a five pound note, which he could lose without injury, would be paid in full; but the owner of a balance or deposit of £500, or £5000, whom the loss would ruin, would only receive one-fourth of his money.

The suppression of small notes will

be worthless in protecting the Banks from run; this was abundantly proved in 1825, by the failure of the London Banks. It will deprive the Banks of a considerable part of their profits, and, in consequence, take away the inducement for rich men to become partners in them; it will thus diminish their solidity. As a measure for preventing high prices and speculation, it is destitute of efficacy. It will deprive the smaller merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, of a large part of their means of doing business; it will do grievous injury to trade and manufactures; but, in its general operation, it will favour speculation and high prices. A manufacturer, by means of additional capital, may do twice the business in one year which he did in a previous one, without raising his prices in the least; and the country, as a whole, may, by additional capital, double its business, and even reduce its prices. Nothing ever contributed more powerfully to bring down the monopoly-prices of capitalists, than bank-notes. The suppression is a most uncalled for and pernicious measure.

Of the Bank of England, as what it has been, we have nothing to say but praise; but we protest against its Branches. We wish it to flourish, as it has flourished, the head, friend, and supporter of the Country Banks; but not their rival, enemy, and destroyer. As to what is said of the formation of some rival National Bank, we hope the country will never see any such establishment. It would be a fearful thing for the community, were many millions of the paper currency issued by an unwieldy Bank, having its funds, stability, and management beyond the inspection and control of Government. Such competition and rivalry amidst Banks can never yield anything but injury to both them and the empire.

We cannot conclude, without offering our thanks to the Country Banker who has favoured us with his friendly and sensible communications. On the point of security he will see he had mistaken us. We are aware of the difficulties in which his brethren were involved when they were sacrificed; but we still think they ought, even without hope, to have vindicated their character, and asserted their rights. John Bull is mightily eccentric, and he is, moreover, vastly unmanageable when the fit is on him; but, nevertheless, he loves from his heart truth, and right, and justice. We did not mean that the competition between the Branch Banks and the Country ones was one of equality. We said it was a competition like that to which the silk manufacturers and ship-owners had been exposed, viz. one that gave advantages to the one side, ruinous to the other. We thought the country bankers acted most indiscreetly in alluding, as a body, to what they called "liberal and enlightened principles of trade." They knew that these principles were matter of controversy, and that the application of them was on the point of being carried from its trifling beginnings, to the vital question of agriculture. It was not for them to travel out of their case, or to give offence to the only men likely to befriend them in Parliament.

What we said was not, however, intended, or calculated, to deprive the country bankers of friends; and, we are pretty sure, they will not suffer from what we have written. They will, we even think, profit from it, if anything we have said cause them, in their future proceedings, to confine themselves strictly to their own question. To men like our respectable and able correspondent, our admonition does not apply. He is a man of the right stamp; and we heartily wish that all his brethren, and not them alone, but all our fellow subjects, were of his opinions. The empire would then soon regain its wealth, prosperity, and happiness.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR. CLASS IX.

Fairies, Brownies, and Witches.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

In this class of my pastoral legends, I must take a date, in some instances, a century earlier than the generality of those of the other classes, and describe a state of manners more primitive and visionary than any I have witnessed, simple and romantic as these have been; and I must likewise relate scenes so far out of the way of usual events, that the sophisticated gloss and polish thrown over the modern philosophic mind, may feel tainted by such antiquated breathings of superstition. Nevertheless, be it mine to cherish the visions that have been, as well as the hope of visions yet in reserve, far in the ocean of eternity, beyond the stars and the sun. For, after all, what is the soul of man without these? What but a cold phlegmatic influence, so inclosed within the walls of modern scepticism, as scarcely to be envied by the spirits of the beasts that perish?

However, as all my legends hitherto have been founded on facts, or are of themselves traditionary tales that seem originally to have been founded on facts, I should never have thought of putting the antiquated and visionary tales of my friends, the Fairies and Brownies, among them, had it not been for the late advice of a highly valued friend, who held it as indispensable, that these most popular of all traditions by the shepherd's ingle-side, should have a place in his Calendar. At all events, I pledge myself to relate nothing that has not been handed down to me by tradition. How these traditions have originated, I leave to the professors of moral philosophy, in their definitions of pneumatology, to determine.

The following incidents are related as having occurred at a shepherd's house, not a hundred miles from St Mary's Loch; but, as the descendants of one of the families still reside in the vicinity, I deem it requisite to use names which cannot be recognised, save by those who have heard the story.

John Allanson, the farmer's son of Inverlawn, was a handsome, roving, and incautious young man, enthusiastic, amorous, and fond of adventure, and one who could hardly be said to fear the face of either man, woman, or spirit. Among other love adventures, he fell a-courting Mary Burnet, of Kirkstyle, a most lovely and innocent maiden, and one who had been bred up in rural simplicity. She loved him, but yet she was afraid of him; and though she had no objection to meeting with him among others as oft as convenient, yet she carefully avoided meeting him alone, though often and earnestly urged to it. One day, the sinful young man, finding an opportunity, at Our Lady's Chapel, after mass, urged his suit for a private meeting so ardently, and with so many vows of love and sacred esteem, that poor Mary was won; at least so far won, as to promise, that *perhaps* she would come and meet him.

The trysting place was a little green sequestered spot, on the very verge of the lake, well known to many an angler, and to none better than the writer of this old tale; and the set time when the King's Elwand (now foolishly termed the Belt of Orion) set his first golden knob above the hill. Allanson came too early; for his heart yearned to clasp his beloved Mary all alone; and he watched the evening autumnal sky with such eagerness and devotion, that he thought every little star that arose in the south-east the top knob of the King's Elwand; but no second one following in the regular time, he began to think the Gowden Elwand was lost for that night, or withheld by some spiteful angel, out of envy at the abundance of his promised enjoyment. The Elwand did at last arise in good earnest, and then the youth, with a heart palpitating with agitation, had nothing for it but to watch the heathery brow by which bonny Mary Burnet was to descend. No Mary Burnet made her appear-

ance, even although the King's Elwand had now measured its own equivocal length five or six times up the lift.

Young Allanson now felt all the most poignant miseries of disappointment; and, as the story goes, uttered in his heart some unhallowed wish, and even repeated it so often, as to give the vagrant spirits of the wild a malicious interest in the event. He wished that some witch or fairy would influence his Mary to come to him in spite of her maidenly scruples and overstrained delicacy. In short, it is deemed that he wished to have her there, by whatever means or agency.

This wish was thrice repeated with all the energy of disappointed love. It was thrice repeated, and no more, when, behold, Mary appeared on the brae, with wild and eccentric motions, speeding to the appointed place. Allanson's enthusiasm, or rather excitement, seems to have been more than he was able to bear, as he instantly became delirious with joy, and always professed that he could remember nothing of their first meeting, save that Mary remained silent, and spoke not a word, neither good nor bad. He had no doubt, he said, that his words and actions both were extravagant; but he had no conception that they could be anything but respectful; yet, for all that, Mary, who had never uttered a word, fell asobbing and weeping, refusing to be comforted. This melting tenderness the youth had not construed aright; for, on offering some further blandishments, the maid uttered a piercing shriek, sprung up, and ran from him with amazing speed.

At this part of the loch, which, as I said, is well known to many, the shore is overhung by a precipitous cliff, of no great height, but still inaccessible, either from above or below. Save in a great drought, the water comes to within a yard of the bottom of this cliff, and the intermediate space is filled with rough unshapely pieces of rock fallen from above. Along this narrow and rude space, hardly passable by the angler at noon, did Mary bound with the swiftness of a kid, although surrounded with darkness. Her lover, pursuing with all his energy, called out, "Mary! Mary! my dear Mary, stop and speak with me. I'll conduct you home, or anywhere you please, but do not run from me. Stop, my dearest Mary—stop!"

Mary would not stop; but ran on, till, coming to a little cliff that jutted into the lake, round which there was no passage, and, perceiving that her lover would there overtake her, she uttered another shriek, and plunged into the lake. The loud sound of her fall into the still lake rung in the young man's ears like the knell of death; and if before he was crazed with love, he was now as much so with despair. He saw her floating lightly away from the shore towards the deepest part of the loch; but, in a short time, she began to sink, and gradually disappeared, without uttering a throb or a cry. A good while previous to this, Allanson had flung off his bonnet, shoes, and coat, and plunged in after the treasure of his soul. He swam to the place where she disappeared; but there was neither boil nor gurgle on the water, nor even a bell of departing breath, to mark the place where his beloved had sunk. Being strangely impressed, at that trying moment, either to live or die with her, he tried to dive, in hopes either to bring her up or to die in her arms; and he thought of their being so found on the shore of the lake with a melancholy satisfaction; but by no effort of his could he reach the bottom, nor knew he what distance he was still from it. With an exhausted frame, and a despairing heart, he was obliged again to seek the shore, and, dripping wet as he was, and half naked, he ran to her father's house with the woful tidings. Everything there was quiet. The old shepherd's family, of whom Mary was the youngest, and sole daughter, were all sunk in quiet repose; and oh how the distracted lover wept at the thoughts of wakening them to hear the doleful tidings! But waken them he must; so, going to the little window close by the goodman's bed, he called, in a melancholy tone, "Andrew! Andrew Burnet, are you waking?"

"Troth, man, I think I be; or, at least, I'm half-an'-half. What hast thou to say to auld Andrew Burnet at this time o' night?"

"Are you waking, I say?"

"Gudewife, am I waking? Because if I be, tell that stravaiger sae. He'll

maybe tak' your word for it, for mine he winna tak'."

"O Andrew, none of your humour to-night;—I bring you tidings the most woful, the most dismal, the most heart-rending, that ever were brought to an honest man's door."

"To his window, you mean," cried Andrew, bolting out of bed, and proceeding to the door. "Gude sauff us, man, come in, whaever you be, an' tell us your tidings face to face; an' then we'll can better judge of the truth of them. If they be in concord wi' your voice, they are melancholy indeed. Have the reavers come, and are our kye driven?"

"Oh, alas! waur than that—a thousand times waur than that! Your daughter—your dear beloved and only daughter, Mary—"

"What of Mary?" cried the gudeman. "What of Mary?" cried her mother, shuddering and groaning with terror; and at the same time she kindled a light.

The sight of their neighbour, half-naked, and dripping with wet, and madness and despair in his looks, sent a chillness to their hearts, that held them in silence, and they were unable to utter a word, till he went on thus—"Mary is gone; your darling and mine is lost, and sleeps this night in a watery grave,—and I have been her destroyer."

"Thou art mad, John Allanson," said the old man, vehemently, "raving mad; at least I hope so. Wicked as thou art, thou hadst not a heart to kill my dear child. O yes, you are mad—God be thanked, you are mad. I see it in your looks and whole demeanour. Heaven be praised, you are mad! You *are* mad, but you'll get better again. But what do I say?" continued he, as recollecting himself, —"We can soon convince our own senses. Wife, lead the way to our daughter's bed."

With a heart throbbing with terror and dismay, old Jean Linton led the way to Mary's chamber, followed by the two men, who were eagerly gazing, one over each of her shoulders. Mary's little apartment was in the farther end of the long narrow cottage; and as soon as they entered it, they perceived a form lying on the bed, with the bed-clothes drawn over its head; and on the lid of Mary's little chest, that stood at the bed-side, her clothes were lying neatly folded, as they wont to be. Hope seemed to dawn on the faces of the two old people when they beheld this, but the lover's heart sunk still deeper in despair. The father called her name, but the form on the bed returned no answer; however, they all heard distinctly the sobs, as of one weeping. The old man then ventured to pull down the clothes from her face; and, strange to say, there indeed lay Mary Burnet, drowned in tears, yet apparently nowise surprised at the ghastly appearance of the three naked figures. Allanson gasped for breath, for he remained still incredulous. He touched her clothes—he lifted her robes one by one,—and all of them were dry, neat, and clean, and had no appearance of having sunk in the lake.

There can be no doubt that Allanson was confounded by the strange event that had befallen him, and felt like one struggling with a frightful vision, or some energy beyond the power of man to comprehend. Nevertheless, the assurance that Mary was there in life, weeping although she was, put him once more beside himself with joy; and he kneeled at her bedside, beseeching but to kiss her hand. She, however, repulsed him with disdain, uttering these words with great emphasis—"You are a bad man, John Allanson, and I entreat you to go out of my sight. The sufferings that I have undergone this night, have been beyond the power of flesh and blood to endure; and by some cursed agency of yours have these sufferings been brought about. I therefore pray you, in His name, whose law you have transgressed, to depart out of my sight."

Wholly overcome by conflicting passions, by circumstances so contrary to one another, and so discordant with everything either in the works of Nature or Providence, the young man could do nothing but stand like a rigid statue, with his hands lifted up, and his visage like that of a corpse, until led away by the two old people from their daughter's apartment. They then lighted up a fire to dry him, and began to question him with the most intense curiosity; but they could elicit nothing from him, but the most disjointed exclamations—such as, "Lord in Heaven, what can be the meaning of this!" And at other

times—"It is all the enchantment of the devil; the evil spirits have got dominion over me!"

Finding they could make nothing of him, they began to form conjectures of their own. Jane affirmed that it had been the Mermaid of the loch that had come to him in Mary's shape, to allure him to his destruction; "and he had muckle reason to be thankful that he had keepit in some bounds o' decency wi' her, else he wad hae been miserable through life, an' a thousand times waur through eternity."

But Andrew Burnet, setting his bonnet to one side, and raising his left hand to a level with that, so that he might have full scope to motion and flourish with it, suiting his action to his words, thus began, with a face of sapience never to be excelled:—

"Gudewife, it doth strike me that thou art very wide of the mark. It must have been a spirit of a great deal higher quality than a meer-maiden, who played this ex-tra-ordinary prank. The meer-maiden is not a spirit, but a beastly sensitive creature, with a malicious spirit within it. Now, what influence could a cauld clatch of a creature like that, wi' a tail like a great saumont-fish, hae ower our bairn, either to make her happy or unhappy? Or where could it borrow her claes, Jean? Tell me that. Na, na, Jean Linton, depend on it, the spirit that courtit wi' poor sinfu' Jock there, has been a fairy; but whether a good ane or an ill ane, it is hard to determine."

How long Andrew's disquisition might have lasted, will never be known, for it was interrupted by the young man falling into a fit of trembling that was fearful to look at, and threatened soon to terminate his existence. Jean ran for the family cordial, observing, by the way, that "though he was a wicked person, he was still a fellow-creature, and might live to repent;" and influenced by this spark of genuine humanity, she made him swallow two horn-spoonfuls of strong aquavitæ, while Andrew brought out his best Sunday shirt, and put it on him in place of his wet one. Then putting a piece of scarlet thread round each wrist, and taking a strong rowan-tree staff in his hand, he conveyed his trembling and astonished guest home, giving him at parting this sage advice:—

"I'll tell you what it is, Jock Allanson,—ye hae run a near risk o' perdition, an' escaping that for the present, o' losing your right reason. But tak' an auld man's advice—never gang again out by night to beguile ony honest man's daughter, lest a worse thing befall thee."

Next morning Mary dressed herself more neatly than usual, but there was manifestly a deep melancholy settled on her lovely face, and at times the unbidden tear would start into her eye. She spoke no word, either good or bad, that ever her mother could recollect, that whole morning; but she once or twice observed her daughter gazing at her, as with an intense and melancholy interest. About nine o'clock in the morning, she took a hay-raik over her shoulder, and went down to a meadow at the east end of the loch, to coil a part of her father's hay, her father and brother engaging to join her about noon, when they came from the sheep-fold. As soon as old Andrew came home, his wife and he, as was natural, instantly began to converse on the events of the preceding night; and in the course of their conversation, Andrew said, "Gudeness be about us, Jean, was not yon an awfu' speech o' our bairn's to young Jock Allanson last night?"

"Ay, it was a downsetter, gudeman, and spoken like a good Christian lass."

"I'm no sae sure o' that, Jean Linton. My good woman, Jean Linton, I'm no sae sure o' that. Yon speech has gi'en me a great deal o' trouble o' heart, for d'ye ken, an take my life,—ay, an take your life, Jean,—nane o' us can tell whether it was in the Almighty's name, or the devil's, that she discharged her lover."

"O fy, Andrew, how can ye say sae? How can ye doubt that it was in the Almighty's name?"

"Couldna she have said sae then, and that wad hae put it beyond a' doubt? An' that wad hae been the natural way too; but instead of that, she says, 'I pray you, in the name of him whose law you have transgressed, to depart out o' my sight.' I confess I'm terrified when I think about yon speech, Jean Linton. Didna she say, too, that 'her sufferings had been beyond what flesh an' blood could have endured?' What was she but flesh

and blood? Didna that remark infer that she was something mair than a mortal creature? Jean Linton, Jean Linton! what will you say, if it should turn out that our daughter *is* drowned, and that yon was the fairy we had in the house a' the night and this morning?"

"O haud your tongue, Andrew Burnet, an' dinna make my heart cauld within me. We hae aye trusted in the Lord yet, an' he has never forsaken us, nor will he yet gie the wicked power ower us or ours."

"Ye say very weel, Jean, an' we mann e'en hope for the best," quoth old Andrew; and away he went, accompanied by his son Alexander, to assist their beloved Mary on the meadow.

No sooner had Andrew set his head over the bents, and come in view of the meadow, than he said to his son, "I wish Jock Allanson maunna hae been east the loch fishing for geds the day, for I think my Mary has made very little progress in the meadow."

"She's ower muckle ta'en up about other things this while, to mind her wark," said Alexander: "I wadna wonder, father, if that lassie gangs a black gate yet."

Andrew uttered a long and a deep sigh, that seemed to ruffle the very fountains of life, and, without speaking another word, walked on to the hay field. It was three hours since Mary had left home, and she ought at least to have put up a dozen coils of hay each hour. But, in place of that, she had put up only seven altogether, and the last was unfinished. Her own hay-raik, that had an M and a B neatly cut on the head of it, was leaning on the unfinished coil, and Mary was wanting. Her brother, thinking she had hid herself from them in sport, ran from one coil to another, calling her many bad names, playfully; but, after he had turned them all up, and several deep swathes besides, she was not to be found. Now, it must be remarked, that this young man, who slept in the byre, knew nothing of the events of the foregoing night, the old people and Allanson having mutually engaged to keep them a profound secret. So that, when old Andrew said, "What in the world can hae come o' the lassie?" his son replied, with a lightsome air, "Off wi' some o' the lads, to be sure, on some daft errand. Od ye ken little about her; she wad rin through fire an' water to be wi' a handsome young lad. I believe, if the deil himself war to come to her in the form of a braw, bonny lad, he might persuade her to do ought ever he likit."

"Whisht, callant, how can ye speak that gate about your only sister? I'm sure, poor lassie, she has never gi'en ane o' us a sair heart in a' her life——till now," added Andrew, after a long pause; and the young man, perceiving his father looking so serious and thoughtful, dropped his raillery, and they began to work at the hay. Andrew could work none; he looked this way and that way, but in no way could he see Mary approaching: so he put on his coat, and went away home, to pour his sorrows into the bosom of his old wife; and in the meantime, he desired his son to run to all the neighbouring farm-houses and cots, every one, and make inquiries if anybody had seen Mary.

When Andrew went home and informed his wife that their darling was missing, the grief and astonishment of the aged couple knew no bounds. They sat down, and wept together, and declared, over and over, that this act of Providence was too strange for them, and too high to be understood. Jean besought her husband to kneel instantly, and pray urgently to God to restore their child to them; but he declined it, on account of the wrong frame of his mind, for he declared, that his rage against John Allanson was so extreme, as to unfit him for approaching the throne of his Maker. "But if the profligate refuses to listen to the entreaties of an injured parent," added he, "he shall feel the weight of an injured father's arm."

Andrew went straight away to Inverlawn, though without the least hope of finding young Allanson at home, for he had no doubt that he had seduced his daughter from her duty; but, on reaching the place, to his still farther amazement, he found the young man lying ill of a burning fever, raving incessantly of witches, spirits, and Mary Burnet. To such a height had his frenzy arrived, that when Andrew went there, it required three men to hold him in the bed. Both his parents testified

their opinions openly, that their son was bewitched, or possessed of a demon, and the whole family was thrown into the greatest consternation. The good old shepherd, finding enough of grief there already, was obliged to confine his to his own bosom, and return disconsolate to his little family circle, in which there was a woful blank that night.

His son returned also from a fruitless search. No one had seen any traces of his sister, but an old crazy woman, at a place called Oxcleuch, said that she had seen her go by in a grand chariot with young Jock Allanson, toward the Birkhill Path, and by that time they were at the Cross of Dumgree. The young man said he asked her what sort of a chariot it was, as there was never such a thing in that country as a chariot, nor yet a road for one. But she replied, that he was widely mistaken, for that a great number of chariots sometimes passed that way, though never any of them returned. These words appearing to be merely the ravings of superannuation, they were not regarded; but when no other traces of Mary could be found, old Andrew went up to consult this crazy dame once more, but he was not able to bring any such thing to her recollection. She spoke only in parables, which to him were incomprehensible.

Bonny Mary Burnet was lost. She left her father's house at nine o'clock on a Wednesday morning, the 17th of September, neatly dressed in a white jerkin and green bonnet, with her hay-raik over her shoulder; and that was the last sight she was doomed ever to see of her native cottage. She seemed to have had some presentiment of this, as appeared from her demeanour that morning before she left it. Mary Burnet of Kirkstyle was lost, and great was the sensation produced over the whole country by the mysterious event. There was a long ballad extant at one period on the melancholy catastrophe, which was supposed to have been composed by the chaplain of St Mary's, but I have only heard tell of it, without ever hearing it sung or recited. Many of the verses concluded thus:—

> "But bonny Mary Burnet
> We will never see again."

The story soon got abroad, with all its horrid circumstances, and there is little doubt that it was grievously exaggerated. The gossips told of a love-tryst by night, at the side of the loch —of the young profligate's rudeness, which was carried to that degree, that she was obliged to throw herself into the lake, and perish, rather than submit to infamy and sin. In short, there was no obloquy that was not thrown on the survivor, who certainly in some degree deserved it, for, instead of growing better, he grew ten times more wicked than he was before.

In one thing the whole country agreed, that it had been the real Mary Burnet who was drowned in the loch, and that the being which was found in her bed, lying weeping and complaining of suffering, and which vanished the next day, had been a fairy, an evil spirit, or a changeling of some sort, for that it never spoke save once, and that in a mysterious manner; nor did it partake of any food with the rest of the family. Her father and mother knew not what to say or what to think, but they wandered through this weary world like people wandering in a dream.

Everything that belonged to Mary Burnet was kept by her parents as the most sacred relics, and many a tear did her aged mother shed over them. Every article of her dress brought the once comely wearer to mind. The handsome shoes that her feet had shaped, and even the very head of her hay-raik, with an M and B cut upon it, were laid carefully by in the little chest that had once been hers, and served as dear memorials of one that was now no more. Andrew often said, "That to have lost the darling child of their old age in any way would have been a great trial, but to lose her in the way that they had done, was really mair than human frailty could endure."

Many a weary day did he walk by the shores of the loch, looking eagerly for some vestige of her garments, and though he trembled at every appearance, yet did he continue to search on. He had a number of small bones collected, that had belonged to lambs and other minor animals, and, haply, some of them to fishes, from a fond supposition that they might once have formed joints of her toes or fingers.

These he kept concealed in a little bag, in order, as he said, "to let the doctors see them." But no relic, besides these, could he ever discover of his Mary's body.

Young Allanson recovered from his raging fever scarcely in the manner of other men, for he recovered all at once, after a few days' raving and madness. Mary Burnet, it appeared, was by him no more remembered. He grew ten times more wicked than before, and hesitated at no means of accomplishing his unhallowed purposes. His passion for women grew into a mania, that blinded the eyes of his understanding, and hindered him from perceiving the path of moral propriety, or even that of common decency. This total depravity the devout shepherds and cottagers around him regarded as an earthly and eternal curse fixed on him; a mark like that which God put upon Cain, that whosoever knew him might shun him. They detested him, and, both in their families and in the wild, when there was no ear to hear but that of Heaven, they prayed protection from his devices, as if he had been the wicked one; and they all prophesied that he would make a bad end.

One fine day, about the middle of October, when the days begin to get very short, and the nights long and dark, on a Friday morning, the next year but one after Mary Burnet was lost, a memorable day in the fairy annals, John Allanson, younger of Inverlawn, went to a great hiring fair at a village called Moffat in Annandale, in order to hire a housemaid. His character was so notorious, that not one pretty maiden in the district would serve in his father's house; so away he went to the fair at Moffat, to hire the prettiest and loveliest girl he could there find, with the generous intention of seducing her as soon as she came home. This was no suppositious accusation, for he acknowledged his plan to Mr David Welch of Cariferan, who rode down to the market with him, and seemed to boast of it, and dwell on it, with delight. But the maidens of Annandale had a guardian angel in the fair that day, of which neither he nor they were aware.

Allanson looked through the hiring market, and through the hiring market, and at length fixed on one, which indeed was not difficult to do, for there was no such form there for elegance and beauty. She had all the appearance of a lady, but she had the badge of servitude in her bosom, a little rose of Paradise, without the leaves, so that Allanson knew she was to hire. He urged her for some time, with emotions of the wildest delight, and at length meeting with his young companion, Mr David Welch, he pointed her out to him, and asked how she would suit.

Mr Welch answered, that he was in great luck indeed, if he acquired such a mistress as that. "*If?*" said he,—"I think you need hardly have put an *if* to it. Stop there for a small space, and I will let you see me engage her in five minutes." Mr Welch stood still and eyed him. He took the beauty aside. She was clothed in green, and as lovely as a new blown rose.

"Are you to hire, pretty maiden?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you hire with me?"

"I care not though I do. But if I hire with you, it must be for the long term."

"Certainly. The longer the better. What are your wages to be?"

"You know, if I hire, I must be paid in kind. I must have the first living creature that I see about Inverlawn to myself."

"I wish it may be me, then. But what the devil do you know about Inverlawn?"

"I think I *should* know about it."

"Bless me! I know the face as well as I know my own, and better. But the name has somehow escaped me. Pray, may I ask your name?"

"Hush! hush!" said she solemnly, and holding up her hand at the same time; "Hush, hush, you had better say nothing about that here."

"I am in utter amazement!" exclaimed he. "What is the meaning of this? I conjure you to tell me your name?"

"It is Mary Burnet," said she, in a soft whisper; and at the same time she let down a green veil over her face.

If Allanson's death-warrant had been announced to him at that moment, it could not have deprived him so completely of sense and motion. His visage changed into that of a corpse, his jaws fell down, and his eyes became glazed, so as apparently to throw no reflection inwardly. Mr

Welch, who had kept his eye steadily on them all the while, perceived his comrade's dilemma, and went up to him. "Allanson?—Mr Allanson? What the deuce is the matter with you, man?" said he. "Why, the girl has bewitched you, and turned you into a statue!"

Allanson made some sound with his voice, as if attempting to speak, but his tongue refused its office, and he only jabbered. Mr Welch, conceiving that he was seized with some fit, or about to faint, supported him into the Johnston Arms, and got him something to drink; but he either could not, or would not, grant him any explanation. Welch being, however, resolved to see the maiden in green once more, persuaded Allanson, after causing him to drink a good deal, to go out into the hiring-market again, in search of her. They ranged the market through and through, but the maiden in green was gone, and not to be found. She had vanished in the crowd the moment she divulged her name, and even though Welch had his eye fixed on her, he could not discover which way she went. Allanson appeared to be in a kind of stupor as well as terror, but when he found that she had left the market, he screwed his courage to the sticking place once more, and resolving to have a winsome housemaid from Annandale, he began again to look out for the top of the market.

He soon found one more beautiful than the last. She was like a sylph, clothed in robes of pure snowy white, with green ribbons. Again he pointed this new flower out to Mr David Welch, who declared that such a perfect model of beauty he had never in his life seen. Allanson, being resolved to have this one at any wages, took her aside, and put the usual question.

"Do you wish to hire, pretty maiden?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you hire with me?"

"I care not though I do."

"What, then, are your wages to be? Come—say? And be reasonable; I am determined not to part with you for a trifle."

"My wages must be in kind; I work on no other conditions. Pray, how are all the good people about Inverlawn?"

Allanson's breath began to cut, and a chillness to creep through his whole frame, and he answered, with a faltering tongue,—

"I thank you,—much in their ordinary way."

"And your aged neighbours," rejoined she, "are they still alive and well?"

"I—I—I think they are," said he, panting for breath. "But curse me, if I know who I am indebted to for these kind recollections."

"What," said she, "have you so soon forgot Mary Burnet of Kirkstyle?"

Allanson started as if a bullet had gone through his heart. The lovely sylph-like form glided into the crowd, and left the astounded libertine once more standing like a rigid statue, until aroused by his friend, Mr Welch. He tried a third fair one, and got the same answers, and the same name given. Indeed, the first time ever I heard the tale, it bore that he tried *seven*, who all turned out to be Mary Burnets of Kirkstyle; but I think it unlikely that he would try so many, as he must long ere that time have been sensible that he laboured under some power of enchantment. However, when nothing else would do, he helped himself to a good proportion of strong drink. While he was thus engaged, a phenomenon of beauty and grandeur came into the fair, that caught the sole attention of all present. This was a lovely dame, riding in a gilded chariot, with two liverymen before, and two behind, clothed in green and gold; and never sure was there so splendid a meteor seen in a Moffat fair. The word instantly circulated in the market, that this was the Lady Elizabeth Douglas, eldest daughter to the Earl of Morton, who then sojourned at Auchincastle, in the vicinity of Moffat, and which lady at that time was celebrated as a great beauty all over Scotland. She was afterwards Lady Keith; and the mention of this name in the tale, as it were by mere accident, fixes the era of it in the reign of James the Fourth, at the very time that fairies, brownies, and witches, were at the rifest in Scotland.

Every one in the market believed the lady to be the daughter of the Earl of Morton, and when she came to the Johnston Arms, a gentleman in green came out barcheaded, and re-

ceived her out of the carriage. All the crowd gazed at such unparalleled beauty and grandeur, but none was half so much overcome as Allanson. His heart, being a mere general slave to female charms, was smitten in proportion as this fair dame excelled all others he had ever seen. He had never conceived aught half so lovely either in earth, or heaven, or fairyland, and his heart, at first sight, burned with an inextinguishable flame of love towards her. But alas, there is reason to fear there was no spark of that refined and virtuous love in him, which is the delight of earth and heaven. It might be more fervent and insufferable, but it wanted the sweet serenity and placid delights of the former. His was not a ray from the paradise above, but a burning spark from the regions below. From thence it arose, and in all its wanderings, thitherward it pointed again.

While he stood in this burning fever of love and admiration, his bosom panting, and his eyes suffused with tears, think of his astonishment, and the astonishment of the countless crowd that looked on, when this brilliant and matchless beauty beckoned him towards her! He could not believe his senses, but looked hither and thither to see how others regarded the affair; but she beckoned him a second time, with such a winning courtesy and smile, that immediately he pulled off his beaver cap and hasted up to her; and without more ado she gave him her arm, and the two walked into the hostel.

Allanson conceived that he was thus distinguished by Lady Elizabeth Douglas, the flower of the land, and so did all the people of the market; and greatly they wondered who the young farmer could be that was thus particularly favoured; for it ought to have been mentioned that he had not one personal acquaintance in the fair save Mr David Welch of Cariferan. But no sooner had she got him into a private room, than she began to inquire kindly of his health and recovery from the severe malady by which he was visited. Allanson thanked her ladyship with all the courtesy he was master of; and being by this time persuaded that she was in love with him, he became as light as if treading on the air. She next inquired after his father and mother. "Oho!" thinks he to himself, "poor creature, she is terribly in for it! but her love *shall not* be thrown away upon a backward or ungrateful object."

He answered her with great politeness, and at length began to talk of her noble father and young Lord William, but she cut him short by asking if he did not recognise her.

"Oh, yes! He knew who her ladyship was, and remembered that he had seen her comely face often before, although he could not recall to his memory the precise time or places of their meeting."

She asked him for his old neighbours of Kirkstyle, and if they were still in life and health!!

Allanson felt as if his heart were a piece of ice. A chillness spread over his whole frame; he sank back on a seat, and remained motionless; but the beautiful and adorable creature soothed him with kind words, and even with blandishments, till he again gathered courage to speak.

"What!" said he; "and has it been your own lovely self who has been playing tricks on me this whole day?"

"A first love is not easily extinguished, Mr Allanson," said she. "You may guess, from my appearance, that I have been fortunate in life; but, for all that, my first love for you has continued the same, unaltered and unchanged, and you must forgive the little freedoms I used to-day to try your affections, and the effects my appearance would have on you."

"It argues something for my good taste, however, that I never pitched on any face for beauty to-day but your own," said he. "But now that we have met once more, we shall not so easily part again. I will devote the rest of my life to you, only let me know the place of your abode."

"It is hard by," said she, "only a very little space from this; and happy, happy, would I be to see you there to-night, were it proper or convenient. But my lord is at present from home, and in a distant country."

"I should not conceive that any particular hinderance to my visit," said he; "for, in truth, I account it one of the most fortunate events that has happened to me; and visit you I will, and visit you I shall, this night, —that you may depend upon."

"But I hope, Mr Allanson, you

are not of the same rakish disposition that you were on our first acquaintance? for, if you are, I could not see your face under my roof on any account."

"Why, the truth is, madam, that the country people reckon me a hundred degrees worse; but I know myself to be, in fact, many thousand degrees better. However, let it suffice, that I have no scruples in visiting my old sweetheart in the absence of her lord, nor are they increased by his great distance from home."

With great apparent reluctance she at length consented to admit of his visit, and offered to leave one of her gentlemen, whom she could trust, to be his conductor; but this he positively refused. It was his desire, he said, that no eye of man should see him enter or leave her happy dwelling. She said he was a self-willed man, but should have his own way; and after giving him such directions as would infallibly lead him to her mansion, she mounted her chariot and was driven away.

Allanson was uplifted above every sublunary concern. Sinful as the adventure was, he gloried in it, for such adventures were his supreme delight. Seeking out his friend, David Welch, he imparted to him his extraordinary good fortune, but he did not tell him that she was not the Lady Elizabeth Douglas. Welch insisted on accompanying him, but this he would in nowise admit; the other, however, set him on the way, and refused to turn back till he came to the very point of the road next to the lady's splendid mansion; and in spite of all that Allanson could say, Welch remained there till he saw his comrade enter the court-gate, which glowed with lights as innumerable as the stars of the firmament.

"Ah, what a bad girl that Lady Elizabeth Douglas must be for all her beauty," said Mr Welch to himself. "But, oh! that I had had that wild fellow's fortune to-night!" David Welch did not think so before that day eight days. Let no man run on in evil, and expect that good will spring out of it.

Allanson had promised to his father and mother to be home on the morning after the fair to breakfast. He came not either that day or the next; and the third day the old man mounted his white pony, and rode away towards Moffat in search of his son. He called at Cariferan on his way, and made inquiries at Mr Welch. The latter manifested some astonishment that the young man had not returned; nevertheless he assured his father of his safety, and desired him to return home; and then with reluctance confessed that the young man was engaged in an amour with the Earl of Morton's beautiful daughter; that he had gone to the castle by appointment, and that he, David Welch, had accompanied him to the gate, and seen him enter, and it was apparent that his reception had been a kind one, since he had tarried so long.

The old man lifted off his bonnet with the one hand, and with the other wiped a tear from his eye, saying, at the same time, "Then I'll never see him alive again! For several years I have foreseen that women would infallibly be the end of him; and now that he is gone upon his wild adventures in the family of the proud Earl Douglas of Morton, how is it likely that he shall ever escape the fate that in reality he deserves? How inscrutable are the divine decrees! My son was born to the doom that has overtaken him. On the night that he was born, there was a weeping and wailing of women all around our house, and even in the bed where his mother was confined; and as it was a brownie that brought the midwife, no one ever knew who she was, or whence she came. His life has been one of mystery, and his end will be the same."

Mr Welch, seeing the old man's distress, was persuaded to accompany him on his journey, as the last who had seen his son and seen him enter the castle. On reaching Moffat they found his steed standing at the hostel, whither it had returned in the night of the fair before the company broke up; but the owner had not been heard of since seen in company with Lady Elizabeth Douglas. The old man set out for Auchincastle, taking Mr David Welch along with him; but long ere they reached the place, Mr Welch assured him he would not find his son there, as it was nearly in a different direction that they rode, by appointment, on the evening of the fair. However, to the castle they went, and

were admitted to the Earl, who laughed heartily at the old man's tale, and seemed to consider him in a state of derangement. He sent for his daughter Elizabeth, and questioned her concerning her meeting with the son of the old respectable countryman—of her appointment with him on the night of the preceding Friday, and concluded by saying he hoped she had him still in some safe concealment about the castle.

The lady, hearing her father talk thus flippantly, and seeing the serious and dejected looks of the old man towards her, knew not what to say, and asked an explanation. But Mr Welch put a stop to it by declaring to old Allanson that the Lady Elizabeth was not the lady with whom his son made the appointment, for he had seen her, had considered her lineaments very minutely, and would engage to know her again among ten thousand; nor was that the castle to which he had conducted his son, nor anything like it. "But go with me," continued he, "and though I am a stranger in this district, I think I can take you to the very place."

Away they went again; and Mr Welch traced the road from Moffat, by which young Allanson and he had gone to the appointed place, until, after travelling several miles, they came to a place where a road struck off to the right at an angle. "Now I know we are right," said Welch; "for here we stopped, and your son intreated me to return, which I refused, and accompanied him to yon large tree, and a little way beyond it, from whence I saw him received in at the splendid gate. We shall now be in sight of the mansion in three minutes."

They passed on to the tree, and a space beyond it; but then Mr Welch lost the use of his speech, as he perceived that there was neither palace nor gate there, but a tremendous gulf, fifty fathoms deep, and a dark stream foaming and boiling below.

"How is this?" said old Allanson. "There is neither mansion nor habitation of man here!"

Welch's tongue for a long space refused its office, and there he stood like a statue, gazing on the altered and awful scene. "He only who made the spirits of men," said he, at last, "and all the spirits that sojourn in the earth and air, can tell how this is. We are wandering in a world of enchantment, and have been influenced by some agencies above human nature, or without its pale; for here of a certainty did I take leave of your son—and there, in that direction, and apparently either on the verge of that gulf, or the space above it, did I see him received in at the court-gate of a mansion, splendid beyond all conception. How can human comprehension make anything of this?"

They went forward to the verge, Mr Welch leading the way to the very spot on which he saw the gate opened, and there they found marks where a horse had been plunging. Its feet had been over the brink, but it seemed to have recovered itself, and deep, deep down, and far within, lay the mangled corpse of John Allanson; and in this manner, mysterious beyond all example, terminated the career of that wicked and flagitious young man. What a beautiful moral may be extracted from this fairy tale!

But among all these turnings and windings, there is no account given, you will say, of the fate of Mary Burnet; for this last appearance of hers at Moffat seems to have been altogether a phantom or illusion. Gentle and kind reader, I can give you no account of the fate of that maiden; for though the ancient fairy tale proceeds, it seems to me to involve her fate in ten times more mystery than what is previously related, for, if she was not a changeling, or the Queen of the Fairies herself, I can make nothing of her.

The yearly return of the day on which Mary was lost, was observed as a day of mourning by her aged and disconsolate parents,—a day of sorrow, of fasting, and humiliation. Seven years came and passed away, and the seventh returning day of fasting and prayer was at hand. On the evening previous to it, old Andrew was moving along the sands of the loch, still looking for some relic of his beloved Mary, when he was aware of a little shrivelled old man, who came posting towards him. The creature was not above five spans in height, and had a face scarcely like that of a human creature; but he was, nevertheless, civil in his deportment, and sensible in speech. He bade Andrew a good evening, and asked him what he was looking for. Andrew an-

swered, that he was looking for that which he would never find.

"Pray, what is your name, ancient shepherd?" said the stranger; "for methinks I should know something of you, and perhaps have a commission to you."

"Alas! why should you ask after my name?" said Andrew. "My name is now nothing to any one."

"Had not you once a beautiful daughter, named Mary?" said the stranger.

"It is a heart-rending question, man," said Andrew; "but certes, I had once a beloved daughter named Mary."

"What became of her?" said the stranger.

Andrew shook his head, turned round, and began to move away; it was a theme that his heart could not brook. He sauntered along the loch sands, his dim eye scanning every white pebble as he passed along. There was a hopelessness apparent in his stooping form, his gait, his eye, his features,—in every step that he took there was a hopeless apathy. The dwarf followed him along, and began to expostulate with him. "Old man, I see you are pining under some real or fancied affliction," said he. "But in continuing to do so, you are neither acting according to the dictates of reason nor true religion. What is man that he should fret, or the son of man that he should repine, under the chastening hand of his Maker?"

"I am far frae justifying mysell," returned Andrew, surveying his shrivelled monitor with some degree of astonishment. "But there are some feelings that neither reason nor religion can o'ermaster; and there are some that a parent may cherish without sin."

"I deny the position," said the stranger, "taken either absolutely or in relative degree. All repining under the Supreme decree is leavened with unrighteousness. But, subtleties aside I ask you, as I did before, What became of your daughter?"

"Ask the Father of her spirit, and the framer of her body," said Andrew, solemnly; "ask Him into whose hands I committed her from childhood. He alone knows what became of her, but *I do not*."

"How long is it since you lost her?"

"It is seven years to-morrow."

"Ay! you remember the time well. And are you mourning for her all this while?"

"Yes; and I will go down to the grave mourning for my only daughter, the child of my age, and of all my affection. O, thou unearthly-looking monitor, knowest thou aught of my darling child? for if thou dost, thou wilt know, that she was not like other women. There was a simplicity, a purity, and a sublimity about my lovely Mary, that was hardly consistent with our frail nature."

"Wouldst thou like to see her again?" said the dwarf, snappishly.

Andrew turned round his whole frame, shaking as with a palsy, and gazed on the audacious shrimp. "See her again, creature!" cried he vehemently—"Would I like to see her again, say'st thou?"

"I said so," said the dwarf, "and I say farther, Dost thou know this token? Look and see if thou dost."

Andrew took the token, and looked at it, then at the shrivelled stranger, and then at the token again; and at length he burst into tears, and wept aloud; but they were tears of joy, and his weeping seemed to have some breathings of laughter intermingled in it. And still as he kissed and kissed the token, he brayed out in broken and convulsive sentences,—"Yes, auld body, I *do* know it!—I *do* know it!—I *do* know it! It is indeed the same golden Edward, with three holes in it, with which I presented my Mary on her birth day, in her eighteenth year, to buy her a new suit for the holidays. But when she took it, she said—ay, I mind weel what my bonny woman said,—'It is sae bonny and sae kenspeckle,' said she, 'that I think I'll keep it for the sake of the giver.' O, dear, dear! and blessed little creature, tell me how she is, and where she is? Is she living, or is she dead? Is she in earth or in heaven? for I ken weel she is in ane of them."

"She is living, and in good health," said the dwarf; "and better, and brawer, and happier, and lovelier than ever; and if you make haste, you will see her and her family at Moffat to-

morrow afternoon. They are to pass there on a journey, but it is an express one, and I am sent to you with that token, to inform you of the circumstance, that you may have it in your power to see and embrace your beloved daughter once before you die."

"And am I to meet my Mary at Moffat? Come away, little, dear, welcome body, thou blessed of heaven, come away, and taste of an auld shepherd's best cheer, and I'll gang foot for foot with you to Moffat, and my auld wife shall gang foot for foot with us too. I tell you, little, blessed, and welcome crile, come along with me."

"I may not tarry to enter your house, or taste of your cheer, good shepherd," said the being. "May plenty still be within your walls, and a thankful heart to enjoy it. But my directions are neither to taste meat nor drink in this country, but to haste back to her that sent me. Go—haste, and make ready, for you have no time to lose."

"At what time will she be there?" cried Andrew, flinging the plaid from him, to run home with the tidings.

"Precisely when the shadow of the Holy Cross falls due east," cried the dwarf; and turning round, he hasted on his way.

When old Jean Linton saw her husband coming hobbling and running home without his plaid, and having his doublet flying wide open, she had no doubt that he had lost his wits; and, full of anxiety, she met him at the side of the kail-yard. "Gudeness preserve us a' in our right senses, Andrew Burnet, what's the matter wi' you?"

"Stand out o' my gate, wife, for, d'ye see, I'm rather in a haste."

"I see that, indeed, gudeman; but stand still, an' tell me what has putten you *in* sic a haste. Ir ye drunken or ir ye dementit?"

"Na, na; but I'm gaun awa till Moffat."

"O, gudeness pity the poor auld body! How can ye gang to Moffat, man? Or what have ye to do at Moffat? Dinna ye mind that the morn is the day o' our solemnity?"

"Haud out o' my gate, auld wife, an' dinna speak o' solemnities to me. I'll keep it at Moffat the morn.—Ay, gudewife, an' ye shall keep it at Moffat, too. What d'ye think o' that, woman? Too-whoo, ye dinna ken the mettle that's in an auld body till it be tried."

"Andrew—Andrew Burnet!"

"Get away wi' your frightened looks, woman; an' haste ye, gang an' fling me out my Sabbath-day claes. An', Jean Linton, my woman, d'ye hear, gang an' pit on your bridal gown, and your silk hood, for ye maun be at Moffat the morn too; an' it is mair nor time we were away. Dinna look sae bumbazed, woman, till I tell ye, that our ain Mary is to meet us at Moffat the morn."

"O, Andrew! dinna sport wi' the last feelings of an auld forsaken heart."

"Gude forbid, my auld wife, that I ever sported wi' feeling o' yours," cried Andrew, clasping her in his arms, and bursting into tears; "they are a' as sacred to me as breathings frae the Throne o' Grace. But it is true that I tell ye; our dear bairn is to meet us at Moffat the morn, wi' a son in every hand; an' we maun e'en gang an' see her aince again, an' kiss her an' bless her afore we dee."

The tears now rushed from the old woman's eyes like fountains, and dropped from her sorrow-worn cheeks to the earth, and then, as with a spontaneous movement, she threw her skirt over her head, kneeled down at her husband's feet, and poured out her soul in thanksgiving to her Maker. She then rose up quite deprived of her senses through joy, and ran crouching away on the road towards Moffat, as if hasting beyond her power to be at it. But Andrew brought her back; and they prepared themselves for their journey.

Kirkstyle being twenty miles from Moffat, they set out on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 16th of September; slept that night at a place called Turnberry Sheil, and were in Moffat next day by noon. Wearisome was the remainder of the day to that aged couple; they wandered about conjecturing by what road their daughter would come, and how she would come attended. "I have made up my mind on baith these matters," said Andrew; "at first I thought it was likely that she would come out o' the east, because a' our blessings come frae that airt; but finding now that that would be o'er

near to the very road we hae come oursells, I now take it for granted she'll come frae the south; an' I just think I see her leading a bonny boy in every hand, an' a servant lass carrying a bit bundle ahint her."

The two now walked out on all the southern roads, in hopes to meet their Mary, but always returned to watch the shadow of the Holy Cross; and, by the time it fell due east, they could do nothing but stand in the middle of the street, and look round them in all directions. At length, about half a mile out on the Dumfries road, they perceived a poor beggar woman approaching with two children following close to her, and another beggar a good way behind. Their eyes were instantly riveted on these objects; for Andrew thought he perceived his friend the dwarf in the one that was behind; and now all other earthly objects were to them nothing, save these approaching beggars. At that moment a gilded chariot entered the village from the south, and drove by them at full speed, having two livery men before, and two behind, clothed in green and gold. "Ach-wow! the vanity of worldly grandeur!" said Andrew, as the splendid vehicle went thundering by; but neither he nor his wife deigned to look at it farther, their whole attention being fixed on the group of beggars. "Ay, it is just my woman," said Andrew, "it is just hersell; I ken her gang yet, sair pressed down wi' poortith although she be. But I dinna care how poor she be, for baith her an' hers sall be welcome to my fireside as lang as I hae ane."

While their eyes were thus strained, and their hearts melting with tenderness and pity, Andrew felt something embracing his knees, and, on looking down, there was his Mary, blooming in splendour and beauty, kneeling at his feet. Andrew uttered a loud hysterical scream of joy, and clasped her to his bosom; and old Jean Linton stood trembling, with her arms spread, but durst not close them on so splendid a creature, till her daughter first enfolded her in a fond embrace, and then she hung upon her and wept. It was a wonderful event—a restoration without a parallel. They indeed beheld their Mary, their long-lost darling; they held her in their embraces, believed in her identity, and were satisfied. Satisfied, did I say? They were happy beyond the lot of mortals. She had just alighted from her chariot; and, perceiving her aged parents standing together, she ran and kneeled at their feet. They now retired into the hostel, where Mary presented her two sons to her father and mother. They spent the evening in every social endearment; and Mary loaded the good old couple with rich presents, watched over them till midnight, when they both fell into a deep and happy sleep, and then she remounted her chariot, and was driven away. If she was any more seen in Scotland, I never heard of it; but her parents rejoiced in the thoughts of her happiness till the day of their death.

Mount Benger, Jan 10, 1828.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

Chap. XIV.

ANDREW CLEAVES.

The Sabbath-day passed on as usual; its wonted calm, unbroken even by Josiah's eager anticipation of the morrow—for so early and so severely had Andrew inculcated the duty of a grave and solemn demeanour on the Lord's day, that the child had learnt to imitate his father's serious and mortified aspect, and his joyous laugh was rarely heard ringing through the house during those twelve long tedious hours; and, contrary to his usual vivacious habits, he was always anxious to go to bed very early on the Sabbath evening, and he had already been some hours in a sweet and profound sleep, when his father came to bed on that last night preceding the important Monday.

If ever prayers were breathed from the heart, such were those of Andrew Cleaves, when, by the pale light of a cloudless moon, he knelt down at that solemn hour, beside the pillow of his sleeping child, who "looked like an angel as he slept," the tender moonbeams playing like a glory round those young innocent temples. Yes, if ever prayer came direct from the heart, such was that of Andrew Cleaves at that solemn hour; yet never before were his whispered aspirations so broken, so faintly murmured, so devoid of all the graces of speech and metaphor. Over and over again his lips murmured —"Bless my child — bless him, oh Lord!" and then the words died away, and the heart only spoke, for its eloquence was unutterable; yet he continued near an hour in that holy communion; and when at length he rose up from his knees, and bending over his child, bowed his head to imprint the accustomed kiss, large drops rolled down his rugged features, and fell on the soft glowing cheek of the little sleeper.

Andrew Cleaves laid himself down to rest that night, with such thoughts as might, "if heaven had willed it," have matured even then to fruits of blessedness. But his time was not come. The rock was stricken, but as yet the waters gushed not freely out.

Daylight brought with it other thoughts, and more worldly feelings; and Andrew Cleaves rose up himself again, stout of heart and firm of purpose, remembering that he was to appear among men; and scorning to betray, before his fellow creatures, any symptom of that tender weakness, which he felt half humiliated at having yielded to in the sight of his Creator.

He roused the boy up hastily and cheerily, and hurried old Jenny in her breakfast preparations, and in completing the packing up of Josiah's box, and equipping him for his departure, and the new scene he was about to enter on, in a suit of bran new clothes, made, however, after the precise fashion of his first manly habiliments;—and Andrew himself was less methodical and deliberate than usual in his own proceedings, finding something to do, or to seek for, which hurried him hither and thither, with a bustling restlessness very unlike his general clock-work movements.

He sat scarce five minutes at his breakfast, and had not consumed half his morning's portion of oatmeal porridge, when he started off to draw out the cart, and harness old Dobbin;—and the box was locked and brought out—and the boy rigged at all points, like a little hog in armour—and the horse and cart at the door—and all ready, though Andrew professed he had believed it later than it really was, by a full hour, and the sooner they were off the better—so cutting short, with peevish impatience, the blubbering adieu of poor Jenny—just as Josiah was beginning to sob out in concert—and saying "Up wi' ye, my man," he jerked him suddenly into the cart, and mounting himself, drove off at a rate that caused old Jenny to exclaim, "Lord save us, for certain master's bewitched!"—and greatly inconvenienced Dobbin, whose usual paces were every whit as sedate and deliberate as her master's.

It is not to be inferred, however, that he continued to urge on the venerable beast to those unnatural exertions throughout the whole five miles. Andrew was so far a humane man, that

he was "merciful to his beast," and once out of sight of home, permitted her to fall into her old jog-trot, taking the opportunity, after clearing his throat with sundry hums and ha's, to hold forth very lengthily to his young companion, on the new course of life he was about to enter on—the new duties he would have to fulfil—the zeal for learning—aptness, diligence, and perseverance, that would be expected from him—the care he was to take of his clothes, and his new Bible and Prayer-book, and the caution with which it would behove him to select intimates among his schoolfellows, many of whom might be wild, riotous chaps, given to such wicked ways as Andrew trembled to think of.

The boy had listened to this edifying exhortation—which had held on through four interminable miles, for Andrew was always soothed and inspired by the sound of his own droning preachments—just as he had been wont to listen to the Rev. Mr Leadbeater's hydra-headed sermons—in silence indeed, but with most disconsolate yawnings and twitchings, and indescribable fidgetings—but when his father came to the *head* of *Schoolfellows*, his attention was instantly excited, and suddenly brightening up, and skipping over the prohibitory clauses of the discourse, he broke in on it with an inquiry of—whether the boys were like to be good hands at hoops and marbles?

An interruption so ill-timed and incongruous, would have drawn down a sharp rebuke on the heedless offender, but just as it was breaking from Andrew's lips, a sudden turn of the road brought them to the top of the last hill overlooking the town of C——, which now opened at a short distance in full view of the travellers.

There—the father remembered he was to leave his boy—so the severe words died away upon his lips,—and the child looked, for the first time in his life, on the wonderful labyrinth of houses, churches, markets, and manufactories, that constitute a considerable county-town; and his amazement and delight broke forth with inexpressible vehemence.—"Ay,—it's all very fine, my man!" said the father, shaking his head—"A fine thing to look at, yon great city; and ye've seen nothing like it afore, poor innocent lamb; but God keep ye from the evil ways that are in it, and from the tents of the ungodly!" So groaned Andrew; but nevertheless he drove on with his precious charge towards the tents of ungodliness, for he had worldly and ambitious views for the boy, and they were not to be forwarded in the desert.

The road wound quite round the brow of the hill in a somewhat retrograde direction, so as to alter the otherwise precipitous descent, into one more gradual and easy. On one side arose a wall of chalky cliff—on the other a steep slope of slippery down—so Andrew guided old Dobbin slowly and carefully round the promontory's brow; and on doubling the point, an unexpected and unwelcome sight saluted him. Just beneath, on a sort of green platform half way down the declivity, had stood from times beyond the memory of man, an awful fixture, from which the eminence derived its designation of "Gallows-Hill." Round that fatal tree, and quite down the remaining descent, and ranged, ledge above ledge, up the chalky summit, the whole population of C—— seemed now assembled; yet such was the stillness of the vast multitude, that no sound, indicative of the scene they were approaching, had reached the ears of Andrew or his son, till they came in full sight of it. Andrew Cleaves instinctively tightened his rein and halted abruptly, and the boy jumped up and caught hold of his father's arm, but uttered not a word, as he looked down breathlessly on the condensed living mass. At last he drew a long deep inspiration, and looked round in his father's face, the seriousness of which had darkened into unusual severity. Rather in answer to his own momentary surprise, than in reply to the boy's inquiring looks—Andrew uttered, in his deepest, lowest tone—"Ay, I see how it is—'Sizes are over, and there's an execution going forward.—So perish the guilty from the land!"

Andrew Cleaves would have been a sturdy champion for that faith, in the strength of which the valiant Bishop Don Hieronymo urged on the slaughter of the Infidels, with the shout of —"Smite them, for the love of God!" And under the Jewish dispensation, he would never have spared Agag, whatever he might have done by "the best of the sheep and oxen." So now

twice over—yea, three several times, he fervently ejaculated—" So perish the guilty from the land!" concluding the third repetition with a sonorous " Amen!" which was softly re-echoed by the tremulous voice of the unconscious child, who, having been accustomed at home and at church always to repeat the word after the clerk or his father, now chimed in mechanically with the pious aspiration. " Amen!" quoth Andrew, and whipt on Dobbin, though rather perplexed at having to make his way through the close-wedged multitude. Andrew Cleaves, though a severe, was not a cruel man: Though a zealous advocate for the extreme rigour of the law, he took no delight in witnessing the actual execution of its dread sentence; neither did he desire that his innocent companion should thus prematurely behold a sight so awful. Therefore he pushed on as fast as possible, hoping to get clear of the crowd before the arrival of the Sheriff and the mournful cavalcade, which was slowly approaching. As they passed close to the foot of the gibbet, Josiah, glancing upwards at the fatal tree, shrunk close to his father, as if he would have grown into his very side; and now their onward progress became more difficult—almost impossible. The fatal cart was close at hand, and the curious people thronged about it to catch a passing view of the condemned. It was in vain that Andrew urged on the old mare with voice and lash: she could not force a passage through the living wall, so he was fain to take patience and draw up to the side of the road, till the sad pageant had passed by. The crowd which had arrested his progress, impeded also the advance of the cart with its wretched burden; and during the time of its tedious approach, Andrew gathered from some of the bystanders, that the criminal, who was that day to meet an ignominious and untimely fate, was a mere youth, having barely attained his 20th year; that he had been a boy of fair promise, till seduced by bad company, and evil example, into irregular ways, and lawless practices; which, proceeding from bad to worse, had at last involved him in the crime for which he was about to suffer, and which would surely bring down to the grave with sorrow the grey hairs of his unhappy parents, whose only child he was.

" Maybe they'll have to blame themselves for the ill deeds of their offspring. Maybe they'll have fallen short in setting him a good example, and in bringing him up in the fear of the Lord, and the renunciation of sin and Satan," sententiously observed Andrew, firmly compressing his lips, and contracting his dark brows into their sternest and most awful expression.

" You're quite wrong there, master," indignantly retorted a woman, who was squeezed up close to the side of the cart, and whose hard-favoured countenance exhibited an expression little less saturnine than Andrew's; and, to use the vulgar phrase, far more " *evil.*"—" You're quite wrong there, any way. Better Christians and honester folk never broke bread than that poor lad's parents; ay, and better parents too, though maybe a thought too proud and fond of him, for pride will have a downfall; and I always told 'em Joe wanted a tight hand over him; but it's too late now.—God help 'em, poor souls, I say."

" Amen! Mistress," quoth Andrew. " Nevertheless, punishment is wholesome, for example's sake; and it's right guilt should suffer; and verily the parents of the lad, if they be, as you say, pious Christians, should rather rejoice in their affliction, and praise the Lord, that he is cut short in his wickedness."

" I say, ' praise the Lord!' indeed, that their only child should come to the gallows! A fine thing to praise God on!" growled the woman—yet more indignantly. " I wonder what some folks feelings are made of? I say, ' praise the Lord,' indeed!"

" Woman!" snorted Andrew; but his expostulatory sentence was cut short by her angry vehemence, as she continued in a taunting key,—

" Maybe you'll like, ' for example's sake,' to see that pretty lamb by your side with the rope round his neck some day. Maybe you'll praise the Lord for that, master!" and so saying, she stretched out her long bony arm, and laid her hand on the shoulder of the shuddering child, and when Andrew turned to rebuke her, and their eyes met, the expression of hers struck into his heart such a sensation of strange uneasiness, as caused him suddenly to draw the

child beyond her reach; and long afterwards, for many and many a day, and when months and years had passed by, and the recollection of that scene had faded, and no particular circumstance occurred to revive it, that woman's face, and that peculiar look, would come across him, and again strike to his heart the same feeling of indefinite horror, which impelled him, at the moment he actually encountered it, to snatch the boy from within the evil influence of her touch. But at the time that painful sensation was as momentary as vivid, for all farther altercation was cut short, by the pressure of the living mass, among which a general agitation, and a low confused murmur took place, as it fell back on either side, to make way for the fatal cart. The woman left off, in the midst of a volley of revilings on Andrew's hard-heartedness, in her anxiety to press back in time to secure a snug place near the gibbet, where she might see all in comfort. And Andrew held his peace, and drew still closer to the road-side, as the cart came slowly on; and as vulgar curiosity was not one of his besetting sins—(Andrew Cleaves's was by no means a vulgar mind, nor was his character a common one)—his eye followed not the broad eager gaze of the multitude, but looking downward, with serious and not unbecoming solemnity, he raised his head only for an instant, and as it were involuntarily, first as the cart came abreast of his own vehicle, and the wretched criminal was so near, that in the deep stillness which had succeeded that prelusive murmur, his short, quick, laborious respiration, broken at intervals by a convulsive sob, was distinctly audible; and transient as was Andrew's involuntary glance, the object it encountered was not one soon to be forgotten. It was a sight, indeed, to touch a father's heart; and who could have beheld it unmoved?

The culprit, as has been said, was a mere youth. He appeared scarcely to have numbered twenty summers. A tall slim lad he was, almost effeminate in the transparent delicacy of his complexion, the profusion of fair silky hair which waved in disorder about his blue-veined temples, and the sickly whiteness of his long thin hands, one of which hung lifelessly over the side of the cart, in which he sat erect and stiffened, as if under the influence of some benumbing spell, (his eyes only wandering with a bewildered stare,) and seemingly incapable of attending to the Clergyman, who was seated by his side, occasionally reading to him a few sentences from the book of Common Prayer, and mildly exhorting him to join in some pious ejaculation, or penitential verse.

At such times, indeed, the wretched boy looked for an instant towards the book of prayer, and his lips moved, but no articulate sound proceeded from them. Those quivering lips were parched and deadly white, but a spot of vivid crimson burnt on his hollow cheek, and the expression of his large blue eyes, distended to an unnatural roundness, was exceedingly ghastly. Occasionally he looked quickly and eagerly from side to side, and in one of those hurried glances his eyes met Andrew's, and at that moment his frame was convulsed with a universal tremor, and he faintly articulated the word "Father!" Right glad was Andrew Cleaves when the cart with its miserable burden, the Sheriffs with their attendants, and the whole dismal train, having passed onward, the people thronged after them to the place of execution, and he was once more at liberty to pursue his way, which he did with all possible expedition, urging on Dobbin with an energy he had never before ventured to exert on that steep declivity. But the sound of the agitated multitude, (that heavy, awful sound, like the swell of a distant ocean,) was still audible, and Andrew speeded to get beyond it, and to reach C——, now within the distance of a few furlongs. All this while not a word had passed between the father and son; but just before they entered the town, Andrew looked round upon his child, who had remained, as it were, glued on to his side, both his little arms fast locked round one of his father's. He was very pale, and trembled like a leaf, and when his father spoke to him, and he tried to answer, the attempt produced only a deep choking sob, that burst out, as if his very breath had been pent up for ages; one or two hysterical catches succeeded, a broken word or two, the brimming eyes overflowed, and then the little heart was relieved and lightened—Oh,

would the burden of elder bosoms was as easily breathed out!—And he slackened his grasp of his father's arm, and began again to breathe and prattle freely. Andrew fairly enough improved the opportunity of that awful sight they had just witnessed, by pointing out to his young companion, the dreadful consequences of vice, and the danger of yielding to temptation, even by the most trifling deviation from moral and religious rectitude. They had just reached the entrance of C——, so the lecture was necessarily concluded; but Andrew failed not to wind up his exhortation against the early inroads of sin, by inveighing, especially, against the particular guilt of waste and extravagance, charging his son to take extraodinary care of his new clothes, not to skuff out his shoes by unnecessary activity and acts of wanton mischief, nor to squander away his pocket money in idle toys and sensual indulgences. The latter charge was particularly requisite, as Josiah took with him to school the capital of three sixpences in silver, and was to receive the stipend of twopence every Monday morning. He was moreover enjoined to keep an exact account of his expenditure, and his father presented him for that purpose, with a long narrow ledger-looking account book, all ruled and lined with red ink, under the heads of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Andrew's last charge was abruptly put an end to, by the rumbling of his cart wheels over the stones of the High Street; and in two minutes, they had turned out of it into the Market-place, then through a long, narrow, back street, and at length drew up before a tall red house, with a bright green door, having on it a large plate of resplendent brass, whereon was engraved with sundry flourishes,—

"THE COMMERCIAL ACADEMY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN,
KEPT BY THE REV. JEREMIAH JERK."

All matters concerning the admission of Josiah had been settled, and resettled, over and over again, between the careful father and the Rev. Mr Jerk, so the former had nothing more to do, than to consign his precious deposit into the care of that respectable pedagogue, which transfer was the affair of a moment, for Andrew had his private reasons for brief leave-taking; so setting down his son at the door of his new abode, (when the master took the hand of his little pupil with that peculiar tenderness of manner so insinuating to the breaking hearts of new comers), he laid his hand on the boy's head, and with an abrupt "God be with ye, my man!" was in his seat again, and off, and round the corner of the street, before the tears that had been swelling up into the little fellow's eyes, had burst over their lids, and down his pale, quivering face, in all that agony of grief excited by the first trial of the heart—the first pang of the first parting.

However cogent were the motives which decided Andrew Cleaves to decline the Rev. Mr Jerk's proffered hospitality, he was by no means in haste to get home that day. He had business to transact with sundry corn-factors and graziers, and various other persons in C——, and altogether found—or made, so much to detain him there, though his concerns were wont to be more expeditiously transacted, that it was evening before he remounted his rumbling vehicle, and put Dobbin in motion, and quite dark before he reached the door of his own cottage. It was a cold evening too—a cold, cheerless, bleak March evening, and an east wind and a sleety rain had been driving in his face all the way home; and as he approached the cottage, its bright blazing hearth glowed invitingly through the low casement, and reflected a red cheerful light on the half-open door, and streamed forward like a clew of welcome along the narrow gravel walk to the entrance wicket. And yet Andrew was in no haste to re-enter his comfortable home—Some hearts may guess why he lingered on the cold heath—Such as have felt the pang of returning to an abode, when all is as it was—except—that the light of life is extinguished—the jewel gone—the shrine left desolate.

But at last poor old Jenny came hurrying out at the sound of the cart-wheels, with her humble welcome, and wonderment at his late return, and offers of assistance in unharnessing Dobbin, that her master might the sooner come in and warm himself. Her well-meant kindness was rather gruffly declined, so she was fain to retreat within doors, and leave "Master," as she muttered to herself, in not the best of humours, "to please himself

his own way;" (the most difficult thing in the world, by the by, to *some* folks in *some* moods,) and when at last he approached the fire-side, and she ventured a cautious question as to how he left the dear child? she was snapt off with an injunction to mind her own business, and not trouble him with foolish questions. So, having set down his supper on the small table already prepared with its clean white cloth, and partaken of the meal in unsocial silence, she was dismissed to her own hovel, with an intimation that Andrew would himself put away the fragments of the repast, and had no need of her further services that night.

What were Andrew Cleaves' special reasons for ridding himself so impatiently of old Jenny's company that evening, and what were his cogitations after he had locked her out, and himself in, and resumed his former station by the hearth and the little supper-table, we cannot exactly ascertain, though it is to be presumed they differed widely from those feelings of snug satisfaction, with which, after the old lady had set by him his pipe and his small glass of ale, he had been wont to lock her civilly out, and re-seat himself in his comfortable corner, with the sweet consciousness, that his child was sleeping peacefully in the little adjoining chamber, and that he should himself lie down to rest on the same bed, when the cuckoo flung open his small door in the old Dutch clock, and warned him it was time to retire.

Very different must have been his cogitations the night he dismissed poor Jenny so impatiently—for when the cuckoo warned, he still sat on unheeding, with his arms folded, his eyes fixed on the cold fireless hearth, where no spark had glimmered for the last half hour—the pipe unlit, and the small glass of ale still untasted. But when the hour actually struck, it aroused him from his comfortless abstraction; and starting and shivering with a sensation of cold to which he had been till then insensible, he hastily swallowed down his temperate draught, and taking up the end of the candle, now flaring in its socket, and moving with the noiseless stealthy step acquired by long habits of carefulness for the slumbers of his little bed-fellow, he entered his now solitary chamber, and shut himself within it—and what were his thoughts that night, his feelings, and his prayers, may be guessed by some hearts, but perhaps not fully conceived by any.

It would be hard to say whether the ensuing Saturday was more eagerly looked forward to by father or son. Certain it is, that when the morning of that day arrived, Andrew was in no less haste to be gone, than when he had harnessed old Dobbin to the cart so expeditiously on the preceding Monday. But when he reached C——, it was still too early to call for his boy, for Andrew, with all his impatience, would not on any account have anticipated the precise moment when the half-holiday commenced—so he trafficked away the intervening time at his different places of call, and drew up the cart at the door of Mr Jerk's Academy, just as the "young gentlemen" had risen from their Saturday's commons of scrap-pie and stick-jaw—certain savoury preparations not enumerated in the catalogue of that scientific professor Monsieur Ude, or perhaps recommended by the late Dr Kitchiner, but quite familiar to the palate of provincial schoolboys. Little Josiah, having just risen from the aforesaid banquet, came running to the door at the sound of the cart-wheels, choking with joy, and the last huge mouthful of tenacious compound. In a moment he was up in his father's arms, and hugging him so tight round the neck, that Andrew was fain to cry out,

"Well, well, my man! but you'll not throttle your old dad, will ye? Have you been a good boy, Joey?"

Joey answered with a second hug, and the usher, who stood smirking at the door, satisfactorily certified the same; so the boy was sent to wash his greasy face and hands, and fetch his hat and little bundle of Sunday clothes, and then his father lifted him up into the cart, and turning old Dobbin, and giving him the sign of departure, a bright cherup and a propelling stamp, in a few minutes they were fairly out of C——, and on their glad way to the cottage. What were the boy's acclamations of delight at the first sight of its curling smoke, and dark brown thatch—and how, in spite of all Andrew's endeavours to set him right, he persisted in miscalculating time and space—and how often he fidgeted up and down on the seat—and how he took a heap of chalk in a distant field

for the grey colt—and a flannel petticoat hung out to dry, for old Jenny in propria persona—and how his father went on pointing out the folly and unprofitableness of such crude guesses and rash assertions; and how the boy went on making them thick and threefold—those will be at no loss to conceive who have ever accompanied a lively urchin to his own home, on his first return after his first week's schooling.

They may also picture to themselves the actual arrival—little Joey actually at home again—smothering old Jenny with kisses—squeezing the cat to a thread-paper—scampering down the garden to see if his beans were come up—unhitching his hoop from the nail, and flinging it away, to run and see whether the grey colt was in the home croft—scrambling upon the back of his unbroken favourite, and racing round the field, holding on by its mane, not a jot the worse—as a finale—for being pitched right into the privet hedge, from whence, half rolling, half scrambling out into the garden, he came crawling up the gravel walk on all fours, with that characteristic disregard of seriousness and propriety, which had so early evinced itself, in despite of his father's solemn admonitions and decorous example. Fortunately, on the present occasion, Andrew was absent unharnessing the mare, and there was nothing new to Jenny in the uncouth performance. When the first ebullition of joy had subsided, (or rather when the animal spirits were sobered by actual exhaustion,) Josiah was well content to sit on his little stool beside his father, close by the bright warm hearth, while Jenny lit the candle, and set on the kettle, and brought out the cups and saucers, and Josiah's own basin, full of the red cow's milk, set by for him at that evening's milking, and the hot oat-cake, prepared for his especial regale. Then came the time for question and answer, and the father made minute inquiry into all school particulars, and his brow contracted a *little*, when Joey confessed that his three sixpences were gone; yea, melted away, expended to the last fraction; yet *how*, he could by no means explain even to his own satisfaction, though he counted over and over again, upon his little fat fingers, sundry purchases of pies, crabs, gingerbread, marbles, and pennyworths of brown sugar; the enumeration whereof by no means tended to unknit the puckers in his father's brow, who, for that time, however, contented himself with a *short* lecture on prodigal expenditure. But Joey's bosom laboured with matter more important, and his little heart swelled indignantly, as, with a quivering lip, and broken voice, he began to recount a long list of the insults and mortifications to which he had been subjected. He had been the butt of the whole school, twirled about like a te-totum; while one pretended to admire the fashion of his clothes, and another asked if they were made by Adam's tailor; and a third, if his hat had belonged to his great-grandfather; and with that, clapping it on the crown, till his little face was buried therein, and the broad brim rested on his shoulders, they called him little Amminadab, and bandying him about thus blindfold from one to the other, bade him complain to his dad, old "Praise-God-barebones;" and then the poor little boy revealed to the indignant eyes of his father and Jenny, an awful fracture, which, in the progress of these mischievous sports, had nearly dissevered one of his long coat flaps, though the maid of the house had hastily tacked up the rent when his father called for him. Darker and darker Andrew's countenance had waxed, as he listened to the detail of these atrocities. Fearful was the contraction of his brow, the dilatation of his nostril, and the compression of his thin straight lips, when Joey, with an apprehensive side-glance and a suppressed tone of horror, pronounced the opprobrious cognomen which had been so irreverently applied to his own sacred person; and by the time all was unfolded, he had well nigh made up his mind that his son should return no more to the companionship of such daring reprobates; but Andrew Cleaves was seldom guilty of hasty decision; and when his displeasure had had time to cool, and he found reason to be satisfied on the whole with Joey's further report of school progress, he thought it expedient to gulp down the unpalatable part of the narration, and to reconduct his son to the Rev. Mr Jerk's academy at the expiration of the Sabbath holiday.

That Sabbath had passed like all former ones at the cottage, undistin-

guished by any additional gleam of cheerfulness or innocent recreation; and by the time it was half over, Joey began to think of the morrow, and his return to school, with less repugnance than on the preceding evening. When Monday came, indeed, *home* was *home* again; and when the cart was ready, Joey ascended it rather dejectedly, consoling himself, however, with the thought, that Saturday would come round again in five days. Joey's calculations were correct for once—Saturday came in five days, and he was fetched home again, and again returned rapturously to all its delights; and this time he had no grievance to relate; no, not though his broad-brimmed beaver had been clipped to a porringer, and his whole raiment exhibited such woeful dilapidation, as to set at nought all Jenny's repairing ingenuity, for both coat-flaps were gone—annihilated—irremediably abstracted—having been (as strongly indicated by certain suspicious appearances) actually singed off from the dishonoured garment. Still, in spite of Jenny's dismay, and his father's indignation, Joey persisted that all was well: that he was now "very good friends with his school-fellows; that they were only very funny fellows; and if they *had* burnt off his coat-tails, a jacket was much more comfortable and convenient, especially for playing at leap-frog."

In short, so perversely resigned was Master Joey to the docking which had been inflicted on his "good grey frieze," that it might have been shrewdly inferred he had had a hand in the operation. Happily for him, no such suspicion insinuated itself into his father's mind, who was, however, highly scandalized at the whole proceeding, and carried into effect his determination of laying it before the Rev. Mr Jerk, when Josiah returned to school. A conference with that gentleman had, however, the effect, not only of prevailing on Andrew to pass over in silence the illegal curtailment of his son's week-day garb, but to permit the whole suit, as well as that set apart for Sundays, to be so far modernized as no longer to subject the boy to the practical jokes of his mischievous companions.

Happy had it been for Andrew Cleaves if his parental disquietude had been excited by no causes more serious than the aforementioned: But, alas! innumerable vexations sprang up to embitter that weekly reunion with his child, at first so delightful to both parties. Every succeeding Saturday diminished Joey's eagerness to return to his home, his former pleasures, and his dumb favourites. Every succeeding Sunday beneath the paternal roof, hung heavier upon him than the former; and as his impatience increased, his weariness became more apparent, and the lessons of manly independence he had begun to learn among his playfellows, manifested their fruits in such acts of contumacy, as called down stern rebuke, and sometimes severe chastisement, from the hitherto indulgent father,—though Joey still stood too much in awe of the latter to venture on very open rebellion. So he became sullen, and silent, and incommunicative; and the unfortunate result of the father's undue severity, was to impress on the mind of the hitherto thoughtless and frank-tempered boy, the expediency of keeping to himself those idle frolics and venial trespasses, which, on his return from school, had been boasted of, and confessed with an innocent confidence, it should have been Andrew's care to confirm and encourage. But Andrew, with all his fancied wisdom, was profoundly ignorant of the milder arts of training; and it was really on Scripture principles, erroneously applied, that as the boy grew older, he thought it his duty to treat him with increased severity, and to rebuke, with uncompromising sternness, those venial lapses, which, when candidly confessed, should have been commented on with lenient gentleness. Very soon Josiah learnt to anticipate the Sabbath holiday as a weekly penance, and ample amends did he make himself for its dulness and restraint, when he found himself once more among his merry mates in the school play-ground; and very soon Joey was noted for the most daring spirit of the whole riotous assemblage—"Up to everything"—The leader of all conspiracies—the foremost in all mischief—the most enterprising in all dangers—and, what was more remarkable, the readiest and most ingenious at equivocations, inventions, and even unblushing falsehood, in cases of suspicion or detection. But as he became more knowing in all evil experience, his home

deportment gradually manifested such an alteration as rejoiced the heart, and, at length, excited the highest hopes, of the credulous parent, whose boasted penetration failed him in detecting even the earliest artifices of infant cunning.

Joey's natural shrewdness soon found out the vulnerable points of his father's character; and that by affecting to copy his serious carriage and sententious speech, and now and then bringing home a new Psalm tune, or quoting a Scripture text, or relating, with well-feigned abhorrence, some anecdote of a reprobate schoolfellow—or pleading his want of some useful book, the old man was even prevailed on to undraw the strings of his canvass bag; and the young hypocrite's glee at obtaining substantial proofs of his ingenuity, was enhanced by his public triumph, when he rehearsed, in the circle of his thoughtless schoolmates, the "capital acting" with which he had "come over the old gentleman."

In short, Master Joey's proficiency in these thriving arts was such as would have done credit to an older head, and the pupil of a more fashionable establishment; and as his attainments in the ostensible branches of his education really kept pace with his supernumerary accomplishments, all went on seemingly as well as heart could wish; and Andrew's ambitious views for his son's future advancement took firm root in the groundwork of these fair appearances.

Andrew Cleaves was not a man to lay down plans with reservations—to make provident allowance for unforeseen circumstances—or to leave much to Providence. Neither did he ever decide in haste; but having once come to a determination, it was seldom qualified with the mental proviso—"If it please God."

So well considered, so fully matured, and so irrevocably fixed, were his parental plans.

Though still abiding in his father's humble cottage, and (comparatively with many of his neighbours) farming in a small way, Andrew Cleaves had contrived to scrape together a sum of money, on which many a more dashing spirit would have set up a one-horse chay, taken out a shooting license, and drank his bottle of port daily. But our farmer's ambition aimed at more remote objects. His savings were snugly deposited in a Banking-house at C——; where, however, they by no means lay in unprofitable security; and on certain considerations arranged among the parties concerned, certain engagements had been entered into, that, at a competent age, the young Josiah should be received as a clerk in the establishment; and from that office be further advanced, as after circumstances should warrant. Andrew uttered not a word of these projects to any human being, but he brooded over them in his own heart, till the grand object seemed so secure of attainment—so built up by prudence, and foresight, and calculation, as to bid defiance to all adverse circumstances of time, and change, and even of death itself. Poor man! And yet the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of worldly things, and the snares of riches and honours, were ever in his talk, and in his mortified seriousness of aspect.

Chapter XV.

Matters went on smoothly on the whole, till Joey had been full two years at school, and his third summer holidays were approaching.

They were no longer anticipated with the same impatient longing which had drawn his heart towards home in his earlier school-days; but still there *were* home pleasures, and home indulgences, not attainable at school, and foremost of those ranked the privilege of being master of his own time, and of the grey colt, now become a well-disciplined, yet spirited steed, and destined to succeed to the functions of blind Dobbin, whose faithful career was fast drawing to a close.

In the meantime, Joey was permitted to call young Greybeard *his* horse, and was indulged in the pride and happiness of driving it himself the first time its services were put in requisition to fetch him home for the Christmas holidays. But when the *summer* vacation arrived, Joey's return was ordained to be in far other

and less triumphant order. It so chanced, that on the very day of breaking up, a great annual fair was held at C——, which was looked forward to as a grand festival by the boys whose parents and friends were resident there. These youngsters had vaunted its delights to Joey, and one especial friend and crony had invited his schoolfellow to go with him to his own house, and stay the two days of the fair. Now it unluckily fell out that these identical two days occurred at a season most important to Andrew—just as his hay-harvest was getting in, and there was reason to expect the breaking up of a long spell of dry weather. So when Joey returned to school on the Monday, he was enjoined to tell his master (with whom Andrew had no time for parlance,) that it would not be convenient for his father to fetch him home the ensuing Thursday, or indeed (on the account beforementioned) till the Saturday evening.

Andrew, engrossed by his rural concerns, had not thought of the fair, of which Joey took especial care not to remind him, as he well knew, that were he to give the least hint of his schoolfellow's invitation, and his own vehement longing to accept it, his father would fetch him away at the risk of sacrificing his whole hay crop, rather than leave him exposed to the danger of mixing in such a scene of abomination.

Master Joey, whose genius was of a very inventive nature, soon arranged in his own mind a neat little scheme, which would enable him to partake the prohibited delights, unsuspected by his father or the Rev. Mr Jerk; so trimming up to his own purpose his father's message to that gentleman, he ingeniously substituted for the request that he might be allowed to stay at school till Saturday,—an intimation that he had obtained parental permission to accept his schoolfellow's invitation for the fair days, and that a neighbour's cart would take him home on Friday evening from the house of his friend's parents. Joey *had his* own plans for getting home too when the fun was over, and of managing matters so dexterously, that the truth should never transpire either to his father or master. The latter was easily imposed on by the boy's specious story; and when Thursday arrived, Joey, taking with him his little bundle of Sunday clothes, and his whole hoard of pence and sixpences, left school in high spirits with a party of his playmates.

Andrew Cleaves, meantime, got in his crops prosperously, and, exhausted as he was by a hard day's labour, set out on Saturday evening to fetch home the expecting boy. Poor Greybeard was tired also, for he too had worked hard all day; but he was a spirited willing creature, and went off freely, as if he knew his errand, and rejoiced at the thought of bringing home his young master. So the farmer and his vehicle arrived in good time at the door of the Academy, but Andrew looked towards it in vain, and at the upper and lower windows, for the happy little face that had been wont to look out for him on such occasions.

The servant girl who opened the door looked surprised when Andrew inquired for his son; and still greater astonishment appeared in Mr Jerk's countenance, when he stepped forward and heard the reiterated inquiry. A brief and mutual explanation ensued—a grievous one to the agitated father, whose feelings may be well imagined—irritated as well as anxious feelings, for on hearing the master's story, little doubt remained in his mind, but that the truant was still harboured at the house of his favourite schoolfellow. But the intelligence promptly obtained there, was of a nature to create the most serious alarm. The parents of Josiah's friend informed Andrew, that his boy *had* accompanied *their* son home when the school broke up on Thursday morning—they having willingly granted the request of the latter, that his playfellow might be allowed to stay with him till an opportunity occurred (of which he was in expectation) of his returning to his father's the next evening. That after dinner the two boys had sallied out into the fair together, from which *their* son returned about dark without his companion, with the account that they had been separated the latter part of the day, but that just as he began to tire of looking about for his schoolfellow, Josiah had touched him hastily on the shoulder, saying, a neighbour of his father's, who guessed he was playing truant, insisted on taking him home in his own cart, and that he *must* go that moment. This was all the boy had

to tell—and that Josiah vanished in the crowd so suddenly, he could not see who was with him. Vain were all possible inquiries in all directions. The distracted father could only learn further, that his child had been seen by many persons standing with his friend at many booths and stalls, and, at last, quite alone in a show-booth, belonging to a set of tight-rope and wire dancers, and of equestrian performers—with some of these he seemed to have made acquaintance, and among them he was last observed. That troop had quitted C—— the same night, and having fine horses and a light caravan, must have travelled expeditiously, and were probably already at a considerable distance; nor could the route they had taken be easily ascertained after they had passed through the turnpike, which had been about ten o'clock at night. Now it was that Andrew Cleaves, in the agony of his distress, would have given half his worldly substance to have obtained tidings—but the least favourable tidings of his lost child—for dreadful thoughts, and fearful imaginings, suggested themselves, aggravating the horrors of uncertainty. There was no *positive* reason for belief that the boy had left C—— with the itinerant troop. A rapid river ran by the town—there was a deep canal also—and then—the wharf—crowded with barges—between which ——. But Andrew was not one to brood over imaginary horrors in hopeless inaction, and the opinion of others encouraged him to hope that his son had only been lured away by the equestrian mountebanks. With the earliest dawn, therefore, mounted on the young powerful grey, he was away from C——, and (according to the clew at last obtained) in the track of the itinerants. But they were far in advance, and soon after passing through the turnpike, had struck into cross country-roads and by-ways, so that the pursuit was necessarily tedious and difficult; and Andrew was unused to travelling, having never before adventured twenty miles beyond his native place. No wonder that he was sorely jaded in body and mind, when he put up for the night at a small town about thirty miles from C——, through which he ascertained, however, that the caravan, with its escort, had passed early in the morning of the preceding day—that the troop, while stopping to bait, had talked of Carlisle as their next place of exhibition; and had, in fact, struck into the great north road when they proceeded on their way. Andrew could gain no intelligence whether a boy, such as he described, accompanied the party. It having been very early morning when they baited their horses at ——, the females of the band and children (if there were any) were still asleep within the closed caravan.

So Andrew proceeded with a heavy heart, but a spirit of determined perseverance—and his pursuit (now that he was fairly on the track of its object) was comparatively easy.

About mid-day, in mercy to his beast, as well as to recruit his own strength, he halted at a hedge alehouse, when, having unsaddled Greybeard, and seen that he was taken care of, he entered the kitchen and called for refreshment. There were many persons drinking and talking in the place, and Andrew failed not to make his customary inquiries, which awakened an immediate clamour of tongues—every one being ready with some information relating to the troop Andrew was in pursuit of. Such was the confusion of voices, however, that he was kept for a moment in painful suspense, when a decent-looking woman, (apparently a traveller,) who was taking her quiet meal in one corner of the kitchen, came hastily forward, and laying her hand on Andrew's arm, and looking earnestly in his face, exclaimed,—"After what are ye asking, master? Is it for a stray lamb ye're seeking—and hav'n't I seen your face before?" Andrew shook like a leaf. The man of stern temper and iron nerves, shook like an aspen leaf, while the woman looked and spake thus earnestly—"Have ye, have ye found him?—have ye found my boy?" was all he could stammer out. "You are a stranger to me; but God bless you, if you can give me back my boy!"

"I am *not* a stranger to you, Andrew Cleaves; and I *can* give you back your boy; and the Lord bless him for your sake, for you saved me and mine, and took us in, and gave us meat and drink when we were ready to perish. Come your ways with me, Andrew Cleaves; but soft and quiet, for the laddy's in a precious sleep. He *has* come to hurt, but the Merciful watched over him."

So she led him softly and silently through a little back kitchen, and up a steep dark stair, into a small upper chamber, before the casement of which a checked apron was pinned up, to exclude the full glow of light from the uncurtained bed. Softly and silently, with finger on her lip, she drew him on to the side of that humble bed, and there, indeed, fast locked in sleep, in sweet untroubled sleep, lay the little thoughtless one, whose disappearance had inflicted such cruel anxiety and distress.

The boy was sleeping sweetly, but his cheeks and lips were almost colourless; a thick linen bandage was bound round his head; and over one temple, a soft fair curl, that had escaped from the fillet, was dyed and stuck together with clotted blood. Andrew shuddered at the sight; but the woman repeated her whispered assurance, that there was no serious injury. Then the father knelt softly down beside his recovered darling, his head bent low over the little tremulous hand that lay upon the patchwork-counterpane. Almost involuntarily his lips approached it; but he refrained himself by a strong effort, and, throwing back his head, lifted his eyes to Heaven, in an ecstasy of silent gratitude; and, one after another, large tears rolled down over the rough, hard-featured face, every muscle of which quivered with powerful emotion. Yes, for the first time in his life, Andrew Cleaves poured out his whole heart in gratitude to his Creator in the presence of a fellow-creature; and when he arose from his knees, so far was he from shrinking abased and humiliated from the eyes that were upon him, that, turning to the woman, and strongly grasping her hands in his own, he said, softly and solemnly, "Now I see of a truth, that a man may cast his bread upon the waters, and find it again after many days. I gave thee and thine orphan babe a little food and a night's shelter, and thou restorest to me my child. While Andrew Cleaves has a morsel of bread, thou shalt share it with him." And he was as good as his word; and from that hour, whatever were, in other respects, his still inveterate habits of thrift and parsimony, Andrew Cleaves was never known to "turn away his face from any poor man."

By degrees all particulars relating to Joey's disappearance and his providential recovery, were circumstantially unravelled. The little varlet had been accidentally separated from his schoolfellow, and while gaping about the fair in search of him, had straggled towards the large showy booth, where feats of rope-dancing and horsemanship were exhibited. Long he stood absorbed in wondering admiration of the Merry-Andrew's antic gestures, and the spangled draperies and nodding plumes of the beautiful lady who condescended to twirl the tambourine, and foot it aloft, "with nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," for the recreation of the gaping multitude. Others of the troop came in and out on the airy stage, inviting the "ladies and gentlemen" below to walk in, with such bland and cordial hospitality, that Joey thought it quite irresistible, and was just stepping under the canvass when a strong arm arrested him, and a splendid gentleman, in scarlet and gold, demanded the price of entrance. That was not at Joey's command, for all his copper hoard was already expended, so he was shrinking back, abashed and mortified, when one or two idlers of the band, probably seeing something promising about him, and that he was a pretty, sprightly, well-limbed lad, whose appearance might do credit to their honourable profession, entered into a parley with him, and soon made out that he was playing truant at that very moment, and apparently blessed with such an adventurous genius, as, with a little encouragement, might induce him to join the company, and succeed to the functions of a sharp limber urchin, of whom inexorable death had lately deprived them. So Joey was let in gratis; and there he was soon translated into the seventh heaven of wonder and delight at the superhuman performances of his new acquaintances. He had, as it were, an innate passion for horses, and the equestrian feats threw him into fits of ecstasy. Then all the gentlemen and ladies were so good-natured and so funny! and one gave him a penny-pie, and another a drop of something strong and good; and then the manager himself—a very grand personage—told him, if he liked, he should wear a blue and silver jacket, and ride that beautiful piebald, with its tail tied up with flame-coloured ribbons. *That*

clinched the bargain; and in a perfect bewilderment of emulation and ambition—wonder and gratitude—gin and flattery—poor Joey suffered himself to be enrolled in "The Royal Equestrian Troop of Signor Angelo Galopo, di Canterini."

Forthwith was he equipped in the azure vestments of the deceased Bobby, and indulged with five minutes' sitting on the back of the beautiful piebald; after which, on the close of the day's performance, he made one of the jovial and unceremonious party round a plentiful board, where he played his part with such right good will, and was so liberally helped to certain cordial potations, that long before the end of the banquet, his head dropt on the shoulder of his fair neighbour, the lovely Columbine, and in a moment he was fast locked in such profound slumber, that he stirred not hand or foot, till so late the next morning, that the caravan (in a snug birth, whereof he had been securely deposited) had long passed the small town, where Andrew had halted on his first day's chase.

Joey's awakening sensations were nearly as astonishing as those of Abon Hassan, when he unclosed his eyes in his own mean mansion, after his waking vision of exaltation to the throne of the Caliph. Poor Joey, who had fallen asleep in the intoxication of supreme enjoyment and gratified vanity, among knights and ladies, glittering with gold and spangles, himself radiant in all the glories of the blue and silver, and the fancied master of the prancing piebald—found himself, on awaking, stowed away into a corner of the dark, suffocating, jolting caravan, of course divested of his finery, huddled up on a bag of straw, and covered with a filthy horse-rug. The whole ambulating dormitory was heaped with similar bedding, from which peeped out heads and arms and dirty faces, which Josiah was some time in assigning to the blooming heroines of the preceding evening. At last, however, he satisfied himself of the identity of the lovely Columbine; and as she lay within reach, and had taken him under her especial protection, he made bold to pluck her rather unceremoniously by the outstretched arm, which salutation had the desired effect of rousing the fair one from her innocent slumbers, but only long enough to obtain, for Joey, a sound box of the ear, and a drowsily-muttered command, "to lie still, for a little troublesome rascal." So there he lay, half frightened, and half repentant, and quite disgusted with his close and unsavoury prison, from whence his thoughts wandered away to the pleasant cottage on the thymy common—his clean, sweet, little chamber, where the honeysuckle looked in at the window—his breakfast of new-milk and sweet brown bread—his own little garden and his bee-hives, and Greybeard, that paragon of earth-born steeds. But then came in review, the rival glories of the piebald, and Joey's remorseful feelings became less troublesome, and he longed ardently for the hour of emancipation. It came at last; a brief and unceremonious toilet was dispatched by the female group; and great was Joey's indignation, when, in lieu of the silver and azure, or his own good raiment, he was compelled to dress himself in the every-day suit of his deceased predecessor—a most villainous compound of greasy tatters, which, had he dared, he would have spurned from him with contemptuous loathing; but a very short experience, and the convincing language of a few hearty cuffs, accompanied with no tender expletives, had satisfied him of the danger of rebellion, and he was fain to gulp down his rising choler, and the scraps of last night's meal, which were chucked over to him, as his portion of the slovenly breakfast.

In the meantime, the door and little square window of the caravan had been thrown open, and at last the machine came to a full stop on the high-road, by a hedge-side, and the ladder was hooked to the high door-way, and the manager, who, with his spouse, had occupied a back compartment of the van, descended to review his cavalry, while the equestrians snatched a hasty meal dispensed to them by their associated Hebés.

There was the piebald shining in the morning sun, in all the perfection of piebald beauty—pawing, and sidling, and curving inward his graceful neck, and small elegant head, as if impatient of the rein by which he was led at the side of a large Flemish-looking mare. At sight of his appointed palfrey, Joey was about to scramble down the ladder after Signor Angelo,

when the latter most uncourteously repelled him, with such a push as sent him sprawling backwards on the floor of the caravan, and more than revived his late incipient feelings of disgust and repentance. But now the whole party, females and all, held parley of no very amicable nature about the door of their migratory council-chamber. The success of the late performance at C—— had by no means been such as to sweeten the manager's temper, or to harmonize the "many minds" he had to deal with; and loud, and surly, and taunting accusations and recriminations were bandied about, the most acrimonious of which, Joey soon gathered, related to himself, and to some dispute respecting him, which had occurred the preceding night, after they had deposited him in his luxurious resting place. It appeared, that some of the party had even then begun to think with apprehension of the danger to which they exposed themselves by the abduction of a boy, whose father had ample means to pursue and punish them, should he discover that his son had left C—— in their company. These prudent suggestions were made light of by others of the troop, words had run high even then, and the insides and outsides had arranged themselves for the night in no very placable moods. During the many silent hours of darkness, they had jogged and jolted in company; almost every one, however, in his secret mind, came over to the side of the doubters, and when at last they halted and called council, each accused the other of having caused the present dilemma. From words they proceeded to rough arguments, and at length to something very near a general battle, in which their fair companions, descending from "their high estate," took part so heartily, that Joey, finding himself quite unobserved, seized the opportunity to scramble down after them; but in his haste to reach *terra firma*, he missed his footing, and fell headlong among the horses, already fretted and fidgety at the disorder of their riders, so that Joey's sudden precipitation set them rearing and pawing furiously, and he—the luckless truant!—received such a kick on the head, from the hard hoof of the ungrateful piebald, as not only completely stunned him, but left him such a ghastly and bloody spectacle, as stilled in a moment the uproar of the conflicting parties, and made them unanimous in their apprehensions of the serious consequences in which they might all be involved, should the accident prove fatal, of which there was every appearance. The child had ceased to breathe—not the faintest pulsation was perceptible. The panic became general, and the decision immediate, to consider their own safety, by moving on as fast as possible, leaving the unhappy boy (who was pronounced quite dead) on the grass bank by the road side.

In two minutes the troop was in motion—in ten more, quite out of sight—and there lay poor Joey to all appearance a corpse, and soon to have become one in reality, but for the providential intervention of that poor woman, by whom Andrew Cleaves was conducted to the bedside of his recovered child. That woman (as she briefly explained to Andrew on their stealthy progress towards the little chamber) was, indeed, the poor Soldier's widow, who, with her orphan babe, had owed to his compassion in her utmost need, the seasonable mercy of a night's lodging and a wholesome meal; and she had never forgotten the name of her benefactor, nor thought of him without a grateful prayer. She had travelled far on to her dead husband's birthplace in the Scotch Highlands, to claim, for his orphan and herself, the protection and assistance of his kindred. Her claims had not been disallowed, and among them she had dwelt contentedly till her child died. *Then* she began to feel herself a stranger among strangers, and her heart yearned towards her own country and kinsfolk; and she wrote a letter home to her own place, Manchester, the answer to which told her, that her friends, who were too poor to help her when she was left a widow, were now bettered in circumstances, and would give her a home and welcome; and that, now she had no living hinderance, she might obtain a comfortable subsistence by resuming her early labours at the loom. So she set out for her native place, a leisurely foot traveller, for she was no longer unprovided with means to secure a decent resting place, and a wholesome meal; and she it was, who, having so far proceeded on her way, had discovered the

young runaway lying by the way-side in the condition before described. Her feelings (the feelings of a childless mother!) needed no incentive to place her in a moment beside the forlorn deserted child, whose head she tenderly lifted on her bosom, and parting off the thickly clotted hair, bound her own handkerchief about his bleeding temples. There was water within reach, with which she laved his face and hands, and had soon the joy of perceiving a tremulous motion of the lips and eye-lids—and at last the boy breathed audibly, and his fair blue eyes unclosed, and he uttered a few words of wonder and distress, among which—"Oh, father! father!" were most intelligible, and to the woman's gentle inquiry of "who was his father? and did he live far off?" he answered faintly, that he was the son of Andrew Cleaves, who lived at Redburn. A second fit of insensibility succeeded those few words, but they were sufficient for the widow. Providence had sent her to save (she trusted) the child of her benefactor, and all her homely but well-directed energies were called into action. Partly carrying him in her own arms, and partly by casual assistance, she succeeded in conveying him to the nearest dwelling, that small way-side inn. There he was put comfortably to bed, and medical aid obtained promptly—the longer delay of which must have proved fatal. And then a message was sent off to Farmer Cleaves, (a man and horse, for that poor woman was a creature of noble spirit, and impatient to relieve the father's misery,) and then the widow quietly took her station by the pillow of the little sufferer. His head had undergone a second dressing, and the surgeon had pronounced, that all would go well with him, if he were kept for a time in perfect quiet. It need not be told how rigidly that injunction was attended to, nor how carefully, when he was in a state to be removed, the father conveyed back his truant child to the shelter of his own peaceful cottage—nor how anxiously he was nursed up there to decided convalescence—nor how solemnly, yet tenderly, when the boy was so far recovered, his father set before him the magnitude of his offence, and the fatal consequences which had so nearly resulted from it. Joey wept sore, and looked down with becoming humility, and promised, over and over again, and really with a sincere intention, never, never again to give his father cause for uneasiness or displeasure.

Time travelled on—school-days and holidays revolved in regular succession—and Joey comported himself just well enough to gain the character of a very good scholar in school, and a very idle dog out of it, except at home and in his father's sight, when he comported himself with such a show of sanctity and correctness, as was quite edifying to behold, and too easily lulled to rest the awakened caution of the still credulous old man.

Andrew had continued his son at the academy to an unusually advanced period of youth, from the difficulty of knowing how to dispose of and employ him profitably, during the interregnum between school and the earliest time of admission in the counting-house, where, at the proper age, he was to be articled. At last, however, in consideration of his really forward and excellent abilities, the gentlemen of the firm consented to receive him; and now the time arrived when the human bark was to be launched from its supporting cradle into the tumultuous stream of active life. Insomuch as it advanced him, in his own estimation, to the honour and dignity of confirmed manhood, Josiah was elated at the change; but had he been left to follow the lead of his own inclinations, to a surety *they* would not have hoisted him up with a pen behind his ear, before a dingy desk, in a dark gloomy counting-house, there to pore away the precious hours he could have disposed of so much more agreeably. Had Joey been allowed to choose his own lot in life, to a certainty he would have enrolled himself a bold dragoon, a dashing lancer, a trooper of some denomination,—anything that would have clothed him in a showy uniform, and given him the command of a horse; but all military professions were so abhorrent to Andrew Cleaves, that he would as lieve have placed his son in the Devil's Own, as in "The King's Own;" and the boy was too well aware of his father's inveterate prejudices, even to hint at his own longings; still less did he hazard the more debasing avowal, that he would have preferred the situation of a dashing groom to a station at the desk; and

that to be a jockey! a *real, knowing* Newmarket jockey! (he had heard a vast deal about Newmarket,) would have been the climax of his ambition. Happy disposition, to qualify him for the staid clerk of a commercial establishment! But knowing the decree was irreversible, he submitted to it with a tolerably good grace, consoling himself with the reflection, that many young men so situated were nevertheless very fine fellows, and contrived, at odd hours, evenings, and holidays, to indemnify themselves very tolerably for their hours of durance vile. He had great confidence, moreover, that good fortune would introduce him to some of those choice spirits, whose experience would initiate him into many useful secrets.

Joey's expectations were but too well founded; temptation lies in wait for youth at every turning and bypath; but when youth starts with the design of voluntarily entering her fatal snare, the toils are wound about the prey with treble strength, and rarely, if ever, is it disentangled. Joey was soon the associate and hero of all the idle and dissolute youth in C——,—the hero of cock-fights, of bull-baitings, of the ring, of the skittle ground, of every low, cruel, and debasing sport, that prepares the way, by sure and rapid advances, through all the gradations of guilt, towards the jail, the convict ship, and the scaffold.

Nevertheless, for a considerable time, Josiah contrived to keep up a very fair character with his employers—so clear and prompt was his dispatch of business, and (with very few exceptions) so punctual and assiduous his attention to office hours. Beyond those seasons, their watchfulness extended not, and no glaring misdemeanour, on the part of their young clerk, had yet awakened any degree of suspicious vigilance.

The heart of Andrew Cleaves was, therefore, gladdened by such reports of his son's *official* conduct, as, coming from so respectable a quarter, were, in his estimation, sufficient surety of general good conduct, and he was consequently lulled into a fatal security, not even invaded by any of those vague and flying rumours, which generally lead the way to painful but important discoveries. Andrew Cleaves had no friends, it could scarcely be said, any acquaintance—alas! it is to be feared, no well-wishers. Beyond the cold concerns of business, he had maintained no intercourse with his fellow men. His world was a contracted span; two objects of interest occupied it wholly—his wealth and his son. But there was no equipoise between the scales that held those treasures. He would not, in Shylock's place, have been in suspense between "his ducats and his daughter."

Gold *had been* his idol, till superseded by that living claimant, to whose imagined good all other considerations became secondary and subservient, and for whom (looking to worldly aggrandisement as the grand point of attainment, though Andrew talked well of "the one thing needful") he continued to improve upon his habits of parsimony and accumulation, so as to deny himself the common comforts becoming necessary to his advancing years. But the hard gripe occasionally relaxed at the persuasive voice of Josiah's eloquence; and that hopeful youth, as he advanced in the ways of iniquity, made especial progress in its refined arts of specious hypocrisy, to which, alas! his early training had too favourably disposed him.

It would be a tedious and distasteful task minutely to trace the progressive steps by which Josiah attained that degree of hardened profligacy, which marked his character by the time he had completed his nineteenth year—the second of his clerkship in Messrs ——— counting-house. The marvel is, that his seat on the high office stool had not been vacated long before the expiration of that period. The eyes of his employers had for some time been open to his disreputable and ruinous courses. Their keen observation was of course upon him in all matters that could in any way affect their own interests; and at length, on that account, as well as from more conscientious motives, which ought to have had earlier influence, they deemed it requisite to arouse the fears of the still-deluded parent, and to recommend his interference, to avert, if possible, the dangerous career of his infatuated son. Alas! it was a cruel caution, for it came too late. Too late, except to excite the father's fears to a sudden pitch of agony, which provoked him to bitter upbraidings, and violent denunciations, and thus contributed to

sear the already corrupted heart of the insensate youth, and to accelerate his desperate plunge into irretrievable ruin.

It was well known at C—— that Andrew Cleaves had (for a man in his station) amassed considerable wealth, and that his idolized and only son would inherit it undivided; and in that confidence, there were not wanting venturous and unprincipled persons, who not only gave him credit in the way of trade, to an unwarrantable amount, but even advanced him loans from time to time, on the speculation of future re-payment, with usurious interest. By such means, added to the not inconsiderable gratifications he at different times obtained from his father, under various specious pretences, Josiah had been enabled to run a course of low and profligate extravagance, far exceeding anything which had entered into the suspicions of his employers, or the tardily aroused apprehensions of the distressed father. Among the threats of that abused parent, there was one which Josiah doubted not would be promptly executed—a public advertisement in C——, that Andrew Cleaves held himself nowise answerable for any debts his son might think proper to contract—an exposure which would not only cut him off from all future supplies, but probably create such distrust of his hitherto undoubted heirship, as to bring forward all the claims standing against him, and irritate his father, beyond hope of accommodation.

But the idea of absconding from C—— had long been familiar to Josiah, and he had for some time past been connected with a set of characters, whose daring exploits, and communication with the metropolis, had fired his ambition to emulate the former, and to transfer his genius to a theatre more worthy its enterprising capabilities. *Yet* Josiah's heart was not *quite hardened.* It had not lost *all pleasant* remembrance of his days of boyish happiness—of the indulgences of his father's dwelling, and of the repressed, but ill-dissembled fondness of that doating parent, whose proud and severe nature had even accommodated itself to offices of womanly tenderness, for the feeble infant left motherless to his care.

There were still moments—even in the circle of his vile associates—even in the concerting their infamous schemes—or while the profane oath still volleyed from his tongue—and the roar of riotous mirth and licentious song resounded—there were moments, even then, when recollection of better things flashed across his mind, like angels' wings athwart the pit of darkness, and he shuddered with transient horror at the appalling contrast.

The faint gleam of such a mental vision still haunted him at the breaking up of a riotous meeting, during which he had finally arranged with his confederates the plan which was to remove him (probably for ever!) from C—— and its vicinity.

"But I will have one more look at the old place before I go," suddenly resolved Josiah, when he had parted from his companions. "At least I will have a last look at the *outside* of the walls—though I *can't* go in—I *can't* face the old man, before I leave him—he would not pass over what can't be undone—and there's no going back *now*—but I *will* see the old place again."

It was late on the Sabbath evening when Josiah formed this sudden resolution, and so quickly was it carried into effect, that it wanted near an hour to midnight when he reached the low boundary of the cottage garden.

It was a calm, delicious night of ripening Spring—so hushed and still, you might have heard the falling showers of overblown apple blossoms. Josiah lingered for a moment with his hand on the garden wicket; and while he thus tarried, was startled by a sudden but familiar sound from the adjacent close. It was the nichering salutation of his old friend Greybeard, who, having perceived, with fine instinct, the approach of his young master and quondam playmate, came forward, as in days of yore, to the holly hedge, which divided his pasture from the garden, and poking his white nose through the old gap betwixt the hawthorn and the gate, greeted him with that familiar nicher.

"Ah, old boy! is it thou?" said the youth, in a low hurried voice, as he stopt a moment to stroke the face of his faithful favourite. "Dost *thou* bid me welcome home, old fellow?

Well—that's something!" and a short unnatural laugh finished the sentence, as he turned from the loving creature, and with quick, but noiseless steps, passed up the garden walk to the front of the quiet cottage.

Quiet as the grave it stood in the flood of moonlight—its lonely tenant had long since gone to rest; and no beam from hearth or taper streamed through the diamond panes of the small casements.

The Prodigal gazed for a moment on the white walls—on the honeysuckle already flowering round his own casement—then stept within the porch, and softly, and fearfully, as it were, raised his hand to the latch—which, however, he lifted not—only softly laid his hand upon it, and so, with eyes rooted to the ground, stood motionless for a few minutes, till the upraised arm dropt heavily; and with something very like a sigh, he turned from the door of his father's dwelling, to retrace his steps towards C——.

Yet once again in his way down the garden path, he turned to look on the home he was forsaking. At that moment the evil spirit slept within him, and his better nature was stirring in his heart. The repose of night—its "beauty of holiness"—the healing influence of the pure fresh air—the sight of that familiar scene—nay, the fond greeting of his dumb favourite—the thought for what purpose he was there—and of the old man who slept within those silent walls, unconscious of the shock impending over him in the desertion of his only child—all these things crowded together with softening influence into the heart of that unhappy boy, as he turned a farewell look upon the quiet cottage—and just then a sound from within smote his ear faintly. At first, a faint, low sound, which deepened by degrees into a more audible murmur, and proceeded surely from his father's chamber. Josiah started—"Was the old man ill?" he questioned with himself—"Ill and alone!" and without farther parley, he stept quickly but noiselessly to the low casement, and still cautiously avoiding the possibility of being seen from within, gazed earnestly between the vine-leaves through the closed lattice. The interior of the small chamber was quite visible in the pale moonshine—so distinctly visible that Josiah could even distinguish his father's large silver watch hanging at the bed's head in its nightly place—and on that bed two pillows were yet laid side by side, (it was the old man's eccentric humour) as in the days when his innocent child shared with him that now solitary couch. But neither pillow had been pressed that night—the bed was still unoccupied—and beside it knelt Andrew Cleaves, visibly in an agony of prayer—for his upraised hands were clasped above the now bald and furrowed brow. His head was flung far back in the fervour of supplication—and though the eyelids were closed, the lips yet quivered with those murmuring accents, which, in the deep stillness of midnight, had reached Josiah's ear and drawn him to the spot. It was a sight to strike daggers to the heart of the ungrateful child, who knew too well, who felt too assuredly, that for him, offending as he was, that agonizing prayer was breathed—that his undutiful conduct and sinful courses had inflicted that bitterness of anguish depicted on the venerable features of his only parent. Self-convicted, self-condemned, the youthful culprit stood gazing as if spell-bound, and impulsively, instinctively, *his* hands also closed in the long-neglected clasp of prayer—and unconsciously *his* eyes glanced upward for a second, and *perhaps* the inarticulate aspiration which trembled on his lip, was, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Yet such it hardly could have been—for that touching cry, proceeding from a deeply stricken heart would have reached the ear of Mercy, and, alas! those agitated feelings of remorse, which might "if Heaven had willed it,"

Have matured to penitence and peace,

were but the faint stirrings of a better spirit doomed to be irrevocably quenched ere thoroughly awakened.

The tempter was at hand, and the infatuated victim wanted moral courage to extricate himself by a bold effort while there was yet time, from the snare prepared for his destruction. Just at that awful moment, that crisis of his fate, when the sense of guilt suddenly smote upon his heart, and his better angel whispered, "Turn—yet turn and live!"—at that decisive moment a rustling in the holly hedge, accompanied by a low whistle, and a suppressed laugh, broke on his startled ear; and, as if a serpent had stung

him, he sprang without one backward glance from the low casement and the cottage walls—and almost at a bound he cleared the garden path, and dashed through the little gate which swung back from his desperate hand with jarring violence.

Those awaited him without, from whom he could not brook the sneer of ridicule—with whom he had mocked at and abjured all good and holy things, and with whose desperate fortunes he had voluntarily embarked his own; and well they knew the hold they had upon him, and having at that time especial motives to desire his faithful adherence, they had dodged his steps to the lone cottage, under a vague suspicion that if an interview should take place between the father and son, Nature might powerfully assert her rights, and yet detach the youth from their unholy coalition.

"The children of this world *are*, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." They guessed well, and too well succeeded in securing their victim—and before Josiah had half retraced the townward way with his profligate companions, his mind was again engrossed by their nefarious projects, and all that had so recently affected him—the whole familiar scene—the low white cottage—the little chamber, and the aged man who knelt beside that lonely bed in prayer for an offending child—all these things had faded like a vision from his unstable mind; and secretly humiliated at the recollection of his momentary weakness, the miserable youth bade an eternal adieu to the paths of peace and innocence, and gave himself up to work evil unreservedly.

A.

MINCED-PIE; A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

To Miss S———.

Rerum concordia discors.
HORACE.

I SING Minced-Pie, the pride of Christmas cheer,
And teach the walls of crumbling paste to rear;—
Inspiring Belly-Gods from Heaven descend,
And every hungry Muse, my verse befriend!
'Tis sweet whate'er we taste, or hear, or see,
To find Variety in Unity:
So the ethereal bow enchants the sight
With many-tinted luxury of light:
So the grave organ, and the festive harp,
Pour their commingling streams of flat and sharp:
And so the faint voluptuous Indian breeze
Wafts blended odours o'er the gladden'd seas.
An Iris edible invites your throats—
A symphony of palatable notes;
Of luscious savours a complex Idea,
Full as the bounteous horn of Amalthea;
Bouquet compact of multifarious blossom,—
Of toothsome elements, a microcosm—
Fain would I tell, but greatly fear the Muse,
Of mind unearthly as terrestrial Blues,
Disdains the humble knowledge of a cook,
Nor e'er in Mrs Raffle deigns to look;
Nor kens the "Lady,"* not unknown to fame,
(Though her coy title not reveal her name,)
Who crams her volume, to enhance its price,
With that unsavoury compound, good advice;
Nor him, whose deeper lore, in later age,
With peptic precepts drugs the glutton page.

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* The works of Mrs Raffle and Dr Kitchiner must be well known to all gastronomic readers. As the "Lady" has not given her name to the public, I do not think myself at liberty to deprive her of the pleasure of throwing off the mask a la the Author of Waverley. I am credibly informed, that great part of her volume was composed at a romantic village in my own neighbourhood; and that the poor were

Fain would I sing how various sweets combine,
And swell with dainty terms the luscious line—
What fabled, hard-named heathen Muse need I,
To praise an honest Church-of-England pie?
If not the Goddess, let the Cook inspire
My glowing soul with culinary fire.—
Slow o'er the plain the ox majestic roams,
Fast by the mill the brook impetuous foams—
The mill to grind, the ox is doom'd to die,
By fate subservient to the unborn pie;
The ruddy milk-maid labours at the churn—
May fairy Puck * his cream-bowl duly earn!
So Thales † taught how all the solid earth
To one vast fluid owes its wondrous birth,
Like butter curdling on its natal day—
Like butter, perhaps, at last to melt away.
These form the bases of my chemic theme,
Beef, fine Farina, and coagulate cream,
These Britons give to form the compound sweet:
For rich her soil, but richer far her fleet—
Her fleet, that bears from Oriental groves
Bandanian nutmegs, aromatic cloves;
That wafts from—really I forget the place—
The hot pimento and the scaly mace—
The powdery sugar from the distant isles,
Where first Columbus met with human smiles;
Small currants, cultured by the Zantian swain, ‡
And raisins ripened by the suns of Spain.
The acid fruit, to social joy consign'd,
And golden orange lend their candied rind—
Add salt, not attic, water ever handy
In our moist clime, and all-convincing brandy—
With apples, sung by Phillips in blank verse,
Some trifles more, too tedious to rehearse.
Then mingle, mingle, those that mingle may—
Let the keen chopper ring a merry lay,
Till all the mass, in one confusion hurl'd,
Like embryo atoms of a destined world,
Own it the due return of festive time
That bids the perfect pie arise sublime.

That merry Christmas now is obsolete,
When bards and curates had a chance to eat;
When e'en the proudest and the coyest maid,
Nor wrath nor scorn affecting, duly paid

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bountifully fed upon the *caput mortuum* of her culinary sublimations. Science and humanity should always go hand in hand. The Lady is a great (not political) economist, full of wise saws and modern instances, if any modern instances of her sort of economy are to be found. She is not by any means original in foisting good advice into a cookery book. Many are the "Complete Gentlewomen," "Cabinets of rare Secrets," &c. indited in the olden time, wherein may be read promiscuous receipts for paint, possets, and piety.

* The exploits of Puck, in the buttery, cannot be obscure in the present age, when his diminutive race have been recently celebrated by the author of Whims and Oddities. Why does not a writer, who has done so well, do a great deal better? A word to the wise—I love a pun to my heart; but puns should not be printed. They seldom read well—even Shakspeare's were made to be acted.

† Probably the old philosopher meant no more by his water than others by chaos, and later world-makers by hyle, or the first matter, i. e. potentiality—an *ens rationis* capable of all forms, but actually endued with none.

‡ I cannot answer for the correctness of this culinary formula. Aristotle (*Poetics, sub finem*) remarks, that poets should not be censured for technical mistakes in arts which they do not profess.

The forfeit kiss beneath the pendent holly,
And none would blame the periodic folly;
When the grey master of the village school
Could gravely prove it *wise to play the fool;*
When such a monster never yet was seen
As a prim Doctor made at Aberdeen,
Empiric dealer in cheap education,
Who advertises, "N. B. No Vacation;"
When loyal hearts were warm with old October,
And Orthodoxy was not always sober;
When "Church and King," and "Britain's Trade and Glory,"
Were pledged in equal cups by Whig and Tory—
At some small peril of a dizzy pate,
But were not watch-words of contempt and hate;
When high and low partook one common glee,
As brethren of one happy family—
In short, when times were good,—but when they *were*
I find it not in Newton, nor in Blair—
Is nothing then of Christmas left behind,
Beside foul ways, and bleak December wind?
Yes, Pies there are, in this degenerate age
That might disarm a hungry poet's rage—
Hearts so benign, and looks so kind and warm,
No change can chill them, and no time deform.
Then why lament, with unavailing sighs,
Departed seasons, or departed pies—
Since Bards are still inspired by eyes as bright,
And pies shall still be made by hands as white?

The parting year, benignant in decay,
Bequeaths mankind a genial holiday—
Brisk, welcome storms announce the liberal week
That frees the slaves of Prosody and Greek,
And gives, bright gleaming from its rubric mark,*
Emancipation to the city clerk.
Then, while the blazing chimney roars and rocks,
The careful housewife all her stores unlocks—
Oh! guard these treasures with a Lynx's eye,
Should children enter, or a Bard be nigh;—
For Bards, by Nature's unresisted doom,
Are children from the cradle to the tomb.
But, oh! what horrors smite the venturous eye,
That dares invade the cave of Cookery—
Heads without bodies—trunks without a head,
And mangled limbs in wild disorder spread;
Knives, axes, faggots—tools of persecution,
And whirring wheels, in restless revolution;
Transfixing spits, in orderly array,
Like Demon lances, for Tartarean fray—
Fierce Dragon throats, expiring hotter breath †
Than the still Simoom's desert blast of death;
Lame Vulcan's Jack-of-all-trades ‡—hungry fire,
And hottest far, the Cook's industrious ire—
Less bold than Kitchiner, or Gallic Ude,
I may not in this Torrid Zone intrude—
The smoke of battle, and the smoke of flues,
Alike distasteful to my timid Muse,

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* Red letters in the Calendar denote holidays.

† Fierce, &c. Anglice, Flues.

‡ Jack-of all-trades is the best version I can give of Æschylus's παντέχνου πυρὸς σέλας. Prometheus Vinctus. V. 6.

Warn me to make a swift, well-timed retreat,
And scud away on my poetic feet—
The dire mishaps that mar the housewife's toil,
The sooty avalanche, the woeful spoil
Of pastry burn'd, and butter turn'd to oil,
Are themes, from which my tender thoughts recoil.
The moving accident is not my trade, *—
Of fractured platter, or of scolded maid,
If plates are broken, or if despots fall,
I cannot mourn in verse, nor mourn at all.
I warble best in warm, sequester'd nooks,
Cheer'd by the lovely light of sunny looks,
Where pensive puss demurely purrs and basks,
And white-arm'd maidens urge their gentle tasks.

At length, behold the perfect pie complete,
By moisture temper'd, and matured by heat,
Like Magisterium,† famed in times of old,
Youth to renew, and manufacture gold;
With farinaceous bulwarks fenced around,
Breast-work, and bastion, and embattled mound,
In shape fantastic as Egyptian bower,
In substance frailer than the porcelain tower—
When the white turkey and brown-haunch give place,
It crowns the board, and ushers in the grace,
Welcome to all.—No more the stern Precisian
Condemns the harmless pie ‡ of superstition—
Nor stands it now the rebel to defy,
A perilous proof of desperate loyalty.
Now all agree, the tonsure and the wig,
The croaking Tory § and the crowing Whig,
High-church, and Low-church, Shakers, Dippers, Ranters,
And every species of the genus Canters—
True brothers, all, as at a Bible-meeting,
Join to promote the blessed work of eating.
With fire and sword they urge the fierce attack—
Drive the keen blade, and burn the rich Cognac—
Pale, azure flames, attend the dainty's doom,
Like death-lights hovering o'er a hero's tomb—
'Tis done—'tis vanish'd from the mortal scene—
The Pie is rank'd with things that once have been,
But the fair maker yet in beauty breathes,
Fresh as the flowers in amaranthine wreaths,
Outlives her work, as modern authors do,
And may, perhaps, next year, the work renew.

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* The moving accident is not my trade,
To freeze your blood I have no ready arts;
'Tis my delight alone, in summer shade,
To pipe a simple tale to thinking hearts.
WORDSWORTH'S *Heartleap Well.*

† Magisterium—the Philosopher's stone.

‡ The antipathy of the Puritans to minced-pies was as decided as their aversion to the Liturgy.

§ The line, as originally written, stood thus,

The crowing Tory and the croaking Whig.

Recent events have suggested the change.—AUTHOR.

Still more recent events have suggested the propriety of retaining the original line.—C. N.

POSTSCRIPT DICTATED ON THE SPUR OF THE OCCASION TO A PRINTER'S DEVIL, IN AMBROSE'S, ON THE EVENING OF MONDAY THE 21ST OF JANUARY 1828.

We have been far from well lately, and not a few of our pretended friends have had the audacity to look at us with a peculiarly disagreeable, indeed disgusting expression of face, as if they meant to convey to us a physiognomical hint that we ought forthwith to resign. Much out of sorts we certainly have been for some six months past or so—that loathsome Coalition having sickened all the old gentlemen in the country. The gout, having effected a temporary lodgment in our stomach, attempted to fly to our head, but was driven back with great laughter into our foot, where it at present remains unmolested, in too exhausted a condition to venture upon any farther hostilities. The frequent changes in the weather and in the Ministry, sufficiently trying to any constitution, have now subsided into what seems to be a settled state of the atmosphere—and Christopher and the Country, by the last bulletins, are announced to be convalescent. Both Patients are in a thriving way—and there can be no doubt that, in a month or two, we shall both be perfectly restored to the capacity and power of discharging all our manifold and important functions. Meanwhile we must be kept quiet—nothing in the form of a Whig or a Rat must be suffered to cross our path, for fear we should raise our pulse by treading upon it. The opening articles of newspapers must be administered in very moderate doses—and even our intercourse with Maga herself must be restrained within bounds, till our strength is so far renovated, that the system shall no longer suffer from the uncontrolled vehemence of our embraces. We confess that we feel the genial impulses of spring. Old Parr, and old Jenkins, knew little or nothing about longevity—either in theory or in practice. Ours is the Elixir Vitæ; like the eagle we renew our youth—nor shall we breathe our last, till the memory of Whigs and Whiggery is faint and fuzionless as a jug of toddy twenty waters to the Glenlivet.

We are deeply penetrated by a sense of our many million faults, failings, defects, deficiencies, vices, sins, crimes, et cetera—as will be shown to all the world in our Autobiography, for these last twenty or thirty years speedily preparing for the press. But in spite of them all, in Literature and in Politics—we have been—consistent. And why? Because we obeyed no bidding—but the bidding of our own uncorrupted and incorruptible will. Bribes! From what region could bribes be brought, and by what power, to sway one single syllable of that voice, which has no utterance but when inspired—else mute—by the spectacle of Truth, Genius, Liberty, Independence, Virtue, and Religion? From their cause never have we swerved an inch during all the variations of times and seasons. The Work that grew and flourished in the sunshine, dwindled not, nor shrivelled in the gloom, was broken not nor beaten down in the tempest. It is now firmly planted—straight in the stem—with bold branches, "itself a grove," and woe be to them who would dare to lay the axe to its root, or come, like thieves in the night, within the reach of its far-tossing limbs, in their natural and easy strength repelling unto the death all either stealthy or open aggression!

There is a change in the Ministry. The Whigs have melted like so many blobs—not of dew—but of fetid grease—of kitchen-fee, (see Dr Jamieson)—drippings fit to be sold only to afternoon mendicants—and have left behind only—a stench. We saw them—we smelt them melting—as the Political Articles in our present Number, written weeks—months ago—sufficiently testify. Shall we henceforth leave the fishy fumes of the Faction of themselves to be dissolved through the air, or shall we dig a hole for the dead body of Whiggery, and inter it deep down in a corp-safe, beyond the pick and shovel of the resurrectionist? Wait and see.

Meanwhile—Wellington—

> "Like a re-appearing star—
> Like a glory from afar,
> First doth head the flock of war."

Peel and Melville, and other Worthies, are recalled to hold and wield that power from which they nobly retired, when to hold and wield it would have been dishonour. During their short obscuration behind the clouds of faction, we beheld them shining still; and the Nation—the entire British Nation—hails their return to that station from which they never could have been driven by force, but from which they did, with one magnanimous mind, retire, with all loyalty to their King, with all love to their Country—but in obedience to a still higher call than that of either King or Country—their Conscience.

From our inmost hearts we applauded their retirement—from our inmost hearts we hail their return. But we shall speak of Men and of Measures with the same independent spirit, now that they are in power, as we did when they were out of power; and on all the Acts of Government hold such language as will prove to the People of Britain that we have no object at heart but the honour of public men, and the true greatness of our country. C. N.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*Jan.* 9.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 60s. 0d.	1st,...34s. 0d.	1st,.....30s. 0d.	1st,.....39s. 0d.
2d,.. 51s. 0d.	2d, ...31s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....35s. 0d.
3d,... 43s. 0d.	3d, ...25s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.	3d, ...31s. 0d.

Average of Wheat per imperial quarter, £2, 11s. 6d.

Tuesday, Jan. 8.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (17¼ lb.) .	0s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per cwt. .	80s. 0d. to 84s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	0s. 9d. to 0s.10d.
Tallow, per cwt. .	35s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*Jan.* 11.

NEW.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...56s. 0d.	1st, ...32s. 6d.	1st, ...26s. 0d.	1st, ...32s. 0d.	1st, ...32s. 0d.
2d, ...48s. 0d.	2d, ...30s. 0d.	2d, ...22s. 0d.	2d, ...30s. 0d.	2d, ...31s. 0d.
3d, ...34s. 0d.	3d, ...27s. 0d.	3d, ...19s. 0d.	3d, ...28s. 0d.	3d, ...30s. 0d.

Old Wheat.—First, 67s. 0d.—Second, 65s. 0d.—Third, 62s. 0d.

Average of Old Wheat, per imperial qr. £3, 4s. 1d. 2-12ths.—*New*, £2, 8s. 2d.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Jan. 4.

Wheat, 51s. 8d.—Barley, 29s. 6d.—Oats, 21s. 4d.—Rye, 33s. 8d.—Beans, 39s. 7d.—Pease, 42s. 8d.
Aggregate Average by which the duty on Foreign Corn now in bond is regulated.—Wheat, 51s. 10d.—Barley, 30s. 6d.—Oats, 21s. 11d.—Rye, 32s. 10d.—Beans, 41s. 7d.—Pease, 43s. 9d.

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 7.

	s. s.		s. s.
Wheat, red, old	— to —	White pease .	42 to 45
Red, new . .	40 to 46	Ditto, boilers .	— to —
Fine ditto . .	48 to 52	Small Beans, new	46 to 50
Superfine ditto	54 to 55	Ditto, old . .	65 to 68
White, new . .	45 to 54	Tick ditto, new	37 to 40
Fine ditto . .	52 to 56	Ditto, old .	60 to 64
Superfine ditto	59 to 61	Feed oats .	17 to 19
Rye	30 to 32	Fine ditto . .	20 to 22
Barley . . .	25 to 29	Poland ditto .	19 to 23
New	27 to 29	Fine ditto .	24 to 29
Superfine ditto	31 to 34	Potato ditto	24 to 26
Malt	50 to 56	Fine ditto . .	27 to 30
Fine	59 to 62	Scotch . . .	30 to 32
Hog Pease .	37 to 40	Flour, per sack	45 to 50
Maple . . .	42 to 43	Ditto, seconds	— to —
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran . .	8 to 9

Seeds, &c.

	s. s. d.		s. s. d.
Tares, per bsh.	— to — 6	Rye Grass	36 to 42 0
Must. White, .	6 to 8 0	Ribgrass . .	— to — 0
— Brown, new	9 to 12 0	Clover, red cwt.	56 to 75 0
Turnips, bsh.	22 to 26 0	— White . . .	60 to 81 0
—Red & green	24 to 28 0	Foreign red	52 to 65 0
— White	22 to 26 0	——— White	60 to 78 0
Caraway, cwt.	38 to 42 0	Coriander . .	12 to 16 0
Canary, per qr.	68 to 72 0	Trefoil . . .	34 to 42 0
Cinque Foin	48 to 52 0	Lintseed feed	— to — 0

Rape Seed, per last, £27, to £29.

Liverpool, Jan. 8.

	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.		Amer. p. 196 lb.	
Eng.	7 0 to 9 6	Sweet, bond	— to — 0
Scotch .	7 6 to 8 9	Sour, do. .	22 0 to 24 0
Irish . .	6 6 to 7 9	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
Foreign	0 0 to 0 0	English	22 0 to 27 0
Do. in bond	4 4 to 5 0	Scotch . .	— to — 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.		Irish . . .	21 0 to 27 0
Eng. . . .	4 3 to 4 6	Bran, p. 24 lb.	0 11 to 1 0
Scotch .	0 0 to 0 0		
Irish . .	3 10 to 4 3	*Butter, Beef, &c.*	
Foreign	3 10 to 4 2		
Oats, per 45 lb.		Butter, p. cwt.	s. d. s. d.
Eng. . . .	2 10 to 3 3	Belfast	86 0 to — 0
Irish . . .	2 7 to 3 0	Newry . .	80 0 to — 0
Scotch . .	2 10 to 3 3	Waterford	— 0 to — 0
For. in bond	2 10 to 3 1	Cork, pic. 2d	80 0 to — 0
Do. dut. fr.	— to —	3d, dry	70 0 to 72 0
Rye, per qr.	30 0 to 34 0	Beef, p. tierce.	
Malt, per qr.	65 0 to 68 0	— Mess	70 0 to 75 0
—Middling	— 0 to — 0	— p. barrel	— 0 to — 0
Beans, per q.		Pork, p. bl.	
English .	54 0 to 58 0	— Mess .	50 0 to 58 0
Irish . .	43 0 to 54 0	— half do.	26 0 to 30 0
Rapeseed	— to —	Bacon, p. cwt.	
Pease, grey	— to —	Short mids.	44 0 to 46 0
—White .	46 0 to 50 0	Sides . .	44 0 to 46 0
Flour, English,		Hams, dry	— 0 to — 0
p. 240 lb. fine	39 0 to 42 0	Green . .	— 0 to — 0
Irish .	38 0 to 42 0	Lard, rd. p.c.	60 0 to — 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Dec. 1827.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	205 206	——	——	——
3 per cent. reduced,	82½ 83⅝	82⅛ ⅞	82⅝ 83	83⅞ 84
3 per cent. consols,	82¾ 83½	——	——	——
3½ per cent. consols,	——	89⅛ ⅝	——	90¾
New 4 per cent. cons.	107⅞ 99⅞	——	——	——
India bonds,	——	70 73p.	70 72p.	85 87p.
—— stock,	250	——	——	——
Long Annuities,	18 11-16⅞	18 13-16 15-16	18 13-16 15-16	19 1-16
Exchequer bills,	51 55p.	43 45p.	43 44p.	55 57p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	53 51p.	44 45 43p.	43 44p.	55 57p.
Consols for acc.	83⅛ 84⅝	83¼ ⅜	83½ ¾	86½ ⅞
French 5 per cents.	101f. 55c.	100f. 55c.	101f. 21c.	101f. 40c.

Course of Exchange.—Jan. 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3, Ditto, at sight, 12 : 0. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburgh, 36 : 6. Altona, 36 : 7. Paris 3 days' sight, 25 : 35. Ditto, 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort on the Maine, 150½ : 0. Petersburgh, per rble. 10 : 3. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, 10 : 3. Trieste, 10 : 3. Madrid, 35. Cadiz, 35¼. Bilboa, 35¼. Barcelona, 34½. Seville, 34½. Gibraltar, 46. Leghorn, 48. Genoa, 25 : 50. Venice, 46. Malta, 0. Naples, 39. Palermo, p. oz. 118. Lisbon, 46. Oporto, 46. Rio Janeiro, 33. Bahia, 37 : 0. Buenos Ayres, 0. Dublin, 21 days' sight, 1¼. Cork, 1¼.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Doubloons, £3 : 14 : 0. New Dollars, 4s. 10d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 0½d.

LONDON PRICES CURRENT, *Jan.* 11.

ASHES, Canada Pot, 1st, cwt.	33s	6	to	0	0
Pearls	33	6		0	0
United States Pot	31	6		0	0
Pearls	32	6		0	0
Russia Pearls	30	0		0	0
BRISTLES, St Petersb. cwt.	L.12	10		12	15
COFFEE, in Bond					
Jamaica ordinary cwt.	34s	0		39	0
good ordinary	40	0		45	0
fine ordinary	46	0		53	0
low middling	54	0		63	0
middling	64	0		70	0
good do. and fine	72	0		88	0
Mocha	66	0		100	0
CORK, Spanish, ton	L.50	0		60	0
Oporto	25	0		30	0
Faro	48	0		60	0
French	80	0		100	0
COTTON, per lb.					
Grenada	—s	7½		—s	9
Berbice and Demerara	—	7		—	9½
New Orleans	—	6		—	8
Bowed Georgia	—	5½		—	6¾
Bahia	—	7½		—	8½
Pernambuco	—	8½		—	9
Madras	—	3½		—	5⅝
Bengal	—	3½		—	4½
Smyrna	—	8		—	9
FLAX, Riga PTR, ton, new	L.39	0		—	0
DC,	35	10		36	10
Petersburg, 12 head	36	0		36	10
Liebau, 4 brand	34	0		—	0
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton	L.44	0		45	0
Petersburg clean	39	0		39	15
Outshot	37	0		—	0
Half clean and pass	32	0		—	0
HOPS, New East Kent Pockets	L.5	5		6	10
New Kent Pockets	4	10		6	0
Sussex	4	0		4	10
East Kent Bags	4	4		5	5
1826 Pockets	3	10		4	6
IRON, CCND, bd. ton	L.19	10		20	0
PSI	17	0		17	10
Swedish	14	0		14	10
INDIGO, E.I. fine blue, bd. lb.	11s	0		13s	0
Fine Violet and Purple	10	0		10	9
ordinary,	6	9		8	0
good and mid. do.	8	3		9	9
LEATHER, per lb.					
Butts, 50 to 56	20½	0		22	0
Ditto, 60 to 66	0	0		0	0
Hides, crop, 45 to 50	1	5		1	7
Do. 35 to 40	1	2½		1	4½
British for dress	1	1		1	5
Calf skins	1	4		2	4
Horse hides	1	1		1	4
LIME JUICE,	1	6		2	0
OIL, per tun, 252 gallons.					
Whale, Greenl. without casks	L.22	0		22	10
Cod, in casks	23	15		—	0
Seal, Pale	26	0		—	0
—— Brown	23	0		—	0
Palm, African, per cwt.	28	0		29	0
Spermaceti	81	0		—	—
Whale, South Sea	73	0		—	0
Linseed, per cwt.	1	2		—	0
Galipoli, per tun of 232 galls.	51	0		52	0
PITCH, British, per cwt.	6	0		0	0
Stockholm	8	0		0	0
American	5	0		0	0
Archangel	7	0		0	0
PIMENTO, Jamaica, per lb.	0s	8		0	9

SPIRITS.					
Brandy, Cognac, imp. gal.	3s	9	to	4	3
Geneva	2	10		2	11
Rum, Jamaica, 14 a 20 O.P.	3	4		3	8
Leeward Islands, P. & U.P.	2	3		2	4
SUGAR, per cwt.					
Jamaica, Brown	£2	19	to	3	2
Middling	3	3		3	6
Good	3	7		3	10
Fine	3	11		3	12
Demerara and St Kitt's	2	17		3	11
Grenada	2	17		3	9
Barbadoes	3	2		3	19
Havannah, brown	1	11		1	13
White	1	18		2	4
Fine ditto	2	5		2	9
East India, brown	1	7		1	16
White	1	13		1	17
REFINED SUGARS.					
Lumps	4	1		4	8
Fine	4	6		5	2
Loaves	4	5		4	10
Fine	4	12		0	0
Powder	4	7		4	12
Double, ordinary	5	7		0	0
Fine	5	10		6	0
Molasses	25s	6		26	0
TALLOW, Peterbg. YC. cwt.	37s	0		38	0
White	40	0		41	0
Soap	36	0		36	6
Archangel	37	0		0	0
Siberia	37	6		0	0
Home melted	35	0		0	0
TAR, Virginia brl.	13	0		14	0
Archangel	14	6		16	0
Stockholm	15	6		0	0
TOBACCO, Kentucky, per lb.	0	2¼		0	4½
Virginia ordinary	0	2½		0	2¾
Part blacks	0	2¼		0	3½
Middling black	0	3½		0	4
Maryland scrubs	0	4		0	5
Brown and leafy	0	4		0	5½
Coloury and yellow	0	6		1	0
WINE, per pipe.					
Port, per 138 gallons	£22	0	to	50	0
Lisbon, per pipe	20	0		28	0
Madeira, per 110 gallons	50	0		60	0
West India, ditto	27	0		45	0
East India, ditto	35	0		70	0
Sherry, per butt	25	0		70	0
Mountain, per 126 gallons	20	0		30	0
Teneriffe, per 120 gallons	24	0		25	0
Spanish, red, per 126 gallons	12	0		16	0
Claret, per hhd. for Dy.	36	0		50	0
French, White, ditto	34	0		36	0
WOODS, per ton.					
Fustic, Jamaica	£ 7	10		8	10
Cuba	10	10		—	0
South American	6	0		7	0
Boxwood	18	0		21	0
Lignumvitæ	4	10		11	0
Nicaragua	7	0		14	0
LOGWOOD, Jamaica	5	15		6	10
Honduras	6	0		5	15
Campeachy	8	0		7	10
St Domingo	6	5		5	15
MAHOGANY, per foot.					
Jamaica	16d		to	20d	
Honduras	7½d			14d	
Cuba	14d			18d	
St Domingo	19d			[illegible]	
CORKWOOD, Spanish	£55	0		0	0

Meteorological Tables, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

November.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Nov. 1	M.32	29.709	M.44	N.	Frost. morn.
	A. 42	.704	A. 45		Shower aftn.
2	M.45	.718	M.48	Cble.	Fair, with
	A. 46	.702	A. 46		sunshine.
3	M.45	.592	M.50	W.	Foren. fair,
	A. 48	.575	A. 51		shower aftn.
4	M.41	.725	M.47	W.	Fair, with
	A. 46	.740	A. 47		sunshine.
5	M.46	.872	M.48	W.	Ditto.
	A. 47	.999	A. 48		
6	M.38	.950	M.44	E.	Day rainy.
	A. 40	.930	A. 44		
7	M.38	.920	M.43	SE.	Dull, but
	A. 42	.890	A. 44		fair.
8	M.49	.786	M.44	NE.	Ditto.
	A. 43	.691	A. 46		
9	M.43½	.490	A. 47	W.	Foren. dull,
	A. 49	.530	M.46		aftn. sunsh.
10	M.44	.510	A. 49	Cble.	Fair, rather
	A. 48	.520	M.49		dull.
11	M.44	.610	A. 50	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 48	.758	M.44		some sunsh.
12	M.41	.785	A. 47	SW.	Fair, rather
	A. 47	.792	M.48		dull.
13	M.50½	.825	A. 52	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 51	.719	M.53		sunshine.
14	M.52	.603	M.55	SW.	Day rain.
	A. 55	.568	A. 51		
15	M.38	.407	M.46	SW.	Day fair,
	A. 44	.406	A. 45		night rain.
Nov. 16	M.38	26.339	M.45	E.	Day rain.
	A. 44	.429	A. 44		
17	M.40	.516	M.45	E.	Dull, but
	A. 43	.718	A. 43		fair.
18	M.32	.814	M.43	SE.	Frost morn.
	A. 34	.816	A. 42		day fair.
19	M.32	.817	M.39	SW.	Day fair,
	A. 34	.805	A. 41		rain night.
20	M.41	.755	M.46	Cble.	Forrn. fair,
	A. 45	.820	A. 36		night show.
21	M.31	.999	M.34	NW.	Sharp frost.
	A. 32	.990	A. 34		
22	M.32	.575	M.35	NW.	Keen frost,
	A. 26	.520	A. 33		with snow.
23	M.25½	.310	M.33	NW.	Snow morn.
	A. 31	.439	A. 32		day fair.
24	M.26	.608	M.34	SW.	Dull, but
	A. 29	.591	A. 34		fair.
25	M.27	.539	M.37	W.	Snow morn.
	A. 38	.870	A. 40		day fair.
26	M.27	.968	M.42	W.	Day fair and
	A. 44	.930	A. 43		mild.
27	M.45	.832	M.45	SW.	Fair, mild,
	A. 47	.812	A. 46		sunshine.
28	M.44	.731	M.46	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 43	.197	A.49		
29	M.44	.197	M.49	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 46	28.999	A. 48		day fair.
30	M.46	.990	M.48	SW.	Fair, sun-
	A. 45	.816	A. 47		shine, mild.

Average of rain, 1.689.

December.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.	
Dec. 1	M.42	28.663	M.45	SW.	Foren. dull,
	A. 43	.680	A. 42		aftern. rain.
2	M.39	.680	M.42	W.	day rain,
	A. 46	29.447	A. 42		night foggy,
3	M.40	.263	M.44	Cble.	dull, showers
	A. 43	.240	A. 44		rain.
4	M.48	.150	M.50	W.	day fair, dull,
	A. 49	.212	A. 51		rain even.
5	M.50	.356	M.52	SW.	Foren. dull,
	A. 50	.185	A. 49		aftern. rain,
6	M.32	.544	M.45	Cble.	Fair, with
	A. 40	.910	A. 52		sunshine.
7	M.36	.515	M.45	SW.	day dull, shr.
	A. 44	28.835	A. 46		night rain.
8	M.36	29.344	M.42	SW.	Fair, but
	A. 40	.361	A. 43		dull.
9	M.39	.355	M.43	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 41	.180	A .42		
10	M.39	28.920	M.46	SW.	Rain foren.
	A. 49	.767	A. 49		fair aftern.
11	M.43	.658	M.47	Cble.	Heavy shrs.
	A. 46	.730	A. 44		rain.
12	M.35	29.114	M.44	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 40	.258	A. 41		mig. day fair.
13	M.36	28.999	M.40	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 37	.999	A. 41		
14	M.37	.625	M.45	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 45	.950	A. 44		mig. hail shr.
15	M.35	.925	M.44	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 46	.875	A. 44		and night.
16	M.34	.931	M.43	SW.	Foren. fair,
	A. 42	29.265	A. 41		rain aftern.
Dec. 17	M.36	29.160	M.41	SW.	Day. fair,
	A. 41	.101	A. 40		night rain.
18	M.39½	.242	M.42	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 41	28.999	A. 42		and night.
19	M.38	.692	M.47	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 49	.910	A. 41		day fair.
20	M.37	.856	M.41	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 40	.880	A. 42		sunshine.
21	M.36	.885	M.45	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 44	.990	A. 43		and night.
22	M.39	.994	M.42	Cble.	Morn. fair,
	A. 41	.999	A. 41		day showery.
23	M.35	29.548	M.44	SW.	Day fair,
	A. 38	.586	A. 41		rain night.
24	M.38	28.999	M.46	SW.	Day and night
	A. 49	29.238	A. 42		showery.
25	M.38	.860	M.43	SW.	Foren. sunsh.
	A. 43	.860	A. 44		rain aftern.
26	M.43	.904	M.44	W.	Fair, with
	A. 43	.930	A. 50		sunshine.
27	M.28	.930	M.50	W.	Ditto.
	A. 45	30.292	A. 44		
28	M.28	.225	M.43	W.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.244	A. 41		
29	M.28	.201	M.38	W.	Keen frost,
	A. 30	29.999	A. 38		heavy fog.
30	M.27	.892	M.39	W.	Ditto.
	A. 37	.620	A. 38		
31	M.27	.136	M.38	W.	Fine thaw
	A. 40	.136	A. 39		for day.

Average of rain, 3.232.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

November.

3 Dr. Gds. Lt. Peirse, Capt. by purch. vice Chalmers, ret. 11 Oct. 1827.
Cor. Wethered, Lt. by purch. 18 do.
M. F. Beaman, Cor. by purch. 25 do.
3 Dr. Ens. Yerbery, from 64 F. Cor. by Purch. vice Cosby, 1 Life Gds. 27 Sept.
6 Lt. Gen. *Hon. Sir* W. Lumley, *K.C.B.* Col. vice *Earl of* Pembroke, dead 3 Nov.
G. C. Holford, Cor. by Purch. vice Sykes, ret. 11 Oct.
8 Lt. *Sir* W. L. Young, *Bt.* Adj. Glanville, res. Adj. only. 28 do.
13 Lt. Wetherall, from 94 F. Lt. Atherton, dead. 1 Nov.
16 Capt. Osten, Maj. by purch. vice King, prom. 25 Oct.
Lt. M'Conchey, Capt. by purch. vice Granville, prom. 13 Nov.
Lt. M'Donell, do. Osten. 14 do.
Cor. Deverill, Lt. by purch. vice M'Conchey 13 do.
—— Brookes, do. M'Donell 14 do.
Geo. O'Halloran Gavin, Cornet by purch. vice Deverill 13 do.
Hen. Wardropen, Cor. by purch. vice Brooks, prom. 15 do.
Grn. Gds. Ens. and Lt. *Sir* R. A. Anstruther, *Bt.* Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Verney, prom. do.
Cha. Hammond Ailix, Ens. and Lt. by purch. do.
Capt. M'Nicol, from h. p. Capt. vice M'Ra, 1 F. prom. 1 do.
Ens. Lucas, Lt. vice Holbrooke, prom. 24 do.
Ens. Dalrymple, Lt. vice M'Lean, prom. 25 do.
Lt. Burrow, from h. p. 56 F. Lt. vice Ritchie, h. p. 1 Nov.
Ens. Innes, from h. p. 52 F. Ens. vice Lucas 24 Oct.
Ens. Campbell, from h, p. 65 F. Ens. vice Dalrymple 25 do.
Lt. Ward, from 45 Foot, Lt. vice Bernard, exch. 13 Feb.
2 As. Surg. Wallace, from 87 F. As. Surg. vice Atkinson, h. p. 27 Sept.
Qua. Mast. Serj. Jas. Moore, Adj. and Ensign, vice Littlejohn, res. Adj. only 6 Feb.
3 Maj. Cameron, Lt. Col by purch. vice Wall, ret. 15 Nov.
Capt. Gillman, Maj. by purch. do.
Lt. Stephens, h. p. 22 F. Lt. vice Douglas, 42 F. 1 do.
—— Hayland, from h. p. 87 F. Lt. vice Pilkington, prom. do.
Ens. Ralph, from 87 F. Ens. vice Beebee, prom. 24 Oct.
7 —— Norman, from 90 F. Lt. by purch. vice Walker, prom. 1 Nov.
Hosp. As. O'Brien, As. Surg. vice Pilkington, prom. 18 Oct.
10 W. H. Hadfield, Ens. vice Lanauze, dead 25 do.
13 Ens. Orange, Lt. vice Lamphier, dead do.
Lt. Pearson, from 47 F. Lt. vice Caldwell, 33 F. 1 Nov.
Horatio Thompson, Ens. vice Savage, dead 25 Apr.
Gent. Cadet, J. H. Fenwick, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Orange 25 Oct.
14 Lt. Johnston, from 38 F. Lt. vice O'Halloran, exch. 14 do.
15 Ass. Surg. Collis, from 76 F. Ass. Surg. 27 Sept.
Lt. Western, from h. p. Lt. vice Finer, prom. 2 Nov.
16 Lt. M'Manus, Capt. vice Williams, dead 25 Oct.
Ens. Archer, Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet J. F. C. Scott, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
19 Lt. Thomas, from h. p. 87 F. Lt. vice Wilson, prom. 1 Nov.
20 Lieut. Storey, Capt. vice King, dead 4 Oct.
Ens. Berdmore, Lt. vice Storey, prom. 11 do.
Gent. Cad. H. Crawley, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
Lt. Herbert, from h. p. 87 F. Lt. vice Connor, prom. 1 Nov.
—— Creagh, do. Lt. vice Patience, prom. 13 do.
21 Capt. Fairweather, Maj. by purch. vice Beresford, prom. 6 do.
Lt. Beete, Capt. do.
2d Lt. Johnston, 1st Lt. by purch. Beete, prom. do.
Cha. Wyndham Lamotte, 2d Lt. do.
22 Ens. Tupper, from h. p. 52 F. Ens. repaying diff. vice Bolton, 84 F. 18 do.
23 Lt. Stretton from h. p. 1st Lt. Macdonald, prom. 1 Nov.
Qua. Mast. Serj. G. Moore, Qua. Mast. vice Sidley, ret. on full pay 8 do.
25 Ens. Curling, from h. p. Ens. vice Wilson, 70 F. 25 Oct.
Lt. Brown, from 40 F. Lt. vice Mansergh, h. p. 15 F. 8 Nov.
28 Maj. Hailes, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Brown, ret. 11 Oct.
Bt. Maj. Brackenbury, from 56 F. Maj. by purch. vice Hailes, prom. 1 Nov.
Gent. Cad. S. B. Hobart, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Probyn, dead 25 Oct.
29 Ass. Surg. Robertson, from 70 F. Ass. Surg. vice Dunlop, dead 1 Nov.
30 Maj. Dalrymple, Lt. Col. by purchase, vice Stackpoole, ret. 18 Oct.
Capt. Powell, Maj. by purch. do.
Hen. Jenkins Pogson, Ens. by purch. vice Moncey, ret. 18 Nov.
31 Lt. O'Hara, from h. p. Lt. vice Kingdom, 64 F. 1 do.
Lt. O'Leary, Adj. vice Shaw, promoted 30 July 1826.
33 Lt. Jones, from h. p. Lt. vice Payne, prom. 1 Nov. 1827.
35 Ens. and Adj. Carnie, rank of Lt. 4 Oct.
J. H. Oakes Moore, Ens. vice Carnie 25 do.
Tho. Plunkett, Ens. vice Hickson, dead 15 Nov.
36 Capt. De Lacy, from h. p. Capt. vice Meade, ret. 25 Oct.
John Hen. Reeve, Ens. by purch. vice Gun, Ceylon Reg. 18 do.
38 Lt. O'Halloran, from 14 F. Lt. vice Johnston, exch. 14 Apr.
Hen. Close, Ens. vice Haynes, dead 15 Nov.
39 Capt. Walpole, from 88 F. Capt. vice D'Arcy, prom. 13 Nov.
—— Hodgson, from h. p. Capt. vice Baynes, 88 F. 14 do.
Lt. Waldron, from h. p. 61 F. vice Bourn, h. p. 1 do.
40 Lt. Kerr, from 87 F. Lt. 25 Oct.
—— Child, from h. p. 96 F. Lt. vice Radford, canc. 1 Nov.
—— Gun, Lieut. from h. p. 15 F. vice Browne, 25 F. 8 do.
41 Lt. Simmons, Captain, vice Brown, dead 18 Feb.
Lt. Cochrane, Captain, vice Vanspall, dead 26 do.
Ens. Evans, Lt. vice Simmons 18 Feb.
Lt. Price, from 47 F. Lt. vice Logan, dead 9 Mar.
Wm. Graham, Ens. vice Evans 18 Feb.
42 Lt. Douglas, from 3 F. Lt. vice Clarke, h. p. 22 F. 1 Nov.

F. J. G. Stirling, Ens. by purch. vice Tinne, 48 F. 8 do.
Hosp. Assist. Gisborne, Assist. Surg. vice Dempster, prom. 94 F. 15 Nov.
44 Geo. Haddon Smith, Ens. vice Grove, res. 24 Apr.
45 Lt.-Col. H. T. Shaw, from h. p. Unatt. Lt.Col. vice Greenwell, exch. 5 Nov.
Lt. Bernerd, from 1 F. Lt. vice Ward, exch. 13 Feb.
Lt. Ebhart, Adj. vice Reid, prom. 1 do.
Qua. Mast. Shoolbraid, from 69 F. vice Qua. Mast. Wallis, exch. 15 Nov.
46 Lt. Godwin, from h. p. R. Af. C. Corps, vice Lt. Morrison, prom. 1 do.
47 Ens. Bristow, Lt. vice Price, 41 F. 9 Mar.
Rupert, vice Allan, Ens. 15 Nov.
48 Ens. Tinne, from 42 F. Lt. by purch. vice Fothergill, prom. 8 do.
52 Ens. Swan, Lt. vice Wilson, dead 25 Oct.
Gent. Cad. F. G. Bull, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
54 Serj. Maj. Willocks, Qua. Mast. vice Coate, full pay 27 Sept.
Lt. P. Clarke, Adj. vice J. Clarke, prom. 23 Oct.
55 Lt. Palmer, from h. p. R. Art. Lt. 1 Nov.
56 Lt. Gen. M. *Lord* Aylmer, *K.C.B.* Col. vice *Sir* J. Murray, dead 29 Oct.
Capt. Higgins, from h. p. Capt. vice Brackenbury, prom. 28 F. 1 Nov.
Ens. Aylmer, Lt. by purch. vice Mayen, prom. 25 Oct.
F. T. Meech, Ens. by purch. 1 Nov.
57 Ens. Edwards, Lt. vice Moore, dead 25 Oct.
Tho. Aubin, Ens. do.
Hosp. Ass. Lister, Ass. Surg. vice Doyle, dead 18 do.
57 Bt. Maj. Campbell, Maj. by purch. vice Lockyer, ret. 8 Nov.
Lt. Daveney, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Kidd, Lt. by purch. do.
John B. Singleton, Ens. by purch. do.
58 John Rowan, Ens. by purch. vice Surman, ret. do.
Serj. Maj. Owen Gorman, Qua. Mast. vice Philips, ret. on full pay do.
58 Lt. Grant, Capt. by purch. vice Leyne, ret. 18 Oct.
Ens. Creaghe, Lt. by purch. 1 Nov.
John Napier, Ens. by purch. do.
60 Serj. Maj. Brelsford, from 23 F. Adj. and 2d Lt. vice Liddell, dead 25 Aug.
Alfred Mundy, 2d Lt. vice Havelock, 94 F. 1 Nov.
2d Lt. Anderson, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Spearman, prom. 15 do.
Spencer Perceval Plumer, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Anderson do.
61 Lt. Mallet, Capt. by purch. vice Hamilton, ret. 18 Oct.
Ens. Irving, Lt. by purch. do.
Lt. Mackinnon, from h. p. Lt. vice Walwyn, h. p. 1 Nov.
Ens. Ward, from h. p. Ens. vice Vane, h. p. 25 Oct.
62 Lieut. Bagot, Capt. by purch. vice Bouverier, ret. 8 Nov.
Ens. Lecky, Lt. by purch. do.
F. E. Cornfield, Ens. by purch. do.
Rich. Dyott, Ens. by purch. vice Loder, ret. 11 Oct.
Lt. Brown, Capt. vice Hill, dead 25 do.
Ens. Lane, Lt. do.
R. Dale, Ens. do.
64 W. Ewing, Ens. by purch. vice Yerbury, 3 Dr. 27 Sept.
Lt. Kingdom, from 31 F. Lt. vice Forbes, prom. 1 Nov.
67 James Ray, Ens. by purch. vice Gosset, prom. 25 Oct.
69 Ens. Thomson, Lt. vice Busteed, dead 8 Nov.
Catesby Paget, Ens. do.
Qua. Mast. Wallis, from 45 F. Qua. Mast. vice Shoolbraid, exch. 15 Nov.
71 Ens. Wallace, Lt. 25 Oct.
Charles Jones, Ens. do.
72 Lt. Laird, from h. p. Lt. vice Neill, exch. rec. diff. 15 Nov.
73 Hosp. As. Fraser, As. Surg. 18 do.
75 Edward Knollys, Ens. by purch. vice Walton, ret. do.
Lt. Gen. James Dunlop, Col. vice Gen. *Sir* Robert Abercromby, dead 10 Nov.
77 D. Cameron, Ens. by purch. vice Bordes, prom. 27 Sept.
Lt. Atkin, from h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Lomax, h. p. 29 Oct.
—— Colls, from h. p. Rifle Brig. do. vice Kenyon, h. p. 30 do.
Lt. Cates, from h. p. Lt. vice Macalister, 98 F. 1 Nov.
80 Gent. Cadet Arthur O'Brien, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Buchanan, 18 F. 25 Oct.
81 As. Surg. Macartney, *M.D.* from 52 F. Surg. vice Holmes, h. p. 18 do.
82 Lt. Elliott, Capt. by purch. vice Magenis, prom. 20 Nov.
Ens. Stopford, Lt. by purch. do.
As. Surg. Atkinson, *M.D.* from h.p. 2 F. As. Surg. vice Ross, 7 Dr. Gds. 8 do.
Geo. Grenville Glover, Ens. by purch. vice Stopford, prom. 20 do.
84 Quar. Mast. Serj. Watson, Quar. Mast. vice Cockburn, dead 19 July
Hosp. As. Hume, As. Surg. vice Wilkinson, dead 11 Oct.
Ens. Vigoureux, Lt. vice Broom, dead 24 do.
—— Adair, do. vice St Clair, dead 25 do
—— Foskey, from h. p. York Chass. Ens. vice Driscoll, dead 25 do.
—— Ingram, from h. p. 55 F. Ens. vice Vigoureux 24 do.
—— Abbott, from h. p. Ens. vice Adair 25 do.
—— Hodgson, Lt. by purch. 8 Nov.
Ens. Bolton, from 22 F. Adj. and Lt. vice Nelson, dead 15 do.
85 Capt. Jackson, Maj. by purch. vice Fairfax, prom. 6 do.
Lt. *Hon.* J. Stuart, Capt. do.
Ens. James, Lt. do.
Hon. R. H. Brown, Ens. do.
86 Ens. Whitefield, from h. p. 8 W. I. R. Ens. vice Selway, dead 25 Oct.
87 Francis Jessop, Ens. by purch. vice Ralph, 6 F. 24 do.
Serj. Maj. Charles Greaves, from Gren. Gds. Adj. and Ens. vice Hassard, res. Adj. only 25 do.
88 Ens. Jeffreys, Lt. by purch. vice Garstin, ret. 11 do.
Capt. Chipchase, from h. p. 61 F. Capt. vice Walpole, 39 F. 13 Nov.
—— Baynes, from 39 F. Capt. vice Meade, prom. do.
Ens. Baynes, from h. p. of Regt. Ens. vice Jones, h. p. 25 Oct.
Wm. Irwin, Ens. by purch. vice Jeffreys, prom. 15 Nov.
90 Douglas Cowper Mills, Ens. by purch. vice Norman, 7 F. 1. Nov.
91 J. F. G. Campbell, Ens. vice Hughes, 92 F. 25 Oct.
92 J. C. Campbell, Ens. vice Moffat, dead do.
93 Lt. Hunt, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Lt. vice Evans, h. p. 1 Nov.
94 As. Surg. Dempster, *M. D.* from 42 F. Surg. vice Lyster, dead 27 Sept.
2d Lt. Havelock, from 60 F. Lt. vice Wetherall, 13 Dr. 1 Nov.
Nassau William Stephen, Ens. by purch. vice Carter, prom. 8 do.
95 Capt. Wingfield, from h. p. Capt. vice Carter, exch. rec. diff. 15 do.
97 Ens. Barlow, Lt. vice Courtney, dead 25 Oct.
Gent. Cadet, M. E. L. Burrowes, from R. Mill. Coll. Ens. do.
98 Ens. Curson, Lieutenant, vice Whyte, dead 15 Nov.
R. B. Coulson, Ens. do.
99 Serj. Maj. Berry, Quar. Mast. vice Forbes, dead 2 May
RifleBrig. Hosp. As. Lloyd, As. Surg. vice Armstrong, dead 18 Oct.
1 W. I. R. Capt. Evans, from h. p. Capt. vice Cameron, cancelled 25 do.

—— Burke, from h. p. Capt. vice Gilland, prom. 31 do.
—— Trant, from h. p. Capt. vice Jefferis, h. p. 1 Nov.
Lt. Clarke, from h. p. Lt. vice Halfhide, prom. do.
2 Lt. Col. A. W. Macdonell, from h. p. vice Lt. Col. Craig, ret. 18 Oct.
West Indies. Major Eckersley, Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. with rank of Lt. Col. vice Shaw, res. 8 Nov.
Ceylon R. Ens. Gun, from 36 F. Lt. by purch. vice Van Kempen, prom. 18 Oct.
R.A.Col.C. Vol. J. H. Stuart, Ens. vice Dennis, prom. 23 July
—— W. H. A. Robeson, Ens. vice Vernon, prom. 24 do.
Peter Smellie, Ens. vice Barney, prom. 23 do.

Garrisons.

Lt. Gen. Guard, Lt. Gov. of Gravesend, and Tilbury Fort, vice Col. Hawker, dead 25 Oct. 1827
Gen. *Sir* W. Keppie, *G.C.B*, Gov. of Guernsey, vice *Earl* Pembroke, dead 3 Nov.
Field Marshal H. R. H. Fred. *Duke of* Gloucester, Gov. of Portsmouth, vice *Sir* W. Keppel do.
Gen. Geo. *Duke of* Gordon, *G.C.B*, Gov. of Edinburgh Castle, vice Gen. *Sir* Robert Abercromby, dead 10 do.

Ordnance Department.

Lt. Col. Drummond, Col. vice Haker, dead 13 Oct. 1827.
Maj. Armstrong, Lt. Col. do.
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Pattison, Maj. do.
2d Capt. Logley, Capt. do.
1st. Lt. Pattullo, 2d Capt. do.
2d. Lt. Benn, 1st Lt. do.
Maj. Gen. Dixon, Col. Comm. vice Lt. Gen. Stehellin, dead 23 do
Maj. Wilmot, Lt. Col. 6 Nov.
—— Maclachlan, do. do.
—— Addam, do. do.
—— Roberts, do. do.
—— Paterson, do. do.
—— Morrison, do. do.
—— Cleeve, do. do.
—— Oliver, do. do.
—— Godby, do. do.
—— St Clair, do. do.
Med. Dep. 2d As. Surg. Colchester, 1st As. Surg. vice Nugent, h. p. 10 Oct.
Richard Lambert, 2d As. Surg. do.
Hen. Thompson, Hosp. Assist. vice Horne, 84 F. 15 Nov.
Alex. S. Macdonell, vice Macara, dead, do.

Hospital Staff.

Bt. Dep. Insp. and Physician Bone, Dep. Insp. of Hospitals, vice Tully, dead 1 Nov. 1827.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Eppes, Assist. Com. Gen. 7 July 1827
Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Pryce, Assist. Com. Gen. 25 Oct.
Joseph Towland, Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. 18 Sep.
Joseph W. Wybault, 22 do.
James Tennent, do.
Richard Inglis, 30. Oct.

Hospital Staff.

Dr James M'Dougle, from h. p. Dep. Insp. Hospitals, 10 Oct.
Staff Surg. Stewart, Physician to the Forces, vice Calvert, h. p. 27 Sept.
—— Dr Davy, do. vice Bone 8 Nov.
Bt. Dep. Insp. of Hospitals Brownrigg, from h. p. Surgeon to the Forces, vice Quincey, h. p. 25 Sept.
Staff As. Surg. Dix, Surg. to the Forces, vice Dease, dead 1 Nov.
—— Hall, do. vice Davy 8 do.
As. Surg. Dr Scott, from Rifle Brig. Surg. to the Forces, vice Stewart do.
—— Nicholson, from h. p. As. Surg. to the Forces 20 Sept.
Hosp. As. Ledingham, do. vice Hall 8 Nov.
J. Jackson, *M. D.*, Hosp. As. to the Forces, vice Mackesey, R. Newf. Vet. Corps 27 Sept.
J. Clarke, *M. D.*, Hosp. As. to the Forces, vice Allman, 56 F. 4 Oct.
George Archer, do. 1 Nov.
John Leithead, do. do.
Duncan Menzies, do. vice Muir, dead do.
William Campbell Smithson, do. vice Ledingham 8 do.

Unattached.

To be Lieutenant-Colonels by purchase.
Maj. Fairfax, from 85 F. 6 Nov. 1827
—— Beresford, from 21 F. do.
—— King, from 16 Dr. 18 Oct.
To be Majors by purchase.
Capt. Greville, from 16 Dr. 13 Nov. 1827
—— Magenis, from 82 F. 20 do.
Lt. and Capt. *Sir* Harry Verney, *Bt.* from Gren. Gds. 13 do.
To be Captains by purchase.
Lt. Spearman, from 60 F. 25 Oct. 1827
—— Mayne, from 56 F. do.
—— Walker, from 7 F. 1 Nov.
—— Heathcote, from Cape Cav. 13 do.
To be Lieutenant by purchase.
Ens. Gosset, from 67 F. 4 Oct. 1827
To be Ensigns by purchase.
Samuel Chetham 4 Sept. 1827
George Francis Robert Harris 13 Nov.

The under-mentioned Officers have been allowed to dispose of their Half Pay.
Major Geo. D'Arcy, h. p. Unatt.
—— Benj. Sullivan, h. p. Portug. Serv.
—— Tho. Sherman, h. p. R. Mar.
Ensign J. B. Campbell, h. p. 40 F.
Paym. John Buxton, h. p. 24 F.
To be Major on Half Pay, according to General Order of 25th April 1826.
Bt. Maj. D'Arcy, from 39 F. 25 Oct. 1827
To be Captain on Half Pay, according to General Order of 27th Dec. 1826.
Lieut. Patience, from 20 F. 13 Nov. 1827

Exchanges.

Maj. Drummond, 10 Dr. with Maj. Burdett, 4 F.
—— Lynch, 97 F. rec. diff. with Maj. Hall, h. p.
Capt. Barton, Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Wood, h. p.
—— Hill, 25 F. with Capt. D'Urban, h. p.
—— Wakefield, 36 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hare, h. p.
—— Prendergast, 36 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Bell, h. p.
—— Broadhead, 60 F. rec. diff. with Capt. G. Browne, h. p.
—— Darroch, 61 F. with Capt. Coghlan, h. p.
—— Hort, 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Ponsonby, h. p.
—— Penrice, 7 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Baker, h. p.
Lieut. Cochrane, 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Houstoun, h. p.
—— Hamilton, 16 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Alexander, h. p.
—— Orde, 41 F. with Lieut. Gibbons, h. p.
—— Harpur, 77 F. with Lieut. Galway, h. p. 13 F.
—— Peck, 84 F. with Lieut. Brampton, h. p. Canadian Fenc.
—— Caldwell, 88 F. with Lieut. Goddard, h. p. 50 F.
—— Tunstall, 70 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Jarvis, h. p.
Ens. Ormsby, 39 F. with Ens. Farmer, 59 F.
—— Flamstead, 41 F. with 2d Lt. Sparrow, Rifle Brig.
—— Cassan, 94 F. with 2d Lt. Hill, h. p. 21 F.
—— de Daubrawa, 86 F. with Ens. Semple, h. p.
—— Dely, 1 W. I. R. with Ens. Spargo, h. p. 87 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant-Colonels.
Malcolm, *K.C.B.* late of R. Mar. (retaining rank in the Army)
Robertson, h. p. Unatt.
Stacpoole, 30 F.

Major.
Lockyer, 57 F.

Captains.
Chalmers, 3 Dr. Gds.
Meade, 36 F.
Leyne, 58 F.

Hamilton, 61 F.
Bouverie, 62 F.

Lieutenant.

Garstin, 88 F.

Ensigns.

Loder, 63 F.
Walton, 75 F.

Cancelled Appointments.

Dr John Scott, from h. p. to be Assist. Surg. 82 F.
Assist. Surg. Marshall, from 87 F. do. 66 F.

Dismissed the Service (from 10th Nov. 1827) by Sentence of General Court Martial, held at Chatham, 13th Sept. 1827.

Lieut. J. S. Broke, 45 F.

Killed and Wounded in Action with the Turkish Fleet, Navarino, 20th Oct. 1827.

Killed.

Capt. C. J. Stevens R. Mar.
—— C. A. Bell do.
2d Lt. P. J. Sturgeon do.

Wounded.

Lt. Col. *Hon.* J. H. Cradock h. p. Unatt.
Capt. Thomas Moore R. Mar. (severely.)

Deaths.

General.

Sir Robert Abercromby, 75 F. Gov. of Edinburgh Castle, Airthrey Castle, N.B. 3 Nov. 1827

Lieutenant Generals.

Stehelin, R. Art. Drivers, Department of Cotes de Nord, France 22 Oct.
Sir Hen. Oakes, *Bt.* East India Company's Service.

Major Generals.

Sir Neil Campbell, Comm. of the Forces at Sierra Leone, Freetown, Sierra Leone 14 Aug.
Francis Burke, 24 Feb.
Alex. Murray Macgregor, late of 4 Ceylon Regt.

Lieutenant Colonels.

Cameron, 3 F. Chinsurah, Bengal
Hector Munro, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. 31 March
Castleman, h. p. 9 F. 18 Nov.

Majors.

Jervis, late Staff Capt. at Chatham Oct.
Chamberlain, h. p. 84 F. 20 April

Captains.

Clarke, 2 W. I. R. New Providence 16 Sept.
Carmichael, h. p. 72 F. 19 Aug.
D. M'Pherson, h. p. 92 F. 4 May
M'Arthur, h. p. 100 F. 23 Aug. 1826
Jarmy, late 5 R. Vet. Bn. Cork 1 July 1827
Brooke, h. p. 66 F. 2 Oct.
Fenwick, h. p. 57 F. 22 July
Menzies, h. p. 63 F. 5 Sept. 1826
Macaulay, do. 8 do.
Hubbard, h. p. R. W. I. Rang. 18 Feb. 1827
Babington, h. p. Unatt. 1 March 1826
J. *Lord* Duffus, h. p. 106 F. 30 Jan. 1827

Lieutenants.

Busteed, 69 F. Mullingar 4 Nov.
Whyte, 98 F.
St Clare, h. p. 84 F. 22 Jan.
Mainwaring, h. p. 110 F. 7 Dec. 1825
Huson, h. p. 41 F. 11 Oct. 1827
Marsh, late 5 R. Vet. Batt. 15 do.
Donaldson, do. Glasgow 16 do.
Hughes, late 6 do. Antwerp 24 May
Kenrick, h. p. Maclean's Rec. Corps. Ruthen, North Wales 7 Sept.
Rose, h. p. 93 F. 30 July 1826
Gilbert, h. p. 48 F. 19 Nov.
Perry, h. p. 52 F. 30 do.
Williams, h. p. 58 F. 8 Sept.
Hatz, h. p. 60 F. 27 Feb.
Sparrow, h. p. 15 Dr. 25 Dec. 1825
Card, h. p. 28 Dr. 6 Feb. 1827
Armstrong, h. p. 14 F. 14 Oct. 1826
Hodgson, h. p. 33 F. 14 Sept.
Squire, h. p. 45 F. 20 Dec.
Turnbull, h. p. 7 W. I. R. 17 July 1827
Rogers, h. p. 2 Prov. Bn. of Mil. 20 Sept.
Guthrie, h. p. Independents 2 Feb.
Graham, h. p. R. Art. London 5 Sept.
Boyle, h. p. R. Art. Drivers, London 8 Nov.

Second Lieutenants and Ensigns.

Probyn, 28 F.
Hickson, 35 F. at St Lucia 14 Sept.
Hayes, 38 F.
J. P. Dobre, h. p. 86 F. 1 July 1826
Bryan, h. p. 39 F. Paris 23 Sept.
Allan, h. p. 23 F. Glasgow 21 Oct.
Howell, h. p. 93 F. 19 April 1827
Babbage, h. p. 20 F. 6 Feb.
James Macdonald, h. p. Macdonald's Rec. Corps. 16 June
S. Dobre, h, p. 6 F. 5 Feb.
Broadbent, h. p. 27 F. 6 Sept. 1826
M'Lean, h. p. 73 F. 7 Oct. 1827

Paymaster.

Allen, h. p. 7 W. I. R. 10 March 1826

Quarter-Masters.

Agnew, 71 F. Montreal, Canada 18 Sept. 1827
Reed, h. p. Hunt's Fen. Cav. 5 Aug. 1826
Pengelly, h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. 1 Feb. 1827
Thompson, h. p. 2 Dr. 11 May

Veterinary Surgeon.

Rickwood, h. p. 19 Dr. 5 Dec. 1826

Medical Department.

Insp. Dr. Jackson, h. p. 6 April 1827
—— Dr Wright, h. p. on passage to New York Aug.
Staff Surg. Dr Dease, Edgeworth's Town, Ireland 18 Oct.
Surg. Dun, h. p. 67 F. 5 Feb.
Assist. Staff Surg. Dr Kennedy, Jamaica Sept.
Assist. Surg. Gullifer, h. p. R. Horse Gds. 24 Feb.
Assist. Surg. Cundell, h. p. 96 F. Leith 27 Oct.
Hosp. Assist. Muir, Sierra Leone
———— Macara, St Lucia 15 Sept.

December.

4 Dr. Gds. Capt. Rickaby, Maj. by purch. vice Chatterton, prom. 18 Dec. 1827.
Lt. Armit, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Burrel, Lt. do.
Ens. Bayntun, from 74 F. Cor. by purch. do.
10 Dr. G. Vandeleur, Cor. by purch. vice Whyte, prom. 29 Nov.
12 Capt. Graham, Maj. by purch. vice Vandeleur, prom. 18 Dec.
Lt. Marryat, Capt. do.
Cor. Vane, Lt. do.
Hon. C. R. W. Forester, Cor. do.
16 H. Wardroper, Cor. by purch. vice Brooks, prom. 15 Nov.
Cor. Torre, Lt. by purch. vice Everard, canc. 9 Aug.
1 F. Lt. M'Gregor, Capt. vice Dudgeon, dead 29 Sept.
Ens. Dalrymple, Lt. 6 Dec.
Gent. Cadet A. H. S. Young, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Dalrymple 6 Nov.
2 Qua. Mast. Serj. J. Moore, Adj. and Ens. vice Littlejohn, res. Adj. only 6 Feb.
3 Maj. Cameron, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Wall, ret. 15 Nov.
Capt. Gillman, Maj. by purch. do.
13 H. Thompson, Ens. by purch. vice Savage 25 April
14 Lt. Johns, from h. p. R. Mar. Paym. vice Matthews, 81 F. 29 Nov
15 Cap. W. R. B. Smith, from h. p. Capt. (pay. diff.) vice Doyle, 87 F. 22 do.
21 C. James, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Davies, ret. 29 Nov.
22 Ens. Tupper, from h. p. 52 F. Ens. (rep. diff. he rec.) vice Bolton, 84 F. 15 do.
25 H. Pinder, Ens. by purch. vice Osborn, prom. 6 Dec.
26 Lt. Brehaut, Capt. by purch. vice Shearman, ret. 22 Nov.
Ens. Colley, Lt. do.
C. H. Peirse, Ens. 6 Dec.

29 Capt. Evans, Maj. vice Stannus, ret. 22 Nov.
—— Shanock, from h. p. Capt. 29 do.
30 H. J. Pogson, Ens. by purch. vice Mounsey, ret. 15 do.
31 Lt. O'Leary, Adj. vice Shaw, prom. 30 July
32 Serj. Maj. Healey, Qua. Mast. vice Pepperal, ret. h. p. 29 Nov.
35 Ens. M'Carthy, Lt. vice Jackson, dead 8 Oct.
C. Forrest, Ens. 6 Dec.
T. Plunkett, Ens. vice Hickson, dead 15 Nov.
36 Ens. and Adj. Hay, to have rank of Lt. 22 do.
38 H. Close, Ens. vice Hayes, dead 15 Nov.
41 Lt. Simmons, Capt. vice Brown, dead 18 Feb.
Lt. Cochrane, Capt. vice Vanspall, dead 26 do.
Ens. Evans, Lt. 18 Feb.
Lt. Price, from 47 F. Lt. vice Logan, dead 9 March
W. Graham, Ens. vice Evans 18 Feb.
42 Hosp. Assist. Gisborne, Assist. Surg. vice Dempster, 94 F. 15 Nov.
44 G. H. Smith, Ens. vice Grove, res. 21 April
45 Lt. Ebhart, Adj. vice Reid, prom. 1 Feb.
Ens. Hildebrand, from 55 F. Lt. vice Brooke, dismissed the Service 22 Nov.
47 Ens. Bristow, Lt. vice Price, 41 F. 9 March
R. Allen, Ens. 15 Nov.
49 H. Parker, Ens. by purch. vice Tyssen, prom. 18 Dec.
52 Assist. Surg. Brown, from 64 F. Assist. Surg. vice Macartney, 81 F. 22 Nov.
55 E. Foy, Ens. vice Hildebrand, 45 F. do.
58 J. Rowan, Ens. by purch. vice Surman, ret. 15 do.
Serj. Maj. Gorman, Qua. Mast. vice Philips, ret. full pay do.
59 Lt. Gen. *Sir* F. P. Robinson, *K. C. B.* Col. vice Gen. Ross, dead 1 Dec.
Maj. M'Mahon, from h. p. 60 F. Maj. vice Fuller, prom. 18 do.
O. S. Blachford, Ens. by purch. vice Hamilton, 65 F. 6 do.
60 2d Lt. Anderson, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Spearman, prom. 15 Nov.
S. P. Plumer, 2d Lt. do.
65 Capt. Dundas, from h. p. Capt. (pay. diff.) vice Smyth, Sub-Insp. of Mil. in Ion. Islands 29 do.
Ens. Bates, Lt. by purch. vice Ramsbottom, prom. do.
C. T. Freer, Ens. do.
Hosp. Assist. Elligott, Assist. Surg. vice O'Reilly, dead do.
71 Serj. Maj. Creighton, Qua. Mast. vice Agnew, dead 19 Sept. 1826
74 F. J. T. Hutchinson, Ens. by purch. vice Bayntun, 4 Dr. Gds. 18 Dec. 1827
76 Lt. Hutchinson, from 46 F. Lt. vice Austen, prom. do.
80 H. West, Ens. vice O'Brien, R. Staff Corps 22 Nov.
82 G. G. Glover, Ens. by purch. vice Stopford, prom. 20 do.
Lt. Hadwin, Adj. vice Elliott, prom. do.
84 Ens. Bolton, from 22 F. Adj. and Lt. vice Nelson, dead 15 do.
Lt. Basden, Capt. vice Worth, dead 3 Oct.
—— Robe, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. 22 Nov.
86 Maj. Kysh, from h. p. Paym. vice Cope, ret. h. p. 29 do.
87 Capt. Doyle, from 15 F. Capt. vice Carrol, ret. h. p. rec. diff. 22 do.
88 W. Irwin, Ens. by purch. vice Jeffreys, prom. 15 do.
98 Ens. *Hon.* J. H. R. Curzon, Lt. vice Whyte, dead do.
98 R. B. Couson, Ens. do.
Rifle Brig. Hosp. Assist. Robertson, Assist. Surg. vice Scott, prom. 22 do.
R. Staff C. 2d Lt. Despard, 1st Lt. vice Robe, 84 F. do.
Ens. O'Brien, from 80 F. 2d Lt. do.
1W. I. R. Bt. Maj. Doherty, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Brown, ret. 6 Dec.
Lt. Story, Capt. vice Knox, dead 9 Oct.
Capt. Ellis, from h. p. 34 F. Capt. vice Burke, cancelled 6 Dec.
Ens. Macintyre, Lt. vice Story 9 Oct.
J. F. Grant, Ens. 6 Dec.
2 Lt. Williams, Capt. vice Clarke, dead 17 Sept.
Ens. Grier, Lt. vice Grey, dead 21 Nov.
—— Codd, Lt. vice Williams 22 do.
Ceylon R. Capt. Fletcher, Maj. by purch. vice Delatre, prom. 6 Dec.
—— Cochrane, from h. p. Capt. do.
Cape Cav. Cor. Whyte, from 10 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Heathcote, prom. 29 Nov.
R.Afr.Col.C. Capt. Ricketts, from 2 W. I. R. Maj. vice Maclean, ret. do.

Ordnance Department.

The undermentioned First Lieutenants of the Royal Artillery, whose Commissions are dated previous to the year 1812, *have accepted the Unattached Rank of Captain upon Half Pay.*

To be Captains Unattached, 6th Nov. 1827.

Burton	Manners	Kendall
Day	Palmer	Hunter
Speer	Schalch	Bridge
Elgee	Davies	Weston
Stephens	Pascoe	Wulff
Lemoine	Birch	Litchfield
Law	Carter	Furneaux
Anderson	Colquhoun	

Royal Regiment of Artillery.

Captain Burton, from h. p. Unatt. 2d Capt. vice Lempriere, h. p. 26 Nov. 1827
2d Lieut. Deschamps, 1st Lt. vice Stephens 6 do.
——— Burrroughs, do. vice Lemoine do.
——— W. M. Smyth, do. vice Davies do.
——— Shone, do. vice Birch do.
——— Tindal, do. vice Colquhoun do.
——— Roger, do. vice Kendall do.
——— Rogers, do. vice Hunter do.
——— Turner, do. vice Bridges do.
——— French, do. vice Weston do.
——— Shuttleworth, do. vice Burton 8 do.
——— Dingham, do. vice Day do.
——— Walker, do. vice Elgee do.
——— Dupuis, do. vice Law do.
——— Low, do. vice Manner do.
——— Matson, do. vice Carter do.
——— Cockburn, do. vice Wulff do.
——— Coombe, do. vice Pascoe 10 do.
——— Markland, do. vice Speer 12 do.
——— Robertson, do. vice Palmer do.
——— Hill, do. vice Schalch do.
——— Beaven, do. vice Litchfield do.
——— Mallock, do. vice Anderson 14 do.
——— Barnaby, do. vice Furneaux do.

Garrisons.

Gen. *Sir* D. Baird, *Bt. G.C.B.* Gov. of Fort-George, vice Gen. Ross, dead 1 Dec. 1827
Lt. Gen. W. Guard, Gov. of Kinsale, vice Gen. *Sir* D. Baird do.
Maj. Gen. P. Anderson, Lt. Gov. of Gravesend and Tilbury Fort, vice Lt. Gen. Baird do.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Eppes, Assist. Com. Gen. 7 July 1827
——————— Pryce, do. 25 Oct.
——————— Daniel, do. 23 Nov.
——————— Thompson, do. do.
——————— Clarke, do. do.
——————— Foote, do. do.
——————— Lindsay, do. do.
——————— Nightingale, do. do.
Com. Clerk J. Toweland, Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. 18 Sept.
——— J. W. Wybault, do. 23 do.
——— J. Tennent, do. do.
——— R. Inglis, do. 30 Oct.

Staff.

Bt. Maj. Eckersley, h. p. 60 F. Dep. Quar. Mast. Gen. in the Leeward Islands, (with rank of Lt. Col. in the Army,) vice Shaw, res. 8 Nov. 1827
Capt. Smyth, from 65 F. Sub Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Isles, vice Henry, h. p. rec. diff. 29 do.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Sibbald, *M.D.* Phys. to Forces, vice Devye, h. p. 22 Nov. 1827
Staff As. Surg. Barry, *M.D.* Surg. to Forces do.
Hosp. As. Hauly, As. Surg. to Forces, vice Kennedy, dead 7 do.
——— Boyes, *M.D.* As. Surg. to Forces, vice Dix, prom. 22 do.
Dep. Purv. Ivey, from h. p. Dep. Purv. to Forces do.
H. Thompson, Hosp. As. to Forces, vice Horne, 84 F. 15 do.
A. S. Macdonell, do. vice Macra, dead do.
W. Cruickshanks, do. vice Boyes 22 do.
R. Primrose, do. vice O'Brien, 7 F. do.
H. J. Hunt, *M.D.* do. vice Lister, 57 F. do.
R. Allan, do. vice Fraser, 73 F. do.
S. M. Hadaway, do. vice Robertson, Rifle Brig. do.
S. Lawson, do. vice Lloyd, Rifle Brig. do.
A. T. Jackson, do. vice Gisborne, 42 F. 29 do.

Unattached.

To be Lieutenant Colonels of Infantry by Purchase.

Maj. Delatre, from Ceylon R. 6 Dec. 1827
—— Chatterton, from 4 Dr. Gds. 18 do.
—— Chichester, from 2 Life Gds. do.
—— Vandeleur, from 12 Dr. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by Purchase.

Lt. Ramsbottom, from 65 F. 29 Nov. 1827
—— Chichester, from 7 F. 6 Dec.

The undermentioned Officer, having Brevet Rank superior to his Regimental Commission, has accepted Promotion upon Half Pay, according to the General Order of the 25th April 1826.

To be Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry.

Bt. Lt. Col. Fuller, from 59 F. 18 Dec. 1827

Exchanges.

Brev.-Col. Greenwell, 45 F. with Lt.-Col. Shaw, h. p.
Lt.-Col. John, 58 F. with Lt.-Col. Clifford, h. p.
Capt. Carter, 95 F. rec. diff. with Captain Wingfield, h. p.
—— Shewell, 32 F. rec. diff. with Capt. J. R. Smyth, h. p.
—— Stewart, 45 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Armstrong, h. p.
—— Morrison, 46 F. with Bt. Maj. *Sir* J. S. Lillie, h. p. 60 F.
—— Whittle, 59 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Collins, h. p.
—— George, 66 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Johnstone, h. p.
—— Sealey, 84 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Davies, h. p. 8 F.
—— Nickoll, 90 F. rec. diff. with F. White, h. p.
Lieut. Barnard, 1 F. with Lieut. Ward, 45 F.
——— O'Halloran, 14 F. with Lieut. Johnston, 38 F.
——— Neill, 72 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Laird, h. p.
——— Wiley, 11 F. with Lieut. Richmond, 47 F.
——— Loraine, 67 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Elton, h. p.
——— Schneider, 72 F. rec. diff. with Jas. Campbell, h. p.
Ens. Robinson, 9 F. with Ens. Teesdale, h. p.
—— Wood, 17 F. with Ens. Best, 20 F.
—— Wood, 57 F. with Ens. Dunbar, 87 F.
Quarter-Master Wallis, 45 F. with Quarter-Master Shoolbraid, 69 F.
Assist.-Surg. Hewat, 46 F. with Assist.-Surg. Radford, h. p. 65 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major-General.

David Walker.

Colonels.

Ainsley, h. p. R. Corps. Rangers.
Moncrieff, R. Mar.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Wall, 3 F.
Brown, 1 W. I. R.

Majors.

Stannus, 29 F.
Maclean, R. African Col. Corps.

Captain.

Shearman, 26 F.

Lieutenant.

Forde, h. p. 27 F

2d Lieuts. and Ensigns.

Mounsey, 30 F.
Grove, 44 F.
Surman, 58 F.
Davis, 21 F.

Deaths.

General.

Ross, Colonel of 59th regt. and Governor of Fort George, N. B. London 29 Nov. 1827

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Milne, 19 F.
Wylly, 95 F. Malta 10 Nov. 1827

Major.

Ramsay, 47 F. India 29 June 1827

Captains.

Dudgeon, 1 F. Antigua 28 Sept. 1827
Langmead, 20 F. Canterbury 20 Dec.
Worth, 84 F.
Popham, 90 F. Cephalonia 18 Oct.
Knox, 1 W. I. R. Orange Grove, Trinidad 8 do.
Thomas Moore, R. Marines, of wounds received at Navarino 30 do.
Bullen, late R. Invalids, Kinsale 7 Dec.
Newell, h. p. 4 F. Woolwich 7 do.
Hecken, h. p. Watteville's Reg.
Darby, h. p. Independents 4 Oct.
J. Campbell, late R. Irish Artillery 1 Feb.
Abraham, late R. Garr. Batt. 6 Jan.

Lieutenants.

King, 7 Dr. Gds. Waterford 7 Dec. 1827
Hon. Alex. Hope, 7 F. at sea, on board the ship Lady Mary Pelham 24 Oct.
Neil Campbell, 13 F. Dinapore, E. Indies 25 Apr.
Mayne, 30 F. Canterbury 3 Dec.
Backhouse, 30 F. Fort George, Madras 15 May
Tobin, 30 F. Fort George, Madras 26 do.
Jackson, 35 F. Pigeon Island, St Lucia 7 Oct.
De Brissac, R. Invalid Art. Hythe 23 Dec. 26
Hunt, h. p. 3 W. I. R. lately app. to 93 F. Trinidad 18 Sept.
Kathmann, h. p. 2d Line Germ. Leg.
West, late 3d R. Vet. Bn.
Mahony, h. p. 57 F.

Ensigns.

Hayes, 38 F. drowned in the River Ganges 22 Apr. 1827
Dicenta, h. p. Dillon's Reg. 1 Nov.
King, late R. Invalids 16 Dec.
Holmes, h. p. 36 F. Cork 15 do.

Paymasters.

Barlow, 22 F. Jamaica
Webb, h. p. R. African Corps

Commissariat Dep.

As. Com. Gen. Green, Trinidad 12 Sept. 1827
——— Hendy, Barbadoes 6 Nov.
——— Montgomery 14 Aug.
——— Turney 20 Aug.
Dep. Com. Gen. Pinho, St Lucia 20 Sept.
——— Jackson, London 17 Dec.

Medical Dep.

Surg. Fenoulhet, h. p. Rec. Dist. 3 Oct. 1827
As. Surg. O'Reilly, 65 F. Bourdeaux 18 Nov.
——— Nave, h. p. Brunswick C.
——— Hicks, h. p. Ord. Dep. 9 Aug.
——— Dr Bingham, h. p. Ord. Dep.

Alphabetical List of English Bankrupts, from 2d October to 22d December, 1827.

Alfrey, W. Ironmonger-lane, Cheapside, woollen-draper.
Austin, D. Cottage-Grove, Mile-end, Old-town, brick-maker.
Anderson, W. Waterloo-place, Pall-Mall, bookseller.
Acton, T. Holton, Cheshire, innkeeper.
Alderson, G. Ferry-bridge, Yorkshire, coach-proprietor.
Atkinson, R. St Paul's Church-yard, linen-draper.
Acton, J. Ipswich, maltster.
Archer, F. Baldock, Hertfordshire, innkeeper.
Ashwin, W. Redditch, Worcestershire, grocer.
Atkinson, J. Oxford-street, oilman.
Aspinall, W. Wigan, dealer.
Allanson, R. Kingston-upon-Hull, printer.
Bramwell, W. Eybury-street, Pimlico, wine-merchant.
Birkhead, J. P. Watlington, apotheeary.
Brown, J. L. Milsom-street, Bath, draper.
Barnard, I. Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, jeweller.
Bidmead, J. Cheltenham, plumber.
Birkett, W. Whitehaven, grocer.
Bullock, E. Bath, haberdasher.
Barber, R. Upper Clapton, plumber.
Bremer, J. C. Somerset-place, New-road, Whitechapel, merchant.
Brown, J. H. Duke-street, Manchester-square, chemist.
Baeyertz, F. Bread-street-mews, merchant.
Bembrose, W. Bourn, Lincolnshire, chemist.
Buck, J. Norwich, carpenter.
Browne, T. Little Eastcheap, ironmonger.
Bamford, J. Drury-lane, victualler.
Bee, J. Chesterfield, butcher.
Bayley, J. Manchester, agent.
Baxter, W. Norwich, draper.
Beswick, S. Doddington-grove, Kennington, bricklayer.
Bray, F. J. Chichester-place, St Pancras, ironmonger.
Barber, R. Upper Clapton, plumber.
Brown, J. H. Duke-street, Manchester-square, chemist.
Bremer, J. C. Somerset-place, New-road, Whitechapel, merchant.
Benton, W. Vange-wharf, Essex, wharfinger.
Bryant, I. George-street, Hampstead-road, builder.
O'Brien, J. Molyneux-street, Edgeware-road, grocer.
Brooks, N. Doverdale, Worcestershire, mercer.
Burder, J. Middleton-square, dealer.
Baughan, J. Buckingham, innkeeper.
Bigg, T. Curtain-road, straw-hat-manufacturer.
Bailey, W. Dean-street, Soho, leather-seller.
Bushell, T. Grace's-alley, Wellclose-square, linen-draper.
Burnand, J. Chesterfield, Derbyshire, coach-proprietor.
Bolderson, W. Liverpool, grocer.
Braddock, J. Share's-hill, Staffordshire, victualler.
Broadfoot, S. and W. Ashbourn, Derbyshire, tea-dealers.
Carter, A. Crosby-row, Walworth, baker.
Cull, J. Portsmouth, maltster.
Copeland, W. Sheffield, surgeon.
Copley, G. Wakefield, Yorkshire, linen-draper.
Cooper, W. Cheltenham, music-seller.
Chesse, J., J. R. Gordon, and W. Low, late of Red-lion-court, Fleet-street, printers.
Crossman, T. Bristol, victualler.
Creese, W. Gloucester, innkeeper.
Cooper, W. H. Cannon-row, Westminster, dealer in Roman cement.
Cooper, H. Snow-hill, stationer.
Christopher, W. Springbrook-forge, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, iron-master.
Crowther, G. H. Frodsham, Cheshire, bookseller.
Carpenter, — Clifton, Gloucestershire, patent medicine-vender.
Clitheroe, R. Horncastle, Lincolnshire, scrivener.
Collier, J. Abingdon, brewer.
Crompton, E. Liverpool, paper-dealer.
Charlton, A. Walthamstow, Essex, cattle-dealer.
Collins, W. Birlingham, Worcestershire, wheelwright.
Christie, J. and R., and J. Stewart, Mark-lane, merchants.
Collett, C. E., and E. Jones, Leeds, merchants.
Darby, E. Arabella-row, Pimlico, oil and colourman.
Duncan, E. and W. Brecon and Merthyr Tidfil, mercers.
Dollman, C. Regent-street, Mary-le-bone, East India shawl-warehouseman.
Dawson, R. Liverpool, merchant.
Dodson, N. and I. Sabin, Lewisham, corn-chandlers.
Dyson, W. Clayton West, Yorkshire, carpenter.
Davies, W. Southampton, dealer in music.
Dyson, S. Catherine-street, Strand, picture-dealer.
Dove, W. Paddington, brick-maker.
Darwin, J. and F. Frith, Chapelton, Sheffield, iron-founders.
Ellis, W. Seymour-street, St Pancras, grocer.
Edwards, P. Liverpool, corn-broker.
Elliott, J. Bond-court, Walbrook, money-scrivener.
Edmonds, T. junior, Steyning, Sussex, timber-merchant.
Eborall, J. Litchfield, mercer.
Eyre, E. Sheffield, merchant.
Ebers, J. Old Bond-street, bookseller.
Ellis, J. George-cottage, George-street, Hampstead-road, brick-maker.
Edwards, W. Liverpool, commission-agent.
Fenton, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Fogg, J. Bolton-le-moors-lane, innkeeper.
Fletcher, G. Worksop, Notts, blacksmith.
Freyley, N. junior, Trowbridge, Wilts, builder.
Fennel, S. St Mary-axe, merchant.
Franklin, S. Manchester-square, coal-retailer.
Frisby, R. R. M. and H. Mark-lane, wine-merchants.
Gates, W. Brighton, wine-merchant.
Gesson, M. A. Crawley, Sussex, hatter.
Green, T. Clarence-cottage, West-green, Tottenham, builder.
Graham, J. Liverpool, innkeeper.
Grimani, C. Blackheath, schoolmaster.
Gray, J. Berwick-street, Soho, corn-dealer.
Goodeve, B. Gosport, brewer.
Godwin, C. East Stower, Dorsetshire, dealer.
Guyatt, G. Dulwich, Surrey, butcher.
Grey, G. Morpeth, Northumberland, woodmonger.
Goldstein, N. Fenchurch-street, merchant.
Giller, T. and J. Shepherd, Manchester, coach-makers.
Goldsmid, H. Linton, Kent, wine-merchant.
Garrett, J. sen. and J. jun. Hereford, bankers.
Hayes, S. Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, bookseller.
Harris, R. Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, corn-dealer.
Howden, G. Ingress Park, Kent, boarding-house-keeper.
Hornblow, W. Acre-lane, Clapham, master-mariner.
Hughes, J. Lombard Street, broker.
Harrison, W. B. and G. Manchester, cotton-dealers.
Hammond, G. Strensall, Yorkshire, tanner.
Hughes, J. Cheltenham, butcher.
Horrocks, J. Wigan, Lancashire, tailor.
Heron, T. E. Beech-street, oilman.
Harrop, B. and J. Tamewater, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothiers.
Haynes, M. A. Birmingham, spinster.
Hirst, M. Meltham, Almondbury, Yorkshire, clothier.
Horsley, J. Billiter-square, merchant.
Harrison, J. Woodchester, Gloucestershire, clothier.
Hose, J. C. High Holborn, chemist.
Hopkinson, I. Trawden, near Colne, Lancashire.
Henry, H. L. Finsbury-circus, jeweller.
Hague, R. and F. White, Cheltenham, painters.
Howard, D. Dukenfield, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.
Joseph, T. Cheltenham, hatter.
Jones, T. High Street, Shoreditch, linen-draper.
James, W. Bruton, Somersetshire, blacksmith.
Jessup, W. jun., Broad Street, Ratcliffe, victualler.

Johnston, E. Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper.
Kirk, R. Manchester, cotton-merchant.
Kinson, W. Bath, builder.
Kilsby, E. Nine-elms, Surrey, ship-broker.
Knights, E. Debenham, Suffolk, currier.
Kent, J. Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, builder.
Knight, J. Rupert Street, St James's, saddlers'-ironmonger.
Lowe, E. sen. Birmingham, merchant.
Lax, J. Liverpool, grocer.
Lloyd, R. Bourne Farm, Edmonton, cattle-dealer.
Mallalien, A. Cobham Place, Finsbury Square, agent.
M'Turk, W. Pilsworth, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Martindale, J. of the Flats, Durham, farmer.
Moore, W. Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, cordwainer.
Mumford, T. Kennington Cross, coach-master.
Metcalfe, G. Liverpool, grocer.
Moore, S. Crown Street, Soho, victualler.
Mullen, S. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
March, W. F. Southampton, ship-owner.
Moses, L. Harrow, slopseller.
Millwood, J. Hammersmith, builder.
Marshman, B. Castle Street, Leicester-square, woollen-draper.
Murefield, W. Kidderminster, Worcestershire, coach-maker.
Melen, H. Pershore, Worcestershire, grocer.
Minton, C. Bishop's-castle, innkeeper.
Morse, S. Hatfield Peverel, Essex, silk-throwster.
Meek, J. Hampstead, livery-stable keeper.
Mathews, W. Birmingham, glass-toy-maker.
Marshall, W. H. Liverpool, ship-owner.
Morgan, W. Bond-street, bookseller.
Newmarch, B. Cheltenham, coal-merchant.
Outtrim, T. Walthamstow, Essex, smith.
Parsons, S. Chorley, Lancashire, linen-draper.
Plimer, N. Neath, Glamorganshire, plumber.
Pletts, E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance-broker.
Parkinson, J. Albany-road, Barnsbury-park, Islington, builder.
Parrey, J. Schank, Aldermanbury, scrivener.
Pegg, J. jun. Lane-end, Stoke-upon-Trent, mercer.
Parkinson, T. Soothill, Yorkshire, farmer.
Pready, J. Bristol, grocer.
Pallan, M. Ranskill, Notts, victualler.
Phipps, G. Morton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, victualler.
Richardson, J. jun. Sprowston, Norfolk, bricklayer.
Rooke, J. S. Sheffield, button-mould-manufacturer.
Ridley, W. Hatton-garden, carpet-dealer.
Rideal, G. S. Manchester, innkeeper.
Rilsby, E. Nine-elms, Surrey, ship-broker.
Roberts, J. Ross, Herefordshire, mercer.
Ringer, R. Aylsham, Norfolk, general shopkeeper.
Roberts, T. Rochester, brewer.
Rainford, G. Kidderminster, liquor-merchant.
Robinson, F. Ripley, Derbyshire, grocer.
Rees, J. Neath, Glamorganshire, linen-draper.
Raphael, P. Hosier-lane, Smithfield, glass-dealer.
Richardson, E. T. Charingcross watchmaker.
Rogers, T. Shacklewell, boarding-house-keeper.
Roby, R. Leamington, Warwickshire, hotel-keeper.
Roper, H. Aldermanbury, woollen-factor.
Salt, W. Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate-street, oilman.
Stallard, W. Shepton Mallett, brewer.
Stowell, J. Swallow-street, victualler.
Simpson, W. Spondon, Derby, plasterer.
Smith, J. Exmouth-street, Commercial-road, coal-merchant.
Stevenson, H. B. C. Park-street, Grosvenor-square, coach-proprietor.
Schofield, B. Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer.
Simpson, J. Leeds, joiner.
Smith, J. sen. Burgh-in-the-marsh, Lincolnshire, grocer.
Smith, T. Eccleshall, Staffordshire, maltster.
Skyes, C. Leeds, surgeon.
Sippen, E. Newman Street, Oxford Street, music-seller.
Strudwicke, W. H. Covent-Garden market, fruiterer.
Sims, G. F. Sun Street, Bishopsgate Street, chinaman.
Snowden, R. Liverpool, master-mariner.
Steinback, H. Castle Street, Leicester Square, gold-embroiderer.
Smith, T. S. New Exchange Coffee-house, Strand, wine-merchant.
Sharpe, S. Market-Deeping, Lincolnshire, money-scrivener.
Tucker, W. W. Exeter, carver and gilder.
Thompson, T. and Knight, J. Rupert Street, saddlers'-ironmongers.
Torriano, J. H. Fenchurch-street, scrivener.
Taylor, J. Norwich, sack-manufacturer.
Turner, J. Cockerham, Lancashire, corn-dealer.
Tyrrell, S. Bexhill, common brewer.
Thompson, S. late of Bolton-le-Moors, ironfounder.
Taylor, J. Green Arbour-court, Old Bailey, type-founder.
Tucker, J. Church-mill, Woodchester, clothier.
Thompson, J. Winksley, Yorkshire, flax-spinner.
Tobias, J. Ratcliffe-Highway, furrier.
Turner, E. Warrington, Lancashire, banker.
Taylor, J. T. Upper Thames Street, iron-merchant.
Tebbutt, H. Stamford, Lincolnshire, grocer.
Tetley, J. Harden, Yorkshire, worsted-stuff-manufacturer.
Vaughan, J. Yazor, Herefordshire, tailor.
Watkins, W. L. Long Acre, coach-plater.
Walter, T. Woodford, Essex, victualler.
White, J. Fleet-street, baker.
Wright, D. Lower Thames-street, ship and custom-house agent.
Waterfall, S. Coventry, tea-dealer.
Williams, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
Winn, S. Leeds, victualler.
Whitmarsh, J. Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, victualler.
Ward, H. W. Berner's Street, merchant.
Whitlock, J. Weedon, Northamptonshire, timber-merchant.
Wardle, T. Lad-lane, silk manufacturer.
Wall, W. Great Titchfield Street, Mary-le-bone, tailor.
Watson, W. late of South Shields, agent.
Wilson, C. Henley-on-Thames, linen-draper.
Woods, C. Robert's-bridge, Sussex, saddler.
Watson, T. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, perfumer.
Wardler, R. Grosvenor Street, west, Pimlico, carpenter.
Wheeler, H. Frome Selwood, Somerset, millwright.
Young, J. W. and W. Bristol, confectioners.
Young, T. Wells, Somersetshire, baker.

Alphabetical List of Scottish Bankrupts, from 1st November, to 31st December, 1827.

Bardner, Henry, writer, brewer, and maltster, Dunfermline.
Chalmers, David, smith and wright, Watergate, Canongate, Edinburgh.
Christie, Andrew, Esq. late banker and merchant in Cupar of Fife.
Dennistoun, Robert James, merchant in Glasgow.
Dove, James, coal merchant, Leith Walk, Edinburgh.
How, James and John, merchants in Glasgow.
Kerr, John, hosier in Edinburgh.
Kyd, James, writer in Cupar of Fife, and manufacturer of and dealer in brick and tyle there.
Langmuir, Robert, grain merchant, Glasgow.
Livingston, John, manufacturer in Glasgow.
Lymburn, Andrew and William, merchants in Greenock.
The Company carrying on business as merchants

in Greenock, under the firm of Andrew Lymburn and Co., and in St John, New Brunswick, under the firm of James Robertson and Co., being one and the same concern.
M'Ara and Stirling, distillers at House of Burn, near Crieff.
M'Laren, Duncan, wine and spirit merchant, Glasgow.
Marshall and Love, manufacturers in Paisley.
Masson, James, dentist in Edinburgh.
Melville, Francis, music seller in Glasgow.
Mitchell, Francis, grocer, Edinburgh.
Paterson, Alexander and Sons, manufacturers, Bannockburn.
Rose, Patrick, residing in Edinburgh, and builder at Portobello.
Russel, William, merchant in Falkirk.
Scarrot, James Thomas, carpet merchant, Edinburgh.
Sinclair, Alexander, turner and wood merchant in Calton of Glasgow.
Wilson, Andrew, innkeeper, Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

March 16. At Masulipatam, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Balmain, of a son.

Oct. 10, At Buenos Ayres, the lady of Thomas Fair, Esq. of a daughter.

14. At Gibraltar, the lady of John Street, Esq. royal artillery, of a son.

27. At Paris, Mrs Duncan Hunter, of a son.

Nov. 2. At the palace of the British envoy at Florence, Lady Burghersh, lady of the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh, his Majesty's envoy at Florence, of a daughter.

3. At Bath, the lady of Francis Grove, Esq. Royal Navy, of a son.

— At Ryefield Lodge, on the 3d inst. the lady of D. G. Forbes, Esq. of Culloden, of a son.

5. At Blytheswood Hill, Mrs D. Walkinshaw, of a daughter.

7. At 15, Abercromby Place, Mrs Anderson, of a daughter.

— Mrs Smith, 13, Hope Street, of a daughter.

— At Cahir, the lady of Captain Oram, of the Royal Scots Greys, of a son.

9. At Knowsouth, the lady of William Oliver, Esq. younger of Dinlabyre, of a son.

11. At Castle Broomwich, the Countess of Bradford, of a daughter.

— At Haddington, Mrs Henry Davidson, of a son.

12. At Perth, the lady of William Hugh Hunter, Esq. of a daughter.

— In Queen Street, the lady of W. M. Bond, Esq. of a daughter.

13. At Claremont Place, Mrs Brown, widow of Archibald Brown, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Montrose, Mrs Smart of Cononsyth, of a daughter.

— Mrs T. Weir, Nelson Street, of a son.

14. At 36, Melville Street, Mrs P. Fraser Tytler, of a daughter.

— At Polkemmet, the lady of Sir William Baillie, Bart. of a son.

15. At 28, Pitt Street, Mrs Marshall, of a son.

— At 1, Nelson Street, Mrs Carphin, of a daughter.

16. At 6, Dewar Place, Mrs Hall, of a son.

— At No. 37, Melville Street, the lady of Sir James Carnegie of South Esk, Bart. of a son and heir.

— At No. 2, Drummond Place, Mrs Stodart, of a son.

— Mrs Buchanan, No. 33, Drummond Place, of a son.

19. At Drumpellier, Mrs Carrick Buchanan, of Drumpellier, of a son.

— Mrs Douglas, 15, Great King Street, of a daughter, still-born.

20. At No. 3, Ainslie Place, the lady of Dr Spalding, of a son.

— At No. 29, Warriston Crescent, the lady of John M'Lenan, Esq. of a still-born child.

21. At Ballyshear, the lady of W. Macdonald, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Vellore, Mrs Pearson, of Myrecairnie, of a daughter.

22. At Rome, Mrs Robertson Glasgow, of Montgreenan, of a daughter.

25. At Gilmore Place, Mrs Geo. Berry, of a son.

— At his Lordship's house, in Pall Mall, the Countess of Belfast, of a son and heir.

27. At Drumfin, the lady of Hugh Maclean, Esq. younger of Coll, of a son and heir.

— At Hollam, Somersetshire, Mrs Charles H. Beague, of a daughter.

27. At Moor Park, Mrs Jas. Campbell, of a son.

28. At Society Hall, Edinburgh, Mrs John Tawse, of a son.

— At Ealing, the lady of Lieut.-General Murray, of a daughter.

29. At Auchtermuchty, Mrs Dr Bonar, of a son.

Dec. 1. Mrs Dr Gibson, Great King Street, of a daughter.

— At Kirkaldy, Mrs Stocks of Abden, of a daughter.

— At North Berwick, the lady of Captain Bruce, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

2. At 18, Scotland Street, Mrs Stormmouth Darling, of a daughter.

5. At Prestonpans, Mrs Hislop, of a daughter.

7. At 8, Doune Terrace, Mrs James Steuart, of a son.

9. At 8, Albany Street, Mrs Jollie, of a daughter.

— At Chatham, the lady of Captain Thomas Paterson, his Majesty's 63d Regiment, of a son.

11. At Abbotrule, Mrs Henderson, of a son.

— At the Manse of Carmonnock, Mrs Henderson, of a son.

12. At Brighton Place, Portobello, the lady of Major Hugh Macgregor, of a daughter.

— At 45, Frederick Street, Mrs Robert Hill, of a son.

13. At the Manse of Cavers, Mrs Strachan, of a daughter.

15. At Edinburgh, Mrs Young Herries, of Spottes, of a son.

16. At Edinburgh, Mrs John Cockburn, of a daughter.

17. At Logie House, near Forres, Mrs Suter, of a son.

— At Craigmaddie, the lady of Captain Dirom, 8th Foot, of a daughter.

18. At New Hall, Mrs Buckle, of a daughter.

19. At Mount Benger, Yarrow, Mrs Hogg, of a daughter.

20. At Outerston, Mrs Hunter, of a daughter.

21. At Kirkbank Cottage, the lady of Sir Chas. A. Leslie, Bart. of a daughter.

23. At 3, Atholl Crescent, Mrs Orr, of a daughter.

— At Thainston House, the Hon. Lady Forbes of Craigievar, of a daughter.

24. At Eslemount House, Mrs Gordon of Hallhead, of a daughter.

25. At Anstruther Wester, Mrs Conolly, of a daughter.

— At Fasnacloich, the lady of John Stewart, Esq. of Fasnacloich, of a daughter.

— At Archibald Place, Mrs Dunlop, of a daughter.

26. At Allan Park, the lady of John Fraser, Esq. advocate, of a son.

27. At Inverlochy, Mrs Colonel Gordon, of a son.

— At 3, Drummond Place, Mrs Arthur Campbell, of a son.

28. Mrs Maitland, 9, Circus Place, of a daughter.

30. At Windsor Street, Mrs Duncan, of a son.

— At Largnean, in the stewarty of Kirkcudbright, the lady of G. W. Lawrence, Esq. of a son.

Jan. 1, 1828. At 87, George Street, Mrs William Wood, of a daughter.

2. At Lees, Berwickshire, the Lady of John Murray Nasmyth, Esq. of a son.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart of Castlehill, of a daughter.

Lately. At Stromness, the lady of Hector Munro, Esq. of a son.

Lately. In Dublin, the wife of Mr Richard Milliken, bookseller, of a son, her 19th child, 18 of her family being alive.

— At the seat of Sir John Stanley, Bart. the lady of Captain W. E. Parry, R.N. (the celebrated navigator in the Polar regions) of a son.

— At 25, Royal Circus, the lady of William Stothert, Esq. of Cargen, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 16, 1827. At Calcutta, John Dougal, Esq. eldest son of the late Mr Dougal, banker, Montrose, manager of the Hindostan Bank, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late John Sandford, Senior Judge of the Provincial Courts of Appeal and Circuit for the division of Calcutta.

Oct. 18. At the manse of South Ronaldsay, the Rev. James Anderson of Orphir, to Susan, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Gerard of South Ronaldsay.

22. At Paris, Charles Augustus Vaucher, Esq. to Harriet Lavington, only daughter of Robert Colquhoun, Esq. Camstradden, Dunbartonshire.

31. At Rotterdam, James Macpherson, Esq. to Eliza, fourth daughter of Alex. Ferrier, Esq. his Majesty's consul, Rotterdam.

Nov. 6. Dr Christison, professor of medical jurisprudence in the university of Edinburgh, to Harriet Sophia Brown, daughter of the late David Brown, Esq. merchant, St Petersburgh.

— Mr Sinclair of the British Linen Company, to Harriet, only daughter of the late Major Benjamin Baynton.

— At Edinburgh, Wm. Dumbreck, Esq. M.D. to Ann, eldest daughter of Nicol Dassauville, Esq.

9. At Edinburgh, Andrew Morries, Esq. Royal Navy, to Marion, eldest daughter of the late Robert Brown, Esq. W.S.

12. At Edinburgh, William Morison, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Helen Campbell, eldest daughter of Mr William Mackenzie, supervisor of Excise, Edinburgh.

14. By special license, at Chelsea church, her Grace Harriet, Duchess of Roxburgh, to Walter Frederick O'Reilly, of Thomas Town Castle, in the county of Louth, Esq. and a Major in his Majesty's 41st regiment of foot.

15. At 21, Moray Place, Captain Wemyss of Wemyshall to Susan, only daughter of David Gillespie, Esq. of Kirkton.

— At South Coates, Mr Alex. Scott, Craiglockhart, to Forbes, daughter of William Dumbreck, Esq.

— At Anstruther, John Galloway, Esq. shipowner, Hillhousefield, Leith, to Mrs Margaret Miller, widow of the late William Miller, Esq. shipowner, Anstruther.

16. At St Margaret's, Westminster, M. A. Charles Knight Murray, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister, principal secretary to the Lord Chancellor, to the Lady Henrietta Ann Leslie, eldest daughter of the late Countess of Rothes, and sister to the present Earl.

— At Newington, Edinburgh, the Rev. James Scott, minister of Torphichen, to Walter Baird, youngest daughter of the late James Reid, Esq. of the Exchequer.

— Mr Ken, Treasurer, Leith Terrace, to Jane, only daughter of the late Robert Gordon, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At Dunolly, Peter Campbell, Esq. of Balevolan, to Ann Colina, daughter of the late Patrick M'Dougal of M'Dougal, Esq.

17. At Haddington, Mr John Macdonald, ironmonger, Edinburgh, to Jane, third daughter of the late Hay Walker, merchant, Haddington.

18. At Berbeth, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Frederick Cathcart, late his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Germanic Confederation, and second son of William, Earl of Cathcart, K.T. to Miss Jean Macadam of Craigengillan.

— At Aberdeen, the Rev. Alex. Irving, of Dunnottar, to Jessy, daughter of Peter Nicol, Esq. Aberdeen.

20. At Leslie, Mr Charles Welsh, jun. present deacon of the incorporation of bakers in Cupar, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr W. Carmichael, surgeon in Leslie.

— Mr John Edgar, builder, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr Robert Neil, Stamp-Office.

21. At Dunse, James Smith, Esq. Kelmaurs, to Jane, only daughter of the Rev. John Thomson, Dunse.

22. At Ripley, Yorkshire, Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, Esq. of Bywell, Northumberland, M.P. for Stafford, to Miss Henrietta Atkinson, youngest sister of Lady Ingilby of Ripley Castle.

— At Leith, Thomas Duncan, Esq. of Gouyave, Grenada, to Jane Helen, eldest daughter of the Hon. James Kerr, Judge of the Courts of King's Bench and Vice-Admiralty, Quebec.

23. At Coldstream, James D. Hume, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr R. Leach, of Yetholm.

28. Thomas Chevasse, Esq. surgeon, to Catherine Margaret, youngest daughter of Colonel Ludovick Grant of Bank House, Kempse, near Worcester.

— At Tonley, by the Rev. William Cheyne, Lieut.-Col. James John Forbes Leith of Whitehaugh, to Williamina Helen Stewart, only child of the late Lieut.-Col. James Stewart of the 42d Royal Highland Regiment.

— At No. 58, Northumberland Street, George Dalzel, Esq. W. S. to Charlotte, daughter of David Pearson, Esq.

— At 36, Northumberland Street, Mr James Laidlaw Maxwell, of the Edinburgh and Leith Brewing Company, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr Welsh of Wanlockhead.

— At Mayfield, Lieut. George M'Donald, Gordon Highlanders, to Barbara Hale, fourth daughter of the late James Robertson, Esq. writer to the signet.

29. At Retreat, by Haddington, Sir James G. Baird, Bart. of Saughtonhall, to Wortley Cornelia Ann Moir, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Moir, Esq. of New Grange.

— At London, Captain Gill, of the 50th Regiment, to Catherine Cameron, daughter of Walter Logan, Esq. of Fingalton.

30. At Eastbank, Perthshire, Mr John Wanliss, Jamesfield, to Janet, eldest daughter of Thomas Drummond, Esq. of Newton.

Dec. 5. At Threepland, near Biggar, Mr John Waugh, Robertonmains, to Jess, daughter of William Somerville, of Cormiston, Esq.

— At St Luke's, Chelsea, James Rae, Esq. R.N. to Elizabeth Sophia, youngest daughter of the late William Gordon, Esq. of the island of Dominica, and of Banff, N.B.

10. At Jedburgh, Dr William Brown, surgeon of the 45th Regiment, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq. Jedburgh.

11. At Falmouth, Major P. E. Craigie, 55th Regiment, to Bell, daughter of Colonel Henry Williams.

13. At Glasgow, Mr Charles Inglis, merchant there, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Robert Hastie, Esq. merchant.

14. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Alexander, jun. Roscbank, to Euphemia, daughter of Mr James Stevenson, merchant.

18. At Stirling, Robert Haldane, Esq. writer, to Mrs Anne Stirling, relict of Mr John Stirling, writer in Edinburgh.

19. At Haddington House, Edinburgh, James Reid, Esq. Callernords Bamff, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late John Anderson, Esq. of Kingsfield, Glasgow.

21. At Newington, Edinburgh, Mr Geo. Carsewell Mackie, to Margaret Lawson, only daughter of the late James Burnet, Esq. North Berwick.

22. At the Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, James, only son of General Sir James Duff, of Tauntington, Sussex, to Elizabeth Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir George Beetson Prescott, Bart. of Theobald's Park, Herts.

24. William Thomson, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, to Elizabeth, eldest surviving daughter of the late Ninian Hill, Esq. W.S.

— At Edinburgh, Lorraine M. Kerr, Esq. of the H. E. I. C. S., son of the late General Kerr, to Marianne, daughter of the late Captain John Whyte, R. N.

25. At Newburgh, the Rev. David Ogilvie of Collessie, to Barbara, youngest daughter of the late James Livingston, Esq. wine-merchant.

— At St Andrews, George Chine, Esq. to Eli-

zabeth, daughter of Mr Alexander Thomson, merchant there.

26. At Dunkeld, the Rev. J. M. Macculloch, head master of Circus Place School, Edinburgh, to Arabella, daughter of Robert Cargill, Esq. banker, Dunkeld.

— At Kelso, William Dudgeon, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Dr Andrew Wilson, physician, Kelso.

28. At Mid-Calder, the Rev. Robert Pollok, Buckhaven, to Janet, only daughter of Mr James Carlaw.

31. At Edinburgh, Henry Robert Chaplin, Esq. surgeon, Lavenham, Suffolk, to Isabella, daughter of the late Major Charles Grant, of the East India Company's Service.

— Mr John Mitchell Lyall, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, daughter of John Macdonald Esq. Lanark.

— At Mansfield, Dr Pagan, Glasgow, to Agnes Clark, daughter of the Rev. John Wilson, Lesmahagow.

Jan. 3, 1828. At Dundee, John Young, Esq. solicitor in the Supreme Courts of Scotland, to Margaret, eldest daughter of John Crichton, Esq. surgeon in Dundee.

Lately, At Jersey, A. J. M'Pherson, Esq. 64th Regiment, to Catherine, only daughter of H. T. Rutherfurd, Esq. of Redford Green, Selkirkshire.

— At Havering Bower, Essex, Lieut. A. S. Robinson, R. N. to Leonora Maria, only daughter of the late Thomas Rowcroft, Esq. his Majesty's first Consul-General for Peru.

— At Bombay, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Stanley, of the 18th Regiment Native Infantry, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Francis Dumar.

— At Alverstock, Lieut. J. Robinson, R. N. to Wilhelmina, daughter of the Rev. James Francis Grant, rector of Merston and Wrabness, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Archibald Grant, Bart. of Monymusk.

DEATHS.

April. At Taena, South America, Andrew Macfarlane, Esq. son of the late Right Rev. Bishop Macfarlane.

7. At Verduputty, Major David Agnew, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

14. At Mergui, Lieut. James Bisset, 1st Madras Native Infantry, revenue surveyor of that district.

May 23. At Fort-William, Calcutta, Mrs Margaret Richardson, wife of James Grierson, Esq. surgeon, Hon. East India Company's Service.

June 10. At Paraigo, near Buenos Ayres, in South America, Stewart Duncan Campbell, Esq. merchant there, son of John Campbell, Esq. clerk to the signet.

July 6. Near Goaty, of an attack of cholera morbus, Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras. At breakfast he was in his usual health; he retired to take rest during the heat of the day, and was a corpse in two hours afterwards.

8. At Trichinopoly, Captain John Marshall, of his Majesty's 48th Regiment, son of the late Rev. Ebenezer Marshall, of Cockpen.

16. At Madras, on board the Roxburgh Castle, when she had just completed her voyage from England, Lieut.-Colonel John Noble, of the Madras Artillery, Companion of the Bath.

18. At Calcutta, Capt James M'Luckie, of the ship Countess of Dunmore.

19. At Cephalonia, Elizabeth, wife of Duncan M'Nab, Deputy Assistant-Commissary-General.

Sept. 4. At Bull Park Pen, Jamaica, Robert Alexander Muir, Esq. of Fair Prospect, in that island.

15. At St Lucie, Mr Robert Macara, surgeon.

16. At Cheraw, South Carolina, Mr John M'-Millan, merchant there.

21. At Morni Delice, Grenada, of a fever, Mr James M. Ure, third son of James Ure, Esq. Comptroller of his Majesty's Customs, Leith.

28. In the island of Antigua, of a bilious fever, Captain Robert Dudgeon, 1st royal regiment, assistant quartermaster-general for that island.

30. At Pensacola, where he had resided for four years as his Majesty's Consul, aged 42, John Home Purves, Esq. second son of the late Sir Alexander Purves, Bart. of Purves Hall, and brother of Sir W. Purves Home Campbell, Bart. of Marchmont.

Oct. 21. Killed on board his Majesty's ships, at the battle of Navarino:—Captain Bathurst of the Genoa. This brave officer was wounded early in the action by a splinter, which knocked off his hat and slightly tore his face. Shortly afterwards, a shot took off the skirts of his coat. The fatal wound was from a grape shot, which entered his side, passed through his body, and lodged in the opposite side of the ship.—Capt. Thomas Moore, Royal Marines, Genoa—Captain Bell, Royal Marines, Asia—Captain C. J. Stephens—Lieut. Philip Sturgeon—Lieut. G. W. H. Fitzroy—Messrs Henry Campling, William Smith, Peter Mitchell, Philip Dumauresq, John Lewis, Edward R. Foster, Peter Brown, W. J. Goldfinch, Browne Smythe, A. J. T. Rowe, Charles Russel.—45 seamen, and 9 marines.

— At Auchrossan House, Captain George Macfarlan of Auchrossan, late of the 57th regt.

22. At Montreal, Christiana Gordon, wife of Captain Read of the Royal Staff Corps.

24. On his passage from Corfu to England, the Hon. Alexander Hope, 7th Fusileers, fourth son of the late Earl of Hopetoun.

25. At 22, Duke Street, Mr John Dow, W.S.

— At No. 3, Great King Street, Grace, youngest daughter of Mr Alex. Walker.

27. At Constitution Street, Leith, David Ross Cundell, M.D. formerly of the 35d regiment.

28. At Gateside of Locherwoods, Wm. Dickson, Esq. of Upper Locherwoods, aged 82.

29. Here, Mrs Catherine Mitchell, relict of James Home, Esq. of Linhouse.

— At Borrodale, Mrs Macdonald of Borrodale.

30. At Merchiston Bank, Jessie, youngest daughter of Mr Archibald Glen, corn-merchant, Edinburgh.

31. Here, William, third son of the Rev. Dr Muir.

— At Burnbrae House, James Primrose, Esq. of Burnbrae.

Nov. 1. At the Manse of Latheron, Mrs Davidson, wife of the Rev. George Davidson, minister of that parish.

— At Falkirk, in the prime of life, Maria Browne, spouse of Mr J. Crawford of Howkerse, merchant in Falkirk.

2. At St Andrews, Miss Mary Stewart Patullo, eldest daughter of Robert Patullo, Esq.

— At Kevock Bank, William John, son of Mr John Hogg, Scotland-street.

3. At Grant Lodge, Elgin, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Margaret Grant, eldest daughter of the late Sir James Grant of Grant, Bart., and sister to the Earl of Seafield.

— At Leven, Miss Barbara Swan.

— At Alloa, in the 50th year of his age, Mr George Strathie, surgeon.

— At Coldstream, Mrs Judith Davidson, relict of the late Robert Davidson, Esq. of Hoselaw.

4. At Taaphall, near Leith, Mrs Isabella Glover, relict of Mr Thomas Taap, shipowner, Leith.

— At St Andrews, Elizabeth Tod, wife of John Buddo, Esq. writer there.

— At No. 44, Charlotte Square, Agnes, daughter of Robert Reid, Esq.

5. At Dollar, Jane Simpson, aged 68, relict of Mr James Clark, late rector of the Grammar School, Cupar Fife.

— The Right Hon. William Townshend Mullins, Baron Ventry of Burnham, in the county of Kerry.

7. Christina, daughter of Mr Rymer, solicitor, Frederick Street.

— At Thurdistoft, in the county of Caithness, Margaret Traill, daughter of the late Rev. George Traill, of Hobister, D.D.

— At Leipsic, her Majesty the Queen of Saxony.

— At the Admiralty House, Devonport, after a lingering illness, Lady Georgiana Carnegie, aged 16 years, the youngest daughter of Admiral the Earl of Northesk, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.

— At 18, Walker Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Sinclair of Forss.

— At Dundee, David Cook, Esq. merchant, in the 87th year of his age.

8. At Forgandenny, Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Rose, minister of Auchterless.

— At Madeira, Mr Neil Carnie, junior, son

of the late Thomas Carnie, Esq. Carronvale, Denny.

8. At Balconnie, Mr Robert Todd.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Walter Russell, of the Commercial Bank.

— Suddenly, at East Linton, Mr George Knox, merchant there.

9. At Cheltenham, Lewis Dunbar Brodie, Esq. of Burgie and Lethen.

— At East Linton, Mr John Smith, baker.

— At Linlithgow, Mrs Margaret Drummond, relict of Mr Alex. Williamson, of the Excise, Ayr.

— At his house in Grahamstone, near Falkirk, John M'Target, Esq. in his 56th year.

— At 7, India Street, Miss Johnston.

— At Seton, Mr Charles Burnet, aged 62.

— At Edinburgh, by a rupture of the great artery of the heart, William M. Bisset, Esq. solicitor at law.

— At Arbroath, Lieut. James Spink, R.N.

— At Richmond Hill, London, Lieut.-General John Skinner.

— At Little Swinton, Berwickshire, Mr William Somervail, formerly farmer at Gorgie, near Edinburgh, in the 89th year of his age.

10. At Malta, Lieut.-Colonel Wylly, C. B. late commanding his Majesty's 95th Regiment.

11. At Kirkville House, Isabella Pitcairn, aged 28, wife of James Knowles, Esq. of Kirkville.

— At Selkirk, Mr Alex. Dobson, shoemaker and skinner, and, in July last, Rosina Plenderleith, his wife.

— At Comely Bank, near Perth, Mrs Christian Seton, wife of Thomas Barland, Esq.

— At Luddington House, Surrey, Catharine Grace, youngest daughter of the late Walter Irvine, Esq.

— At his house in Marsham Street, Westminster, John Sale, Esq. long a celebrated musician of the old school.

— At Leith, aged 95, Mrs Ann Crichton, relict of the late Mr Alex. Ogilvy, Leith.

— At Monifieth, Mrs Brown, mother of Provost Brown of Dundee, aged 103 years.

12. At 41, Clerk Street, Mr Robert Davidson, of the Commercial Bank, Alloa.

— At Haddington, Mrs James Pringle.

— At Stornoway, Margaret Macormick, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Henderson, of his Majesty's revenue brig Prince of Wales.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Catherine Martin, wife of Mr George Ewing, solicitor at law.

— Miss Elizabeth Scott, St Leonard's, St Andrews.

— At No. 3, Walker Street, Miss Clementina Mure, fourth daughter of William Mure, Esq. of Coldwell.

14. At Traquair House, Peebles-shire, aged 83, Charles Stewart, seventh Earl of Traquair, Lord Linton. His Lordship married Mary, daughter of George Ravenscroft, Esq. by whom he had Charles, now Earl of Traquair, born in 1781, unmarried.

— At Craigend, near Stirling, James Andrew, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Andrew Bogle, Esq. cashier to the Royal Bank of Scotland.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, wife of Dr Kirby.

15. At Edinburgh, Charles Raitt, Esq. depute-clerk of the High Court of Admiralty.

— At West Parade, Hull, William Bowden, Esq. Russia merchant.

— At her house, No. 12, Heriot Row, Miss Elizabeth Hope, daughter of the late Sir Archibald Hope, Bart. of Craigiehall.

— At 21 Salisbury Street, Mrs Jean Nimmo, aged 77.

— At Fletching, county of Sussex, Mr Alexander Barr, surgeon.

16. At Kelso, Miss Agnes Ballantyne, daughter of the late Mr David Ballantyne, formerly tenant in Henderside.

17. At the Chateau Coper, France, Baron de Stael, aged 37.

— At Melville Mill, aged 14 years and one month, Anne, third daughter of Hugh MacCorquodale, Esq. Liverpool.

— At Springfield, Anne Forbes Gleig, wife of David Louson, Esq. town-clerk of Arbroath.

— At Stenhouse, Sir William Bruce of Stenhouse, Bart. in his 83th year.

— At Cupar Relief Manse, the Rev. R. Walker.

17. At Portland Place, Hammersmith Road, London, aged 75, William Belsham, Esq. author of a History of England, and other works.

18. At Haddington, Miss Janet Blair, daughter of the late Rev. Archibald Blair, minister of the parish of Garvald, East Lothian.

— At Ely, Dr William Gourlay of Kingcraig, late physician in Madeira.

19. At Crieff, Mr Peter Murray, of the Commercial Banking Company's Office there.

20. At Linlithgow, Lucretia, youngest daughter of William Gardner, merchant and post-master there.

21. At No. 14, St Andrew's Street, William Cockburn, Esq.

24. At Strathairly, David Briggs, Esq. of Over-Carnbee.

25. At Stonehaven, William Nicol, Esq. of Badentory, M. D.

— At No. 18, South Nelson Street, Mrs Janetta Watson, spouse of Mr Edward Bruce, wine-merchant.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr William Martin, brass-founder.

— At No. 17, Archibald Place, Ann, the wife of Edward Bellis, Esq. formerly of Nantwich, in the county of Chester.

— At Glenesk, Captain W. Hodges, late of Calcutta.

— At No. 29, Warriston Crescent, Mrs Catherine Bethune, wife of John M'Lellan, Esq.

— At Perth, Mrs Margaret Robertson, wife of Patrick G. Stewart, Esq. agent of the Bank of Scotland.

27. At Dunfermline, Christian Anderson, wife of Mr Henry Bardner, writer there.

— At Clerk Street, Captain William Ramage, Royal Navy.

— At his house in Constitution Street, Leith, the Rev. John Colquhoun, D.D. in the 80th year of his age, and the 46th of his ministry, the whole of which he most conscientiously, ably, acceptably, and usefully discharged in the Chapel of Ease there. His whole life was blameless, and exemplary as a Christian. He was sincere, pious, and devout, with much modesty and simplicity of character. As a theologian, he stood high in the opinions of Evangelical Divines; as an author, he has been, and will be read, with much pleasure and profit, by those who have a taste for accurate statements of religious truth.

— At Edinburgh, Margaret Stillie, wife of Mr Andrew Aikman, Assistant Librarian to the Solicitors in Supreme Courts.

28. At Glasgow, Mrs Mylne, wife of Professor Mylne, and daughter of the late John Millar, Esq. advocate, Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow.

— At his house, Moray Place, David Gillespie, Esq. of Kirkton.

— At Ancrum, Mr John Scott, schoolmaster of that parish, in the 79th year of his age.

— At Lowther Rectory, the Rev. James Satterthwaite, D. D. one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, and Rector of Lowther and Aikton, in the Counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

— At Urafirth, Mrs Mary Stalker, wife of the Rev. William Wilson, minister of Northmavin, Shetland.

29. At Inveresk, Captain Robert Clephane, of the Royal Navy.

— In Portland Place, London, General Ross, Colonel of the 59th Regiment, and Governor of Fort Augustus.

— At Crossflats, Linlithgow, Mrs Anne Spens, relict of Alexander Learmonth, Esq. of Crossflats.

— At Burntisland, Mr Andrew Leslie, ship-owner.

— Dr William Stenhouse, Dunfermline.

— Whilst shooting on his father's demesne, with John Barneby, Esq. of Brockhampton, Herefordshire, Mr T. A. Knight, only son of T. A. Knight, Esq. of Downton Castle, near Ludlow, received in his head the contents of Mr Barneby's gun, discharged at a pheasant, being hidden by the foliage from Mr B.'s view, and on the following morning died from the effects thereof.

— At Aberdeen, Alex. Galen, Esq. merchant.

— At Cardross Park, Dumbartonshire, Charles Edmonstone, Esq. of Kippermincheuch, formerly of Demerara.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Agnes Wood, youngest

daughter of the late Thomas Wood, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh.

30. At Moneydie Manse, the Rev. James Sommerville.

Dec. 2. At East Linton, the Rev. Dr Hugh Jamieson, minister of the United Associate Congregation there.

— At No. 44, North Hanover Street, suddenly, Jane, wife of Mr Joseph Lowe, teacher of dancing.

3. At the British Museum, Joseph Planta, principal librarian of that establishment, in the 84th year of his age.

— On the 3d inst. at an advanced age, Mr James Keddie, senior, late tenant in Borthwick.

4. At Edinburgh, Thomas Miller, Esq. younger of Glenlee.

— At Hoscoat, Adam Stavert, Esq. of Hoscoat.

— James Keddie, Esq. for many years accountant of the Dumfries Branch of the Bank of Scotland.

5. At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Liddell, only daughter of the late Mr Alexander Liddell of Kirkwall.

— At London, Mary, wife of Colin Rogers, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Madras Establishment.

6. John Paterson, Esq. of Windylaws.

7. At her house, St Andrew's Square, Mrs Margaret Maitland, widow of Mr David Thompson, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, of a few days' illness, Mr Robert Neil, of the Stamp Office.

8. At Leith, Mrs Helen Harlow, wife of Mr Andrew Adam Thomson, merchant there.

9. At Albemarle Street, London, Rear-Admiral Percy Fraser, many years Commissioner of his Majesty's Navy.

— At Murthly, Sir George Stewart of Grandtully, Bart. aged 77.

— At her house, Pitt Street, Mrs Agnes Bruce, widow of Lieut. John Hadaway, Royal Navy.

10. At No. 25, Elbe Street, Leith, Mr Patrick Wood, aged 61.

11. At No. 106, George Street, Miss Margaret Mitchell.

12. At Auchtermuchty, Elizabeth Browning, relict of John Walker, Esq.

— At No. 7, St Vincent Street, Jane, second daughter of the late Mr Schetky.

— At Delvine, Dame Susanna Renton, widow of Sir Robert Murray of Hillhead, Bart.

— At Fauldhouse, John Smith, Esq. of Fauldhouse.

— At Myreside, near Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Scott.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Mack, Esq. W.S.

— At Nether Gelvan, Adam Wilson, Esq. of Nether Gelvan.

13. At Ayr, George Dunlop, Esq. of Maenairstone.

— At his house, Howard Place, Major Colin Campbell.

— At No. 111, George Street, Mrs Anne Glasford, relict of Henry Riddell, Esq. of Little Goven.

14. At Stirling, Mrs Noble, wife of James Noble, Esq. Collector of Excise.

15. At Annandale Street, Leith Walk, Laurence Jameson, Esq.

— At London, in his 74th year, the Rev. Alexander Waugh, D.D. for nearly 46 years minister of the Scots Church in Well Street, Oxford Street.

— At Harpole, Northamptonshire, Mary Jane, wife of the Hon. G. L. Dundas, Rector of Harpole.

16. At No. 14, Walker Street, Isaac Nicholson, Esq. late of Southend Green, Kent.

17. At Duddingston, James Hogg, Esq.

— At Ormiston, Miss Elizabeth Johnstone.

— At Bayswater, London, Lieut.-Colonel William Kinloch, late of the 67th Regiment.

18. At Edinburgh, D. Lister, Esq. of Kininmonth, writer to the signet.

19. At Montague Street, Mr William Cooper, merchant.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Francis Braidwood, late cabinet-maker and upholsterer.

— At No. 13, South Castle Street, Mrs Mary Russell, widow of David Russell, Esq. of Woodside, merchant in Glasgow.

22. At No. 64, Prince's Street, Janet Anderson, third daughter of the late Mr Robert Ewart, saddler to his Majesty.

23. At Cambridge, Professor Woodhouse, Plumian Professor of Mathematics in that University.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr Murdoch Urquhart, of Great Pulteney Street, London.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Stenhouse, baker.

25. At 36, York Place, Major-General E. S. Broughton of Rossend, late Lieutenant-Governor of the Island of St Helena.

— At Hastings, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Charlotte Graves, fourth daughter of Lord Graves.

26. At Limekilns, Robert Thompson, Esq. aged 82.

— At Musselburgh, Mr David Gullan, cabinet-maker and upholsterer there.

— At Bothwell Castle, Lanarkshire, in the 80th year of his age, the Right Hon. Archibald Lord Douglas of Douglas, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Forfar, &c. His Lordship, who was born 10th July 1748, succeeded to the estates of Douglas, Forfar, &c. in 1761. His Lordship married, in 1771, Lady Lucy Graham, sister to his Grace the Duke of Montrose; and he next married, in 1785, Lady Frances Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and has left issue of both marriages. Colonel Archibald Douglas his Lordship's eldest son, succeeds him in the title and estates.

27. At West Register Street, Helen, only daughter of the late Mr Robert Norrie.

28. At No. 2, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, Catherine Holme, wife of Mr Robert Ross, merchant.

29. At London, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Otway.

30. At Brussels, General Sir G. S. Brown, K. C. B.

— At Edinburgh, Jeremiah Kirby, M. D.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Frances Steele, relict of Lieut. James Steele, 27th Regiment.

— At Stirling, Lieut. Clarke, late of the 40th Regiment of Foot.

Lately, at Falmouth, Jamaica, a black woman, 140 years old, whose age has been correctly traced by documents in the possession of her owners. The descendants of her youngest daughter alone, are 45 in number. She retained her reason to the last.

— At Marseilles, Abraham Solomon, M. D. of Gilead House, near Liverpool, and formerly of Birmingham.

— At Madrid, the celebrated sculptor Alzares, in great poverty.

— At the age of 77 years, M. Laray, Member of the Legion of Honour, Professor in the Royal Medical School at Toulouse, Superintendent of the Hospitals there, and Honorary Member of the Academy of Sciences, and of the Royal Society of the same city.

— At Bombay, A. G. Hamilton, Esq. of the Bombay Civil Service.

— At No. 5, North Charlotte Street, Mr William Deas, senior, writer.

— At Croome, in Ireland, Mr William Rowland, surgeon, Royal Navy.

— At Paris, Helen Maria Williams, whose writings, during the French Revolution, obtained much celebrity.

— At Langton Manse, Berwickshire, George Grahame, Esq. late of Duniverig.

— On board his Majesty's ship the Java, on the East India station, Mr Fleance Stewart, Assistant-Surgeon, son of the Rev. P. Stewart, Kinneff.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF FRANCIS FLAGSTAFFE, ESQ.

LATE MAJOR IN HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

A few days ago I accepted an invitation to dine with an elderly female relative, and on entering her well-furnished drawing-room, found, among many of no note, an old maid with plenty of money, a young fellow who had spent all his own fortune, but was willing to accept of hers, encumbered with its possessor, and a veteran General, whose liver had proved too tough for thirty-three years residence in India. An attempt to give at large, or even to condense, the numerous parts of our conversation at and after dinner, would be worse than useless; but after innumerable topics had been skimmed, a dispute arose at the tea-table, as to what were the peculiar advantages arising from the "March of Intellect."

"For my part," screamed the monied virgin of forty-four, with a languishing squint at the lover of her pelf, "one material good appears to consist in the reformed manners so visible in the youth of our day: Instead of rolling up from the bottle in a state not fit to associate with quadrupeds, they have really become quite an addition to a lady's drawing-room. What is your opinion, Mr Lovegilt?"

"It is quite impossible, madam, but that all must agree with you; but, should I presume to hazard, not an amendment, but rather an addition to your remark, it would be, that the young men of the present age have also learned on whom their affections can be with safety fixed; not on fanciful flighty girls of seventeen, but on those whose charms and minds are equally matured."

"Pooh! all damned nonsense," snorted the General, who not being a youth of 'our day,' had indulged considerably in claret. "If you want to know the good of this 'March of Intellect,' I'll tell you what it is." All expressed themselves anxious to be favoured with the gallant officer's opinion. "Well, then," continued he, "the only advantage I see in it is, that everybody having learned to read and write, thinks fit to bother the world with his 'Memoirs,' 'Recollections,' 'Anecdotes,' or 'Reminiscences,' of which we now-a-days have as many as there are cooks, bullocks, sutlers, and elephants, in the line of march of a Bengal army."

Finding the party fairly engaged by this interesting subject, I left them to enjoy it, and took my leave; but the General's remark had made a deeper impression on me than might have been imagined, and before reaching home, I had determined to commit to paper such events of my life as I deemed most worthy of remembering, and, if I thought fit, at some future time, to add one to the list of those who, in the General's language, "bother the world."

The causes which induce individuals thus frequently to become their own historians, are so numerous, as in some measure to plead their ex-

cuse; and we may reasonably suppose that one or all of the three following influence the writer—first, vanity, not only as it regards his fame as an author, but under which head may be also placed, the ambitious expectation of affording instruction, example, or entertainment, to others; secondly, he may entertain the hope of gain, either in the shape of mere vulgar dross, or in that of introduction to the notice of those who may have power to forward his interests; or, lastly, his aim may be the amusement of hours of idleness, and a refuge from ennui. Now, whether I be guided by one or all of these motives in my present undertaking, is the business of none but myself; it being understood that while it is at my discretion to write a memoir or history of my life, it is optional with my friends, and the public in general, to read or neglect the same when obtruded on their notice.

I may safely assert, that it has not fallen to the lot of many persons to witness stranger and more varied scenes than have come under my observation, in the different quarters of the globe to which I have been called by duty and inclination; and if I have made any use whatever of my eyes, I trust to be able, from among such scenes, to pick out matter sufficient to amuse and interest the reader who may deem this worthy of perusal. For though, if compared with very many of my own profession, I have not seen such service as will afford details "horribly stuffed with epithets of war," I have nevertheless experienced some "disastrous chances" of "moving accidents by flood and field."

Being naturally of a roving and restless disposition, a military life appeared the one best calculated to indulge such a turn of mind; but my guardians were anxious that I should prepare myself for holy orders, and did not therefore allow me to follow my wishes so early as they might otherwise have done. Finding, however, my determination steadily fixed, a commission was procured for me, and at the age of seventeen, I found myself an ensign in a Highland regiment, then quartered at Aberdeen. Though at this time I regretted my not having entered the army a year sooner, I have since experienced the benefit of my delay; for, having been placed under a most intelligent and careful tutor, the advantages received from him more than overbalanced the loss sustained in my profession.

The routine of an officer's life in country quarters, is generally as dull to himself as the detail of it would prove uninteresting to a reader; and as the first battalion of the regiment to which I belonged was in India, and required frequent supplies from the second, our wishes of being actively employed did not seem likely to be soon gratified. Our time was, therefore, spent in the usual occupations of officers in provincial towns, the most important of which were, playing at billiards, shooting on the properties of such gentlemen as would grant us permission, and flirting with such young ladies as gave us opportunity, by kindly taking air and exercise in the principal street of Aberdeen.

To interrupt the monotony of this life, I procured leave of absence, and proceeded to visit numerous friends and acquaintances in my native county, where, as a keen canvass for the representation in Parliament was being carried on by two candidates, of whom one was my cousin, I promised myself considerable amusement. Among many inventions to procure votes and deprive the adversary of them, one, which was practised with great success, seems worthy of remark. Most of the voters had already declared themselves for one or other of the high contending powers, and it was evident that not more than a majority of one or two could be obtained by the victor. Among the very few who remained unpledged to either party, was Bogue of Kildumpie, an estate lying some distance from the county-town where the final struggle was to be maintained. He was a man of gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation, but unfortunately addicted to drinking, and gave protection in his establishment to a lady of dubious fame, who was well known to be opposed to the views of my relation; and though there were circumstances which rendered Bogue himself unwilling to disoblige either candidate, such was the influence this woman held over him, there could remain no doubt that if he came to poll, his vote would be against our family interest. On arriving at my cousin's house, I found a divan plotting to prevent the attendance of this undecided freehold-

er on the day of election, and I was prevailed on, with some difficulty, to carry the scheme they had contrived into execution.

Information had been received that the Laird of Kildumpie had expressed himself strongly in praise of some sugar whisky, about this time introduced into Scotland, and of which my cousin luckily had in his cellar a few bottles. It was determined that I should pay Bogue a visit; and accordingly, the evening preceding the day of election found me, about supper-time, at Kildumpie, having in my gig four bottles of the precious elixir. The Laird was equally surprised and delighted to see a companion enter at so seasonable an hour, and after an excellent supper had been dispatched, hot water, tumblers, and their usual concomitants, succeeded. The two difficulties to be overcome on this embassy, were to prevent Bogue thinking too much of to-morrow's contest, and, at all events, to execute some manœuvre which should secure his absence from the hustings.

"Well," said my host, "what news of the election—I suppose it remains fixed for to-morrow?"

"They do talk of it for to-morrow," replied I; "but, egad! if you wish me to pass a pleasant evening, don't mention another word on the subject."

"Why, how is this? I naturally imagined you would be deeply interested in the success of your clansman."

"Well, so I am; but for the last week, the words vote, candidate, freehold, and superiority, have been so perpetually drummed into my ears, that I have more than once wished the whole concern at the devil; and finding that sixteen of the 'worthy and independent' voters were to dine to-day at the Castle, I ordered my gig, to escape farther torment, and to enjoy a social evening with a man whose conversation I knew would be more rational than theirs."

"To tell the truth," said he, "I have reasons, as you well know, for not caring so much as usual about this matter. But, come, let us leave the election to take care of itself, and tell me how you like your new regiment and quarters."

"The corps," I answered, "is well known to be a crack one, and the quarters well enough, if we were not so harassed by the smuggling service."

"Ay, that's an unpleasant service."

"While on this subject, tell me," said I, "how you think our part of the country will be affected by this new distillation from sugar?"

"My own opinion is, that it cannot succeed; but I believe I differ as much from many of my friends on this point, as I do in liking the whisky thus made, of the best of which I want to procure some gallons."

"As to gallons, I can't help you; but if a few bottles will serve your turn, they are at your service, being at this moment in the seat of my gig."

"Let them be produced immediately," cried he, ringing the bell; "you never made a better hit in your life."

I was of the same opinion myself, when I saw the servant safely deposit the liquor on the table. Knowing the capability of my companion to contain vast oceans of *toddy*, I was careful to make my own very weak, and by this precaution, was enabled, at about eight o'clock in the morning, to see Kildumpie carried to his bed, deprived of speech, sight, and hearing; from which state he did not recover till long after the time he had been anxiously expected by his political friends. His absence secured the county to my cousin.

On returning to Aberdeen, I found orders had been just received for immediate embarkation, to join the army under the command of Sir Thomas Graham, who had been sent to assist the Low Countries in throwing off the yoke of France. This was an unexpected pleasure; and we were instantly employed in providing ourselves with such necessaries as are consistent with a very limited allowance of baggage, the injunctions being positive, that the regiment should march with the least possible incumbrance. Four days after the receipt of the order, two vessels, which had been taken up for the occasion, appeared ready for our reception; in the course of the same evening, a brig of war, destined to give us convoy, came to anchor in the bay.

We embarked on the first of January 1814, one of the severest winters in the recollection of any person li-

ving. The greater part of the mess consisted of very young men, who had long been sighing for an opportunity of seeing service; and our spirits were raised proportionately by the unlooked for arrival of the order for leaving Britain. Many had been dancing throughout the night preceding the day appointed for sailing; and so late did some remain enjoying the "gay and festive scene," that they barely allowed themselves time to change their dress, ere summoned by the bugle to parade. Nor is this much to be marvelled at. The inhabitants had treated us with great kindness and hospitality; it is not unlikely, moreover, that sentiments more powerful than gratitude had arisen in the breasts of some of my companions; and the mighty spirit which awakens the "harp of the north," has sung that—

"Often in the parting hour,
Victorious love asserts his power."

I have reason to believe, that on this occasion, the words of the poet were fully verified.

The regiment having been popular in Aberdeen, a greater number of spectators than could have been expected at so early an hour as 5 A.M., assembled to witness our departure; and many who did not appear in the streets left their beds, and, from the windows, wished us "God speed." There was something very gratifying in hearing the rough but honest expressions of "Farewell," and "wishes for our safe return," uttered in good broad Scotch, as we marched through the town, the band playing "Farewell to whisky," at intervals relieved by the harsher but not less spirit-stirring music of our pipes, performing the beautiful air, "Lochaber no more." Mingled, however, with our gladness, came those more sombre thoughts, which generally arise in the minds of all who leave their native country on such expeditions as ours; for we could not but feel, that whatever might be the good wishes of our countrymen, it was more than probable that many were destined never again to view the blue hills of Scotland; never to redeem the pledges they had so lately given: the feelings of him who boasts to have no such touch of human nature, are surely little to be envied.

Sea-sickness, that effectual damper of high spirits, soon produced its usual effects on most of the officers and men. The vessels, which had been engaged for our use, not being regular transports, were hastily prepared, and badly manned; much too small for our numbers, but considered sufficient for so short a voyage as we expected. Before losing sight of land, it was discovered that the head-quarter ship, in which I had embarked, was a very dull sailer, and retarded our progress; so much so, indeed, that on the day after leaving our port, viz. 2d January, the brig of war, who found our consort sailed nearly as well as herself, left us to our fate; and, at day-break on the 3d, we found they were both out of sight. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for our captain. It was, I believe, the first time in his life he had ever left the land so far; and his ignorance proved nearly fatal to us all. Before day-light on the morning of the 4th, one of the officers of the watch observed what he imagined to be a black cloud a-head. The only one of the crew at this time on deck, or at least the only one awake, was a boy at the helm. Suspicions arose in the mind of the officer of the watch, that what he had fancied to be a cloud, might be land. On summoning the master, he at once confirmed this opinion, but the impending danger, added to the consciousness of his inability, totally deprived him of the power of exertion. The ship was at this time going about seven knots an hour, with a strong fair wind; and if the mate, who had been roused by the confusion on deck, had not quickly altered the course, we should have struck in a few minutes on the rocks of Whitby—a circumstance which would, to a moral certainty, have deprived the world of these valuable "Passages," as well as all the passengers of what they most likely considered equally valuable, viz. their lives. It must be remembered, that the captain flattered himself he was steering direct for the coast of Holland. This may convey some idea of the dangers to which transports were occasionally exposed by the incapacity of their commanders. On the 10th of January we dropped anchor off Williamstadt, having fortunately fallen in with one of his Majesty's cruizers, who saved our captain the trouble of keeping farther reckoning. We landed the same day, and finding that our companions had preceded us, halted no longer than was necessary

to disembark the light baggage, and took the road towards Antwerp.

We overtook the other wing of the regiment at Rosendaal on the 11th; from whence we moved before daylight of the 12th towards Capelle. The weather was intensely cold; and it is not easy to imagine scenery more desolate than that through which we advanced. Our route led for some miles along a vast level heath covered with snow, over which the eye in vain sought relief, being dazzled by the reflected rays of a sun, whose beams served but to blind us, without imparting the slightest degree of heat.

The snow, which overspread the road, having been untrodden since its fall, not only rendered the marching extremely heavy and fatiguing, but exposed us to the danger of losing our way—an adventure which at length befell us, though conducted by persons well acquainted with the country; for a slight fog coming on, and no tree or landmark being discernible, we were completely at a loss. After wandering till nightfall, the guides discovered the track, and we arrived at Capelle, thoroughly tired of meandering for thirteen hours over rough ground, ankle-deep in snow. Our battalion was, like most second battalions in war time, composed of very young men; indeed, a great proportion of its number were under eighteen, and not a few were under seventeen years of age, to whom, loaded with knapsack, great-coat, blanket and ammunition, a march, such as I have described, was peculiarly trying: it was, nevertheless, wonderful to see the exertions the youngsters made to keep up; and these were finally successful, for we did not leave a man behind us during the day. The soldiers were told off to their several billets, when the officers proceeded to make the best arrangements for supper that our rations afforded, of which meal, hot grog, made with excellent gin issued by the commissary, but without sugar, formed no inconsiderable portion; after which, with six of my comrades, I stretched myself on some straw, and with my feet to the fire, invoked the aid of "tired nature's soft restorer." He refused, however, for at least two hours, to visit my eyelids, being scared away by the cold, which the snow, having melted in my shoes, occasioned; and as I feared to take them off, lest I should be unable to put them on again in the morning, it was not till the fire and grog began to take some effect, that I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by a mixture of drums and bugles, about five o'clock on the morning of the 13th.

The moon was shining bright when the brigade to which our regiment was attached, commenced its advance along a cross road to Ekeren; but before we had marched three miles we were deprived of her light, and anxiously looked forward to the dawn of day. Whatever information had been afforded to those in command, nothing had transpired by which the brigade in general could form any correct idea of their destination; but this by no means prevented many conjectures being hazarded, all of which were supported by weighty reasons, but which all turned out to be equally far from the truth. The first object which daylight discovered to our sight, was a magnificent steeple rising about two miles and a half in our front; this was soon ascertained to belong to Antwerp, and thus the fact of being close to the enemy was fully proved. The road now ran between two strong hedges, and as the sun rose higher, a considerable village, named Merxem, was observed about eight hundred yards in advance, situated a little to the left of the route we were pursuing. Our view of the houses was but partial, being obstructed by numerous trees and shrubs growing in the gardens, which extended widely on the side we were approaching. While amusing one another with various opinions as to what was likely to happen, an order was given to halt and load—this, of course, put an end to farther conversation; the officers took their proper stations, and nothing was to be heard but the sharp ringing of the ramrods against the barrels of the muskets. Here then, thought I, is an opportunity likely to be afforded of seeing what I have so often wished for; and I shall now be able either to speak from experience of what I have hitherto known but by gazettes and the report of others, or I shall be placed in the only situation in which experience ceases to be of advantage; for I am very willing to allow that such ideas were not absent from my mind. Into what other forms my thoughts might have arranged themselves, I

know not; for at this moment a heavy firing of cannon and musketry commencing at a considerable distance on the left, our regiment was ordered to pass through an opening in that side of the road; immediately after which we deployed into line, the remainder of the brigade falling back a short distance as a reserve, at the same time protecting our right flank. The enemy did not allow the formation of the line to proceed uninterrupted, for their skirmishers opened a brisk fire from some scattered bushes on the left, and from a clump of trees on the right; they were, however, speedily dislodged by our own light company, assisted by a detachment of the rifle corps, and fell back on the gardens before mentioned, from whence they were enabled to annoy us exceedingly. We continued to advance over broken ground intersected by ditches, and exposed to a fire from a very superior force in the village; but having cleared the last ditch, we gave them a volley, charged, and entering the town into which the French had retreated from the gardens, and a slight breastwork in its front, reduced the affair to a contest more even, though not less severe; for the street being too narrow to disgorge quickly the mass it contained, the enemy, on whom we pressed hard with the bayonet, had no alternative but to fight. To do them justice, they seemed to have no aversion to the business; for whatever might have been their wish, had escape been practicable, finding it impossible, they did not allow themselves to die unrevenged. Either by accident or design, the rear of the French was covered by fine veteran troops, who, facing their opponents, made a most formidable appearance, and continued a steady fire up the street, till the front rank of the Highlanders, urged on by their impetuosity and the pressure of the men behind them, completely closed on them, and the bayonet alone was useful. As soon as they passed through the village, they made the best of their way to Antwerp, exposed, as they ran, to the fire of two field-pieces, which did great execution. Our loss was severe; but that of the enemy, considering the small force with which the attack was made, proved to be immense, amounting to seven hundred killed and wounded, exclusive of a few prisoners; and among the former was a General of division, whose gallant conduct was admired by all who saw him. He had with great spirit endeavoured to rally his troops after getting clear of the houses, but finding it impracticable, was in the act of mounting his horse to follow them, when a ball, taking effect on his head, finished his wars for ever.

We halted a very short time in the village, during which Sir Thomas Graham galloped through towards Antwerp, and in passing gave us this short but pithy praise—"Well done, my boys—you could not have done it better." The object of the movement and attack now became known; it was for the purpose of covering the right flank of General Bulow's corps of Russians, during the time he made a reconnoissance on Antwerp; and the distant firing we had first heard, was his forcing the French position, the left of which rested on Merxem. The inhabitants, who at the beginning of the action had shut themselves up in their houses, began to open their doors and shutters, and the wounded of both parties were carried in to be attended by the surgeons. I had now full opportunity of seeing the effect of balls and bayonet; and observed that many of both sides had been so close to their opponents when struck, that the clothes were burned through by the flash of the musket. Among many of our officers who suffered was a near connexion of mine, and a great favourite in the regiment; he was pressing on in the street in gallant style at the head of his division, when I saw him stumble and drop awkwardly, but was too much engaged in bearing the colours of the regiment in rapid advance, to perceive whether he was killed or wounded, or had only slipped and fallen. I afterwards learned that his career had been stopped by an old grenadier, who fired just as his bayonet touched poor M——'s breast. A savage satisfaction was observed in the swarthy face of the Frenchman; but if so, it was of short duration, he did not live a minute to enjoy it. It is almost needless to add, that a wound such as he had inflicted, proved mortal. M—— died in about sixteen hours.

I was witness during the heat of the action to an instance of cruelty on the part of a boy belonging to the regiment, which tends to confirm the im-

placable character attributed to the Highlanders when irritated. A French sergeant, who was badly wounded, took shelter behind one of the projecting buttresses of the church, and on the approach of the British, with many shrugs and grimaces, offered the hilt of his sabre to the nearest of his enemies, who chanced to be the lad mentioned. The young blood-hound instantly presented his piece at the Frenchman's head and fired, but the sergeant luckily avoided the shot by throwing himself down, and before the Highlander could take any farther steps to complete his vengeance, an officer who was nearer to him than myself, interfered and saved the prisoner's life.

The reconnoissance having been satisfactorily accomplished, our troops began to retreat in the direction of their former cantonments; one regiment remaining till the Prussians had occupied the great road, which was not till after dark.

A small village called Achterbroeck was appointed to be our halting-place, but in consequence of the previous fatigue and the bad state of the roads, we did not arrive till past midnight: having thus, with the exception of the short halt in Merxem, been marching about nineteen hours. The other regiments of the brigade were quartered in small hamlets adjacent. On reaching Achterbroeck, an immediate order was issued for a piquet of sixty men to be posted on the road by which we had marched, and as I was first for that duty, instead of enjoying what I had flattered myself would have been my lot, a good sound sleep, I was ordered to march the piquet about a mile from the cantonment, to the edge of a large heath, and to establish and keep up till day-light a communication with the stations occupied by the other regiments. A considerable extent of scattered brushwood and stunted trees fringed the waste for some hundred yards on either side of the road, and various paths running through this coppice, rendered great attention necessary on the part of the sentries to prevent our being surprised by several parties of the enemy who had followed our retreat, and who were to be seen at times moving across the heath. This was the first piquet I had ever mounted where anything like responsibility had attached, and my anxiety, added to fatigue and great exhaustion arising from hunger, caused my sensations to be anything but pleasurable. My principal employment was visiting the different sentries, and during one of my rounds with this object in view, a circumstance, somewhat out of the common course, occurred.

The moon, half hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed;

indeed, at times these flakes caused her light to be somewhat less than dubious, whilst at others she shone forth in all the brilliancy which a frosty night, and reflection from a slight sprinkling of snow, contributed to increase. In passing up one of the paths before mentioned, towards the advanced sentry, a slight rustling among the brushwood attracted my attention, and on stopping, I heard, in the same direction, the crackling sound occasioned by pressure of frozen snow, which indicated a footstep in the close vicinity. Somewhat surprised, and unwilling to give unnecessary alarm, I demanded, in a low tone, "Who goes there?" and received no answer; but on listening again, I distinctly heard the steps proceeding towards the edge of the wood, in a line parallel to the path I was pursuing. Such a course, I was well aware, must soon lead the intruder to detection, for I was by this time so near the place where I had posted the advanced sentry, that I was expecting to be challenged by him every moment. Suddenly, however, I lost the sound of the step in the wood, and in an instant after, found myself on the open heath, much amazed that my approach should have been made unnoticed by the soldier whose business it was to guard that spot. My astonishment was considerably increased by seeing no one near; and among various conjectures it struck me, that probably the sounds in the wood must have been caused by this man's having left his post and trying to regain it unperceived. Upon endeavouring to trace his footmarks, which was rendered difficult by clouds having at this time obscured the light of the moon, I found the object of my search crouching with his ear to the ground, and holding up his hand to stop me; on addressing him, he said, he had heard some one coming through the copse, adding, that it could not have been me; for besides hearing my voice when I challenged, he had plain-

ly made out the tread of two persons, of whom one had suddenly stopped. This was perplexing; but as the moon was again shining brightly, I warned the man to be most diligent in his observations, and on the slightest farther cause to give the alarm. After having remained a short time to examine the adjoining wood, and finding no marks of footsteps in the snow, I returned. On arriving nearly at the same place to which my attention had been first attracted by the rustling in the brushwood, the same sounds were again audible. Fearful that this hidden spy should once more escape, I dashed into the thicket, and on clearing the bushes, which, close to the path, were thickly interwoven, found an open space about twenty yards in diameter, and saw coming towards me, from the opposite side, a person, whom, at the first glance, I perceived to be an officer of my own regiment. A moment more showed me that this officer was my cousin M——, of whose fate I was as yet uncertain; so I addressed him instantly, with the words, "Why, William, what the devil brings you here?" He gave me no reply, but remained stationary, with his left hand resting on the hilt of his broadsword, an attitude very familiar to him. I advanced, steadfastly regarding him, till, when about five yards' distance, he waved his hand in a manner intimating that he did not wish my nearer approach; then, and not till then, I observed that the belt he wore was perforated, and burnt as by a shot. I halted, being, to tell the truth, for a moment perfectly bewildered, but immediately addressed him again by his Christian name, and again received no answer. I now began to doubt whether I was dreaming or awake, and drew my hand over my eyes, thinking this was an illusion of my sight; the same figure, however, kept its ground, when, to assure myself of my being awake, I stooped down and applied some snow to my face, and still finding the same appearance, I advanced towards the spot occupied by this mysterious visitor; but when within about six feet of him, I found myself alone, and no sound, no footmark, no trace of a human being perceptible. On regaining the footpath, and continuing to follow it in the direction of the piquet-house, I questioned the first sentry I came to, and who was distant from the advanced one about sixty yards, as to any one moving near his post. He had seen nothing and heard nothing, he said, except my speaking to his comrade in advance. On my asking him how he knew to whom I was speaking, he said he had heard me address some one by the name of William, and that being the other soldier's name, he took it for granted it was to him I had spoken. Several friends, to whom I have narrated the above circumstance, have been of opinion that the whole was a mental delusion, proceeding from great fatigue and inanition; but to set against such opinions, are the facts of the first sentry hearing the step of a person to whom I spoke, and of the second hearing me address some one by the name of William. One point still more worthy of remark is, that I had observed on the belt of my relative the shot mark and burning, of neither of which I had any knowledge, until afterwards informed. I shall not pretend to determine for others: I state the case as it occurred, leaving it to the reader to credit or disbelieve, according as he or she may be gifted with much or little faith.

At day-light, on the morning of the 14th January, we pursued our march towards Rosendaal, where we remained comfortably quartered till the 1st February. During our stay in this neat and pretty town, nothing occurred worthy of recollection. The inhabitants were civil, clean, and phlegmatic, appearing to me particularly suited to the weather we then had, intense frost; for the women, when walking in their wooden-shoes, and precise plaited caps and dresses, with their clear white complexions, gave me the idea of moving icicles. Sugar was so scarce in Brabant at this time, in consequence of Napoleon's interdict, and the short time the ports of the country had been opened, that those who would not drink their coffee without it, paid at the rate of ten and sixpence per lb., in which number I was included.

An arrangement having been made by Sir Thomas Graham and the Prussian general Bulow, which had for its object the destruction of the large fleet lying in the docks of Antwerp, all the disposable British force was collected at Breaschat on the 1st February. The Prussians, who were on

our left, were engaged on the second, in driving the French from two roads leading to Antwerp; these the enemy occupied in great force, and defended with great obstinacy; they were at last, however, driven in, though not without occasioning very severe loss to their assailants. Whilst this was passing on the left, an attack was made by the British on the village of Merxem, which since the former affair had been strongly fortified; but it was nevertheless carried in gallant style by the troops destined for this service. Being forced from the village, the enemy retired to Antwerp, defending as they retreated, several strongholds, and particularly a work called the Mill Battery, on Ferdinand's Dyke; but their defence was unavailing, and they were compelled to shelter themselves within the walls of Antwerp. Our regiment was not employed in the actual attack, but with the 52d regiment was posted on the extreme right of the line, threatening the communication between the village and the city. Though exposed to a heavy cannonade from the latter place, our loss was very trifling. Immediate steps were taken for completing the batteries; and though this work was rendered difficult by the extreme severity of the weather, they opened on the afternoon of the 3d.

A variety of untoward circumstances tended to thwart the undertaking in which the army was engaged. On the very day on which the enemy had been driven in on all sides by the British and Prussians, General Bulow received orders to join the Grand Allied Army in the centre of France; and, in consequence, could afford but a short time to the execution of the present plan. Even in this short time the destruction of the fleet might have been effected; but owing to the transports, which had conveyed from England the artillery and ordnance stores necessary for the bombardment, being frozen up near Williamstadt, recourse was had to Dutch mortars and ammunition. After the fire of a few hours, many of them were disabled and the firing ceased; nor could it be again resumed till about noon of the following day, from which time till the evening of the 5th, it was continued as briskly, and with as much effect, as could possibly be expected from the wretched state of the ordnance employed. I was present in one of the batteries when a twenty-four pounder burst, killing eight artillerymen, and wounding several more. During the three days these operations were carrying on, our regiment was much employed in working-parties in the batteries; and when relieved at intervals, was stationed in Merxem. Though this village was completely under the enemy's guns, the loss sustained by the troops was comparatively small, notwithstanding the incessant fire kept up on the place. Occasionally, however, the shells caused us some mischief, and one of these destructive missiles, falling into a room occupied by the company to which I belonged, killed and wounded twenty-one. On another occasion, two officers who were walking arm in arm in the principal street, unfortunately lost a leg each by the same shot. But though the situation of the troops was far from pleasant, especially as provisions were very scarce, the condition of the miserable inhabitants was infinitely worse, being obliged to witness the destruction of their houses and property, as well as risk their lives; for so intense was the frost, and the means of accommodation so scanty in the surrounding country, that to have taken to the fields would have rendered certain that death, of which, by remaining, they only encountered a risk. Yet amidst these unpleasant scenes, several of a nature sufficiently laughable presented themselves. It was necessary to press into the service a number of carts and horses, for the purpose of carrying the shot and shells into the batteries. The effect of extreme fear on the unfortunate drivers was generally ludicrous, and it was difficult to refrain from laughter on seeing their grimaces, shrugs, and contortions, when a shot, striking some wall close to them, powdered them over with lime and rubbish. Among ourselves occurrences were by no means rare, which, though abundantly dangerous, afforded considerable amusement. Having been so fortunate as to discover a hoard of potatoes in the cellar of a house which had been nearly destroyed by a shell, the Major, two of my comrades, and myself, made some excellent soup, and were sitting round helping ourselves with great satisfaction, when the fragment of a shell, which burst over our heads,

lighted directly on the camp-kettle, sending soup, kettle, and fire at once to destruction. None of the party sustained greater injury than having hands and faces slightly scalded, and the Major casting a wistful eye on the remains of our late tureen, exclaimed, "Ye ken the truth of the auld proverb now, lads; he maun hae a lang spune that sups kale wi' the deil, and there's ne'er a deil amang them a' wad hae suppit our kale half sae quick!"

It having been found impossible, with our defective means, to accomplish the burning of the fleet, the few remaining guns and mortars which remained serviceable were removed from the batteries during the night of the 5th, and before daylight of the following morning the army was falling back on cantonments prepared for their reception. So quietly had the evacuation of Merxem been effected, that at an early hour of the 5th, the enemy opened a furious fire on the village and batteries, which continued till daybreak, when to their astonishment they could discover no appearance of an opponent. Carnot, a man conspicuous in the French Revolution, and equally celebrated for his talents as an engineer, had been intrusted with the command of Antwerp a short time before this attack.

With the exception of the unfortunate attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, in which our regiment was not engaged, little took place worthy of remark, from the 6th of February to the middle of May. I could say nothing of this fatal business, that has not been already more than once repeated by several eye-witnesses; but it may be safely asserted, that the whole army deeply sympathized with our gallant leader, whose plan, ably conceived and bravely attempted, was followed by a long train of calamitous circumstances, which could have been neither foreseen nor obviated.

Between the last mentioned dates, our regiment, among various other stations, was sent to Fort Frederick Henry, on the east bank of the Scheldt, a work about one mile distant from Fort Lillo, with which place it communicated by a high dyke running parallel to the river. I could never distinctly make out the object of keeping a regiment in this place, unless it were for the purpose of confining the garrison of Lillo on that side, while the whole country on the other was open to them; if such was the intention, the enemy made no attempt to force a passage, except on one occasion, when the Cæsar, an eighty-gun ship, dropt down the river, and anchored abreast of the fort, on which were mounted three twenty-four pounders and a howitzer. She kept up an incessant roar from her broadside for about three hours, but at a distant range, and with the least possible effect, as she did not disable one gun on shore, and, excepting one man killed and three wounded, we sustained no loss. How long she might have continued thus harmlessly to expend her ammunition, is difficult to say; but a howitzer shell, which fell on the quarter-deck, killing the Captain, while at the same moment a rocket set the main-top on fire, determined the next in command to decamp, and taking advantage of a fair wind, he cut his cable and retreated.

Several trifling affairs of piquets took place on the dyke, without loss on our part; in one of these, an adventure befell me which caused some merriment. The dyke was about twenty yards in width at the top, the sides being steep, and sloping down to the river on the right, and to a deep impassable marsh on the left as you advanced to Lillo; at about 400 yards from which place, the French had sunk three holes, wherein they placed their sentries, of whom no part was visible above-ground, but the head. This plan had been adopted by our people also, to avoid the danger to which they were exposed from the constant firing the enemy kept up, apparently for the sole purpose of annoying us, as they never attempted anything serious. Being one day on piquet, and observing something unusual going on at a shoulder of the dyke on the right side, I endeavoured, with a brother officer, to creep along and satisfy my curiosity. Whilst thus engaged, a French officer and three men were playing the same game on the opposite bank, and when my friend and I had advanced some distance beyond our own sentries, one of them having observed the enemy's manœuvre, gave the alarm; the Frenchmen forthwith ran up the side of the dyke, and gained the top at the same moment that I appeared from the opposite side with my companion. Luckily we were

about fifteen yards nearer to our own post than to the French, otherwise, without fire-arms, we should have been but ill able to contend with the four of the enemy, one of whom immediately fired. We had nothing for it but to run, which we did at the top of our speed; but the wind being high, carried off my Highland bonnet, and with it, what was much more important, my wig; for having shaved my head, in consequence of a severe blow, I had been reduced to the dire necessity of supplying my loss of hair with a peruke. I might have made up my mind to leave my bonnet as a trophy to the foe, but to part from my wig was out of the question; and yet to stop and afford a cool aim to the Frenchmen, was severe. However, I made up my mind to do so, and instantly one rascal fired at and missed me. While in the act of stooping, expecting to be inevitably wounded, if not killed, instead of the angry hissing sound of a bullet, I heard a good-natured jolly laugh. I did not, however, trust to this, but snatching up wig and bonnet, set off again with my bald-head, to the farther amusement of my assailants. I should have felt pleased, had the French officer escaped as happily as myself; but a shot from one of our sentries struck him, and he was carried off by his own men, in a manner which convinced me he never would be able to entertain his comrades in Lillo, with the adventure of the Highlander and his wig.

As I profess to give merely "passages" in my life, and not to write that life at full length, I choose here to pass over altogether, or, at the most, slightly to advert to the events of some months. And this example I strongly recommend to those who shall come after me; it being well known, that there must be in the detailed accounts of most lives, circumstances which would be more profitably concealed than made known; yet such is the fidelity which, in my opinion, ought to pervade the "history of a life," that I doubt not that, having undertaken such a task, my love of veracity would induce me to confess even the crime of murder, or the having been guilty of an article in the New Monthly Magazine. Having premised thus much, I deem it sufficient to acquaint the reader, that after being quartered in a variety of places, some of which were pleasant, and many disagreeable, our regiment was ordered to Brussels, which had not been entered by a British force for many years, and the people being remarkably well-disposed, rendered our billets unusually comfortable. The appearance of the Highland dress caused much amazement; and the quiet, orderly behaviour of the men, soon gained them the good-will of the inhabitants. After farther "marchings and counter-marchings" for the space of some months, we found ourselves stationed in Nieuport, a fortified town, about ten miles distant from Ostend. Here our officers and men became unhealthy, and suffered much from ague. We had in garrison a regiment of German militia, but the duty was so severe, and the numbers so small, in consequence of disease, that, as I escaped the ague for a longer time than most of my comrades, my tour of duty was intolerably frequent. This post, however, it was necessary that some troops should occupy, and so here we remained till the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived. We again visited Brussels; and in March 1816, I found myself in the barracks at Canterbury.

After having spent some time in London, I was ordered to join the depot of my regiment once more, stationed in Aberdeen. The second battalion had been reduced, and the depot now awaited the arrival of the first from India. After even so short an absence as three years, I found Aberdeen much altered; or, what on me produced the same effect, I found my own feelings changed. The town, which I had formerly considered as tolerably large and handsome, sank into insignificance, when compared with Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Brussels, and the Hague. The same reasoning affected my mind, as regarded men. Those whom three years before I had looked on with some respect, I now considered as very far inferior to hundreds with whom I had mixed in my military life. I had risen rapidly in my profession; and the place which I had left as ensign so short a time before, I returned to as a captain: in short, the whole tone of my mind was altered; but I much doubt whether my happiness was increased. May it not fairly be doubted, whether losing

the power of being easily pleased is compensated by deriving pleasure only from more fastidious and refined emotion? With such feelings, my present station was not the agreeable quarter to me it had formerly been; however, the people were hospitable and friendly, so the time passed quickly away.

The only event worthy recording, which happened at this time, was the wreck of a fine Greenland whaleship, belonging to the port. The circumstances of her loss were peculiarly dreadful. She had sailed on her outward-bound voyage at daybreak of a fine May morning, the sky clear and beautiful; and it would have been difficult to imagine that the mild and balmy breeze which gently wooed her sails, could have been converted, in a few short hours, into the raging and ungovernable tempest, which was to snap her solid timbers with as much ease as a child crushes its fragile toy. The weather continued fair and promising till about eleven o'clock, by which time the ship had become scarcely visible to the naked eye. On a sudden, and in a manner most unusual in our latitudes, a gloomy haze rose from the east, which, with overwhelming rapidity, swept the horizon. Gusts of wind were heard to moan, though their effect was not perceptible on the trees around; they conveyed to the mind the idea of those unearthly sounds which have been said to attend on parting souls; there was something evidently unusual in the atmosphere, and the harbour, in consequence, exhibited a scene of bustle and confusion, caused by the endeavours of the seamen to avert the probable danger. By degrees, the gusts which had been heard, were felt, but only at intervals, and a death-like silence prevailed between; the sea, which before had gently curled, now rose in a manner quite disproportionate to the force of the wind as yet felt on shore. Whilst standing looking towards the ocean, and ruminating on what might be the fate of many ships then afloat, a blast came so loud, so violent, so sudden, as nearly to throw me on the ground. From that instant the wind roared without intermission, in a manner to which the oldest inhabitants could remember no parallel. As this gale was directly opposed to the course of the ship which had so lately left the port, all became anxious for her safety; but the fog continuing to hang heavily over the sea, the view was greatly circumscribed. In about an hour, however, she was made out, standing for the harbour, under such sail as, considering the gale, astonished all on shore. On she came, the waves dashing into foam about her bows; and every glass was busy to see what steps would be taken to avoid the many risks she had to encounter in her return.

The harbour of Aberdeen, exposed to the east, and formed by a pier on one side, and a breakwater on the other, and so narrow at the entrance as not to admit two large ships abreast, was, under such circumstances as the present, highly dangerous. Inevitable destruction awaited on any vessel, which, with an easterly gale, missed the entrance, and struck on either side; and at this moment, it was evident to the most inexperienced sailor, that there was something wrong on board the Neptune; in the attempt to shorten sail, dreadful confusion was apparent; she was now, too, so near the land, as to make it plain, that, unless some instant remedy were applied, there could be no salvation for her. As if to heighten the horror of a scene already too appalling, a peal of thunder rolled along, which made itself audible in despite of the tempest; and the rain, as if from an ocean overhead, poured down in solid masses. By this time, the wives and families of the men thus hastening to death, were assembled near the pier; but the waves, which were now dashing in tremendous force over it, prevented even the attempt to pass along, and such was the fearful uncertainty which hung around the vessel, that not one of those most interested dared to utter even an exclamation, but stood in silent horror to wait the catastrophe. This was fast hastening to its completion; the silence of the spectators was at once broken, by the cries of, "She is lost, she is lost!" as the vessel, lashed on by the tempest, passed to the outer side of the breakwater, and in one instant, struck with awful violence between two black rugged rocks, while, in the next, a furious sea washing over her, carried away the masts. All hope of saving the crew vanished; and what rendered their situation more heartbreaking, was the near approach their relatives were enabled to

make to the wreck, the ship having struck not more than three times her length from the spot which they occupied.

The cries of the victims were most horrible; but human aid was vain. At this dreadful crisis, when we expected each moment would strew the Neptune in fragments on the waves, twelve men of our regiment volunteered to man the life-boat, and make an effort to take her round the breakwater; but such an attempt would have been but adding those brave men to the list of those whose troubles were now almost concluded; a heavy sea, rolling over the wreck, for a moment concealed her, and when we looked again she was gone; her crew and timbers were hurled against the rocks on which we stood, and with the exception of one man, who was washed up and lodged on a projecting ledge, none escaped of the thirty-six who had that morning left the shore in health and spirits. The man thus providentially saved was one of the harpooners; from him the melancholy truth was learnt, that most of the crew were in such a state of intoxication as to be unable to work the vessel, and this fully accounted for the confusion and mismanagement.

The depot was, shortly after this, moved to Glasgow, a city celebrated for its commerce and manufactures; but O! how small the praise due to it on these accounts, when compared with its skill in concocting cold punch! This is really a liquor fit only for "gods, and men like gods." Yet, strange to say, the people who can manufacture such divine nectar, seem still rude and unpolished in some respects. Will after ages believe, that when Miss O'Neill was playing the part of Juliet in the Glasgow theatre, only nine persons could be counted in the boxes, and of these, five were officers? Yet such was the fact; I can vouch for it, having been present. Notwithstanding this apparent want of theatrical taste in the people of this respectable city, I should have gone on very tolerably among them, had not the demon of riot spread his pinions over the place. It will be remembered that, in 1816, there was considerable scarcity among the lower orders, to obviate which, many charitable individuals set on foot a public kitchen, from whose hospitable boilers several hundred quarts of soup were daily distributed. Many of those, however, who took the soup, did not refrain from grumbling, and on being told that each quart was worth several pence, said, "Give us then the pence, and we will forage for ourselves."

This being far from the object of the charity, was refused; one dissatisfaction led to another, till the rioters broke into the house where the kitchen was established, and in so doing, grievously wounded a boy who assisted therein. The civil power being found unequal to the preservation of the public peace, I was waited upon, as senior officer then present with the troops, by one of the magistrates, with a request to send assistance. It was imagined that a subaltern's party of thirty men would be sufficient; and this party, accompanied by a bugle, was accordingly dispatched to the scene of action. On arriving, the officer found affairs looking ill, and ordered back the bugler to let me know that more force would be required. The departure of this messenger had been observed by some of the ringleaders, who at once determined to thwart the arrangement, and pursued him. Finding himself likely to be overtaken, the artificer of sounds cleverly dashed into the house of an acquaintance, and telling his friend to barricade the door, with great presence of mind, made the best of his way to the house top, from whence he sounded the "alarm." The remainder of the troops being all ready, with piled arms in the barrack-square, immediately fell into their ranks, and a larger force proceeded to the scene of riot, in their way rescuing the bugler from his perilous situation, for had help not arrived, it is by no means unlikely, he would have fallen a sacrifice to the angry mob. By this time all the idle and disaffected, of both of which descriptions there are a considerable number in most populous manufacturing places, had assembled on the Green, which, for the information of those who have not been in this capital of the West, is a large open space on the bank of the river. Here these worthies assembled, to the number of twenty thousand and upwards, and being informed that things were beginning to assume a formidable appearance, I left the barracks in charge of the band, whom for this purpose I put under arms, and hastened with the

remainder of the force towards the prison. Here, as in all other parts of the city, confusion was raging, and we were assailed with bricks, stones, and missiles of every description. Matters becoming worse, for the rioters had proceeded to roll several chimney pots from the roofs of the houses, I informed the magistrates, that unless I could be authorized to act with decision, I considered it my duty to withdraw my men from a scene where it was obvious their presence was, otherwise, of no avail. Some hours, however, were allowed to elapse, in a hope that the ferment would subside, and perhaps a few acts of decision—however unpleasant the having recourse to such means would have been—might have suppressed the riot. A well-meant, but unfortunate resistance on the part of the magistrates to authorize me to fire, prolonged the tumult, till, conceiving that no other course was left me, I gave orders to return to the barracks. An attempt having been made by the mob to rescue some prisoners who had been taken, and several of my men being severely wounded, I was reluctantly obliged to call into exercise that right of self-defence, which soldiers possess in common with their fellow-citizens, and desired some picked men to fire: this they did with effect, and we were then allowed to march unmolested, till within a few hundred yards of the barracks, when another rush was made by the mob on the rear of the troops. One man I particularly observed, as very active in leading the rioters, and on his pressing forward within a few yards of me, I made a spring at, and secured him. He pulled me, however, towards a door-way with such violence, that my bonnet was knocked off my head, and in the struggle we fell; while in the act of rising, a man, who I imagine had been within the house, stunned me with the blow of a stick on the back of the head. A light infantry sergeant, who was close beside me, applied the muzzle of his fusee to the head of my adversary, and the pressure of his finger on the trigger balanced the account in my favour, my prisoner remaining in our possession. The effects of the blow I had received, went off in a short time after reaching our quarters, which we did without farther opposition, carrying along with us nineteen culprits, who were afterwards given over to the civil power, and in due time brought to trial. These unfortunate proceedings made the regiment so obnoxious, that, to prevent mischief, it was deemed fit at head-quarters to remove us to Perth.

It suits my purpose again to pass over the events of some months,—events, which, though some were in their nature sufficiently interesting to me, such as my marriage, &c., may not equally amuse the reader.

Having, in 1817, been appointed to a staff situation in the Mediterranean, I proceeded to Corfu in the autumn of that year, and could, if necessary, give accounts of that and the other islands of the Ionian government. The press has, however, lately produced so many travels in, and descriptions of, these classic isles, that such a proceeding would be superfluous. The uniform kindness of the general officer on whose staff I had the honour to serve caused my time to pass quickly and pleasantly; while excursions to the neighbouring islands, whether on business or amusement, shooting parties to the opposite coast of Greece, added to the extreme beauty of the rides in Corfu itself, afforded sufficient change of scene to secure us from the monotony usually attendant on living in a small island. At times, indeed, opportunities were afforded of witnessing scenes of the most interesting nature; and among these was an interview between the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles, and Ali Pacha of Joannina,—a man, the history of whose life is well worthy of the reader's attention, whether as regards his talents, his vicissitudes, or his end.

This first meeting, for more than one occurred, took place at Prevesa; which spot the Pacha had chosen for the convenience of Sir Thomas Maitland, who arrived in a frigate from Corfu, attended by a numerous suite. The landing took place under heavy salutes from the ships and Albanian forts; and in a few minutes the General and his attendants were ushered into the chamber of a house, which, being but temporarily fitted up, displayed no great magnificence. On a seat, or kind of sofa, which surrounded the room, "Ali reclined, a man of war and woes." He arose on the entrance of Sir Thomas, and, again placing himself on his sofa, invited his

guest to be seated on a chair near him. To a party of ladies, who accompanied the General, the Pacha was particularly attentive. A long conversation ensued between the Chiefs, carried on by means of an interpreter, for the Greek did not, or rather pretended not to understand any language but his own. He was superbly dressed, and his arms, which consisted of dagger, pistols, and carabine, were studded with diamonds, and other valuable jewels. The description of his countenance given by Lord Byron I found perfectly correct. It was certainly impossible, in his fine expression and eye, to trace the savage cruelty which disgraced his character. His laugh, which more resembled a hoarse, rough growl, than any expression of delight, conveyed to those who heard it an indescribable feeling of something gloomy and unnatural; but, on looking to his face, mildness seemed to predominate. Observing the gigantic height of one of the staff officers in the British General's suite, he made some allusion to it, and remarked, that he had a selictar, or attendant, of superior magnitude, whom he ordered to be called. Sir Thomas expressed some doubt as to the Pacha's having in his train a person of equal stature; and on its being ascertained that the Greek was the shorter of the two, Ali, half displeased, said, "Well, these tall men are not always the bravest." In his own person he was short, but remarkably square-built and powerful; and his courage, whatever might be that of his followers, was undoubted. After some farther conversation, it was announced that dinner was served in another apartment. Here we found a table spread with magnificent gold plate, part of which had been the property of Napoleon. The dinner was a curious mixture of cookery, but among the various dishes some were by no means undeserving of praise. The manners of the Pacha, though intending the greatest kindness, were not the most polished. Seeing one of the ladies of rank, who sat next him, with little on her plate, he took up a fowl, and, dividing it with his hands, placed one half of it before her. Several interchanges of presents passed between Sir T. Maitland and Ali; and on this occasion, I am inclined to believe, the Greek was by no means the loser. After dinner, the conversation turning on some diamonds which were set in a snuff box he had presented to one of the ladies, the Pacha produced, from under his dress, a small, dirty bag, attached to a string which passed round his neck; on opening this, he poured into a golden soup plate a number of brilliants, whose size and beauty were admired by all;—one alone was valued at £7000 sterling. He afterwards told the General, he wore them as a charm, having been informed they were a preservative from the plague; to which disease it had been prophesied he was to fall a victim. Whether owing to his charm or not he certainly escaped the plague; but he possessed no amulet sufficiently powerful to preserve him from the scymitars of the Turks, under which he fell, in his castle in the lake of Joannina, after a resistance to a superior force, which, if possible, added to his character of intrepidity and resource.

A grand review of Greek troops followed, the most remarkable parts of which were the great activity of the horsemen, and the skill with which they practised the jereed, or throwing the dart, in pursuit and attack. A bad band of his attempted "God save the King;" but Ali was much pleased with the performance of a fine regimental band, which Sir Thomas had carried down with him.

The ladies of the party were allowed to visit the seraglio, and were introduced to the Pacha's favourite or queen, from whom each received some trifling present, and by whom she was described as possessing the beauties of a Circassian, with eyes of dazzling brilliancy, and hair which swept the ground when she was standing upright; but her expression was said to be haughty, fiery, and unfeminine.

The conference being concluded, the General and his party re-embarked and returned to Corfu, from which island some months after I sailed for Naples, and spent a pleasant visit of eight weeks in this gay metropolis. My intention in returning was to travel by land to Otranto, whence I was certain of conveyance to the Ionian Isles, by the government mail-boat. For this purpose I procured a light carriage, and shortly before setting off, was desired by the British ambassador to be the bearer of dispatches to the

High Commissioner; and as part of my route lay through a country swarming with banditti, the Captain-general of the Neapolitan forces gave me letters to the commandants of the several places on my road, as well as orders of escort. I crossed from Naples to Burletta, on the eastern coast of Italy, without impediment or occurrence worthy of remark; but on arriving at Bari, found my carriage, which had been too light for the purpose, so shattered by the bad roads, and the speed with which I had travelled, that to proceed by land without purchasing a new conveyance was impracticable. I determined, therefore, to sell my vehicle to the best bidder, and hire a vessel of the place, in which to complete my expedition. The commandant at once made me an offer for it, with which, though far from advantageous, I closed; and soon found the captain of a trabaculo ready to convey me upon certain terms, which were easily arranged.

On coming to the beach, accompanied by my friend the commandant, this worthy, thinking I must either leave the carriage or come to his terms, tendered me a sum of money considerably less than his agreement; and on my remonstrating, said, that on reconsidering, he found the sum he now offered to be the full value of the article. I said nothing to him, but turning to the sergeant of the escort, who with his men had attended me to the ship, showed him a Napoleon, which I said should be his when the carriage was burnt. This operation was about to be speedily performed, when the commandant, unwilling to lose the opportunity of securing a good bargain, paid me the money he had first promised. I mention this to show the different feelings and behaviour in a colonel of the Neapolitan and British service.

We sailed with a fair wind and plenty of it; and being tired with previous travelling, I wrapt myself up in my cloak on deck, and soon fell asleep. I was awakened by an unusual noise, and looking round, saw the captain and his crew in great perturbation. This was occasioned by their having kept too close in-shore, and I presume from ignorance of the coast; for a high point of land, running out into the sea, now appeared a-head; this, with the heavy sea then running, and a slight change in the wind, it seemed impossible to weather. It was necessary, however, to avoid the rocks, to attempt this or anchor; which latter plan, the master said, would avail us nothing, and every endeavour was consequently made to round the headland. It was soon evident that this was impracticable; for the sea, which, even when we were running before it, seemed tolerably high, now that the ship was brought to the wind, proved too much for us to contend with. All that remained was to run in again; and try the effect of letting go the anchors. This was done at about a quarter of a mile distant from the shore, which, with the exception of one small bay, was high and rocky. The ship dragged her anchors in less than five minutes after they were gone, and was rapidly driving on the iron-bound coast, when, seeing the only chance of safety would be reaching the small bay, I stripped, and tying round my waist a handkerchief containing my watch and some dollars, trusted to my swimming. The mate, who had been very active in his exertions, and my servant, followed this example, but not sufficiently quickly to produce the same good effects; for having allowed the vessel to drift past the bay, though but a few yards, they found it impossible to make head against the waves, and were lost. But I, having leapt overboard while we were still to windward of the landing place, was enabled, though with difficulty, to reach the shore. The knot of my handkerchief gave way unfortunately just as I touched ground, so I landed in as destitute a condition as can well be imagined; and that, too, on a coast but little celebrated for its hospitality, though my experience by no means justified such a remark. A fisherman, whose hut was close to the shore, gave me every assistance in his power, by furnishing me with a cloak and a pair of shoes; and in a few minutes, a priest, who from the high rocks had seen what was passing, accosted me very civilly, and tendered his services. We all three proceeded to ascertain what had been the fate of my companions, and on approaching as near as possible to the spot where the ship had struck, we found that three only had escaped; the remainder of the crew, amounting, I believe, to near twenty, having been washed overboard, and lost. The ves-

sel, though not yet a perfect wreck, was very soon likely to become so, and as darkness was beginning to fall rapidly, no steps could be taken to save her. Those of my companions who were saved, had escaped as by a miracle, having leaped on the rocks, and clambered up by projections which seemed almost inaccessible. The priest conducted us all to his own mansion, where for that night we were kindly lodged.

At day-break the following morning, we proceeded to the place where we had left the ship, expecting to see no vestige of her remaining, but were agreeably surprised to find the after part lodged on an overhanging ledge, at a considerable height above water. It would appear, that having been washed up by a heavy sea, her stern had been firmly jammed into a crevice of the rock, and that the fore part having extended over the cliff, had fallen into the sea. After some contrivance, one of the party was lowered by a rope to ransack the cabin, and ascertain what remained; and fortunately a portmanteau, containing my passport, with the letters to the different commandants, remained uninjured. By means of these, I was enabled to obtain from the town of Monopoli, near which we were wrecked, a carriage and horses, and was conveyed safely to Otranto, where, finding the mail-boat, I embarked for Corfu.

An insurrection having been excited by several of the Greek priests in the island of Santa Maura, and occasioning considerable bloodshed, it was deemed expedient to try four of the reverend delinquents by a military commission, by whose sentence they were deservedly adjudged to execution. A difficulty now arose to carry that sentence into effect; for no person in the island could be found,—not even among the galley-slaves, to any one of whom freedom was offered on the condition of undertaking the task of executioner,—who would violate what they considered the sacred persons of their priests. Fortunately, at last, a soldier, who had been adjudged by a general court-martial to receive a severe punishment, and who had not the same respect for the Greek Divines, consented, on being pardoned, to perform their last offices. A few weeks afterwards, this island was visited by a long succession of violent earthquakes, which the people did not fail to consider as a mark of the divine disapprobation of the late proceedings.

Nothing very remarkable occurred during the remainder of my stay in the Mediterranean, nor on my passage home, excepting the imminent danger of being run down by a line-of-battle ship whilst lying-to, in a gale of wind, off the south end of the island of Sardinia. The night was remarkably dark, and a good look-out not having been kept on board the man-of-war, she passed us so closely, as, with her lower yards to destroy a considerable part of our rigging. I consider my life never to have been in such imminent danger as on this occasion; and indeed, dark as it was, and considering the immense disproportion of the vessels, had we been fairly struck by the cut-water, we might have been sent to the bottom without its being even known on board the seventy-four, that so tragical an event had taken place.

I remained quietly at home till the middle of the year 1823, when I received orders to join a regiment then quartered in Ireland, and, in consequence, repaired to that country. Nothing is farther from my intention than to enter into a dissertation upon the state of Ireland; a question which has afforded ample consideration for many wiser heads. Much as I have heard of the misery of the lower class of inhabitants of this unfortunate island, all accounts fell far short of the realities I witnessed. I had seen and heard of wretchedness and ignorance in other countries, carried as I thought to extremity; but found I had formed a very inadequate idea of the extent to which wretchedness and ignorance may be carried. The upper classes of society were entertaining, clever, and hospitable; and if one may be allowed to criticise, where nothing but kindness was intended, I should say that their dinners often exhibited the excess of hospitality. I remember on one occasion, when dining with a family from whom I received great attention, to have found the table completely covered with dishes from end to end; indeed it appeared barely possible to see any portion of the table-cloth; and the servant entering the room with a magnificent goose, was unable to find a space whereon to deposit the savoury treasure. What was

to be done? After a few seconds deliberation, Pat placed a chair beside the master of the feast, and setting on it this, the descendant of the saviour of the Capitol, remarked, that a chair made a very elegant leaf to a table.

The short time I remained in Ireland did not allow me such opportunities of visiting the remote parts of this picturesque country, as I could have wished; for our regiment received orders to embark at Cork for the West Indies. In November we sailed from Cove, and after a pleasant voyage of five weeks, landed in Barbadoes. Having fairly settled myself in the barracks, which are in this island very commodious, I accepted the invitation of an old friend to visit his country residence; and this I did the more willingly, being anxious to form an accurate idea of the manner in which the slaves were treated. I had arrived from England deeply imbued with all the prejudices against slavery and slave proprietors which an abstract idea of the question was calculated to create. In this I resembled a great mass of my countrymen, in whose minds the word slavery is connected with nothing but torture and brutality. Before I had resided three months in Barbadoes, I became convinced of the absurdity of my former opinions, and in the course of two years' observation which I was enabled to make in several of the islands, as well as in Demerara, no case of cruelty occurred to my knowledge.

The disastrous insurrection which took place in the last mentioned colony during the years 1823-24, was clearly proved to have been caused by no evil disposition on the part of the slave population, until such dispositions were nurtured and encouraged by the worse than foolish fanaticism of those who doubtless had their private interests to promote. Unhappily, there were men at home who seemed also to have private ends to answer, in falsifying and perverting all the motives of those who were concerned in putting down this dangerous tumult. Of this false and perverting description were the remarks made on the proceedings of the military tribunal, by which Smith, the missionary, was most properly condemned. I shall mention one circumstance attending the execution of some of the misguided negroes, when brought to the gallows. As the last fatal preparations were making, one of the unfortunate culprits made this remark to his comrades, "Massa Smit nebba tell us it come to dis." I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from this speech, which was heard by more than five hundred people.

Demerara, although possessing many advantages over the other West Indian Colonies, especially in fertility, has nevertheless its share of disadvantages, and among these must principally be reckoned the malignant fever, to which, from a low and damp situation, it is peculiarly exposed. In the number of its more trifling desagrémens, is the cloud of musquitoes which infest the shores. It is scarcely possible to convey to any person who has not seen or suffered from these tormenting animals, an idea of their number or their venom, especially of one large species, which, whatever may be its correct name, has obtained in that country the appellation of Gallinipper. There are some constitutions to which they seem to pay peculiar attention, and I have seen the trowsers of a person so favoured, dyed bloody red, in the course of an evening's drive along the east coast. A circumstance connected with these animals, and which may not be deemed unentertaining, occurred in a party where I was present. Two gentlemen, somewhat flushed with wine, were boasting of their respective powers to withstand the shafts of this winged plague, and after considerable discussion, a bet, to determine the question, was offered and accepted. It was arranged that the two thick-skinned candidates should strip, and lying with their faces towards the ground, side by side, await the attack of the musquitoes. He who first spoke, uttered any sound of complaint, or resigned his post, was to be considered the loser; and the only consolation allowed to either party, was a cigar, given in the hopes of guarding their eyes from the stings of the enemy. The night happened to be peculiarly suited to the purpose; it was still, hot, and humid; the spot chosen was immediately under the windows of the room in which the rest of the party continued to enjoy their wine. We took it by turns to watch the candidates—whose bodies in about a quarter of an hour were covered with blood—to see that they

adhered to the compact. It was now evident that one was bitten considerably more than his antagonist; but a brilliant idea crossed the mind of the greater sufferer, which he thus put into immediate execution. Being fully aware that when his cigar failed him, and it was now fast drawing to a conclusion, he must inevitably be beaten, unseen he applied the hot end of the remaining portion, to that part of his opponent's body in which Fielding observes, honour is supposed to reside. This, as might have been expected, elicited from the patient a speedy remark, for starting from the ground, he exclaimed, "A Gallinipper, by G—d!"

Having resided between two and three years in the West Indies, I embarked at Demerara, where I had experienced nothing but the greatest kindness, and after a long, but by no means unpleasant passage, landed at Bristol. Of the cheerful time I have spent in the society of my friends since my return, enlivened by various amusing circumstances, pleasant parties, and a considerable share of fox-hunting, &c. &c. I shall here give no detailed account. The rambling disposition with which I started in life, though perhaps moderated, is by no means subdued. Though, like Sinbad, I have traversed many countries, I have failed to amass the wealth which rendered him the envy of Bagdad, and though I have often changed my sky, my disposition remains the same; so much so, indeed, that I feel a strong inclination to visit those Oriental climes, of which I know nothing but by report. Should such be my fortune other "Passages" may occur which may be deemed worthy of perusal; and having written this in my usual rattling manner, I am well aware of having omitted events fully as fit to be commemorated as any herein recorded. I therefore may at a future time resume my pen to fill up some of the deficiencies in this narrative.

F. F.

THE BROKEN LUTE.

When the Lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The Rainbow's glory is shed.
When the Lute is broken,
Sweet sounds are remember'd not;
When the words are spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the Lamp and Lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the Spirit is mute.

SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,
'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured walls;
But a glow of beauty like her own,
There had no dream of the painter thrown.
Lit from within was her noble brow,
As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may flow;
Her young, clear cheek, had a changeful hue,
As if ye might see how the soul wrought through;
And every flash of her fervent eye
Seem'd the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was!—from her childhood's years,—
A being of sudden smiles and tears,—
Passionate visions, quick light and shade,—
Such was that high-born Italian maid!
And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell,
Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,—
Or as the sounds in the Eolian strings,—
Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings;
There, ever there, with the life enshrined,
And waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,
In the city's hour of moonlight glee,—
Oft would that gift of the southern sky,
O'erflow from her lips in melody ;—
Oft amid festal halls it came,
Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—
Till the dance was hush'd, and the silvery tone
Of her Inspiration, was heard alone.
And Fame went with her, the bright, the crown'd,
And Music floated her steps around ;
And every lay of her soul was borne
Through the sunny land, as on wings of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,
With a power so deep in her youthful breast ?
Could She be happy, o'er whose dark eye
So many changes and dreams went by ?
And in whose cheek the swift crimson wrought,
As if but born from the rush of thought ?
—Yes ! in the brightness of joy awhile
She moved, as a bark in the sunbeam's smile ;
For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,
All, all on a happy love was pour'd !
How loves a heart, whence the stream of song
Flows like the life-blood, quick, bright, and strong ?
How loves a heart, which hath never proved
One breath of the world ?—Even so she loved !
Blest, though the Lord of her soul afar,
Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,—
Bearing the flag of St Mark's on high,
As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.
Proud music breathed in her song, when Fame
Gave a tone more thrilling to his name ;
And her trust in his love was a woman's faith—
Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Ottoman host,
In the land that quell'd the Persian's boast,
And a thousand hearts in Venice burn,
For the day of triumph and return !
—The day is come ! the flashing deep
Foams where the galleys of Victory sweep ;
And the sceptred City of the wave,
With her festal splendour greets the brave ;
Cymbal and clarion, and voice, around,
Make the air one stream of exulting sound,
While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,
Robed for her warrior's festival,
Moving a Queen 'midst the radiant throng,
Was She, th' inspired one, the Maid of Song !
The lute he loved on her arm she bore,
As she rush'd in her joy to the crowded shore ;
With a hue on her cheek like the damask glow
By the sunset given unto mountain snow,
And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's play,
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,
And her long hair waving in ringlets bright—
So came that being of Hope and Light !

—One moment, Erminia! one moment more,
And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er!
The bark of her lover hath touched the strand—
Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand?
—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace
Accorded well with the Grecian face,
And the eye, in its clear soft darkness meek,
And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose cheek;
And he look'd on that beauty with tender pride—
The warrior hath brought back an Eastern bride!

But how stood She, the Forsaken, there,
Struck by the lightning of swift despair?
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,
And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,
And there came from her quivering lip no word—
Only the fall of her lute was heard,
As it dropt from her hand at her rival's feet,
Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet!

What more remaineth? her day was done;
Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one!
The light, the vision, the gift of power,
Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,
Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,
Whence the gush of sweetness no more might spring!
As an eagle struck in his upward flight,
So was her hope from its radiant height,
And her song went with it for evermore,
A gladness taken from sea and shore!
She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—
Silently, silently, died her name!
Silently melted her life away,
As ye have seen a young flower decay,
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burn'd, expire,
Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,
Leaving its channel all dry and mute—
Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute!

F. H.

WINTRY LANDSCAPE.

How sweet was this landscape, by summer array'd
In the splendour of bloom, and the freshness of shade!—
A vision of glory outspread, it would seem,
For Beauty to wander, or Poet to dream;
Ere Innocence vanish'd, more lovely to see
The valleys of Paradise scarcely could be.

I came in the morning—all pure was the sky—
An earth-spanning arch of cerulean dye;
The dew-drops were glistening above and below,
On hawthorn and hare-bells beginning to blow;
And green were the pastures, and blue were the rills,
And grandly majestic the face of the hills;
And balmy the zephyrs, just breathing to stir
The gardens of wild-rose, and forests of fir.—
From her nest in the copse-wood, forsaking her young,
The lark woke to music, and soar'd as she sung;—
Up-piercing the beautiful firmament high,
Till dwindled from vision—a voice in the sky.

I came at the eventide;—brightly abroad
The sun from the tent of the occident glow d;
Magnificent, splendidly girdled around
By clouds, that with purple and yellow were bound;
O'ertopping the hills, with the pride of a sire,
When his children are joyful, from palace of fire,
He gazed, in his garment of glory, gazed forth
From the west to the east, from the south to the north,
And saw that the forests and valleys were fair,
Within the immeasured circumference there—
I stood on a precipice; far, far below
Was the furze in its bloom, and the stream in its flow;
And the knell of the curfew arose o'er the trees;
And the notes of the blackbird were loud on the breeze;
And the lark and the linnet in concert were singing,
All the air seem'd alive, and the echoes were ringing;
While the tints of the west grew more pale on the sight,
And the empire of Heaven was divided by Night;
And the shadows of twilight came onward, to veil
With a wide-spreading mantle of azure the dale;
And the fair star of Evening serenely arose,
Like the spirit of Virtue surmounting its woes.

How different, alas! is the landscape—behold,
Where now are its perfumes, its blossoms of gold,
Its mirth, and its music? All vanish'd away,
Like the demon of Night from the eye-star of Day;
Like the painting of Fancy, the vision of Youth,
Disenchanted by touch of the sceptre of Truth.

No longer I list to the song of the bird;
The bee with its murmur no longer is heard;
The swallows, which darted like spectres around,
Now vaulting the sky, and now skimming the ground,
O'er the billows of Ocean have taken their flight
To the realms, where the nightingale sings to the night.
Bell, Cowslip, and Kingcup, no more are espied;
The wild-rose hath wither'd; the daisy hath died;
The forest is stripp'd of its many-hued green,
And the leaves of the summer are things that have been.

From its source, mid the dim-hazy mountains, comes down,
O'erflowing its banks, the deep river of brown;
Cold, cold is the East Wind, and white is the snow,
That mantles the desolate valleys below,
Where moaning, with dull hollow murmur, the trees
Bend lowly and leafless their boughs to the breeze;
A pall of obscurity, sombre, and dun,
O'erhangs like a death-shroud the disc of the sun,
And the clouds, fleeting past, in unceasing array,
Hurry on—hurry on, to the southward away;
Where, lifting their summits gigantic and drear,
The far hills in hoary succession appear,
Cleft, cranny, and precipice, darkening sublime,
Like Titans begirt with the furrows of Time.

Oh, dull were the Fancy, that here could not find,
Mid the dim desolation meet food for the mind;
And learn that the tenor of Life is a stream,
The past a regret, and the future a dream!

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TOILETTE OF THE HEBREW LADY, EXHIBITED IN SIX SCENES

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SOME years ago you published a translation of Böttiger's "Sabina," a learned account of the Roman toilette. I here send you a companion to that work—not a direct translation, but a very minute abstract from a similar dissertation by Hartmann, (weeded of the wordiness which has made the original unreadable, and in consequence unread,) on the toilette and the wardrobe of the ladies of ancient Palestine. Hartmann was a respectable Oriental scholar, and he published his researches, which occupy three thick octavos, making in all one thousand four hundred and eighty-eight pages, under the title of *Die Hebräerin am Putztische und als Braut, Amsterdam*, 1809. (*The Hebrew Woman at her Toilette, and in her Bridal character.*) I understand that the poor man is now gone to Hades, where let us hope that it is considered no crime in a learned man to be exceedingly tedious, and to repeat the same thing ten times over, or even, upon occasion, fifteen times, provided that his own upright heart should incline him to think that course the most advisable. Certainly Mr Hartmann has the most excellent gifts at verbal expansion, and at tautology, that ever came within my knowledge; and I have found no particular difficulty in compressing every tittle of what relates to his subject, into a compass which, I imagine, will fill about twelve of your pages, or fifty, at the utmost, of the original work.

It was not to be expected, with the scanty materials before him, that an illustrator of the Hebrew costume should be as full and explicit as Böttiger, with the advantage of writing upon a theme more familiar to us Europeans of this day, than any parallel theme even in our own national archæologies of two centuries back. United, however, with his great reading, this barrenness of the subject is so far an advantage for Hartmann, as it yields a strong presumption that he has exhausted it. The male costume of ancient Palestine is yet to be illustrated; but, for the female, it is probable that little could be added to what Hartmann has collected;* and that any clever dress-maker would, with the indications here given, (especially if you could persuade Mr Blackwood to adopt one or two of Mr Hartmann's seven outlines,) enable any lady at the next great masquerade in London, to support the part of one of the ancient daughters of Palestine, and to call back, after eighteen centuries of sleep, the buried pomps of Jerusalem. As to the *talking*, there would be no difficulty at all in that point; bishops, and other "sacred" people, if they ever go a-masquing, for their own sakes will not be likely to betray themselves by putting impertinent questions in Hebrew; and for "profane" people, who might like the impertinence, they would very much dislike the Hebrew; indeed, of uncircumcised Hebrews, barring always the clergy, it is not thought that any are extant. In other respects, and as a *spectacle*, the Hebrew masque would infallibly eclipse every other in the room. The upper and under chemise, if managed properly, (and either you or I, Mr North, would be most proud to communicate our private advice on that subject,) would transcend, in gorgeous display, the coronation robes of queens; nose-pendants would cause the masque

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* It is one great advantage to the illustrator of ancient costume, that when almost everything in this sort of usages was fixed and determined either by religion and state policy, (as with the Jews,) or by state policy alone, (as with the Romans,) or by superstition and by settled climate, (as with both,) and when there was no stimulation to vanity in the love of change from an inventive condition of art and manufacturing skill, and where the system and interests of the government relied for no part of its power on such a condition,—dress was stationary for ages, both as to materials and fashion; Rebecca, the Bedouin, was drest pretty nearly as Mariamne in the age of the Cæsars. And thus the labours of a learned investigator for one age are valid for those which follow and precede.

to be immediately and unerringly recognised; or, if those were not thought advisable, the silver ankle-bells, with their melodious chimes—the sandals, with their jewelled net-work—and the golden diadem, binding the forehead, and dropping from each extremity of the polished temples a rouleau of pearls, which, after traversing the cheeks, unite below the chin—are all so unique and exclusively Hebraic—that each and all would have the same advantageous effect, proclaiming and notifying the character, without putting the fair supporter to any disagreeable expense of Hebrew or Chaldee. The silver bells alone would "bear the bell" from every competitor in the room; and she might besides carry a cymbal—a dulcimer—or a timbrel in her hands.

In conclusion, my dear North, let me congratulate you that Mr Hartmann is now in Hades (as I said before) rather than in Edinburgh; for, had he been in this latter place, he would have been the ruin of you. It was his intention, as I am well assured, just about the time that he took his flight for Hades, to have commenced regular contributor to your journal; so great was his admiration of you, and also of the terms which you offer to the literary world. As a learned Orientalist, you could not decorously have rejected him; and yet, once admitted, he would have beggared you before any means could have been discovered by the learned for putting a stop to him. Αστεραντολεία was his forte; upon this he piqued himself, and most justly, since for covering the ground rapidly, and yet not advancing an inch, those, who knew and valued him as he deserved, would have backed him against the whole field of the *gens de plume* now in Europe. Had he lived, and fortunately for himself communicated his *Hebrew Toilette* to the world through you, instead of foundering (as he did) at Amsterdam, he would have flourished upon your exchequer; and you would not have heard the last of him or his Toilette, for the next twenty years. He dates, you see, from Amsterdam; and, had you been weak enough to take him on board, he would have proved that "Flying Dutchman" that would infallibly have sunk your vessel.

The more is your obligation to me, I think, for sweating him down to such slender dimensions. And, speaking seriously, both of us perhaps will rejoice that even with *his* talents for telling everything, he was obliged on this subject to leave many things untold. For, though it might be gratifying to a mere interest of curiosity, yet I believe that we should both be grieved if anything were to unsettle in our feelings the mysterious sanctities of Jerusalem, or to disturb that awful twilight which will for ever brood over Judea—by letting in upon it the "common light of day;" and this effect would infallibly take place, if any one department of daily life, as it existed in Judea, were brought with all the degrading minutiæ of its details within the petty finishing of a domestic portrait.

Farewell, my dear North,
And believe me to be always your old friend and admirer,

Ω. Φ.

SCENE THE FIRST.

I. THAT simple body-cloth framed of leaves, skins, flax, wool, &c. which modesty had first introduced, for many centuries perhaps sufficed as the common attire of both sexes amongst the Hebrew Bedouins. It extended downwards to the knees, and upwards to the hips, about which it was fastened. Such a dress is seen upon many of the figures in the sculptures of Persepolis; even in modern times, Niehbuhr found it the ordinary costume of the lower Arabians in Hedsjas; and Shaw assures us, that from its commodious shape, it is still a favourite dishabille of the Arabian women when they are behind the curtains of the tent.

From this early rudiment was derived, by gradual elongation, that well-known under habiliment, which in Hebrew is called *Ch'tonet*, and in Greek and Latin by words of similar sound.* In this stage of its progress,

* *Chiton* (Χιτων) in Greek, and by inversion of the syllables, *Tunica* in Latin.

when extended to the neck and the shoulders, it represents pretty accurately the modern shirt, or *chemise*—except that the sleeves are wanting; and during the first period of Jewish history, it was probably worn as the sole under-garment by women of all ranks, both amongst the Bedouin Hebrews and those who lived in cities. A very little further extension to the elbows and the calves of the legs, and it takes a shape which survives even to this day in Asia. Now, as then, the female habiliment was distinguished from the corresponding male one by its greater length; and through all antiquity we find long clothes a subject of reproach to men, as an argument of effeminacy.

According to the rank or vanity of the wearer, this tunic was made of more or less costly materials; for wool and flax was often substituted the finest byssus, or other silky substance; and perhaps, in the latter periods, amongst families of distinction in Jerusalem, even silk itself. Splendour of colouring was not neglected; and the opening at the throat was eagerly turned to account as an occasion for displaying fringe or rich embroidery.

Böttiger remarks, that, even in the age of Augustus, the morning-dress of Roman ladies when at home was nothing more than this very tunic; which, if it sate close, did not even require a girdle. The same remark applies to the Hebrew women, who, during the nomadic period of their history, had been accustomed to wear no night-chemises at all, but slept quite naked, or, at the utmost, with a cestus or zone: by way of bed-clothes, however, it must be observed, that they swathed their person in the folds of a robe or shawl. Up to the time of Solomon, this practice obtained through all ranks; and so long the universal household dress of a Hebrew lady in her harem, was the tunic as here described; and in this she dressed herself the very moment that she rose from bed. Indeed, so long as the Hebrew women were content with a single tunic, it flowed loose in liberal folds about the body; and was fastened by a belt or a clasp, just as we find it at this day amongst all Asiatic nations. But, when a second under-garment was introduced, the inner one fitted close to the shape, whilst the outer one remained full and free as before.

II. No fashion of the female toilette is of higher antiquity than that of dyeing the margin of the eye-lids and the eye-brows with a black pigment. It is mentioned or alluded to, 2 Kings, ix. 30, Jerem. iv. 30, Ezek. xxiii. 40; to which may be added, Isaiah, iii. 16. The practice had its origin in a discovery made accidentally in Egypt. For it happens, that the substance used for this purpose in ancient times, is a powerful remedy in cases of ophthalmia and inflammation of the eyes;—complaints to which Egypt is, from local causes, peculiarly exposed. This endemic infirmity, in connexion with the medical science for which Egypt was so distinguished, easily account for their discovering the uses of antimony, which is the principal ingredient in the pigments of this class. Egypt was famous for the fashion of painting the face from an early period: and in some remarkable curiosities illustrating the Egyptian toilette, which were discovered in the catacombs of Sahara in Middle Egypt, there was a single joint of a common reed containing an ounce or more of the colouring powder, and one of the needles for applying it. The entire process was as follows:—The mineral powder, finely prepared, was mixed up with a preparation of vinegar and gall-apples—sometimes with oil of almonds, or other oils—sometimes, by very luxurious women, with costly gums and balsams.* And perhaps, as Sonnini describes the practice among the Mussulman women at present, the whole mass thus compounded was dried and again reduced to an impalpable powder, and consistency then given to it by the vapours of some

* Cheaper materials were used by the poorer Hebrews, especially of the Bedouin tribes—burnt almonds, lamp-black, soot, the ashes of particular woods, the gall-apple boiled and pulverized, or any dark powder made into an unguent by suitable liquors. The modern Grecian women, in some districts, as Sonnini tells us, use the spine of the sea-polypus, calcined and finely pulverized, for this purpose. Boxes of horn were used for keeping the pigment by the poorer Hebrews,—of onyx or alabaster by the richer.

odorous and unctuous substance. Thus prepared, the pigment was applied to the tip or pointed ferule of a little metallic pencil, called, in Hebrew, *Makachol*, and made of silver, gold, or ivory; the eye-lids were then closed, and the little pencil, or probe, held horizontally, was inserted between them:—a process which is briefly and picturesquely described in the Bible. The effect of the black rim, which the pigment traced about the eye-lid, was to throw a dark and majestic shadow over the eye; to give it a languishing and yet a lustrous expression; to increase its apparent size, and to apply the force of contrast to the white of the eye. Together with the eye-lids, the Hebrew women coloured the eye-brows, the point aimed at being twofold—to curve them into a beautiful arch of brilliant ebony—and, at the same time, to make the inner ends meet or flow into each other.

III. Ear-rings of gold, silver, inferior metals, or even horn, were worn by the Hebrew women in all ages; and in the flourishing period of the Jewish kingdom, probably by men: and so essential an ornament were they deemed, that in the idolatrous times, even the images of their false gods were not considered becomingly attired without them. Their ear-rings were larger, according to the Asiatic taste; but whether quite large enough to admit the hand, is doubtful. In a later age, as we collect from the Thalmud, Part VI. 43, the Jewish ladies wore gold or silver pendants, of which the upper part was shaped like a lentil, and the lower hollowed like a little cup or pipkin. It is probable also, that, even in the oldest ages, it was a practice amongst them to suspend gold and silver rings, not merely from the lower, but also from the upper end of the ear, which was perforated like a sieve. The tinkling sound, with which, upon the slightest motion, two or three tiers of rings would be set a-dancing about the cheeks, was very agreeable to the baby taste of the Asiatics.

From a very early age, the ears of Hebrew women were prepared for this load of trinketry; for, according to the Thalmud, II. 23, they kept open the little holes, after they were pierced, by threads or slips of wood: a fact which may show the importance they attached to this ornament.

IV. Nose-rings, at an early period, became a universal ornament in Palestine. We learn, from Biblical and from Arabic authority, that it was a practice of Patriarchal descent amongst both the African and Asiatic Bedouins, to suspend rings of iron, wood, or braided hair, from the nostrils of camels, oxen, &c.—the rope by which the animal was guided being attached to these rings. It is probable, therefore, that the early Hebrews who dwelt in tents, and who, in the barrenness of desert scenery, drew most of their hints for improving their personal embellishment from the objects immediately about them, were indebted for their nose-rings to this precedent of their camels. Sometimes a ring depended from both nostrils; and the size of it was equal to that of the ear-ring; so that, at times, its compass included both upper and under lip, as in the frame of a picture; and, in the age succeeding to Solomon's reign, we hear of rings which were not less than three inches in diameter. Hebrew ladies of distinction had sometimes a cluster of nose-rings, as well for the tinkling sound which they were contrived to emit, as for the shining light which they threw off upon the face.

That the nose-ring possessed no unimportant place in the Jewish toilette, is evident, from its being ranked, during the nomadic state of the Israelites, as one of the most valuable presents that a young Hebrew woman could receive from her lover. Amongst the Midianites, who were enriched by the caravan commerce, even men adopted this ornament: and this appears to have been the case in the family to which Job belonged, [chap. xli. 2.] Under these circumstances, we should naturally presume that the Jewish courtezans, in the cities of Palestine, would not omit so conspicuous a trinket, with its glancing lights, and its tinkling sound: this we might presume, even without the authority of the Bible: but, in fact, both Isaiah and Ezekiel expressly mention it amongst their artifices of attraction.

Judith, when she appeared before the tent of Holofernes in the whole pomp of her charms, and appareled with the most elaborate attention to splendour of effect, for the purpose of captivating the hostile general, did

not omit this ornament. Even the Jewish Proverbs show how highly it was valued; and that it continued to be valued in later times, appears from the ordinances of the Thalmud, II. 21, in respect to the parts of the female wardrobe which were allowed to be worn on the Sabbath.

V. The Hebrew women of high rank, in the flourishing period of their state, wore NECKLACES composed of multiple rows of pearls. The thread on which the pearls were strung, was of flax or woollen,—and sometimes coloured, as we learn from the Thalmud, VI. 43; and the different rows were not exactly concentric; but whilst some invested the throat, others descended to the bosom; and in many cases, even to the zone. On this part of the dress was lavished the greatest expense; and the Roman reproach was sometimes true of a Hebrew family, that its whole estate was locked up in a necklace. Tertullian complains heavily of a particular pearl necklace, which had cost about ten thousand pounds of English money—as of an enormity of extravagance. But, after making every allowance for greater proximity to the pearl fisheries, and for other advantages enjoyed by the people of Palestine, there is reason to believe that some Hebrew ladies possessed single pearls which had cost at least five times that sum.* So much may be affirmed, without meaning to compare the most lavish of the ladies of Jerusalem with those of Rome, where it is recorded of some *élégantes*, that they actually slept with little bags of pearls suspended from their necks, that even when sleeping, they might have mementos of their pomp.

But the Hebrew necklaces were not always composed of pearls, or of pearls only—sometimes it was the custom to interchange the pearls with little golden bulbs or berries: sometimes they were blended with the precious stones; and at other times, the pearls were strung two and two, and their beautiful whiteness relieved by the interposition of red coral.

VI. Next came the BRACELETS of gold or ivory, and fitted up at the open side with a buckle or enamelled clasp of elaborate workmanship. These bracelets were also occasionally composed of gold or silver thread; and it was not unusual for a series of them to ascend from the wrist to the elbow. From the clasp, or other fastening of the bracelet, depended a delicate chain-work or netting of gold; and in some instances, miniature festoons of pearls. Sometimes the gold chain-work was exchanged for little silver bells, which could be used, upon occasion, as signals of warning or invitation to a lover.

VII. This *bijouterie* for the arms, naturally reminded the Hebrew lady of the ANKLE-BELLS, and other similar ornaments for the feet and legs. These ornaments consisted partly in golden belts, or rings, which, descending from above the ankle, compressed the foot in various parts, and partly in shells and little jingling chains, which depended so as to strike against clappers fixed into the metallic belts. The pleasant tinkle of the golden belts in collision, the chains rattling, and the melodious chime of little silver ankle-bells, keeping time with the motions of the foot, made an accompaniment so agreeable to female vanity, that the stately daughters of Jerusalem, with their sweeping trains flowing after them, appear to have adopted a sort of measured tread, by way of impressing a regular cadence upon the music of their feet. The chains of gold were exchanged, as luxury advanced, for strings of pearls and jewels, which swept in snaky folds about the feet and ankles.

This, like many other peculiarities in the Hebrew dress, had its origin in a circumstance of their early nomadic life. It is usual with the Bedouins to lead the camel, when disposed to be restive, by a rope or a belt fastened to one of the fore feet, sometimes to both; and it is also a familiar practice to soothe and to cheer the long-suffering animal with the sound of little bells, attached either to the neck or to one of the fore legs. Girls are commonly employed to lead the camels to water; and it naturally happened, that, with their lively fancies, some Hebrew or Arabian girl should be prompted to repeat, on her own person, what had so often been connected with an agree-

* Cleopatra had a couple of that value; and Julius Cæsar had one, which he gave to Servilia, the beautiful mother of Brutus.

able impression in her mute companions to the well.

It is probable, however, that afterwards, having once been introduced, this fashion was supported and extended by Oriental jealousy. For it rendered all clandestine movements very difficult in women; and by giving notice of their approach, it had the effect of preparing men for their presence, and keeping the road free from all spectacles that could be offensive to female delicacy.

From the Hebrew Bedouins, this custom passed to all the nations of Asia; Medes, Persians, Lydians, Arabs, &c. and is dwelt on with peculiar delight by the elder Arabic poets. That it had spread to the westernmost parts of Africa, early in the Christian times, we learn from Tertullian, who cannot suppress his astonishment, that the foolish women of his time should bear to inflict such compression upon their tender feet. Even as early as the times of Herodotus, we find, from his account of a Lybian nation, that the women and girls universally wore copper rings about their ankles. And at an after period, these ornaments were so much cherished by the Egyptian ladies, that, sooner than appear in public without their tinkling ankle-chimes, they preferred to bury themselves in the loneliest apartments of the Harem.

Finally, the fashion spread partially into Europe; to Greece even, and to polished Rome, in so far as regarded the ankle-belts, and the other ornamental appendages, with the single exception of the silver bells; these were too entirely in the barbaresque taste, to support themselves under the frown of European culture.

VIII. The first rude sketch of the Hebrew SANDAL may be traced in that little tablet of undrest hide which the Arabs are in the habit of tying beneath the feet of their camels. This primitive form, after all the modifications and improvements it has received, still betrays itself to an attentive observer, in the very latest fashions of the sandal which Palestine has adopted.

To raw hides succeeded tanned leather, made of goat-skin, deer-skin, &c.; this, after being accurately cut out to the shape of the sole, was fastened on the bare upper surface of the foot by two thongs, of which one was usually carried within the great toe, and the other in many circumvolutions round about the ankles, so that both finally met and tied just above the instep.

The laced sole, or sandal, of this form, continued in Palestine to be the universal out-of-doors protection for the foot, up to the Christian era; and it served for both sexes alike. It was not, however, worn within doors. At the threshold of the inner apartments the sandals were laid aside; and visitors from a distance were presented with a vessel of water to cleanse the feet from the soiling of dust and perspiration.*

With this extreme simplicity in the form of the foot-apparel, there was no great field for improvement. The article contained two parts—the sole and the fastening. The first, as a subject for decoration, was absolutely desperate; coarse leather being exchanged for fine, all was done that could be done; and the wit of man was able to devise no further improvement. Hence it happened, that the whole power of the inventive faculty was accumulated upon the fastenings, as the only subject that remained. These were infinitely varied. Belts of bright yellow, of purple, and of crimson, were adopted by ladies of distinction —especially those of Palestine, and it was a trial of art to throw these into the greatest possible varieties of convolution, and to carry them on to a nexus of the happiest form, by which means a reticulation, or trellis-work, was accomplished, of the most brilliant colouring, which brought into powerful relief the dazzling colour of the skin.

It is possible that, in the general rage for ornaments of gold which possessed the people of Palestine, during the ages of excessive luxury, the beauties of Jerusalem may have adopted

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* Washing the feet was a ceremony of ancient times, adopted not merely with a view, 1st, to personal comfort, in hotter climates; or, 2d, to decorum of appearance, where people walked about barefooted; but also, 3d, to the reclining posture in use at meals, which necessarily brought the feet into immediate contact with the cushions, squabs, &c. of couches.

gilt sandals with gilt fastenings, as the ladies of Egypt did. It is possible, also, that the Hebrew ladies adopted at one time, in exchange for the sandal, slippers that covered the entire foot, such as were once worn at Babylon, and are still to be seen on many of the principal figures on the monuments of Persepolis; and, if this were really so, ample scope would, in that case, have been obtained for inventive art: variations without end might then have been devised on the fashion or the materials of the subject; and by means of colour, embroidery, and infinite combinations of jewellery and pearls, an unceasing stimulation of novelty applied to the taste of the gorgeous Asiatic.

IX. The VEIL, of various texture —coarse or fine—according to circumstances, was thrown over the head by the Hebrew lady, when she was unexpectedly surprised, or when a sudden noise gave reason to expect the approach of a stranger. This beautiful piece of drapery, which flowed back in massy folds over the shoulders, is particularly noticed by Isaiah, as holding an indispensable place in the wardrobe of his haughty countrywomen; and in this it was that the enamoured Hebrew woman sought the beloved of her heart.

ADDENDA TO SCENE THE FIRST.

I. Of the Hebrew ornaments for the throat, some were true necklaces, in the modern sense, of several rows, the outermost of which descended to the breast, and had little pendulous cylinders of gold, (in the poorer classes, of copper,) so contrived as to make a jingling sound on the least motion of the person; others were more properly golden stocks, or throat-bands, fitted so close as to produce in the spectator an unpleasant imagination (and in the wearer, as we learn from the Thalmud, VI. 43, until reconciled by use, an actual feeling) of constriction approaching to suffocation. Necklaces were, from the earliest times, a favourite ornament of the male sex in the East; and expressed the dignity of the wearer, as we see in the instances of Joseph, of Daniel, &c.; indeed the gold chain of office, still the badge of civic (and until lately, of military) dignities, is no more than the outermost row of the Oriental necklace. Philo of Alexandria, and the other Arabian poets, give us some idea of the importance attached by the women of Asia to this beautiful ornament, and of the extraordinary money value which it sometimes bore: and from the case of the necklace of gold and amber, in the 15th Odyssey, (v. 458,) combined with many other instances of the same kind, there can be no doubt that it was the neighbouring land of Phœnicia from which the Hebrew women obtained their necklaces, and the practice of wearing them.

II. The fashion, however, of adorning the necklace with golden *Suns* and *Moons*, so agreeable to the Hebrew ladies of Isaiah's time, (chap. iii. 18,) was not derived from Phœnicia, but from Arabia. At an earlier period, (Judges, viii. 21,) the camels of the Midianites were adorned with golden moons, which also decorated the necks of the emirs of that nomadic tribe. These appendages were not used merely by way of ornament, but originally as talismans, or amulets, against sickness, danger, and every species of calamity to which the desert was liable. The particular form of the amulet is to be explained out of the primitive religion, which prevailed in Arabia up to the rise of Mahometanism, in the seventh century of Christianity, viz. the *Sabean* religion, or worship of the heavenly host—sun, moon, and stars, the most natural of all modes of idolatry, and especially to a nomadic people in flat and pathless deserts, without a single way-mark or guidance for their wanderings, except what they drew from the silent heavens above them. It is certain, therefore, that, long before their emigration into Palestine, the Israelites had received the practice of wearing suns and moons from the Midianites; even after their settlement in Palestine, it is certain that the worship of the starry host struck root pretty deeply at different periods; and that, to the sun and moon, in particular, were offered incense and libations.

From Arabia, this fashion diffused

itself over many countries;* and it was not without great displeasure that, in a remote age, Jerome and Tertullian discovered this idolatrous ornament upon the bosoms of their countrywomen.

The crescents, or *half*-moons of silver, in connexion with the golden suns,* were sometimes set in a brilliant frame that represented a halo, and still keep their ground on the Persian and Turkish toilette, as a favourite ornament.

III. The GOLDEN SNAKES, worn as one of the Hebrew appendages to the necklace, had the same idolatrous derivation, and originally were applied to the same superstitious use—as an amulet, or prophylactic ornament. To minds predisposed to this sort of superstition, the serpent came specially recommended under the circumstances of the Hebrews, from the conspicuous part which this reptile sustains in the mythologies of the East. From the earliest periods to which tradition ascends, serpents of various species were consecrated to the religious feelings of Egypt, by temples, sacrifices, and formal rites of worship. This mode of idolatry had at various periods infected Palestine. According to 2 Kings, xviii. 4, at the accession of King Hezekiah, the Israelites had raised peculiar altars to a great brazen serpent, and burned incense upon them. Even at this day the Abyssinians have an unlimited reverence for serpents; and the blacks in general regard them as fit subjects for divine honours. Sonnini (II. 388) tells us, that a serpent's skin is still looked upon in Egypt as a prophylactic against complaints of the head, and also as a certain cure for them. And of the same origin, no doubt, was the general belief of antiquity, (according to Pliny, 30, 12,) that the serpent's skin was a remedy for spasms. That the golden serpent kept its place as an ornament of the throat and bosom after the Christian era, we learn from Clement of Alexandria. That zealous father, so intolerant of superstitious mummery under every shape, directs his efforts against this fashion as against a device of the devil.

IV. To the lowest of the several concentric circles which composed the necklace, was attached a little box, exquisitely wrought in silver or gold, sometimes an onyx phial of dazzling whiteness, depending to the bosom or even to the cincture, and filled with the rarest aromas and odorous spices of the East. What were the favourite essences preserved in this beautiful appendage to the female costume of Palestine, it is not possible at this distance of time to determine with certainty—Isaiah having altogether neglected the case, and Hosea (who appears to allude to it, ii. 14) having only once distinctly mentioned it. (ii. 20.) However, the Thalmud particularizes musk, and the delightful oil distilled from the leaf of the aromatic *malabathrum* of Hindostan. To these we may venture to add, oil of spikenard, myrrh, balsams, attar of roses, and rose-water, as the perfumes usually contained in the Hebrew scent-pendants.

Rose-water, which I am the first to mention as a Hebrew perfume, had, as I presume, a foremost place on the toilette of a Hebrew *belle*. Express scriptural authority for it undoubtedly there is none; but it is notorious that Palestine availed itself of *all* the advantages of Egypt, amongst which the rose in every variety was one. *Fium*, a province of central Egypt, which the ancients called the Garden of Egypt, was distinguished for innumerable species of the rose, and especially for those of the most balsamic order, and for the most costly preparations from it. The Thalmud not only speaks generally of the mixtures made by tempering it with oil, (i. 135,) but expressly cites (ii. 41) a peculiar rose-water as so costly an essence, that from its high price alone it became impossible to introduce the use of it into the ordinary medical practice. Indeed this last consideration, and the fact that the highly-prized *quintessence* cannot be obtained except from an extraordinary multitude of the rarest roses, forbid us to suppose that women of the first rank in Jerusalem could have made a very liberal use of rose-water. In our times, Savary found a single

* Chemistry had its first origin in Arabia: and it is not impossible that the chemical nomenclature for gold and silver, viz. *sol* and *luna*, were derived from this early superstition of the Bedouin dress.

phial of it in the place of its manufacture, valued at four francs. As to the *oil of roses*, properly so called, which floats in a very inconsiderable quantity upon the surface of distilled rose-water, it is certain that the Hebrew ladies were *not* acquainted with it. This preparation can be obtained only from the balsamic roses of Fium, of Shiras, of Kerman, and of Kashmire, which surpass all the roses of the earth in power and delicacy of odour; and it is matter of absolute certainty, and incontrovertibly established by the celebrated Langlés, that this oil, which even in the four Asiatic countries just mentioned, ranks with the greatest rarities, and in Shiras itself is valued at its weight in gold, was discovered by mere accident, on occasion of some festival solemnity in the year 1612.

V. To what I said, in the first scene of my exhibition, about the Hebrew ear-ornaments, I may add,

1. That sometimes, as Best remarked of the Hindoo dancing girls, their ears were swollen from the innumerable perforations drilled into them to support their loads of trinketry.

2. That in the large pendants of coral which the Hebrew ladies were accustomed to attach to their ears, either in preference to jewels, or in alternation with jewels, they particularly delighted in that configuration which imitated a cluster of grapes.

3. That, in ear-rings made of gold, they preferred the form of drops, or of globes and bulbs.

4. That of all varieties, however, of this appendage, pearls maintained the preference amongst the ladies of Palestine, and were either strung upon a thread, or attached by little hooks—singly, or in groups, according to their size. This taste was very early established amongst the Jews, and chiefly, perhaps, through their intercourse with the Midianites, amongst whom we find the great Emirs wearing pearl ornaments of this class.

Mutatis mutandis, these four remarks apply to the case of the nose ornaments.

SCENE THE SECOND.

I. THE HAIR.—This section I omit altogether; though with more room at my disposal, it would be well worth translating as a curiosity. It is the essay of a finished and perfect knave, who, not merely being rather bare of facts, but having literally not one solitary fact of any kind or degree, sits down to write a treatise on the mode of dressing hair amongst Hebrew ladies. Sampson's hair, and the dressing it got from the Philistines, is the nearest approach that he ever makes to his subject; and being conscious that this case of Sampson and the Philistines is the one sole allusion to the subject of Hebrew hair that he is possessed of, he brings it round upon the reader as often perhaps as it will bear—viz. not oftener than once every sixth page. The rest is one continued shuffle to avoid coming upon the ground; and upon the whole, though too barefaced, yet really not without ingenuity. Take, by way of specimen, his very satisfactory dissertation on the particular sort of combs which the Hebrew ladies were pleased to patronise.

"*Combs.*—Whether the ladies of Palestine had upon their toilette a peculiar comb for parting the hair, another for turning it up, &c.; as likewise whether these combs were, as in ancient Rome, made of box-wood, or of ivory, or other costly and appropriate material, all these are questions upon which I——am not able, upon my honour, to communicate the least information. But, from the general silence of antiquity, prophets and all,* upon the subject of Hebrew combs, my own private opinion is, that the ladies used their fingers for this

* The Thalmud is the only Jewish authority which mentions such a utensil of the toilette as a comb, (vi. 39,) but without any particular description. Hartmann adds two remarks worth quoting. 1. That the Hebrew style of the *coiffure* may probably be collected from the Syrian coins; and, 2. That black hair being admired in Palestine, and the Jewish hair being naturally black, it is probable that the Jewish ladies did not colour their hair, as the Romans did.

purpose; in which case, there needs no more to be said on the subject of Hebrew combs."

II. *Perfumes.*—Before, however, the hair received its final arrangement from the hands of the waiting-maid, it was held open and dishevelled to receive the fumes of frankincence, aloes-wood, cassia, costmary, and other odorous woods, gums, balsams, and spices of India, Arabia, or Palestine—placed upon glowing embers, in vessels of golden fretwork. It is probable, also, that the Hebrew ladies used amber, bisam, and the musk of Thibet; and, when fully arranged, the hair was sprinkled with oil of nard, myrrh, oil of cinnamon, &c. The importance attached to this part of the Hebrew toilette may be collected indeed from an ordinance of the Thalmud, III. 80, which directs that the bridegroom shall set apart one tenth of the income which the bride brings him, for the purchase of perfumes, essences, precious ointments, &c. All these articles were preserved either in golden boxes, or in little oval narrow-necked phials of dazzling white alabaster, which bore the name of onyx, from its resemblance to the precious stone of that name, but was in fact a very costly sort of marble, obtained in the quarries of Upper Egypt, or those of the Libanus in Syria. Indeed, long before the birth of Christ, alabaster was in such general use for purposes of this kind in Palestine, that it became the generic name for valuable boxes, no matter of what material. To prevent the evaporation of the contents, the narrow neck of the phial was resealed every time that it was opened. It is probable, also, that the *myrrhine* cups, about which there has been so much disputing, were no strangers to the Jewish toilette.

III. The mirror was not made of glass, (for glass mirrors cannot be shown to have existed before the thirteenth century,) but of polished metals; and amongst these, silver was in the greatest esteem, as being capable of a higher burnish than other metals, and less liable to tarnish. Metallic mirrors are alluded to by Job, xxxvii. 18. But it appears from the Second Book of Moses, xxxviii. 8, that in that age, copper must have been the metal employed throughout the Harems of Palestine. For a general contribution of mirrors being made upon one occasion by the Israelitish women, they were melted down and recast into washing vessels for the priestly service. Now the sacred utensils, as we know from other sources, were undeniably of copper. There is reason to think, however, that the copper was alloyed, according to the prevailing practice in that age, with some proportions of lead or tin. In after ages, when silver was chiefly employed, it gave place occasionally to gold. Mines of this metal were well known in Palestine; but there is no evidence that precious stones, which were used for this purpose in the ages of European luxury, were ever so used in Palestine, or in any part of Asia.

As to shape, the Hebrew mirrors were always either circular or oval, and cast indifferently flat or concave. They were framed in superb settings, often of pearls and jewels; and, when tarnished, were cleaned with a sponge of hyssop, the universal cleansing material in Palestine.

Scene the Third. *Head Dresses.*

The head dresses of the Hebrew ladies may be brought under three principal classes:—

The first was a net-work cap, made of fine wool or cotton, and worked with purple or crimson flowers. Sometimes the meshes of the net were of gold thread. The rim or border of the cap, generally of variegated colouring, was often studded with jewellery or pearls; and at the back was ornamented with a bow, having a few ends or tassels flying loose.

Secondly, a turban, managed in the following way: first of all, one or more caps in the form of a half oval, such as are still to be seen upon the monuments of Egyptian and Persepolitan art, was fastened round the head by a ribbon or fillet tied behind. This cap was of linen, sometimes, perhaps, of cotton, and in the inferior ranks of leather, or, according to the prevailing fashion, of some kind of metal; and, in any case, it had ornaments worked into its substance. Round this white or glittering ground were carried, in snaky windings, ribbons of the finest

tiffany, or of lawn resembling our cambric; and to conceal the joinings, a silky substance was carried in folds, which pursued the opposite direction, and crossed the tiffany at right angles. For the purpose of calling out and relieving the dazzling whiteness of the ground, colours of the most brilliant class were chosen for the ribbons; and these ribbons were either embroidered with flowers, in gold thread, or had ornaments of that description interwoven with their texture.

Thirdly, the HELMET, adorned pretty nearly as the turban; and, in imitation of the helmets worn by Chaldean generals, having long tails, or tassels, depending from the hinder part, and flowing loosely between the shoulders. According to the Oriental taste for perfumes, all the ribbons or fillets used in these helmets and turbans were previously steeped in perfumes.

Finally, in connexion with the turban, and often with the veil, was a beautiful ornament for the forehead and the face, which the ladies of this day would do well to recall. Round the brow ran a bandeau or tiara of gold or silver, three fingers' breadth, and usually set with jewels or pearls: from this, at each of the temples, depended a chain of pearls or of coral, which, following the margin of the cheeks, either hung loose or united below the chin.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

I. The reader has been already made acquainted with the *chemise*, or innermost under-dress. The Hebrew ladies, however, usually wore two under-dresses, the upper of which it now remains to describe. In substance it was generally of a fine transparent texture, like the muslins (if we may so call them) of Cos; in the later ages it was no doubt of silk.

The chemise sate close up to the throat; and we have already mentioned the elaborate work which adorned it about the opening. But the opening of the robe, which we are now describing, was of much larger compass—being cut down to the bosom; and the embroidery, &c. which enriched it, was still more magnificent. The *chemise* reached down only to the calf of the leg, and the sleeve of it to the elbow: but the upper chemise or tunic, if we may so call it, descended in ample draperies to the feet—scarcely allowing the point of the foot to discover itself; and the sleeves enveloped the hands to their middle. Great pomp was lavished on the folds of the sleeves; but still greater on the hem of the robe, and the fringe attached to it. The hem was formed by a broad border of purple, shaded and relieved according to patterns; and sometimes embroidered in gold thread with the most elegant objects from the animal or vegetable kingdoms. To that part, which fell immediately behind the heels, there were attached thin plates of gold; or, by way of variety, it was studded with golden stars and filigree-work; sometimes with jewels and pearls interchangeably.

II. On this upper tunic, to confine the exorbitance of its draperies, and to prevent their interfering with the free motions of the limbs, a superb GIRDLE was bound about the hips. Here, if anywhere, the Hebrew ladies endeavoured to pour out the whole pomp of their splendour—both as to materials and workmanship. Belts from three to four inches broad, of the most delicate cottony substance, were chosen as the ground of this important part of female attire. The finest flowers of Palestine were here exhibited in rich relief, and in their native colours, either woven in the loom, or by the needle of the embroiderer. The belts being thirty or forty feet long, and carried round and round the person, it was in the power of the wearer to exhibit an infinite variety of forms, by allowing any fold or number of folds at pleasure to rise up more or less to view, just as fans or the coloured edges of books with us are made to exhibit landscapes, &c. capable of great varieties of expansion as they are more or less unfolded. The fastening was by a knot below the bosom; and the two ends descended below the fringe; which, if not the only fashion in use, was, however, the prevailing one—as we learn both from the sculptures at Persepolis, and from the costume of the High Priest.

Great as the cost was of these girdles, it would have been far greater had the knot been exchanged for a clasp; and in fact at a later period when this fashion did really take place, there was no limit to the profusion with which pearls of the largest size and jewellery were accumulated upon this conspicuous centre of the dress. Latterly, the girdles were fitted up with beautiful chains, by means of which they could be contracted or enlarged, and with gold buckles, and large bosses and clasps that gradually became the basis for a ruinous display of expenditure.

In conclusion I must remark, that in Palestine, as elsewhere, the girdle was sometimes used as a purse; whether it were that the girdle itself was made hollow (as is expressly affirmed of the High Priest's girdle), or that, without being hollow, its numerous foldings afforded a secure depository for articles of small size. Even in our days, it is the custom to conceal the dagger, the handkerchief for wiping the face, and other bagatelles of personal convenience, in the folds of the girdle. However, the richer and more distinguished classes in Palestine appear to have had a peculiar and separate article of that kind.—And this was,

III. A PURSE made either of metal (usually gold or silver), or of the softest leather, &c. which was attached by a lace to the girdle, or kept amongst its folds, and which, even in the eyes of Isaiah, was important enough to merit a distinct mention. It was of a conical shape; and at the broader end was usually enriched with ornaments of the most elaborate and exquisite workmanship. No long time after the Christian era, the cost of these purses had risen to such a height, that Tertullian complains, with great displeasure, of the ladies of his time, that in the mere purse, apart from its contents, they carried about with them the price of a considerable estate.

The girdle, however, still continued to be the appropriate depositary for the napkin (to use the old English word), or sudatory—*i. e.* handkerchief for clearing the forehead of perspiration. As to pocket-handkerchiefs, in our northern use of them, it has been satisfactorily shown by Böttiger, in a German Journal, that the Greek and Roman ladies knew nothing of that modern appendage to the pocket,* however indispensable it may appear to us; and the same arguments apply with equal force to the climate of Palestine.

IV. The glittering RINGS, with which (according to Isaiah, iii. 21,) the Hebrew ladies adorned their hands, seem to me originally to have been derived from the seal-rings, which, whether suspended from the neck, or worn upon the finger, have in all ages been the most favourite ornament of Asiatics. These splendid baubles were naturally in the highest degree attractive to women, both from the beauty of the stones, which were usually selected for this purpose, and from the richness of the setting—to say nothing of the exquisite art which the ancient lapidaries displayed in cutting them. The stones, chiefly valued by the ladies of Palestine, were rubies—emeralds—and chrysolithes; and these, set in gold, sparkled on the middle, or little finger of the right hand; and in the luxurious times upon *all* the fingers—even the thumb; nay, in some cases, upon the great toe.

SCENE THE FIFTH. *Upper Garment.*

The upper or outer garments, which, for both sexes, under all varieties and modifications, the Hebrews expressed by the comprehensive denomination of SIMLAH, have in every age, and through all parts of the hot climates, in Asia and Africa alike, been of such voluminous compass—as not only to envelop the whole person, but to be fitted for a wide range of miscellaneous purposes. Sometimes (as in the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem) they were used as carpets; sometimes as coverings for the backs

* Or rather it was required only in a catarrh, or other case of checked perspiration, which in those climates was not a case of common occurrence.

of camels, horses, or asses, to render the rider's seat less incommodious; sometimes as a bed coverlid, or counterpane; at other times as sacks for carrying articles of value; or finally as curtains, hangings of parlours, occasional tapestry, or even as sails for boats.

From these illustrations of the uses to which it was applicable, we may collect the form of this robe; that it was nothing more than a shawl of large dimensions, or long square of cloth, just as it came from the weaver's loom, which was immediately thrown round the person, without receiving any artificial adjustment to the human shape.

So much for the *form:* with regard to the *material*, there was less uniformity; originally it was of goats' or camels' hair; but, as civilization and the luxury of cities increased, these coarse substances were rejected for the finest wool, and Indian cotton. Indeed, through all antiquity, we find, that pure unsullied white was the festal colour, and more especially in Palestine, where the indigenous soaps, and other cleaning materials, gave them peculiar advantages for adopting a dress of that delicate and perishable lustre.

With the advance of luxury, however, came a love of variety; and this, added to the desire for more stimulating impressions than could be derived from blank unadorned white, gradually introduced all sorts of innovations, both in form and colour; though, with respect to the first, amidst all the changes through which it travelled, the old original outline still manifestly predominated. An account of the leading varieties, we find in the celebrated third chapter of Isaiah.

The most opulent women of Palestine, beyond all other colours for the upper robe, preferred purple—or, if not purple throughout the entire robe, at any rate purple flowers upon a white ground. The winter clothing of the very richest families in Palestine, was manufactured in their own houses; and for winter clothing, more especially, the Hebrew taste, no less than the Grecian and the Roman, preferred the warm and sunny scarlet, the puce colour, the violet, and the regal purple.*

Very probable it is, that the Hebrew ladies, like those of Greece, were no strangers to the half-mantle—fastened by a clasp in front of each shoulder, and suffered to flow in free draperies down the back; this was an occasional and supernumerary garment flung over the regular upper robe—properly so called.

There was also a longer mantle, reaching to the ankles, usually of a violet colour, which—having no sleeves—was meant to expose to view the beauty not only of the upper robe, but even of the outer tunic formerly described.

By the way, it should be mentioned, that, in order to steep them in fine odour, all parts of the wardrobe were stretched on a reticulated or grated vessel—called by the Thalmud (vi. 77) *Kanklin*—from which the steams of rich perfumes were made to ascend.

In what way the upper robe was worn and fastened, may be collected perhaps with sufficient probability from the modern Oriental practice, as described by travellers; but, as we have no *direct* authority on the subject, I shall not detain the reader with any conjectural speculations.

Scene the Sixth. *Dress of Ceremony.*

One magnificent dress remains yet to be mentioned, viz. the dress of honour, or festival dress—which answers in every respect to the modern CAFTAN. This was used on all occasions of ceremony, as splendid weddings, presentations at the courts of kings, sumptuous entertainments, &c.; and all persons who stood in close connexion with the throne, as favourites, crown-

* By which was probably meant a colour nearer to crimson, than to the blue class of purples.

officers, distinguished military commanders, &c., received such a dress as a gift from the royal treasury, in order to prepare them at all times for the royal presence. According to the universal custom of Asia, the trains were proportioned in length to the rank of the wearer; whence it is that the robes of the high-priest were adorned with a train of superb dimensions; and even Jehovah is represented, (Isaiah, vi. 1,) as filling the heavenly palace with the length of his train.* Another distinction of this festival robe, was the extraordinary fulness and length of the sleeves; these descended to the knee, and often ran to the ankle or to the ground. In the sleeves, and in the trains, but especially in the latter, lay the chief pride of a Hebrew *belle*, when dressed for any great solemnity or occasion of public display.

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* It has been doubted whether these trains were supported by trainbearers; but one argument makes it probable that they were not, viz. that they were particularly favourable to the peacock walk or strut, which was an express object of imitation in the gait of the Hebrew women.

Final Notes.

I. The *Syndon*, mentioned by Isaiah, &c. was a delicate and transparent substance, like our tiffany, and in point of money value was fully on a level with the Caftan; but whether imported from Egypt, or imitated in the looms of the Hebrews and Phœnicians, is doubtful. It was worn next to the skin; and consequently, in the Harems of the great, occupied the place of the under tunic (or *chemise*) previously described; and, as luxury advanced, there is reason to think, that it was used as a night *chemise*.

II. The *Caftan* is the *Kalaat* of the East, so often mentioned by modern travellers; thus, for example, Thevenot (tom. iii. p. 352) says—"Le Roi fait assez souvent des présens à ses Khans, &c. L'on appelle ces présens *Kalaat*." Chardin. (iii. 101,) "On appelle *Calaat* les habits que le Roi donne par honneur." And lately in Lord Amherst's progress through the northern provinces of our Indian empire, &c. we read continually of the *Khelawt*, or robe of state, as a present made by the native princes to distinguished officers.

The Caftan, or festival robe of the Hebrews, was, in my opinion, the Πεπλος of the Greeks, or *palla* of the Romans. Among the points of resemblance are these:—

1. The *palla* was flung like a cloak or mantle, over the *stola*, or uppermost robe, "Ad talos stola demissa et *circundata* pallâ."

2. The *palla* not only descended in flowing draperies to the feet, (thus Tibullus, I. VII. C. "Fusa sed ad teneros lutea palla pedes,") but absolutely swept the ground; "Verrit humum Tyrio saturatâ murice pallâ."

3. The *palla* was of the same wide compass, and equally distinguished for its splendour.

4. Like the Hebrew festival garment, the *palla* was a *vestis seposita*, and reserved for rare solemnities.

With respect to the Πεπλος, Eustathius describes it as μεγαν και περικαλλεα και ποικιλον περιβολαιον; and it would be easy in other respects to prove its identity with the *Palla*.

Salmasius by the way, in commenting upon Tertullian *de Pallio*, is quite wrong, where he says—"Palla nunquam de virili pallio dicitur." Tibullus, tom. iii. iv. 25, sufficiently contradicts that opinion.

Chapters on Churchyards.

Chapter XVI.

CONCLUSION OF ANDREW CLEAVES.

The flood-gates of accusation and information once set open, innumerable tongues that had never stirred to give timely warning to a person so inaccessible and unpopular as was Andrew Cleaves, were voluble in pouring in upon him charge upon charge against the son who had been so lately, not less the darling than the pride of the old man's heart. And many a one with whom he had had weekly dealings, who had refrained from speaking *the word in time*, which might have saved a fellow creature from destruction, because their *own* pride was offended by the reserve of the austere old man—now sought him even in his lonely dwelling, to multiply upon him humiliating proofs of his misfortune, and professions of sympathy and compassion, that would have been gall and wormwood to his proud spirit, if the overwhelming conviction of his son's deceptive and profligate conduct had not already humbled it to the dust. He heard all patiently, and in silence—attempted no vindication of himself, when the comforters obliquely reflected on his blind credulity by observing, that they "had long seen how matters were going on;" that they "had suspected such and such things from the first;" that they "had always looked sharp after their own boys, thank God, but then they were ordinary children—no geniuses;" for it was well known how Andrew Cleaves had prided himself on his child's superior abilities—and the self-sufficient man, who had so long held himself pre-eminent in wisdom, qualified to rebuke and instruct others, now listened with a subdued spirit to the torrent of unasked and impertinent advice, which sounded sweet and pleasant to the ears of the intrusive utterers, if it fell harshly and unprofitably on those of the unhappy hearer.

On the Sabbath morning immediately succeeding that Saturday, in the course of which Andrew Cleaves had been subjected to this spiritual martyrdom, he went twice as usual to his parish church; but during divine service, his eyes were never lifted even during sermon time, so much as to the face of the minister, and his deep sonorous voice mingled not that day with those of the village choristers; and in going and returning, he shunned all passing salutation, and once within his own threshold, the cottage door was closed on all intruders, (for presuming on his present circumstances such were not wanting to present themselves,) and no human eye again beheld him, till that of his undutiful child, drawn to his chamber window at the still midnight hour, looked upon the distress he had occasioned. Not in vain had been the long and uninterrupted communing of Andrew Cleaves with his own heart and with his God. Sweet to him were the uses of adversity, for they had not to struggle with a heart of unbelief, neither with one seared by vicious courses, nor debased by sensual indulgence. The spiritual foundation was sound, though human pride, inducing moral blindness, had raised on it a dangerous superstructure. But when the hour came, and the axe (in mercy) was struck to the root of the evil, and the haughty spirit bowed down in self-abasement; then was the film withdrawn from his mental vision, and Andrew Cleaves *really* looked into himself, and detected his besetting sins in all their naked deformity. Yes,—at last he detected his pride, his worldliness, his worship of the creature, encroaching on that due to the Creator. He felt and confessed his own utter insufficiency, and laying down at the foot of the cross the burden of his frailties and sorrows, he sought counsel and consolation at the only source, which is never resorted to in vain. As he proceeded in the work of self-examination, and self-arraignment, his heart relented towards his offending child. Had he yielded *something* of his own inflexible determination to the boy's known disinclination for the line of life marked out for him, the parental concession might have established in reality, that gratefully

filial confidence, the semblance of which had been so artfully assumed; and the father's heart was wrung with its bitterest pang, when he called to mind the sanctified hypocrisy, which had so long imposed upon him, and reflected that his own mistaken system and erroneous measures, his own boasted example of superior sanctity, might have been the means of engrafting it on his son's character. The fruit of that night's vigil was a determination on the part of Andrew, to depart the next morning for C——, and seek out his erring child—not with frowns and upbraidings, but the more effective arguments of tender remonstrance, and mild conciliation; to inquire into and cancel whatever pecuniary embarrassments he had incurred; and, having done so, to say, "My son, give me thine heart!" and then—for who could doubt the effect of such an appeal?—to consult the lad's own wishes with regard to a profession, as far as might be compatible with maturer reason and parental duty. So resolved, and so projected Andrew Cleaves during the sleepless watches of that Sabbath night; but when morning came he found himself unable to act on his determination so immediately as he had intended. The conflict of the spirit had bowed down the strong man. He arose feeble and indisposed, and altogether unequal to the task he had assigned himself. Therefore, as the delay of four-and-twenty hours could not be material, he determined to pass that interval in deliberately re-considering his new projects, and in acquiring the composure of mind, which would be so requisite in the approaching interview with Josiah. Early on the morrow, however, with recruited strength, and matured purpose, he hastily dispatched the morning's meal, and was preparing to depart for C——, when the sound of approaching footsteps, and the swinging to of the garden gate, made him pause for a moment with his hand on the latch; and almost before he could lift it, the door was dashed rudely open, and three men presented themselves, one of whom stationed himself just without the threshold, while the two others stepping forward threw down a warrant on the table, abruptly declaring, that, by its authority, they were empowered to make search for, and arrest, the body of Josiah Cleaves. Their abrupt notice fell like a thunder-clap on the ear of the unfortunate old man; and yet, for a moment, he comprehended not its full and fatal sense, but stood as if spell-bound, upright, immovable, every muscle of his strong features stiff as in the rigidity of death, and his eyes fixed with a stony and vacant stare on the countenance of the unfeeling speaker. And yet the man was but outwardly hardened by his hateful occupation. His heart was not insensible to the speechless horror of that harrowing gaze. His own eyes fell beneath it, and in softened tones of almost compassionate gentleness, he proceeded to explain, that in the execution of his duty, he must be permitted to make strict search over the cottage, and its adjacent premises, in some part of which it was naturally suspected the offender might have taken refuge, with the hope of remaining concealed till the first heat of pursuit was over. As he spoke, Andrew Cleaves gradually recovered from the first effects of that tremendous shock. His features relaxed from their unnatural rigidity, and by a mighty effort, subduing the convulsive tremor which succeeded for a moment, he regained almost his accustomed aspect of stern composure, and in a low, but steady voice, calmly demanded for what infraction of the laws his son had become amenable to justice. The appalling truth was soon communicated. In the course of the past night, the counting house of Messrs ——— had been entered by means of skeleton keys—access to the cash drawer, the strong box, and other depositories of valuables, had been obtained by similar instruments, and considerable property, in notes, gold, and plate, abstracted by the burglars, who had escaped with their booty, and as yet no traces of their route had been discovered. Then came the dreadful climax, and the officer's voice was less firm as he spoke it, though every softened accent fell like an ice-ball on the father's heart—His son—his only child—his own Josiah, had been the planner—the chief perpetrator of the deed. A chain of circumstances already elicited—evidence irrefragable—left no shadow of uncertainty as to his guilt, and the measure of it; and though he was known to have had accomplices, perhaps to have been the tool of more experienced villainy, his situation o

trust in Messrs ———s' firm, and the advantage he had taken of it in the perpetration of the robbery, deservedly marked him out as the principal offender, after whom the myrmidons of justice were hottest in pursuit. The miserable parent listened in silence to the officer's brief and not aggravated communication. He heard all in silence, with a steady brow, and a compressed lip, but with looks rooted to the ground, and when all was told, bowing down his head, he waved his hand with dignified submission, and calmly articulating, "It is enough, do your duty," seated himself in his old elbow-chair, from whence he stirred not, and neither by word, look, or gesture, gave further token of concern in what was going forward, while the ineffectual search was proceeding. When it was over, and the officers (after a few well-meant but unheeded words of attempted comfort) left him alone with his misery, he was heard to arise and close the cottage door, making it fast within with bar and bolt; and from that hour, no mortal being beheld Andrew Cleaves, till, on the third day from that on which his great sorrow had fallen upon him, he was seen slowly walking up the High Street of C——, with an aspect as composed as usual, though its characteristic sternness was softened to a milder seriousness, as if the correcting hand of God had affixed that changed expression, and his tall athletic form, hitherto upright as the cedar, bent earthward with visible feebleness, as though, since he trode that pavement last, ten added years had bowed him nearer to the grave. His calamity was generally known, and as generally commiserated; for even those whose contracted hearts, and mean tempers, had taken unchristian delight in mortifying the pharisaical and parental pride of a man so arrogant in his prosperity, now that the hand of the Lord lay heavily on him, were affected by the sacredness of a sorrow, for which there was no balm in human sympathy, and were awed by the quiet dignity of his silent resignation. As he passed on, many a hat was touched with silent respect, whose wearer he was personally unacquainted with, and many hands were extended to his, by persons who had never in their lives before accosted him with that kindly greeting.

To those who addressed him with a few words of cordial but unavailing concern and sympathy, he replied without impatience, but with a brief and simple acknowledgment, or a lowly uttered—"God's will be done;" and withdrawing himself, as soon as possible, from the cruel kindness of his comforters, he betook himself with all the undiminished energy of his uncommon character to transact the business which had urged him forth into the haunts of men, in the first nakedness of his affliction. To satisfy the demands of tradespeople and other inhabitants of C——, who had claims on his unhappy son, was his first concern, as it had been his intention before the last stroke of ruin; and that done, he repaired to the banking-house of Messrs ———, and having ascertained the actual loss those gentlemen had sustained by the late robbery; and setting aside even their own admission, that others had assisted in the perpetration, and partaken of the booty with his unhappy boy; he proceeded with unwavering inflexibility of purpose, to make over to them, without reservation or condition, the entire sum of his long-accumulating wealth, of which their house had been the faithful depository; and the first faint sensation of relief which lightened the heart of the afflicted father, was that when he received into his hands, not an acquittance of his son's criminal abstraction, from which he well knew Messrs ——— could not legally absolve him,—but an acknowledgment of such and such monies paid into the establishment, as due to it on account of his son Josiah. That payment reimbursed the firm within a trifle of their actual loss, and the deficiency was made good to them in a fortnight, by the sale of a few acres of Andrew's paternal farm—the little patrimony he had tilled and cultivated with the sweat of his brow, in the natural and honest hope of transmitting it entire and unalienable to his descendants, though destined, in his fond anticipation, to form but an inconsiderable portion of the worldly wealth to which he aspired for his young Josiah. The greater part of the land in the occupation of Andrew Cleaves, was held on renewable leases, —a term whereof expiring about the time of his great calamity, he resigned the whole into his landlord's hands.

The concern, though considerable, had hitherto been but the healthful and salutary occupation of his hale and vigorous age, and its annual bringings in were still added to the previous hoard, for him who was to inherit all. But that great stimulus was gone for ever. For whom should he now toil?—for whom should he accumulate? For whom—to what, look forward? "To Heaven," was the fervent response of his own heart, when the desolate old man thus mused within himself, but with earth what more had he to do? "Sweet are the lessons of adversity." His elder sin—his abstract covetousness—was dead within him. The few paternal acres with which he had begun the world, would more than furnish a sufficiency for his contracted wants, and even afford a surplus to reserve for future exigencies; and in calculating those, he thought far less of his own desolate old age, than of the wretched exile, whose cry might come from afar to the ear of his forsaken parent, should disease and misery come upon him, and the associates of his guilt leave him to perish in his helplessness. It was a miserable hope, but still it *was hope*, and it lent the old man energy and strength to ply his rural labours, in their now contracted space, with almost undiminished activity.

Weeks slipped away,—weeks—months—a year—four years. Four years had come and gone since the day that left Andrew Cleaves a worse than childless father,—the forlorn tenant of his paternal cottage, which, with its appendencies of barn, outbuildings, and a few fields, was all that *then* remained to him of his previous prosperity.

Four years had passed since then, and the old man still lived. The same roof still sheltered him,—the same small garden still yielded its produce to his laborious hands. But that small dwelling, and that poor patch of ground, and its adjoining slip of pasturage, a crazy cart, one cow, and one old horse,—(the favourite grey colt, now white with age,)—these were all the possessions that Andrew Cleaves could now call his own in the wide world. A cry *had* come from afar,—the appeal of guilt and misery,—and it came not unheeded. Again and again the father's heart was wrung, and his straitened means were drained to the uttermost, to supply the necessities, or, alas! the fraudulent cravings of the miserable supplicant. And now and then professions of contrition, and promises of reform, served to keep up the parent's hope; and old and impoverished as he was, he would have taken up his staff and travelled uncounted leagues, to have thrown himself upon the outcast's neck, and received into his own bosom the tears of the repentant prodigal. But under various pretences, the wretched youth still evaded all propositions of this nature, though his communications became more frequent—more apparently unreserved,—more regular and plausible,—and at last came such as, while he read them, blinded the old man's eyes with tears of gratitude and joy. It was an artfully constructed tale. The eloquence of an itinerant preacher had touched the stony heart. Then came the hour of conversion—of regeneration—of justification—of peace unspeakable! Pious friends had rejoiced over their converted brother—had associated him in their labours,—deeming him a fit instrument to convince others, himself a shining testimony of the power of grace,—and then points of worldly consideration were cautiously introduced. For him there was no safety in his native land. But other lands offered a refuge—a decent maintenance—above all, a spiritual harvest,—and thither, by many unquestionable tokens, he felt himself called, to labour in the vineyard. A little band of elect Christians were about to embark themselves and families for a distant mission. To them he was, as it were, constrained in spirit to join himself,—and then came the pith and marrow of the whole—the point to which these hypocritical details had tended—to his kind parent, his forgiving father, he looked for the pecuniary assistance necessary to fit him out for a long voyage and distant establishment. And there were references given to "Reverend gentlemen," and "serious Christians;" and letters confirming Josiah's statement were actually addressed to Andrew Cleaves by more than one pious enthusiast, blessed with more zeal than discretion, whose credulity had been imposed on by the pretended convert. This well-concerted story was but too successful All lurking doubts were discarded

from Andrew's mind, when he succeeded in ascertaining that the letters addressed to him were actually written by the persons whose names were affixed as signatures,—names long familiar to him in the pages of the Evangelical Magazines, and Missionary Registers. "Now may I depart in peace," was the old man's inward ejaculation, as, full of joyful gratitude, he despoiled himself of nearly his last earthly possessions, to forward what he believed the brightening prospects of his repentant child. The reversion of his cottage and garden and the small close, was promptly—and without one selfish pang—disposed of to a fair bidder, and an order for the sum it sold for as quickly transmitted to the unworthy expectant, together with a multifarious assortment of such articles as the deceived parent, in his simplicity of heart, fondly imagined might contribute to the comfort and convenience of the departing exile. A few good books were slipt into the package, and Josiah's own Bible and prayer book were not forgotten. Involuntarily the old man paused as he was carefully enfolding the former in its green baize cover; involuntarily he paused a moment, and almost unconsciously opened the sacred volume, and on the few words written on the fly leaf 19 years before by his own hand, his eyes dwelt intently till the sight became obscured, and a large drop falling on the simple inscription, startled the venerable writer from his fond abstraction.

Day after day, the now comforted but anxious father, expected the coming letter of filial acknowledgment. Day after day, procrastinating the tasks on which depended his whole subsistence, he was at C— by the hour of the mail's arrival, and evening after evening he returned to his solitary home, his frugal, alas! his now scanty meal, sick at heart with "Hope deferred," yet devising plausible pretences for retaining the blissful illusion. But at length its fading hues were utterly effaced—no word—no letter—no communication came; silence, chilling, withering, deathlike silence held on its palsying course, and once more divested of all earthly hope, Andrew Cleaves leant wholly for support on the staff which faileth not in direst extremity. But the fiery trial had not reached its climax. The gold was yet to be more thorougly refined, yea, proved to the uttermost.

Three months had elapsed since the last day of Andrew's shortlived gladness, when a rumour reached him which had been for some time current at C—; that his unhappy son had been seen in the neighbourhood, and recognised by more than one person, in spite of the real and artificial change which had taken place in his appearance; that he had been observed in company with suspected characters, some of whom were believed to be connected with a gang of horsestealers, whose depredations had lately proceeded to an audacious extent in C— and its vicinity; and that two houses had lately been broken open, under circumstances that evidenced the skilful practice of experienced thieves. The painful warning came not to an incredulous ear. That of the unhappy father was but too well prepared for the worst that might betide. But this vague perception of impending calamity—this indefinite anticipation of something near and terrible—was, of all his painful experiences, the most difficult to endure with christian equanimity. For many days and nights after he heard that frightful rumour, Andrew Cleaves knew not an hour of peaceful thought, nor one of quiet slumber. However employed,—in his cottage—in his garden,—if a passing cloud but cast a momentary shadow, he started from his task, and looked fearfully abroad for the feet of those who might be swift to bring evil tidings. And in the silence of night, and during the unrest of his thorny pillow, the stirring of a leaf—the creaking of the old vine stems—the rustling of the martin on her nest under the eaves—sounded to his distempered fancy like steps, and whispers, and murmuring voices. And once, when the night-hawk dashed against his casement in her eccentric circles, he started from his bed with the sudden thought (it came like lightning) "was it possible that *he*—the guilty one—the wretched—the forsaken, might have stolen near, under the shadow of night, to gaze like the first outcast Cain, on the tents of peace, from which he was for ever exiled?'—"Oh! *not* from hence—not from his father's roof!" was the old man's unconscious murmur, as, under the influence of that agitating thought, he

flung open the cottage door, and stept out into the quiet garden. There was no sign nor sound of mortal intrusion. No foot-print on the dewy herb-bed beneath the casement, betraying its pressure by the exhalation of unwonted fragrance. The old horse was grazing quietly in his small pasture. The garden gate close latched, and no objects visible on the common to which it opened, but the dark low pyramids of furze, distinct in the cloudless starlight. And soon that feverish fancy passed away from the old man's mind, as the balmy air played round his throbbing temples, and he inhaled the wafting of that thymy common, and listened to the natural tones of midnight's diapason, and gazed fixedly on the dark blue heaven, and its starry myriads,

> "For ever singing as they shine,
> 'The hand that made us is divine.'"

Ten days had dragged on heavily, since Andrew Cleaves's mournful tranquillity had been thus utterly overthrown. During all that time he had not ventured beyond his own little territory. The weekly journey to C——, with his cart-load of rural merchandise, (the produce of his garden and his dairy,) had been relinquished, though its precarious sale now furnished his sole means of subsistence. But towards the end of the second week, finding himself unmolested by fresh rumours, or corroborations, he began to take hope that the whispers of his son's re-appearance in the neighbourhood might have arisen on vague suspicion, or the slight ground of fancied or accidental resemblance. So reasoning with himself, the old man shook off, as far as in him lay, the influence of those paralysing apprehensions, and his morbid reluctance to re-enter the busy streets of C——, where he felt as if destined to encounter some fresh and overwhelming misfortune. But though Andrew Cleaves's iron nerves and powerful mind had been thus enfeebled, by his late trial of torturing suspense, he was not one to encourage vague forebodings, or give way to pusillanimous weakness; so, girding up his loins for renewed exertions, he loaded his little cart with its accustomed freight, and, as cheerfully as might be, set off for C—— market. By the time he reached it, bodily exercise and mental exertion, co-operating with change of scene and variety of objects, had, in a great measure, restored to him his usual firmness and self-possession, and he transacted his business clearly and prosperously—provided himself with such few articles of home-consumption as he had been accustomed weekly to take back from C——, and once more set his face homeward, inwardly blessing God that he was permitted to return in peace.

As he turned the corner of Market Street, into that where stood the Court-house, in which the Magistrates were holding their weekly meeting, his progress was impeded by an unusual crowd, which thronged the doors of the building, with an appearance of uncommon excitation. Andrew was, however, slowly making way through the concourse, when two or three persons observed, and recognised him—and suddenly a whisper ran through the crowd, and a strange hush succeeded, and all eyes were directed towards him, as the people pressed back, as though, in sympathetic concert, to leave free passage for his humble vehicle. But the old man, instead of profiting by their spontaneous courtesy, unconsciously tightened his reins, and gazed about him with troubled and bewildered looks. In a moment he felt himself the object of general observation, and then his eyes wandered instinctively to the Court-house doors, from whence confused sounds proceeded, and at that moment one or two persons from within spoke with the eager listeners on the steps—and the words—"Prisoner" and "committed," smote upon Andrew's ear, and the whole flashed upon him. As if struck by an electric shock, he started up, and, leaping upon the pavement with all the agility of youthful vigour, would have dashed into the Justice Hall, but for a firm and friendly grasp which forcibly withheld him. Wildly striking down the detaining hand, he was rushing forward, when himself and all those about the doors were suddenly forced back, by a posse of constables and others descending the Court-house steps, and clearing the way for those who were conducting the prisoner to jail. And now it was, that the poor old man, overcome by agonizing expectation, leant heavily and unconsciously on the friendly arm, which a moment before he had dashed aside

with impatient recklessness. Cold drops gathered upon his forehead—he breathed short and thick, and his sight became misty and imperfect, as he strained it with painful intensity towards the open door-way. But it cleared partially, as the expected group came forth. Three persons only—the middlemost a hand-cuffed guarded felon, whose downcast features, haggard, and dark, and fierce—and shadowed by a mass of coarse red hair, were seen but for a moment, as he was hurried short round the corner of the Court-house to the adjacent prison. But the old man *had* seen them—he had seen enough—a genial glow diffused itself through his shivering frame—and with a burst of renovated energy he clasped his upraised hands forcibly together, and cried out with a piercing voice—"It is *not* he—Oh, God! it is not *he*." It *was* a piercing cry! The prisoner started, and half turned—but he was hurried off, and the crowd had already closed in between him and Andrew Cleaves, who, recovering a degree of self-possession, looked up at last to note and thank those who had befriended him in his agony. Everywhere—from all eyes—he encountered looks of compassionate interest, and distressful meaning—and no one spoke but in some low whisper to his neighbour—and again Andrew's heart sunk with a strange, fearful doubt. But had he *not* beheld with his own eyes?—That dark gaunt countenance!—Those fiery elf locks!—"*That* could not be my curly-headed boy—You saw it was not he!" the old man faintly uttered, as his eyes wandered with imploring anxiety from face to face, and resting at last on that of the friend whose arm still lent him its requisite support, read there such a page of fearful meaning, as scarce needed the confirmation of words to reveal the whole extent of his calamity. But the words were spoken—the few and fatal words, which dispelled his transient security. They sounded on his ear like the stunning din of rushing waters, yet were they low and gentle—but his physical and mental powers were failing under the rapid transitions of conflicting passions, and overtasked Nature obtained a merciful respite, by sinking for a time into a state of perfect unconsciousness.

It needs not to detail the particulars of that last daring exploit, which had been the means of consigning Josiah into the hands of justice; nor of the progressive circumstances, which had drawn him back, step by step, with the hardened confidence of infatuated guilt, to receive the punishment of his crimes on the very spot where he had first broken through the laws of God and man. Neither will we attempt to trace the journal of those miserable weeks that intervened between his committal to the county jail and his trial, which came on at the next assizes. Still less may we venture to paint minutely, the first meeting of parent and child, in such a place, under such circumstances. On one side, the overwhelming agony of grief and tenderness. On the other, the callous exterior of sullen insensibility, and sneering recklessness, and unfilial reproaches, "sharper than a serpent's tooth." It is too painful to dwell on such a scene—too harrowing to depict it. Rather let us pass on to the brighter days of that awful interval, which was most blessed in its prolongation. Light from above penetrated the depth of the dungeon. The prayer of faith prevailed. The sinner's heart was touched, and at last the tears of the repentant son fell like balm upon the father's bosom. From *that* hour the gracious work was gradually perfected. The good seed, though mixed with tares, had been sown early in Josiah's heart; and God gave time in mercy, that the parental hand, which had first sown it there, should, with gentle and dear-bought experience, revive the long hidden and unfruitful germ, and cherish it into life everlasting. The father's labour of love had been ably seconded by the christian zeal of the officiating chaplain, who was unremitting in his visits to the prisoner's cell, especially at those times when imperious necessity detained Andrew Cleaves at his own desolate home, or forced him more unwillingly into the public haunts. But when (as was not unfrequent) Mr Grey found the father and the son together, it was very affecting to observe with what a chastised and humbled spirit the aged man acknowledged his *own* deficiencies—his *own* need of instruction, and his own earnest desire to profit by the spiritual teaching, and pious exhorta-

tions, addressed to his unhappy son. Mr Grey's voice not seldom faltered with emotion, as he looked on his two hearers, the eyes of both fixed on him with such earnest reverence! Of the beautiful youth!—and the old grey-haired man!—and both so near the grave!

The awful hour approached of Josiah's arraignment before an earthly tribunal, but his trial did not come on till the last day of the assizes. Its result was inevitable, had the cause been defended by the ablest counsel in the land; but no defence was attempted, all had been pre-arranged between the father and son; and when the latter in a low but steady voice pleaded "Guilty" to the charge against him, and in spite of merciful dissuasion from the Bench itself, firmly persisted in that plea, and it was finally recorded, the aged parent who had accompanied him into Court, and borne up through all the preliminary forms with unshaken fortitude, bowed his head in token of perfect acquiescence with that decisive act, and yielding at last to natural weakness, suffered himself to be led away, as the Judge arose to pronounce sentence.

On the evening of the day preceding that appointed for his execution, far different was the scene in Josiah's cell, from what it had presented in the earlier stages of his imprisonment. Its occupants were the same as then, the old afflicted man, and the poor guilty youth—and they were alone together, and *now* for the last time, and earthly hope was none for either of them. And yet, in that gloomy cell—that portal of the grave, *was* Hope, not born of *this* world, and Peace, such as this world "can neither give nor take away." In the father's heart, a humble and holy confidence, that through Christ's atonement and intercession, the pardon of his repentant child was already registered in Heaven; and in the son's, a more chastised and trembling hope, built up on the same corner stone, and meekly testified by a perfect submission to his awarded doom, far removed from the miserable triumph of false courage, and the presumptuous confidence of fanatic delusion. That evening was the close of the last Sabbath Josiah was to pass on earth, and the old man had obtained the mournful privilege of being locked up for the night in the condemned cell. Father and son had that day partaken together of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and when the pious and compassionate chaplain, who had administered that holy rite, looked in upon them before the closing of the prison doors, they were sitting together upon the low hard pallet, side by side, hand clasped in hand,—and few words passed between them, for they had spoken all. But the Bible lay open upon the father's knees, and the eyes of both followed the same line, on the same page, as the old man occasionally read in his deep solemn voice, some strengthening and consolatory sentence. The youth's tall slight form was visibly attenuated, and his face was very pale—yet it had regained much of its sweet and youthful expression. The jetty curls of which his father had been so proud, again clustered in glossy richness on his white and polished forehead, and as his head leant against the old man's shoulder, a large tear, which had trembled on the long black fringes of his downcast eye-lids, dropt on the sacred page, which assuredly it profaned not. As the good chaplain gazed upon that youthful countenance, his own eyes filled with tears, and he almost groaned within himself, "To be cut off so young!" But repressing that involuntary thought, as one of sinful questioning with Heaven, he addressed to each of his heart-stricken hearers, a few fitting words of comfort and exhortation, and having knelt down with them in short but fervent prayer, and promised to revisit them at the earliest hour of admission, he departed for the night with his Master's emphatic words, "Peace be with you."

The pale cold light of November dawn yet feebly visited the cell, when Mr Grey re-entered early on the fatal morning, and all was so still within, he thought *both* slept, the parent and the child. Both had lain down together on the narrow pallet, and the youth's eyes were heavy, and he "slept for sorrow;" but in age, the whole weight falls *within*, and presses not upon the aching eyelids: So the old man slept not. The son's cheek was pillowed on the father's breast, every feature composed in angelic peace, and his slumbers were deep and tranquil as those of infant innocence. One long pale hand was clasped within his father's—in that hard withered hand, which

had toiled for him so long—and as the chaplain drew near, and stooped over the bed, the old man, who had been so intently watching his child's placid sleep, as not to heed the opening of the cell, turned his head round with an impatient gesture, as if to prevent the disturbance of that blessed rest. Perhaps *he* also had slumbered for a while, and awaking with that young head upon his bosom, where it had so often lain in the beauty of childhood, his mind had wandered back confusedly to that blissful season, and its fair vision of parental hope. But one glance round the walls of the small prison room, at the person of the reverend visitor, recalled him to the scene of sad reality, and knowing that the hour was come, he cast upward one earnest look of unutterable supplication, and softly pressing his lips to the forehead of the still unconscious sleeper, thus tenderly awakened him, as he had often done before to light and joy; but *now* to the light of a new day, which for him, whose hours were numbered, was to have no morrow but eternity. And from that hour, till the earthly expiation was complete, Andrew Cleaves left not for one single instant, the side of his unhappy son; and having surely received strength from above, proportioned to his great necessity, not only sustained *himself* firmly throughout the tremendous trial, but soothed and supported the fainting spirit of the poor youth, in his dishonoured passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, whispering hope and consolation, even within the portal of that gloomy gate, through which, according to the course of nature, himself should have gone first. And when all was over, his aged hands helped to compose in its narrow receptacle that youthful form, which should have followed his own remains to a peaceful grave, and laid his grey head reverently in the dust.

Andrew Cleaves had provided that his own cart, with the old favourite horse, should be in readiness at the place of execution, that Gallows-hill at a short distance from C——, where his first outset with the young Josiah had been so ominously impeded. Compunctious bitterness might have sharpened the arrow in his heart, had the absorbing *present* left room for retrospection. But to him, the past, the future, and all extraneous circumstances, were for a time annihilated. In comparatively light affliction, the heart takes strange delight, in aggravating its own sufferings, with bitter fancies, and dear remembrances, and dark anticipations; but a mighty grief sufficeth unto itself, in its terrible individuality.

So absorbed, yet acting as if mechanically impelled, while aught remained to do, the old man proceeded with his appointed task, and having, with the assistance of friendly hands, lifted into the cart the shell containing that poor *all* which now remained to him on earth, he quietly took his seat beside it, while those who had so far lent their charitable aid, prepared to accompany the humble vehicle with its mournful freight, and to lead the old horse—ah! how unconscious of his charge—with slow and respectful pace, to the desolate home of his aged master. Just as the simple arrangement was complete, the old man, whose eyes had not once wandered from the coffin, lifted them for a moment to the face of a woman, who had touched him accidentally, as she stood beside the cart. The sight of that face, was like lightning from the past. It flashed through heart and brain, and wakened every nerve that thrilled to torturing memory; and almost he could have cried aloud—"Hast thou found me, oh, mine enemy?" but he refrained himself; and groaning inwardly, let fall his head upon his breast in deep humility. Then slowly lifting it, looked up again into that remembered face, still fixed on him with an expression of unforgetting hardness; and laying his hand upon the coffin, he said, in a subdued tone, "Woman! pray for me—the time *is* come."

The old man looked up no more, neither spake nor moved, nor betrayed farther signs of consciousness, till the humble car, with its charitable escort, stopt at the gate of his own cottage garden. Then rousing himself to fresh exertion, his first care was to assist in bearing the body of his dead son under the shelter of that roof, beneath which, three-and-twenty years before, he had welcomed him, a new-born babe—and to place the coffin (for he would have it so) on his own bed, in his own chamber. Then lingering for a moment behind those who had helped him to deposit the untimely bur-

den, he drew the white curtain before the little casement, glanced round the chamber as if to ascertain that all was arranged with respectful neatness, and stepping softly, like one who feared to disturb the slumbers of the sick, paused on the threshold to look back for a moment, and making fast the door, as if to secure his treasure, followed his friends into the outer room, and with quiet and collected firmness, rendered to all his grateful acknowledgments for their charitable services, and set before them such refreshment as his poor means had enabled him to provide.

Neither, while they silently partook round his humble board, did he remit aught of kindly hospitality, nor was it apparently by any painful effort that he so exerted himself. But there was *that* in his countenance and deportment, and in the tone of his low deep voice, which arrested the words of those who would have pressed him to "eat and drink, and be comforted," and carried conviction to the hearts of all, that to *his* affliction One only could minister; and that having rendered him all the active service immediately needful, they should best consult his wishes, by leaving him to the unmolested quiet of his solitary cottage. There was a whispering among themselves, as they stood up to depart—and then a few lowly spoken, but earnest proffers, were made to return at the close of evening, and watch through the hours of darkness, while the old grey head took rest in sleep, by him whose slumbers needed no guardianship. But the kindly offer was declined with a gentle shake of the head, and a faint smile which spoke more meaningly than words—and the old man spoke also, and thanked and blessed them, and bade them take no care for him, for he should "*now* take rest." So they retired—slowly and reluctantly retired—and left him to his coveted solitude.

But there were not wanting some who, deeply moved with compassionate anxiety for the desolate old man, came about the cottage after nightfall, and crept close to its walls with stealthy footsteps. And they told how, looking cautiously into the chamber of death, wherein a light was burning, they saw a sight which so strangely and powerfully affected them, that (rough peasants as they were) they could not afterwards speak of it with unfaltering voices. The coffin, from which the lid had been removed, rested, as they had helped to place it, at the old man's desire, on one half of his own bedstead; and beside it, he had since arranged his mattress and pillow, and then (his head pressing against the coffin, and one arm flung across over its side) he lay at length in sweet and tranquil slumber. He had told them he should "*now* take rest;" and, doubtless, that rest so taken, strange and awful as it was to look upon, was sweet and blessed, in comparison with all he had lately tasted. For him the bitterness of death was past; and the nearness of his own change, made of slight account the little intervening space of earthly darkness. Once more his son lay beside him on that same bed they had so often shared together; and perhaps the moment of reunion with his forgiven child was already anticipated in the dreams of that placid sleep, which composed his venerable features in such unearthly peace.

Four days afterwards, the remains of Josiah Cleaves were quietly and decently interred beside those of his mother, in Redburn churchyard. Six labourers, formerly in the employ of Andrew, volunteered to bear the body to its last resting-place; and two or three respectable persons, in decent mourning, walked behind the aged solitary mourner. And beside him none other was a-kin to the dead, of those who stood that day about that untimely grave in Redburn churchyard; yet was his the only face, which, as the affecting service proceeded, maintained unmoved composure, and his the only dry eyes that followed the descent of the coffin, as it was lowered into "the pit where all things are forgotten."

Andrew Cleaves had unavoidably incurred a few trifling debts during the time of Josiah's imprisonment, and the consequent relaxation of his own laborious industry. To discharge those, and the burial expenses, he parted with his cow, and with his last *freehold*,—that small old pew in the parish church, which had descended to him from his father, the heir-loom of many generations, where he himself (a small urchin!) had stood aloft upon the seat between his father and his mother; and when the old couple were laid side by

side in the churchyard—where he had sat alone, upright against the high dark oak back, a thriving bachelor, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," and afterwards, a staid and serious bridegroom, with his matronly bride; and then again, alone in impregnable widowhood; and, last of all, a proud and happy father, with his little son lifted up beside him into the very place where he had stood between his own parents. Andrew Cleaves had said to himself, as he gazed upon the dead body of his son, that no after circumstance of human life could affect him with the slightest emotion of joy or sorrow; but when he finally made over to another the possession of his old pew, one pang of commingled feeling thrilled through his heart, and moistened the aged eyes that had looked tearlessly into his son's grave.

The next Sunday after the funeral, Andrew Cleaves was at church as usual, but not in his accustomed place. Many pew-doors opened to him, as he walked slowly and feebly up the aisle, and many a hand was put forth to the old man's arm, essaying to draw him in with kindly violence; but gently disengaging himself, and silently declining the proffered accommodation, he passed onward, and took his seat near the communion-table, on the end of one of the benches appropriated to the parish poor; and from that time forward, to the end of his days, Andrew Cleaves was to be seen twice every Sabbath-day in that same place, more dignified in his sorrow and his humility, and perhaps more inwardly at peace, than he had ever been when the world went well with him, and he counted himself a happy man.

Andrew Cleaves was an old man when his great calamity befell him. He had already numbered seven years beyond the age of man—his threescore years and ten; and though he bore up bravely during the time of trial, that time told afterwards tenfold in the account of Nature, and he sank for a time almost into decrepit feebleness; yet still the lonely creature crept about as usual, and was seen at his daily labour, and at church and market, and answered all greetings and kindly queries, with courteous thankfulness, and assurances that he was well—quite well, and wanted for nothing, and was content to "tarry the Lord's leisure." But it was easy to see he hoped soon to depart, and all who spoke of him said his time would not be long, "for the old man's strength was going." Nevertheless, it was God's pleasure to delay the summons, which could not but have been welcome, though it was awaited with submissive patience. Andrew Cleaves survived his son's death upwards of nine years, and not only did his strong and sound constitution in great measure recover from the shock which for a time had prostrated its uncommon power, but his mind also settled into a state of such perfect peace, as at times almost brightened into cheerfulness; and never before had he tasted such *pure* enjoyment from the sight of the green earth—of the summer sky, and the sweet influence of the balmy air.

The old man would have been a welcome and respected guest by many a fire-side in Redburn village; but at his time of day, it was too late to acquire social habits. It is often easier to break the bondage of a heavy chain, than to disentangle the meshes of a few seemingly slight cords; neither may the tree, which has been warped when a sapling, be made straight when its green branches are all gone, and the bare trunk left scarred and rifted on the heath.

Andrew still dwelt companionless in his paternal cottage, and rarely entered under any other roof, except that of the House of God. But, towards the close of his life, he was more frequently drawn into intercourse with his fellow creatures, than at any former period of his existence. He had continued to support himself, for four years after his son's death, on the sole profits of his garden, and of a little poultry that fed about his cottage; with which small merchandise he still performed his weekly journey to C—— market. But though the "green old age" of honest Greybeard still yielded good and willing service, it was plain to be seen, that the crazy cart must soon drop to pieces, and painfully suspected that there was pinching want in Andrew's cottage, in lieu of the increasing comforts which should afford "a good soft pillow for the old grey head." And, thereupon, much kindly consultation took place among the *Magnates* of the parish, how to assist and benefit the old man, without wounding his last lurking feeling of human pride—the pride of living by

the honest labour of his own hands, unindebted to parochial or individual charity. An opportunity soon presented itself, for the furtherance of their benevolent purpose. The foot carrier, who had long travelled twice a-week, to and fro, between C—— and Redburn, became disabled from continuing his office, the acceptance of which was immediately proposed to Andrew Cleaves, and that a new light cart should be provided for him by subscription, among those to whom the regular carriage of packages larger than could be conveyed by a foot carrier, would prove a real accommodation. The old man did not long deliberate. He felt that he could usefully and faithfully acquit himself of the proffered charge, and accepted it with unhesitating gratitude. But when there was farther talk of purchasing for him a younger and more efficient steed than honest Greybeard, Andrew shook his head, in positive rejection, and said, smiling, "No, no, *we* must rub on together—the old fellow will do good service yet; and who knows but he may take *me* to my last home?" And then, for a moment, his brow darkened with a passing shadow, for the thought of the *last burden* of mortality drawn by the old horse came vividly into his mind.

The new cart was provided, the venerable carrier installed into his office, and for five whole years, (his remaining span of life), he fulfilled its duties with characteristic faithfulness and exactitude, and almost with the physical energies of his youthful prime. Winter and summer—through frost and snow—and in the dog-day heat—through fair ways and foul—by daylight and twilight—Andrew Cleaves's cart was to be seen nearly about the same place on Redburn Common, at, or near, five o'clock, on the afternoon of Tuesdays and Saturdays, on its return from C——. And it was still drawn lustily along by the same old horse, looking sleek and glossy, and round-quartered like one of Wouverman's Flemings; and when some one, willing to please the master, would now and then pat the sides of the faithful creature, and comment on his handsome appearance, the old man would smile with evident gratification, and say—"Ay, ay, I knew what stuff he was made of—*we* shall last out one another's time—never fear."

So said Andrew Cleaves, towards the close of a long, hard winter; when, though the snow-drifts that still lay in every shady place, were not whiter than the once darkly dappled coat of old Greybeard—he shewed little other sign of age, except, indeed, the rather more deliberate pace in which his kind master indulged him. But though the tardy spring set in at last, mild, warm, and beautiful; and though its renovating spirit seemed to infuse itself, like a renewal of youthful vigour into the frame of the hale and hearty old man, it was observed that his periodical returns from C—— became each time later and later; and that in spite of the young tender grass on which Greybeard fed at pleasure—and the abundance of bruised corn, and heartening mashes with which he was tenderly pampered, the sides of the aged creature grew lank and hollow, his fine glossy coat rough and dull, and that his well-set ears, and once erect and sprightly head, drooped low and heavily as he toiled slowly homeward over the Common.

It was some evening in the first week of balmy June, that an inhabitant of Redburn, who expected a consignment by Andrew's cart, set out to meet the vehicle on its return from C——. The man walked on and on, and no cart was seen approaching, and the gloaming was darkening apace, and still no Andrew.

But just as uncomfortable surmises respecting the delay of the venerable carrier began to crowd into his neighbour's mind, the old man came in sight, not in his accustomed driving-seat, but walking by the side of his aged steed, which still drew on the cart with its lightened load, but evidently with painful labour; and when Andrew stopt to deliver out the required parcel, his neighbour remarked to him, that though he himself looked stout and well as usual, his good horse seemed drawing near the last of his journeys.

"Maybe—maybe," gravely replied the old man, laying his arm tenderly across the neck of his aged servant and looking in the creature's face, as it lifted and half turned round its head with seeming consciousness—"Maybe, master! but who knows after all, which may go first? Pleas God, we may yet last out one another's time."

But he himself looked well, and strong as ever, and talked cheerfully all the rest of the way; and that same evening, as was customary with him, walked his rounds, to give account of his multifarious commissions. This was on the evening of Saturday, and the next morning Andrew Cleaves was missed at church from his accustomed seat; and no soul that looked towards the vacant place, but knew immediately, that the old man was either sick unto death, or that he had already "fallen asleep in Jesus."

When divine service was over, many persons bent their steps towards the lonely cottage; and soon the general expeetation (fear on such an occasion would have been an irreligious feeling) was fully verified. The cottage door was closed and locked, and not a lattice open, but prompt admission was effected, and there the venerable inmate was found sitting in his old high-backed chair, before the little claw-table, on which was a small glass of untasted ale, and an unlit pipe beside the open Bible. It seemed at a first glance, as if the old man were reading,—but it was not so. One hand, indeed, was still spread upon the chapter before him, but his head had dropt down upon his breast, his eyes were closed, and he slept the last sleep of the righteous.

Such were the village annals collected from different narrators, and at divers opportunities, during the better part of a long summer month, which time I employed, or as some would have it, idled away, in fishing the streams in the vicinity of Redburn, taking up my head-quarters at the sign of the Jolly Miller. The substance of the story, and all its main facts, were, however, related to me by the loquacious landlady, on the first night of my sojourn under her roof. And she wound up her narrative with farther particulars, including the ghost, which had excited such extraordinary tumult in the hitherto quiet village.

Andrew Cleaves had been laid at rest beside the graves of his wife and son, the day before my arrival. The burial charges were defrayed by the sale of that poor remnant of his household goods which yet remained in the cottage, its once abundant plenishing having gone piece by piece during the time of his greatest necessity. The old cottage itself, and its small domain, fell in of course to its reversionary purchaser, the village butcher. And there was no man to say him nay, when he likewise appropriated to himself, as make-weights no doubt in the scale of the dilapidated building—its few living appurtenances,—Andrew's favourite breed of milk-white poultry, and his only, his still surviving servant, honest Greybeard. Yes, the poor old creature, fast drooping as he was, did indeed *last out his master's time*, and render him the latest service. For the old man was taken to his grave in his own cart, by his own aged servant; and that was the last task of the poor worn-out brute; and when it was over, his new proprietor turned him loose at the churchyard gate into his own adjoining field, there to linger out the few intervening days, till that when he was destined to furnish a repast to the squire's hounds.

The graves of the Cleaves's lay side by side under the churchyard wall, at that end of the cemetery exactly fronting the entrance. The old man had been committed to the earth on the fourth day from that of his decease; and, some hours after the funeral, a person came hurrying about nightfall into the tap-room of the Jolly Miller, affirming, that in his way past the churchyard, having looked accidentally towards the new-made grave, at its farther extremity, he had seen distinctly a white spectral shape arise out of the earth, at the head of the dark fresh mound, which strange appearance gradually increased in size and stature, till he was afraid to continue gazing, and ran off to communicate the awful intelligence.

Some laughed at Hodge's story, some bullied, some quaked; but all clamoured and questioned, and finished by running off *en masse* towards the churchyard, headed by the bearer of wonderful tidings, whose courage being of a gregarious nature, became absolute valour with such comfortable backing. Yet did *his* pace slacken perceptibly as he approached the burial-ground, and his followers pressed less impatiently upon his heels; and the whole phalanx, by that time wedged into close order, retrograded simultaneously, when Hodge stopped short with a theatrical start, and stretching forth his right arm, after the fashion of the Prince of Denmark,

uttered not exactly the adjuration of the royal Dane, but an exclamation quite as electric to his excited followers.

"There he goes, by Gosh!" quoth Hodge, under his breath.

But all heard the awful words; and all were ready to make oath, that, just as they were spoken, they saw something tall, white, vapoury, spectral, sink down into the earth at the head of Andrew Cleaves's grave. Some went so far as to whisper of having caught a glimpse of horns and fiery eyes; and they might have got on to hoofs and a long tail, had not the less imaginative elders rebuked such idle fantasies, and condemned the uncharitable inferences therefrom deducible.

"For why should the Evil One, designated by their fears, be permitted to visit the last earthly resting-place of one, whose faith, while living, had baffled his subtlest wiles, and whose immortal part was now, it was humbly to be hoped, beyond the influence of his power?"

But *they*, too,—those sober witnesses,—had seen *something*,—had caught a momentary glance of the white figure as it sank into the earth! and their long-drawn jaws, and solemn doubts, and qualified admission, and pious ejaculations, struck more awe to the hearts of the cowering group than the bolder asseverations of the first speakers. Certain it is, not one of the party proposed to enter the consecrated precincts, and take closer cognizance of the spot, to which all eyes were directed with intense eagerness. But they kept their ground of observation for a considerable time after the vanishing of the phantom; and though mysterious sounds and indistinct glimmerings were still rife in the heated imaginings of many, no further *appearance* was unanimously pronounced to have been visible during that night's watch, and, by degrees, the gazers dispersed, to spread panic and conjecture through the village. No epidemic is more easily disseminated; and, by the next day's close, *all* Redburn mustered for the ghost-hunt;—which formidable array it was my lot to encounter when I first entered the straggling street, in quest of lodging and entertainment at the village inn. More entertainment than I had reckoned on was, as I have shown, provided for me by my garrulous landlady; and her village gossip had so well eked out the more substantial refreshment of her savoury fare, that time had stolen on unheeded amidst the unwonted quiet of her well-frequented house, and darkness had long succeeded the gloaming, which lent me light to reach its hospitable shelter. And still the old lady had something more to tell, and I still listened with unwearied ear, when all at once the deep, unnatural quiet of "the deserted village" was broken by a confused uproar, like the rushing of an approaching torrent, and, in a moment, the trampling of many feet, and the clattering of many tongues, announced the nearness of the living *torrent*, which came pouring onward in "admired disorder," and pressing head over head, and shoulder against shoulder, into the kitchen of the Jolly Miller. And there were white faces, and staring eyes, and chattering teeth, and "horrific hair," but no paralysis of tongues; and, for a while, the confusion of Babel was nothing to that which mingled forty discordant voices, all trying to outpitch one another.

At length, however, I obtained from mine host himself the sum and substance of the *united discords*. His *professional* eye had been acute, even in the midst of the hurlyburly, to discern that a new and respectable-looking guest was located in his house; and I was accordingly favoured with his account of the recent adventure.

They had watched, he said, two good hours at the churchyard hatch, in full view of Andrew Cleaves's grave, the exact spot of which was discernible, even after perfect nightfall. And they had taken every possible precaution to satisfy themselves before dark that no living creature, Christian or brute, was lurking within the churchyard,—that there was nothing within it but the green graves, and the white tombstones, and the old yew tree in the north-east angle.

"Well, sir," said mine host, "we watched there, as I made mention, two mortal hours; and though some fancied one thing, and some another, they were nothing but fancies,—for nothing better nor worse than we ourselves was stirring all that time; and I for one began to think we were making fools of ourselves, and had best sneak home quietly, and say nothing more about the matter. But just then,

sir," quavered mine host, glancing fearfully round, and lowering his tone to a whisper; "just then, sir! We *did* see something. We *seed* the tall, white thing, rise up out of the earth, right at the head of the old man's grave; and then, sir, if you'll believe me, as I am a sinful man, it rose and rose, and spread, till it was as big and high as the gas-work tower—though, for shape, we could not make it much out,—only the head of it seemed to shoot up in a kind of forked fashion; and there must have been some sort of unnatural light about it, for my eyes got quite dazed and dizzy like, and there was a ringing in my ears; and then—Lord, sir!—while we were all looking quite steadfast, and standing as steady as a rock, sir!—quite cool and composed—the thing gives a kind of a heave up—so, sir!—and down again; and then there was a terrible noise, just as if the old church tower was tumbling about our ears,—and then, we thought, it would be presumptuous to stay any longer, (for rashness is not courage you know, sir,) and so we came back home again, sir, to talk the matter over quietly."

But neither mine host nor his adherents were in a state to talk the matter over very quietly just then; and all shrank back with unequivocal dismay, when I proposed to head them for a fresh enterprise,—myself and two or three others provided with lanterns, not to flare about the outskirts of the burying-ground, but to make strict search within its haunted precincts—even upon the very grave itself—of which, they could not hear without a shudder. By degrees, however,—what with shaming their pusillanimity, and patting their courage, and plying them well with mine host's strong beer,—I succeeded in enlisting a band of desperate heroes, prepared to brave all dangers, and swearing to go with me through fire and water. And off we set, at a good round pace, (for some sort of courage is apt to cool if it marches to slow time,) and so reached the churchyard hatch; and dashing through, without a moment's pause, made straight towards the haunted grave. But when we had neared it by a few yards, my doughty heroes made a sudden stop; and I held out my lantern far and high, to throw forward its rays on the strange object which indisputably lay (a long, white heap) on Andrew's grave. Just then I struck my foot against a stone; and one behind me stumbled over another great rough stone, like those piled together, without masonry, that formed the churchyard wall, close to which lay the three graves of the Cleaves's.

"Oh, ho!" I cheeringly cried out to my trembling followers, "here has been a downfall; but ghosts do not break down stone-walls, my men." And on we went, stumbling over like obstacles, and five steps more brought us to the place of terrors; and all the lanterns were held out, every neck poked forward, every eye full stretched,—and all fear soon exchanged for loquacious wonder, and pitying exclamation,—for there, upon his master's grave, stretched out at full length upon its side,—lay the skeleton carcase of Andrew's poor old horse. He had been turned into the butcher's field behind the churchyard, to await, as I have told, the leisure of the Squire's hounds. There was a breach in the loose stone-wall, exactly at the head of Andrew's grave; and whether it was simply impatience of his new pasture, or whether the creature was really conscious that to the spot below that broken wall, he had drawn the remains of his old master; certain it is, he must have stationed himself in the gap when first observed by the frightened villagers; and no doubt might have been seen there by daylight, had any one then bethought himself of looking *beyond the grave* toward the adjoining inclosure. And it is equally certain, that on the memorable night of the catastrophe, the poor old animal having raised himself by his forelegs on the lowest part of the breach, the loose stones had given way under his hoofs, and falling forward with them, a helpless, heavy weight, he had breathed out the last feeble remnant of his almost extinguished life, on the scarcely closed grave of his aged master, whose words were verified almost to the letter—"We shall last out one another's time."

A.

CONNOR M'GLOGHLIN.

A TALE OF THE LOWER SHANNON.

Connor was the son of Jeremiah, or, as he was more commonly called, Remmie M'Gloghlin, whose father had renounced the errors of Popery to obtain a place in the Excise; which place he had turned to so good account among smuggling distillers, that "on retiring," he was able to purchase a small estate near the village of Ardeneer, in the valley of the Lower Shannon, and to raise his son to the dignity of a squireen, or half sir. Remmie was captivated, at an early age, by the charms of a damsel below even himself in rank, and of the proscribed caste in religion. It was not unnatural that he should marry a Papist, for the Protestant gentry utterly and with scorn excluded him from their society; yet the effect of this exclusion upon his mean mind and low-thoughted disposition, was but to exalt the said gentry in his estimation, —and, stranger still, to make him value himself on being, as he impudently said, and swore he was, a d—d good Protestant. Remmie's protestantism, however, limited itself to attending church occasionally upon high festivals, ridiculing and abusing all priests, and eating beefsteaks on Good Friday. Moyah M'Gloghlin, his wife, was a thorough bigot, who rested solely on the external observances of her church for salvation; feared her husband upon earth, for he was a harsh, violent man, but thought him sure of hell hereafter, unless, according to an expectation which she secretly cherished, he should send for the priest in his last agonies, and receive extreme unction, in which case she thought a few thousand years additional of purgatory might set all to rights. Under these circumstances, it may be readily imagined, that much conjugal felicity did not fall to the lot of Mr Jeremiah M'Gloghlin. Two children, both sons, and born at an interval of ten years, were the fruit of the marriage. Connor, the elder, was the darling of his mother. From Mr M'Gloghlin's views of the gentility of the reformed faith, it followed, of course, that he imperatively required his son to be reared a Protestant. This was a sore trial to Moyah; but she well knew her husband to be "an hard man," and she dared not openly disobey him; she, therefore, contented herself with having the child secretly baptized by the priest, before he was "took to the minister," as she said; and as he grew up, she stole him away with her to mass whenever she could, and failed not, on these occasions, to moisten his brow with lustral holy water, thrice applied *infami digito*, in the form of a cross, and in the sacred names of the three persons of the Godhead.

Ill-tempered and wayward was the infancy of Connor M'Gloghlin. Continually conversant with all the little frauds and arts practised by his mother, without the knowledge of her husband, and continually enjoined to conceal them, he early became inured to deceit. He soon grew acquainted, too, with the power which these concealments gave him over his parent; and instead of any longer entertaining a dread of her displeasure when he did wrong, he presently learned that the price of his connivings at her petty misdoings, might be made a perfect immunity from punishment on his own part, however unpardonable his disobedience, or aggravated his fault. His father, he was taught, both by precept and example, to fear rather than to love,—a feeling which gradually gathered into settled aversion, as he alone exercised parental authority over him, and his own conduct, as well as his father's natural disposition, necessarily rendered the exercise of this authority severe, and sometimes violent. Thus Connor grew up to boyhood; his vices and his faults were screened by his mother whenever that was possible; and when they had the "ill-luck" to be detected by his father, they were punished in a fit of ungovernable passion, and consequently the punishment was ineffectual. Ere he had well reached the period of human puppyhood,—which is said to extend from the fifteenth to the twentieth year,—young M'Gloghlin was a thorough reprobate; he exceeded pedlars in lying, cursed and swore like a trooper, cheated at pitch and toss, and

even the rumour ran that he could steal, and that his mother anxiously concealed his thefts.

Yet with all these gifts, Connor, as he grew up to manhood, was well received in the houses of most of the strong farmers in the neighbourhood. He was "a fine cliver bye," (boy,) that is to say, a tall, stout ruffler, with a face which, to the vulgar, appeared handsome, though, to the observant eye, it plainly betrayed marks of the low and froward mind which animated the inner man: but he rode a good horse, was heir to some scores of acres held in fee, and was a professing Protestant, which, amongst the lower orders in Ireland, is the next thing to being a gentleman. At the age of nineteen, he first became acquainted with Norah Sullivan. Norah had been left an orphan in her childhood, and had been taken in and reared by an uncle, the brother of her dead mother, a hard-favoured old man, who had spent his youth on board a man-of-war; and having accumulated prize money and wages to a considerable amount, had returned to his native village in time to succour his widowed, and now dying sister, in the extremity of her distress, and to take charge of her sole surviving child, then not quite five years old. Norah, now twelve years older than when her mother died, was almost a model of barn-door beauty, and not a little vain of her personal charms. Her coal-black hair nightly cost her a full hour's combing and brushing, and curling, and papering, after her daily tasks of housekeeping were done; her dark and merry eye sparkled over a ruddy cherry-cheek, blooming with health, and the matutinal application of a buttermilk wash. Yet this rural coquette, despite of vanity, had many valuable points to recommend her; she was a soft-hearted, good-natured girl, who loved her uncle tenderly, and was beloved by him in turn. Though the rough old sailor did not lavish very many fond words upon her, yet was he observed to take especial care that little Norah—as he still continued to call her, although she had now grown to what is termed, in western idiom, "a shtout shlip"—should always be arrayed in the gayest and most costly attire the pack of the travelling-merchant—in the vulgar, pedlar—could furnish. He planted her little garden near the house, too, with hollies, laburnums, lilacs, and laurestinas, and seemed to shoulder along to chapel on Sunday, with peculiar self-complacency, when he pressed, or, as the neighbours termed it, "ecrooged" Norry, drest in all her best, under his arm, and sported, in his button-hole, a little bouquet, of her own gathering and arranging, there.

It was at an entertainment in the house of a neighbouring farmer, given on the occasion of a christening, that Connor M'Gloghlin became acquainted with Norah Sullivan, the fame of whose beauty had already reached him. They danced together, and were mutually pleased. M'Gloghlin had dissimulation enough to disguise the worst points of his character, in the presence of strangers or of women; and his handsome person, bold manners, and somewhat too the imagined superiority of rank or of religion before alluded to, assisted in enabling him to insinuate himself into the good graces of the fair villager. M'Gloghlin, with rustic gallantry, rode over the next day to the Grange to visit farmer Hourighan, the damsel's uncle, and to pay his respects to his partner of the preceding evening; pleased the old man by "doing sensible," as he called it; that is, talking knowingly of farming, and cattle, and markets; and flattered the maiden, by the vehement assurance of his warm admiration of her beauty, her dress, and her dancing, concluding with a passionate declaration, that of all the tight girls that *wor* there, herself took the rag off the bush.

Mr M'Gloghlin's reception encouraged him to return ere long; and he soon became a frequent visitor at the Grange.

As old Hourighan rented an extensive farm, he was much occupied out of doors; and the young man usually found Norah alone, or busied with household cares among the in-door servants. M'Gloghlin did not fail to improve these morning calls, as unlike "angel visits" in their object as their frequency, to captivate the youthful affections of Hourighan's niece. Love for her he had none, beyond the mere desire of gratifying a lustful passion; his purpose was of a different and a deeper nature. Not long before he first met Norry, he had attended the Limeric races; and trusting partly to his own skill in horseflesh, and partly

to the assurances of a jockey, who professed to be his sworn and eternal friend, he had backed a particular horse to the amount of several hundred pounds. His favourite lost the race, and M'Gloghlin was reduced to a state of furious desperation; he raged, stamped, blasphemed, and swore that the jockey had played booty, and that all horse-racing was an infernal cheat; but still the debt was to be paid, and he had not the means.

With much difficulty he prevailed on the winner to accept of but about one-fifth of the amount at the time, which was all the ready money he could possibly raise without the knowledge of his father; and he passed his bill at nine months after date for the remainder, with the interest. Even these terms were not acceded to, without many an indirect taunt upon the silly vanity of persons who make wagers which they cannot afford to lose, and something was once or twice obscurely hinted of its being little better than swindling. Such insinuations are but a small part of the mortification which a ruined gambler must endure; and though they cut M'Gloghlin to the quick, he did not dare to resent them, both from a fear of exposure to his father, and because he knew that any attempt to obtain what the world calls satisfaction, would only entail upon him additional insult, as his station in society, that painful and ambiguous posture between the simple and the gentle, destitute alike of the honest, unpretending plainness of the one, and of the cultivated polish of the other, precluded him from challenging equal privileges with those who associated with him only on the race-ground, as they would readily do with any ruffian who offered to stake money.

The time, however, was rolling on, and young M'Gloghlin saw no prospect of being able to meet his engagement; his father was a close griping man, who, though he loved to see his son well dressed, and even well mounted, calculated to the penny the sum that was requisite for that purpose, and made no loose allowance for pocket-money. The son well knew, too, that the discovery of his delinquency would throw the "old boy," as he termed him, into a fit of ungovernable fury, for he had often warned him against gambling of all sorts, and racing in particular; and it was on a false pretence, and in direct disobedience to his express orders, that he had been even present on the course. Besides, the sudden fit of passion was not the only, or the worst result, which young M'Gloghlin feared. He was well aware, that the little property his grandfather had purchased, was not settled on the successive heirs-at-law, but was completely in his father's power to will it to whom he pleased; and he greatly dreaded, that the effect on his determined character, would be to induce him to disinherit himself in favour of his younger brother, to whom the old man seemed already much more attached. For all these reasons, he resolved to venture for once upon some desperate effort to relieve him from his present difficulties, without exposing him to the resentment of his father. His first thought, after his introduction to Norry Sullivan, was to marry her; her uncle, he knew, had saved a sum sufficient to extricate him from his distress, if he could get it into his hands; but when he sounded him on the subject of a marriage with his niece, he found that, although old Hourighan seemed not averse to the match, nor to engaging a suitable portion ultimately with Norry either, he yet was resolved to pay down no money during his own lifetime. M'Gloghlin, he said, was welcome to come live in his house, and take a share of his farm; and then what need for dirty, dauny bits of paper down in his hand? Now, these same "dirty, dauny bits of paper down in hand," were precisely what alone would serve the turn of young M'Gloghlin; and as he knew that Hourighan, according to the custom of all Irish farmers who are well to pass in the world, had good store of them wrapped up in an old worsted stocking, and secreted in some hole inside the thatch of his cottage, he resolved to come at these by fair means, or by foul.

Accordingly, when he found that all attempts to wheedle Hourighan into an arrangement more consistent with his wishes, were likely to prove ineffectual, he affected to be so passionately in love with Norry, as to consent, for her sake, to the terms proposed, and was received by both uncle and niece as her accepted lover. Various were the pretexts he devised

for protracting the period of celebrating their nuptials, chiefly urging the difficulty of bringing his father to "listen to raison," and evince his approbation of the match, by "bestowing him something dacent" to begin housekeeping with; while Hourighan and the girl, feeling that the hurrying on of the business ought not to come from their side, offered no remonstrances against this delay.

Meanwhile the peculiar relation in which he stood towards her, the total absence of that fastidious delicacy, which under similar circumstances amongst the more elevated classes, screens maiden purity not only from pollution, but even from the least utterance of the sullying breath of the spoiler, and the assured belief that she was almost immediately to be made his wedded wife, contributed to render Norah Sullivan an easy prey to the insidious arts of young M'Gloghlin. Her seduction was but the first step towards the consummation of his contemplated villainy; when the poor girl had thus put herself completely in his power, he proceeded less ceremoniously to the accomplishment of his ultimate views. He no longer concealed from her the pressing exigency for money to which he was reduced, and scrupled not to make the filching of old Hourighan's notes by her, the indispensable condition of that union which he had so often and so solemnly sworn to celebrate. Long and bitterly did Norah weep at this humiliating demand, and strenuously did she endeavour to dissuade M'Gloghlin from his purpose. "Ith'n, is it yourself, Connor," sobbed she, "that would have me be after robbin' my poor ould uncle that tuck me in, and sheltered me from every wave whin my poor mother died, God rest her soul in glory! and left me a desolate orphan, without kith or kin in the wide world to look on me but himself? Was it for this he rared me up like a lady, and thought nothin' too good for me; and wouldn't take on wid Mrs Brady, the rich widdy that keeps the Inn, and was always mighty sweet upon him entirely, only he said he'd never bring in a stepmother over his little girl? Thim was his words, and he called me his daughter, so he did; and well he might, surely, for he always had a father's warm heart to poor Norry,—God in heaven bless him, and reward him!—for that same I pray Christ," and she crossed herself devoutly, as she pronounced the holy name of the Saviour. M'Gloghlin waited impatiently till her passion of tears subsided, and she could listen to the specious glosses with which he varnished over the crime.

"Arrah, whisht, Norry, ma vourneen," he replied, purposely adopting her own idiom, both as more familiar to himself than better language, and as more likely to soothe and coax the girl to his purpose. "Can't you be quite (quiet) now, and hear raison? Sure, don't you know it for sartain, all as one as if Father Gahagan was after telling you from the altar, that it's all your own when your ould uncle goes? and where's the differ of taking it now when we want it badly, and sorrow a bit the wiser he need be about the matter?"

"O thin, Connor, agrah," said the girl, "how is it you can think of evenin' me to the likes o' this, after takin' an advantage of me, and deceavin' me? It's cruel it is of you, and if you had the rale love for me you often said, you wouldn't bid me do it. But what d'ye mane about bein' never the wiser? Sure it isn't what you think my uncle doesn't know the differ betwane money and no money when he goes to his bag?"

"Mind what I tell you, Norry, jewel, and raison good; your uncle never goes to take away money out of his ould stockin', but to put more in, and I've a bundle of beautiful fine notes, only they won't pass, that I'll give you to put in the place of thim others, and no one, as I said, to know the difference, till they all come to ourselves again."

"But still," objected Norry, "I dunna whereabouts he keeps thim weary notes you want so bad, at all, at all, for he was always a good warrant to keep his makin's safe enough."

"Then," replied M'Gloghlin, "you must find out, Norry, and I'll tell you what you'll do; your uncle is gone to the fair of Cruagh to sell three collops,* and as sure as he comes back

* Collop, a head of black cattle.

to-night, he'll go to the place to put in the muney after he thinks every one fast asleep, so you must watch him, and find out where he hides it."

With a heavy heart, Norah gave, by her silence, a reluctant acquiescence. Hourighan returned late that evening, in high spirits and good-humour, having sold his cattle well, and taken more than one glass over the bargain.

"Well, Norry," said he, in his strange dialect, which was a mixture of sea phrases, with his native patois, "what d'ye think I done with the lucky penny the rum old Quaker that I sould the collops to, refused to take?—why, I bought thee something to top thy rigging with;—there's a pair of streamers for you, honey," he added, as he unfolded two blue and crimson ribbons, which he had purchased at the fair, to adorn his niece's bonnet; "you'll be fine enough now for Connor, at any rate."

The pleasure that had momentarily lighted up the girl's countenance at the appearance and good-humoured talk of her affectionate uncle, died away at M'Gloghlin's name, and the recollection of the guilty promise she had made him in the morning.

"An' doesn't the ribbons plase you thin, Norry, that you look so sarious at thim?" said the old man. "Sure, it's meself that doesn't know much about thim sorts of things, but I thought it's what you'd like thim best, or I'd iv brought you somethin' else. Maybe thim's not the colours Connor likes—eh, Norry?" And her uncle placed his arm affectionately round the girl's neck.—"Is that the raison?"

"O no, sir," said Norry. "They're very nice, very iligant ribbons, so they are, and it's too good you are to me, too good entirely."

The poor girl's heart was full, and she could speak no more, but bursting into tears, hid her face on her uncle's shoulder.

"In the name o' God! what's the matter wit you, child?" said he, alarmed,—"has anythin' come across you when I was away?"

"O no, uncle! nothin'—nothin' at all."

"And what makes you cry thin? was Connor M'Gloghlin here to-day?"

"He was, sir."

"And did he say anythin'—anythin' you didn't like? Bekase if he did, and if it's that that's grievin' you, I'll—" And here he swore with all the energy of an old seaman—"I'll make him repint it the longest day he lives—ould as I am, I'll brake every bone in his skin before to-morrow night, if he has said an uncivil word to my little girl."

"O no, he didn't,—he didn't, indeed," said his niece, alarmed in her turn. "There's nothin' at all the matter wit me now, uncle, only I was low and sick all day, whin you wor away; an' it was just the aisin' of my heart that made me cry."

"Well," said her uncle, "I don't understand the ways of you women, Norry; but if it isn't well you are, jewel, you'd better go to bed, for it's time anyhow, an' so will I. Good night, and God bless you, child."

The blessing smote upon the ear of the guilty girl like the knell of a parental imprecation. The thought of the unworthy part she was acting sunk bitterly upon her heart: she bid her uncle good night, and eager to escape from the pain which she conceived his presence inspired, she quickly shut herself up in her little chamber.

But when alone, the distraction of the girl's feelings became even greater than it was before, as she had no need of an effort to command them, in order to save appearances. One moment she thought of her engagement to young M'Gloghlin, and the degraded situation in which she stood, if she dared to disoblige him. The next, her mind dwelt upon the kind confidence and affectionate words of her uncle, and again she wept bitterly, and flung herself upon her bed in an agony of doubt as to the course she should take. Her first resolution was, to lie still, and to tell Connor the next day, that she could not bring herself to do what he had desired,—to trust that he would yield to the urgency of her excuses; or, should the worst come to the worst, to bear the shame and punishment of the error she had already committed, rather than go on in the ways of guilt. But scarcely was the resolution formed, when the thought of the probable consequences of it, came with redoubled force upon her imagination. She pictured to herself the fierce impatience of her lover,—which she had more than once lately been obliged to witness,—his anger,

and perhaps his abandonment of her to shame and scorn. She thought of her uncle, and the effect that such an event would have upon him,—his affection for her perhaps turned to contempt,—his pride in her, become his shame and his disgrace. The sting of this reflection was more than the unhappy girl could bear; she sprang up from her bed—her candle had been extinguished, but a ray of light from the outer room gleamed through a crevice in the door of her little apartment. Almost without a consciousness of what she was doing, she stole softly to the door, and kneeling down looked through the crevice.

Her uncle was in the act of carrying over the table from the centre to one corner of the room, upon which he placed a chair, and mounting upon it, reached up his hand, and took from between the inner surface of the thatch and the rafter above his head, the old stocking which contained his treasure; then taking from his pocket the notes he had received at the fair, he thrust them into the stocking, and doubling it up, returned it to its hiding place.

Having removed the chair and table to their former situations, he took away the candle to his own room, and Norah looked upon darkness.

"Well," said she, talking to herself as she arose, "Connor M'Gloghlin, I've done your biddin', an' well it would have been for me that I never seen your face, for complyin' wit your wishes has made me commit sin every way.—Oh, hone!" she continued, wringing her hands, "would I have thought a twelvemont ago, that this blessed night, I'd have sat up to watch my poor ould uncle like a thief, to see where he put his money? O Connor, Connor, it's little I thought you'd make me suffer dthis-a-way!" and again the girl wept, and lying down, cried herself to sleep.

It is fortunate for those in the humbler conditions of life, that when suffering under the anxieties to which all conditions are liable, and destitute of those resources of comfort which friends and fortune put in the power of those of higher rank; the necessity they are under of actively applying themselves to their daily toil, serves to invigorate their minds, and to dissipate that weight of sorrow which would otherwise bow them to the earth. It was a fine sunny morning when Norah rose; her uncle had already gone out to the fields, and she too had to set about her morning tasks. The cows were to be milked, the calves fed, the young turkeys to be looked after, and various other little matters to be attended to, which required active exertion in the open air; so that she had hardly time to think of her troubles, before her uncle came in to breakfast, and he was well pleased to find her, with so little sign of the agitation of the preceding evening.

"Morrow to ye, Norry," said he, as he came in. "Thim wearry young turkeys, Norry,—did you see after thim this mornin'? If one doesn't keep a sharp look-out, they die, the craturs, for no raison at all at all, but just as if it was out of contrariness."

"I fed them all this mornin', and they're all quite well," said Norah.

"I'm glad you were able, child, to see after thim," returned her uncle, "and that you look better yourself this mornin'; some little bit of a squall upset you last night, but it's fine wedther and smooth sailin' this mornin' wit you again."

Norah suppressed a sigh, and assented.

Twelve o'clock at noon brought young M'Gloghlin to the door, before which time Norah had made a resolution, which unfortunately she was in the sequel not able to keep. He did not waste much time in salutations, but proceeded immediately to his business.

"Did he sell the cattle yesterday?" said he.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Well, and did you do as I said?"

"Oh, Connor!" said she, "is it nothin' else but that muney you do be thinkin' of?"

"To be sure, why shouldn't I think of it?" replied he, "and surely," his face growing red with anger, as he spoke, "you didn't forget, Norry, what I told you to do yesterday?"

"Forget!" said the girl, "oh no! I wish I did, and thin I wouldn't have the sin on my conscience of watchin' him, and seein' him put up his own hard urnins, that he has a good right to put where he plases, and I not to care, for he never begridged (grudged) thim on me."

"Then you know where the stockin' is?" said M'Gloghlin, with an

eagerness that evinced his pleasure at what she had just told him, "Where was it he kept it so snug?"

"I'll not tell you, Connor M'Gloghlin," said Norah, with an air of firmness which surprised and disconcerted him; "an' listen to me now, what I'm goin' to say. I know well enough what you have in your power, after what has passed between us two; you may, though I don't think you'd have the cruel heart, Connor, to do it—but I know you can, if you please, lave me in shame an' disgrace, to be scorned and looked down upon be the poorest of the neighbors; yet, bad as I'll be, I'll have some excuse that my heart led me astray, an' no one 'll have it to say that I desinded to the mane villyany of bein' a thief, an' robbin' my poor ould uncle of his hard-earned muney; and so, Connor, don't ask me agin, for I won't do it."

There was a something in the girl's manner so decisive, that M'Gloghlin saw at once the necessity of finding some new motive to work her up to the vile act to which his scheme had all along tended, and there was a readiness about the villain which soon determined the new course he should take.

"Well, Norry," said he, with a softened tone, "what you say about the muney is true enough, an' I like you the better for it; an' as for desartin' you, it's meself that would be long sorry to do any such roguish turn; but I am afeard I must bid you a long farewell for all that, for since I can't get the muney, I must go to jail to-morrow evenin'; an' long enough I may be there, before any one 'll relieve me."

"To jail!" said the terrified girl. "Oh, Connor, don't say that. My God, what will become of us!"

"It's true enough, Norry; if the muney I owe is not paid by to-morrow at twelve o'clock, in the evening I'll be taken to Limeric jail, and put inside four bare walls, where I suppose I must die of could and starvation, for my father will be so mad when he hears of it, that I know he'll never give me a halfpenny, nor send near me to know if I'm dead or alive."

"Connor, jewel," said Norah, crying; "you mustn't go to jail. Is there no way in the world that you could settle it?"

"None at all, barrin' I could get the muney somewhere, even if it was for a little while; maybe I'd be able to pay it back afore long. But sure, if you think it wrong to take it, Norry, I must only meet my fate, an' I hope you'll sometimes think of poor Connor when he's in confinement, an' can't come near you."

"Oh, they shan't take you, Connor," sobbed the girl; "I'll get you the notes to-night, an' I pray Jasus you may be able to give them back to me soon, an' ease my conscience of the sin of takin' them."

"That's my good little girl," said M'Gloghlin, his countenance brightening at the success of his scheme. "I knew you wouldn't see me brought to such distress if you could help me. To be sure, I'll give you back the muney as soon as ever I can; an' in the mane time, here's the notes I tould you of, to put in the place of them you take; they'll just do as well to fill the ould stockin' as any other," said he, as he gave Norah a bundle of flash notes, such as sharpers at races and fairs are generally supplied with. "An' I haven't forgot my promise neither, Norry," continued he. "Do you get the muney as soon as your uncle is asleep, an' meet me as soon as day breaks in the mornin' at the little boat-quay; I'll have a boat ready, an' we'll start at oncet over to Kilrush, where the priest 'ill be ready, an' you'll come home Mrs M'Gloghlin, in less than no time."

"I'll do what you bid me, Connor," said Norah, well pleased that the marriage, which was becoming every day more necessary to her reputation, as well as to the comfort of her own feelings, was no longer to be postponed; "but will the priest marry us, d'ye think? for you know there is one of us," looking at M'Gloghlin, "that doesn't go to mass."

"Never you fear that," replied M'Gloghlin. "I'll warrant you he'll marry us when we ask him, wid one o' them notes you're to get me, in my hand; an', at all evints, Father Gahagan here below could prove something for him, if ever he was attacked for marryin' me as a Protestant. An' now, Norry, jewel, I must bid you good-by till the mornin'. Be sure you get the muney, or we are ruined, and come to me very early."

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It was about three o'clock on a fine

summer morning, in the grey light and chilling air of the half-hour that precedes sunrise, that Norah Sullivan, carefully dressed in white beneath, but wrapped in a bluish-grey duffle cloak externally, stole down from her uncle's cottage, towards the bank of the river, with his hard earnings secreted in the bosom of her gown.

Scarcely had she reached half way to the shore, when, as she crossed the last field of her uncle's farm, a hare, startled by her early footsteps, bounded across the path, and Norah, as she blessed herself, could not help thinking it looked supernaturally large, and boded no auspicious issue to her journey. Often and fearfully did she look back at the cottage, to see that none had been awakened by her departure, or tracked her footsteps, nor did she feel secure until she saw M'Gloghlin advancing from the place where he had moored his boat.

"Have you brought the notes?" he eagerly inquired, in an under tone, as he held out both his hands to greet her. "Oh, it's the notes you want, and not me?" answered Norah, cheerily, as she now saw herself on the point, as she thought, of being made an honest woman again.—"Well, I have thim, sure enough; and I'll keep thim too, 'till thim words are said over us at Kilrush."

"Murder, Norry dear! Sure you don't think I'm goin' to run away from you at the church-door?" replied M'Gloghlin, in the same light tone, when he perceived that his design had fully succeeded—"No, no; honour bright. I'll never lave you now, jewel; so give me the dirty papers, an' there's no fear of my losin' thim for want of pockets, not all as one,"—and he glanced at Norah's well-shaped gown, which obviously disdained all such old-fashioned and unbecoming appendages.

"Here they are, thin, an' a weary on them," said Norah; "God send us good luck with them, for they cost me a sorrowful night's watching anyhow;" and her conductor lifted her into the boat.

The management of the vessel, and the design he had in view, absolutely required the co-operation of another with himself, and in consequence, M'Gloghlin had the night before associated in his plan, with the promise of a considerable bribe, a miscreant of the lowest grade, named Nicholas Sheehan, an elder and bolder villain than himself, who had been his instigator and abettor in more than one atrocity already.

This fellow very readily joined in his scheme, and seemed to rejoice, even with a sort of savage exultation, at the thought of shedding blood for a reward. He now speedily set the sail, while M'Gloghlin, with Norah by his side, took the helm, and they floated quickly down the river in the direction of the north shore, as if to make Kilrush. They were just off Labashkedah, where the receding of the shore, in a winding bay, renders the river particularly broad, when Sheehan, who, till now, had lain stretched in silence along the bow of the boat, slowly stood up, and looked around on every side. Here and there along the coast of Clare a wreath of thin blue smoke betokened that the inhabitants of the cabins were already astir; and the sun, just peering above the blue hills which lay in the eastern distance, gave promise of a sunny joyous day. No other boat, however, was yet stirring on the river; and the shores on both sides were too distant to render either sight or sound of any being so diminutive as man distinguishable. "Now!" uttered Sheehan in a low emphatic voice, as he shuffled up to the stern where the others sat. Norah, whom the gentle motion of the boat gliding smoothly down the glassy current, combined with the fresh and pleasant air of the morning, had lulled into a day-dream of future happiness; her reputation saved, her uncle reconciled, and she with her stalwart and young husband the happy cheerful woman she used to be; wrapped in such far-off meditations, she was startled by the portentous sound of Sheehan's "Now!" and looking up, she saw him exchange a glance of such diabolical intelligence with M'Gloghlin as made her blood to curdle. In the moment of her involuntary shudder, Sheehan seized her round the waist with both his hands; she screamed, and made a convulsive effort to catch and cling to M'Gloghlin, but he shook her rudely off, and exclaimed to his companion, "Over with her now at once!"

"Connor, for the love of God," shrieked the agonized girl, "don't kill me—don't kill the baby that isn't born!" But whilst uttering the words,

she was hurled into the air, and fell stunned and heavily upon the water, some yards from the boat. In the instant of the plash, and of her mortal agony, she exclaimed, "Blessed Queen of Heaven, have marcy on my ——." Before the sentence was completed, a blow from the oar, which Sheehan had snatched up, drove her with violence beneath the surface. The stroke was on the head, and fatal; she sank rapidly a few yards, remained suspended in the water, then slowly rose a yard or two, when life became extinct; a slight bubble rose to the surface, and then they saw her white dress gradually sinking deeper and deeper, till it grew indistinct, as water is in water, and finally disappeared.

M'Gloghlin was still gazing in the direction of the body; and in the rush of disordered feelings which crowded his mind, scarcely recollected that he was himself the perpetrator of this foul murder, or had any other interest in the scene before him than that of an ordinary spectator, when he was roused by the rough voice of Sheehan.—"Come, Master Connor, we've done the job cleverly, anyhow; you'd bether put about ship now, if you plase." M'Gloghlin made the necessary movement of the helm in silence, and Sheehan shifted the sail.

"It's a terrible thing to kill a woman!" were the first words that broke from the former; and he brushed his eyes with the sleeve of his coat.

"Ith'n, what signifies it?" replied the other, coolly; "sure it's only one squeak, an' all's over.—Never think you to cry after her, Master Connor," he added, observing M'Gloghlin's eyes looked watery; "nor for any woman born, barrin' one, and that's the mother that bore you, agrah—divel another woman on God's earth is worth any man's sheddin' a tear for. I believe I cried at my ould mother's berrin' myself, God be marciful to her sowl. Here, sir, here's somethin' to keep up your sperrits;" and he smiled at his own wit, as he handed M'Gloghlin a small black bottle of poteen. "There, the thievin' gauger never baptized that—bad luck to him; I wisht we were after sarvin' him the same turn this mornin', that we did to ——"

"D—n it, don't talk about that," said M'Gloghlin, interrupting him hastily; and taking a draught from the bottle, he seemed to recover his natural air of fierce hardihood. The boat soon reached the shore, at a point some distance below that from which they had set out, and the murderers leaped upon the land.

The strange disappearance of Norah Sullivan caused great astonishment, and much talk in the neighbourhood where she had lived; not so much because the girl had disappeared, for the violent abduction of young women is not exceedingly rare in the south of Ireland, as because no one could tell how or where she had been carried away. The old women talked about fairies, and the stories "their grannies tould thim when they wer childer, of young people bein' sperrited away." The young women said it was "a quare endin' to all the fine coortin' that was goin' on betwane herself and the young squireen;" while a party of young squires, who, having hunted a fox to death in the neighbourhood, stopped for an hour to refresh at the village inn, listened attentively to the story, and came to the conclusion, *nemine contradicente*, that it was all a d—d scheme of the priests to prevent the girl marrying a Protestant, and to get her uncle's money to themselves.

But amongst all these, were only two persons who seemed to take poor Norah's disappearance seriously and soberly to heart. The first of these was the old man her uncle, who, because he really loved the girl, and had felt her to be the support of his old age, sought her everywhere, sometimes sorrowing for her loss, and sometimes vehemently declaring vengeance against whoever had stolen her away; for he never thought of imputing her absence to voluntary flight, nor did the idea that she was dead seem more than once or twice to cross his mind.

The other, who seemed to take a great interest in her fate, was Mr Morton, a gentleman of property, a clergyman, and a magistrate of the county, who, living near the spot, and knowing all the circumstances of the case, was actuated by his regard for justice, and for the old man Houri-ghan, who was his tenant, to trace, as far as possible, the cause of the girl's disappearance, and the place of her

concealment. He learned from her uncle the terms upon which his niece was with M'Gloghlin, and had made many inquiries about him, the result of which was by no means favourable. He ascertained that the day before the girl's disappearance, M'Gloghlin had been at the cottage, and had not been there again for three days; that when he did call, he expressed the greatest astonishment at hearing of Norah's disappearance, though it was almost impossible that he should not have heard of it previously, as it had been talked of far and wide for two days. He had not returned to the cottage any more, and had been observed to be almost constantly drunk ever since. All these circumstances excited a degree of suspicion in Mr Morton's mind, which determined him to watch the young man closely; but the worst he conceived possible of him was, that he had carried the young woman somewhere, and kept her in confinement. He was, however, soon undeceived.

It was about a fortnight after the disappearance of his niece, that Farmer Hourighan was sent for at an early hour by Mr Morton. The old man had a presentiment that he was to hear something about his "little girl," and made haste to attend the summons.

"Have you heard anything about her, sir?" said he, as soon as he entered Mr Morton's parlour.

"I have heard some very bad news about your niece, Hourighan, which it is necessary I should inform you of at once," replied the magistrate.

"God is good, sir," said the old man. "What is it?"

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, Hourighan, that your niece is drowned."

"Drowned! your honour.—Christ Jasus, bless us! Whin—where?—How could it be?"

"That is all yet to be found out. All I know is, that it is so. Sit down, Hourighan, my good fellow, and be calm," continued Mr Morton, in a softened tone, as he observed the big tears to roll down the weather-beaten cheeks of the old man. "Sit down, and I will tell you what I have learned, and what we must now do."

"I thank your honour," said the old man, in the broken voice of grief. "I'll pay attention, sir. My poor Norry—an' so she's gone, after all!"

"Two fishermen," said the magistrate, "went down to the edge of the river this morning at daybreak, to look at the salmon-nets, at a place about three miles below this. They saw something white lying a little below the surface of the water, which they found to be the body of a young woman. On examination, it has turned out to be the corpse of your niece."

The old man checked himself, as he was about to speak again; but the tears burst afresh from his eyes.

"The body is not so much decayed," continued the magistrate, "as might have been expected, from the long time it has probably been in the water; and I am informed there is the mark of a dreadful blow on her head."

"Some villain murdered her, and threw her in," said Hourighan, starting up.—"The poor crathur! God help her—I'll pursue him all over the worlt, the villain, so I will."

"Be quiet, Hourighan," said the magistrate, "and attend to what I say. The blow I mentioned has been probably given by some boat's keel in passing over the body; but that must be investigated. The Coroner's Inquest will sit to-day at two o'clock. I shall be there, and so must you, and be as collected as possible. Try to recollect, between this and then, all you can of what your niece did and said for some time previous to her disappearance, and I hope we shall yet find some clew to this mysterious matter."

The old man went away, and at the appointed time was present at the Coroner's Inquest with the magistrate. It was an exceedingly mournful thing for those who had seen and known Norah Sullivan in life, to behold her cold remains lying upon the rough strand of the river. Decay had proceeded so far, that the face had fallen in, and displayed a horrible ruin of its former beauty. Her eyes were close shut, her arms extended towards her head, and her hands firmly clenched. The wound in her head was diligently examined by a surgeon, who expressed great doubts of its having been inflicted by a boat's keel, as had been suggested. The skull was fractured in one long line, which he said appeared to him to have happened from the stroke of some edged but

very blunt instrument, which had descended perpendicularly on the top of the head. On examining the body further, it was discovered, with increased horror and astonishment, that the young woman was pregnant. Hourighan could only be made to believe the fact, by the positive assurances of Mr Morton and the surgeon; and then he insisted that M'Gloghlin must be the author both of her dishonour and her death. "It must be he," said the old man, "an' no one else, that destroyed her both sowl and body."

"Is M'Gloghlin here?" said the magistrate to a man whom he had sent for him early in the morning.

"No, your honour—he tould me for to say to your honour, that he had to go somewhere else to-day upon a little bit of business."

"And if he did, why did you not deliver your message before?"

"Why, thin, to tell God's truth, your honour, I made him a soart of a promise, that I wouldn't say a word about him to man or mortal—barrin' I was axed, an' couldn't help it."

"Was this promise made at his request?"

"A thin, who else's, your honour?" replied the man.

"You mean that it *was* made at his request?"

"To be sure, your honour, that's exactly what I mane."

The inquest was adjourned to the next day, when the presence of M'Gloghlin was procured. His face looked pale, his eyes slightly bloodshot, his hair disordered, and his whole appearance wearing the signs of recent dissipation. As he approached the body, those who marked him closely observed a slight quiver of his frame, and a nameless expression to pass over his face; but he made an effort to master his sensations, and the agitation which he could not wholly command, he covered by an air of light and careless effrontery. The attempt which he made to smile, as he acknowledged the criminal intercourse between the young woman and himself, was checked by the unspoken murmur of disgust which ran through the assembled crowd; but he acknowledged no more, and with sullen hardihood, pronounced the perjuries which were necessary to exonerate him from all knowledge and participation in the death of the unfortunate young woman.

"Young man," said the magistrate, when his examination was concluded, "I beseech you, let the dreadful circumstance we are now investigating have its due and salutary influence upon your mind; and think not to harden your heart to the misery and guilt, of which, by your own acknowledgment, you have been in a great measure the author. How that unhappy young creature, who was so unfortunate as to be the partner of your guilty pleasure, has come to her untimely end, we can only conjecture; but whether by her own act, or by more desperate means, your mutual crime has probably led to it. Circumstances may yet turn up to enable us to judge more certainly how the young woman came by her death; and if it was by violence, I trust the finger of God will, in his own good time, and by the means which he thinks best, point out the murderer. You, sir, may now depart, I hope to think of this business with a more serious and contrite heart than your most unbecoming behaviour this day would warrant us in expecting."

M'Gloghlin hung down his head, and slowly walked away—afraid to look around him, yet unwilling, by a speedy retreat, to show any symptoms of fear. The inquiry terminated, and the jury were under the necessity of recording a verdict which merely related the circumstances under which the body was found.

The questionable death of poor Norah did not prevent the usual ceremonies and absurdities of an Irish wake. Tobacco was smoked, whisky was drunk, and many a gossiping story told, while the bright blaze of nine lighted candles shone around the senseless corpse, as if it were in mockery of the darkness of death which had for ever sealed up its eye-lids. The old man sat apart in a corner, refusing to be comforted—occasionally, as if unconscious of what he was doing, he seized a pipe, and smoked a few whiffs; and then, recollecting himself, he would lay it down, and resume his gloomy and tearless inactivity.

In a day or two Norah was buried, and the memory of the transaction

would probably soon have died away, like a tale that is told, but that Mr Morton still exerted himself to obtain every possible information of all that related to it, by inquiries from those who knew the girl or M'Gloghlin. One morning, about three weeks after the body was found, his servant informed him, "there was one below that wanted to spake to him if he plased."

"Who is it, Dennis?" said Mr Morton.

"'Tis Jim Rooney, your honour, that goes about sellin' the sales an' rings, and things like what they used to sell in Essex Bridge, when we wor in Dublin, sir."

"And what can he want with me—has any one been robbing or cheating him?"

"Oh, devil a fear of that, your honour—be my sowl, he'd get up early that id chate Jim Rooney."

"So I should think myself, Dennis—but the next time I ask you a question, you need not swear when you answer it.—Tell Rooney, that if it be to sell something he wants, I won't buy it, and therefore he need not trouble himself and me, by coming near me—if it be any other business, you may desire him to come up stairs."

The magistrate was pretty sure, that under this condition of admittance, Rooney the pedlar would not seek his presence, and was not a little surprised when he saw him enter, bowing and scraping, and without his pack. "I beg your honour's pardon," said Rooney, "for makin' so bould as to ask to see your honour; but it's what I wanted to spake to you about a thing that I know your honour takes a concern in, and so I thought maybe you'd like to know it."

"What is that, Rooney? Tell me what you have to say; and as I know you're a clever fellow, tell it in the plainest and shortest manner possible."

There is no uneducated people in the world more naturally polite, or more open to the influence of kind and flattering language from others, than the lower orders of the Irish. Rooney, anxious to show at once both his willingness and ability to obey a request put in so agreeable a form, lost no time in entering upon his story.

"I know your honour wishes to find out all you can about Norry Sullivan, Mr Hourighan's niece, that was found dead in the Shannon."

"Yes, certainly," said the magistrate, with eager attention.

"Well, your honour, only two or three days afore she was missin', the cratur, I sould her a gowld brooch,—an' I could swear to the same brooch, bekase it had a little bit of damage on one side of it, an', be the same token, I sould it chape on account of that same. Well, behould you, sir, yesterday, whin I was goin' along the road quate an' asy, Pat Doolan's little gossoon comes up to me, and siz he to me, siz he, 'Would you buy this?' siz he; an' I knew at oncet it was the very same I sould to the poor young woman, the Lord be merciful to her sowl! So I questioned him how he came by it, an' I made out that he found it in his father's boat, just about the time she was lost. I knew his father very well, your honour,—he's a dacent, honest, poor man, as ever was,—so I wint to him to spake about it; and, when I tould him, up he jumps, and slaps the table, your honour, and siz he to me, siz he, 'By the holy farmer!'—that was the oat' he swore,—'that was the mornin' young Mr M'Gloghlin borry'd my boat, an' I'll be bail she must have been wit him, an' dropt it.'"

"Did he say M'Gloghlin borrowed his boat the morning the young woman disappeared?" asked the magistrate, eagerly.

"He did, your honour; an' that's what I thought you'd like to know."

"You were right. Go and bring Doolan to me as fast as you can."

Rooney departed on his mission, while Mr Morton paced up and down his study, wrapped in thought, and anxiously awaiting his return. Had M'Gloghlin slain a man, in any of those outrages which are so lamentably frequent in the south of Ireland, it is not probable that the common people, even though they were certain of his having committed the crime, would have given the magistrate any aid to seize or to convict him; but there was something so revolting to the wild sentiment of their character in the seduction and murder of a young woman, that the bare suspicion of it was enough to excite their liveliest efforts towards the detection of the perpetrator;—and perhaps the

circumstance of the suspected man being a reputed Protestant, did not render them the less anxious to give the investigation all the aid in their power.

Mr Morton ascertained, that the evening before the disappearance of Hourighan's niece, M'Gloghlin had asked for the boat, which he said he wanted for an hour or two, early in the morning, to go a little way down the river; and that he had returned it, after having made use of it, before breakfast the same morning. The magistrate was endeavouring to see how he could connect this circumstance with the others with which he was already acquainted, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Hourighan in great agitation.

The old man had been so regular in all his movements, that it had been true, as stated by M'Gloghlin to Norah, that he never went to his treasure in the old stocking but to add to it. A particular fair, which happened just at the time when he paid his half-yearly rents, always supplied him with the money for that purpose, and the consumption of his cottage was not supplied by money, but from the farm. The outlay for his niece's funeral was, however, an unforeseen expense, for the defraying of which he had that morning had recourse to his stocking, and, to his utter amazement and terror, found, that worthless counterfeits had been substituted for his money. The poor old man was stunned and distracted. The kind of grief with which he was afflicted did not make him insensible to the loss of his property, but added a terrified bewilderment to his feelings; he saw his calamities multiplying,—he felt as if the world were slipping from under his feet,—and, as soon as he recovered sufficient recollection, he hurried to the magistrate to seek for advice and consolation.

"This is very extraordinary indeed!" said Mr Morton, when he heard the story. "How long is it since you looked at your money before?"

After some time, Hourighan was able to recollect, that it was only an evening or two before his niece's disappearance that he had put money into the stocking; but any examination of the contents he had not made for many a day. As, however, even the last money he had put in was gone, it was clear, that since that time a part, if not the whole, of the theft had been committed. The old man knew nothing of the numbers of the notes; but he knew the person from whom he got the last sum he had received; and as he was a Quaker, and, like most of his sect, extremely regular and correct in his business, it was thought probable that he might be able to give some information about the notes; and to him Hourighan rode off at once, accompanied by Mr Morton, who now began to feel a strong suspicion of the foul villainy which had actually been practised.

"If thee can tell me the day I bought thy cattle, friend," said the Quaker, drawing out a little book, "I can give thee full information as to the notes with which I paid thee."

The day was mentioned, and he not only told them the number and description of the notes, but added, that one of them had come back to him that very morning, in a remittance from Limeric.

This was just the clew which the magistrate wanted, and he lost no time in pursuing it. After a week's labour, and no small difficulty, he traced the note, as he had almost expected he should, to have been paid by M'Gloghlin to a person in the neighbourhood of Limeric who dealt in horses; and, in the course of his inquiries, he also found, that a notorious schemer and swindling jockey, who was in the habit of frequently getting drunk with young M'Gloghlin, had been thrown into jail a few days before on suspicion of horse-stealing, and certainly of having endeavoured to pass upon a countryman some of the flash notes similar to those which were found in Hourighan's stocking.

Mr Morton now issued a warrant for the apprehension of M'Gloghlin; but the matter having got wind, and the rural officers of the law not being either quite so prompt or so expert as the well-trained hawks of the grand falconer Sir Richard Birnie, the bird was flown ere they reached his nest; but it was known that he could not have escaped to any distance, and the magistrate still continued to collect evidence, in the hope that, if he could bring the proof home to him, he would be able to find M'Gloghlin before long.

After some delay the jockey who was in jail, in the hope of thereby gaining some advantage for himself, gave voluntary information, that he had supplied M'Gloghlin with a parcel of flash notes, which he said he would know again, as, in order to make them look more like genuine notes which had been in circulation, he had himself written different names upon the backs of them. The papers were produced to him, and were identified as the very same which M'Gloghlin had received. So far a connexion between him and the robbery was circumstantially established, but whether this was connected with the death of the young woman still remained a mystery.

By one of those strange coincidences which have been remarked so many times to occur in cases of mysterious murder, as if specially appointed by Providence to bring the perpetrators to punishment, additional evidence was procured which left little doubt that the young woman had been murdered, and that M'Gloghlin was concerned in it.

There was an old man and his wife who lived in a small and wretched cottage between the shore and Hourighan's cottage, on the side of a hill which commanded a view of the water's edge, and they possessed one cow which was all their worldly goods. The man had a brother, an old soldier, who was a pensioner in the Kilmainham hospital in Dublin, and who died there, leaving some few pounds which he had saved by selling his allowance of cheese, and doing without tobacco. On the very morning on which Norah Sullivan had disappeared, the countryman set off for Dublin, as he said himself, "to recave his brother's fortune that he had left him;" and having arrived there safely, and received the said fortune, amounting to five pounds and eighteenpence, he, being of a very different disposition from his brother, remained nearly six weeks in Dublin, and, as he ate very little, he contrived, with the money he received, to keep himself extremely drunk during nearly the whole of that time. At length he arrived at home, much in the same state as he went away, save that his brogues were worn out, and his hat, if possible, more crushed and shapeless than when he left home. On his arrival, he heard, for the first time, the story of the tragical end of Hourighan's niece, and, very soon after, he sought the magistrate, to whom he made the following important communication:—

"Plase your honour, sir, it was comin' in daylight o' the mornin' that mysel' and the ould woman (meaning thereby his wife) had fixed I was to go to Dublin, to see after my broder's fortin—he that's dead; may his sowl rest in glory, I pray God—an' bad fortin it was to me to go take such a journey into foreign parts, I may say, where I was robbed, and kilt, and murdthered entirely. But sure enough, your honour, our cow was sick—she's bether since, glory to God; and I got up arely to give her a warm dthrink. It was just afore sunrise—I remimbir it as well as if it was yisterday; an' lookin' down to the river to see what sorte of a day it id be, I seen young M'Gloghlin come up from a boat that had another man in it, that I didn't know, an' a young woman, wit a grey cloak on, met him. I didn't see her face at all, but only her back, and the two set down together in the boat, and pushed off. I tuk no notice, bekase what business had I? An' I knew Mr M'Gloghlin was a wild young fellow, an' maybe had some call to the girl. Well, your honour, afore I left home I saw the boat come back wit only the two men in her, but I tuk no notice thin either, bekase, siz I, I suppose they put her ashore somewhere doun the river a bit, siz I——."

"Who did you say this to?" said the magistrate.

"Oh, only to myself, sir—sorrow one else; an' thin off I wint, an' never heard a word more about it 'till last night, when I came home. So I thought it looked very quare, what I've been tellin' your honour, an' I was resolved to come t'ye."

"Did the woman you saw, appear to be coming from the direction of Hourighan's house?"

"Troth it was, your honour, that very direction."

The man's depositions were taken; another warrant made out for the apprehension of M'Gloghlin, and two mounted police sent for, to endeavour to put it in execution.

The next evening the magistrate received positive information, that young M'Gloghlin had been seen that morning, at a very early hour, steal-

ing into his father's house, and that he was probably still there. He at once determined to make a strong effort for his apprehension; and taking the two mounted police and some other attendants with him, he proceeded, as daylight fell, to the residence of the elder M'Gloghlin. An hour's riding brought them to the spot; the appearance of the place, like that of many of the residences of the better sort of farmers in Ireland, indicated plenty, without what the English call comfort—some finery, and no neatness. There was a sloping lawn before the house, which seemed not to have felt the plough, or the hand of the weeder, for a century. A road was made to sweep round before the door, which had once been bounded by posts connected by light chains; but all the chains and some of the posts were broken, and the road itself seemed to have been abandoned by foot-passengers, in favour of a "shorter cut," a narrow footpath, which ran down the centre of the lawn, and terminated by a gap in the hedge at the bottom, and which the servants and the sheep found a more convenient method of getting to the road, than going round by the gate. At this gate, however, Mr Morton halted; and desiring the two mounted police to leave their horses with the others, who were to watch that no one escaped from the premises, he advanced to the house. He was admitted without difficulty, and could perceive, by the manner of those whom he addressed, that his appearance was not altogether unexpected. He told them at once, and in courteous and compassionate language, the object of his visit, and required, that if the young man were there, he should be given up. He was answered by the mother of young M'Gloghlin, the same who was mentioned in the beginning of our story.

She had been a beauty in her youth, but was now a coarse and bold-featured woman; her eyes still flashed with something of the vivacity of former times, and her face was flushed with passion.—"Give him up!" said she; "And why should we give him up to you, supposin' that he was here? What call have you to him? Did he ever do you any harm? and why should you want to murdther the boy, that I b'lieve wouldn't know you if he was lookin' you in the face?—You may go your ways, Mr Morton, an' mind your prachein', if you have any to mind, for you'll get none of him here."

"I am sorry, sir," said the magistrate, addressing her husband, "to do what must be so painful to you; but I have positive information, and must search the house—the officers are in the hall."

"Sarche away, thin," said the woman; "an' may the ——"

Her husband checked the curse which was coming to her lips, and ordering her sternly to be quiet, the men proceeded on their search. They could not find him in the dwelling-house.

"I cannot discharge my duty," said Mr Morton, "without having your out-offices also searched; and as it is now almost dark, I must request you will send some one with a light to guide us to them." He purposely watched the countenance of the woman, and perceived it shaken by agitation at his proposal to proceed with the search, but fear of her husband kept her silent.

Old M'Gloghlin merely answered, "he might do as he pleased."

"Will you let this boy carry the light?" said the magistrate, pointing to a thin but hardy-looking fair-haired boy, of ten or twelve years of age, who had sat looking sharply on, at every turn of the policemen, but had never uttered a word. This lad was the brother of young M'Gloghlin, but Mr Morton did not know that; and he thought that from his youth, he would be less apt to deceive them in their search than any one else in the house. In this, however, he was mistaken: the boy was quiet and silent in his manners, but possessed more acuteness than all the rest in the house put together. He looked at his father when he heard the question put; and gathering his assent from the expression of his eye, he arose to take the light.

"No—dinny—no," cried his mother, rushing forward; and then as if suddenly recollecting herself,—"well, thin, do, but—;" and she bent over the boy, and whispered in his ear, "but dinny, darlin',—mind what you're about—lade thim off, an' you'll see what I'll give you. An' if you doan't," continued she, clenching her

teeth, "I'll dash your brains out whin they're gone."

The boy neither answered nor trembled, but led the way for the policemen, with a small lantern in his hand. There was a gentleness and simplicity in the lad's manner, which led Mr Morton to think, that if he were cross-questioned, or threatened, he would be able to obtain from him the information, whether the person he sought for was in the place or not; but he felt an instinctive abhorrence towards inducing the boy to betray the young man, villain as he believedhim to be, and he therefore chose rather to trust to the vigilance of his search.

The way led through a farm-yard, filled with stacks of hay and corn, which the policemen proposed to prod with their swords, as the object of their search might possibly be concealed within them.

"But you might wound him, or kill him, if he really were there," said the magistrate, "which you have no right to do, unless he makes violent resistance."

"If that be all you're afraid of, sir," said the boy, "they may prod away—they'll hurt no one there, I'll warrant, except it be the mice that make nests in the stacks, and that'll do us no harm."

"Some of this hay appears to have been tossed about lately?"

"Yes, sir, they were bringin' it up to the loft for the horses."

"Where is the loft?"

"There's two or three of them, sir —I'll show them to you."

He led the way along a little passage, bounded by a hedge, from which the little birds flew out, startled by the light, as it passed. "The poor little birds, sir, is frightened as if you were serchin' for them. It's a pity to disturb them, sir, isn't it? poor things that's tired enough, I'll engage, flyin' about wit their little wings all day."

"Is it possible," thought the magistrate, "that this boy can talk so lightly, if he really knows the man to be lurking about here. I think we must have been wrong informed, after all."

They examined three lofts without success; and the boy, after holding the lantern for them, with great patience, was proceeding back by the way they had come, when Mr Morton remarked another small building in a corner of the inclosure which they had not gone into.

"It's only an ould lumber-house," said the boy.

"I see some marks on the ground, as if hay had been carried into it lately," observed Mr Morton.

The boy, for the first time, betrayed a slight hesitation, as he answered, "Maybe they did put hay into it—sometimes they do." But still he held back, and seemed anxious they should return without examining farther.

"We must trouble you to bring the light there, my boy," said the magistrate. "We must examine every place."

They found, on entering the lower apartment, that it was, as the boy had said, a lumber-house, where old cart wheels, and hay forks, and scythe handles lay scattered about. In one corner, however, they discovered a step ladder, and a trap-door above it leading into the loft.

"I suppose I needn't go up, sir?" said the little guide; "it's the same just as this place."

"We must see it, though," replied the magistrate; "it will not keep you long."

The boy slowly ascended the ladder, and the magistrate motioned to one of the men to follow: The man looked, however, rather suspiciously at the narrow trap-door, and observed that if there were any one above, it was very dangerous, as one man in such a situation might knock a regiment on the head before they could get into the loft.

"I shall lead the way, then," said Mr Morton, as he ascended into the apartment unmolested, followed by the two men. There was lumber in the room, and some sheaves of straw piled against the walls, which the policemen prodded with their swords, still without success, and they were about to descend, when it occurred to Mr Morton, that the boy had not walked about in the room as in the other places, but had stood with his back to one particular spot, shading it from the light, while he held the lantern towards the other places which the men examined. He therefore turned back, and looking steadily at the boy, he thought he saw him slightly start, as he told the men they should look in that spot which they had omitted. There was an old trunk in the spot,

which had a quantity of hay piled upon it, over which were loosely thrown a few old sacks.

"You'll spoil the sacks, if you thrust your swords there," said the boy.

"We'll take them away first, then," said one of the men. He did so—and struck his sword into the hay—a loud shriek followed the thrust, and young M'Gloghlin sprung from the hay, and surrendered himself. The sword had not touched him, and had he lain still he might have escaped; but the danger was too much for his nerves, and he fell unwounded into their hands.

He was unprepared for resistance, and did not attempt it, but in sullen silence suffered his hands to be secured, and was led down to the yard. His mother, who, at a little distance, had followed the whole search, muttering a thousand praises of her "darlin' little cute white-headed boy," for whom, until this instance of his dexterity in endeavouring to elude the vigilance of the police officers, she had never shown much symptom of affection, was now almost frantic at the capture of her favourite son.

"Let my boy go, you hell hounds," said she, rushing towards the policemen—and then perceiving the utter helplessness of violence, she threw herself on her knees before the magistrate, and clasping her hands, besought his mercy with all the vehemence of the strongest of all earthly feelings, a mother's affection for a favourite son. He was wicked, and she knew him to be so—her own heart was vicious and deceitful; but one spot in it was still loyal to nature and a mother's love, and in the passionate agony of fear and affection, she sunk in the dust before the magistrate, and besought his compassion on her misery.

"Oh, Mr Morton," she exclaimed, "Mr Morton, jewel, don't take him away from me—don't take away my boy—my darlin' boy, to murdther and destroy him. I'll engage for him he'll never do anything wrong again—I'll watch him myself for you, day and night; but oh, lave him wit me, an' may Christ an' the Blessed Queen of Heaven pour blessin's upon you for ever an' ever!"

"I am exceedingly sorry," said Mr Morton, much affected by the woman's vehemence of manner, "exceedingly sorry, indeed, for this unfortunate occurrence; but there is a public duty to be performed, and what you ask is altogether impossible."

"Oh, dear Mr Morton, don't say so," said the wretched mother, still on her knees. "Oh, think of your own childern, sir, an' how you'd feel if they were taken away to be butchered, and their mother left like me to die of great sorrow and a broken heart—he's my eldest boy, sir, one of the only two I ever had, an' for the love of Christ, don't take him away to kill him!"

"Rise from your knees, unhappy woman," said Mr Morton; "or if you remain, pray to God for some peace and comfort under your calamity, and not to me, who can yield you nothing. Your son must submit to the course of justice—he is charged with dreadful crimes."

"It is a lie.—It is a lie," said the wretched woman, starting up; "you want to destroy him, you want his blood—ay, you hard-hearted villain, that's what you want; an' may my curse, an' the curse of all belongin' to me, torment you while you live, an' gnaw your sowl in hell, where you'll surely be afore long!"

"Take him away, take him away," said the Magistrate, "this is too shocking."

I omit the details of the trial of M'Gloghlin. The evidence against him was arranged with all the skill and care of which it was capable. The best "counsellors" were employed, and no trial for many a long year and day excited so intense an interest. He was a Protestant, or at least so reputed, and an opinion was abroad amongst the people, which the priests did by no means discourage, that "unless they," that is, the authorities of the land, "couldn't help it, he would not be found guilty." Found guilty, however, he was, after a most patient investigation, and a very long deliberation of the Jury.

Then the report ran through the populace, that although found guilty, he would not be executed; they were sure he would get a reprieve, and that justice would not be done upon a Protestant for murdering a Catholic. M'Gloghlin all along denied the murder; his sole defence was his own simple and determined denial that he had murdered Norah Sullivan. The morning of execution arrived, and still the people could not believe he was to

die. A coach was procured to carry him from the jail to the scaffold—the horses, frightened at something in the crowd, ran away, and the wretched man, handcuffed as he was, through the instinct of self-preservation, burst open the door, and jumped out, lest he should be overturned. Even this circumstance the people laid hold upon, to strengthen their favourite idea, that he was not to suffer the punishment due to his crimes—they said it was a trick to cause delay, and that he would be taken back to jail. They were again mistaken. The horses were stopped, M'Gloghlin again put into the carriage, borne to the place of execution, and hanged; but not until he was dead, and in accordance with the tenor of his sentence, his body given to the surgeons to be anatomized, would the common people believe, that the severity of the law would be actually enforced against one who was neither a poor man nor a Roman Catholic. In more recent times, however, this feeling has greatly died away.

M'Gloghlin died as he had lived, sullen, and ferocious, and with his last breath protesting a lie. He asserted to the very last that he was not guilty of the murder. This circumstance caused some uneasiness to those, whom the circumstantial evidence had convinced of his guilt; but in about a year afterwards, his associate Sheehan, who was also executed for the murder of a soldier in an affray about a private still, made while under sentence a full confession of the matter, which explained M'Gloghlin's denial to have arisen from his not having actually committed the murder with his own hands—and afforded the materials for the foregoing tale.

J.

WHIG RETRENCHMENT—AND PLAN FOR THE REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

From 1680 to 1828, almost every year has produced most alarming predictions of the speedy ruin of this country, from the pressure of its debt, and from the consequent increase of taxation. The first of these awful prophecies which we have seen, is intituled "Britannia Languens," or a "Discourse on Trade;" the last, an appalling article in the 92d Number of the Edinburgh Review. We could almost say with Henry IV. of France, whose death the astrologers were every year foretelling, "These fellows must be right at last;" but as the country has been progressively increasing in wealth and power during the last one hundred and fifty years, we are somewhat inclined to doubt the predictions of these gifted seers, and to look for other causes than national debt and taxation to effect the ruin of the Queen of Nations. At the same time, we do not pretend to say that either or both may not mediately cause rapine, bloodshed, and revolution, and bring ruin on thousands; but the immediate causes of mischief will be the ignorant aid and rash experiments of the political economists and would-be philosophers of the age in which we live; mistaking symptoms of health for those of disease, they will convert what might be goodly food into poison, and their unlucky patient will at last die of the doctor.

Qu'est-ce donc que toute cette affaire? Et que me voulez vous?

Vous guerir.

Me guerir?

Oui.

Parbleu, je ne suis pas malade!

This pithy expostulation might fairly be used by the nation with the crowd of financial quacks, who would fain cure her of the disorders incident to her state of wealth and prosperity; but, unfortunately, John Bull resembles rather the Malade Imaginaire than the M. de Pourceaugnac of the witty dramatist; he will be ill in spite of health; he will be poor in spite of riches; and we must, like Toinette, indulge for a while the delusion, in order to dispel it. Hé bien, oui, Monsieur, vous êtes malade; n'ayons point de querelle là-dessus; oui, vous êtes fort malade, j'en demeure d'accord, et plus malade que vous ne pensez; voilà qui est fait.—In truth, John Bull is so much more ill than he is aware, that we see no chance of effecting his cure speedily, but must rely on the slow and sure operation of time. In time he will get rid of the deadly nostrums of

"Free Trade," relaxed "Navigation Laws," non-protection to Agriculture, &c. &c. all which he has of late so greedily swallowed, to the manifest injury of his health. He will then begin to see that a national debt and taxation are not such undiluted evils as he supposed them to be; he will then acknowledge that, so far as home production and home demand are concerned, the conversion of capital into revenue, which is the effect of the one, must necessarily increase the proportion of demand to the supply; and that the conversion of the revenue of individuals into the revenue of the government, which is the effect of the other, can have no tendency to diminish the general amount of demand. But he is too ill just now for physic, however salutary; all we can do for him at present, is to agree, *oui, vous etes fort malade;* and, without venturing to prescribe any remedies of our own, to show him the probable effects of those so confidently recommended to him by other and more daring doctors. In order to do this, we shall examine a prescription which appeared in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, not only because it is the newest and latest, but because, containing, as we will show, ingredients of the most dangerous nature, we shall be the better able to guess at the remaining contents of the Whig political pharmacopœia. Our readers will doubtless remember, and if they do not, the printed reports of the speeches in Parliament for the last 20 years will remind them, how that the Whigs have constantly and unceasingly, and session after session, charged every administration with unnecessary expenditure of the public money, more especially in support of our military, naval, and other establishments of the like nature: how they have over and over again, affirmed, and produced calculations, to show, that a vast reduction might be made in every one of them, and a mint of money saved annually to the country. St Stephens yet rings with what they could and would do in the way of retrenchment and economy, if they had the management of our ill managed affairs. Many persons, we believe, staggered by their bold assertions, dazzled by the glitter of their theories, or moved by their pathetic description of the miseries of the country, were induced to join their party, and wish for their admission to power. Men who would have laughed at the idea of consulting Dr Eady in any matter of bodily ailment, yet thought that, in the matter of finance, Joseph Hume might do some good. We who have tracked them through the various mazes of inconsistency, have long since reached the *nil admirari* point with regard to their actions and opinions; but the misled persons above alluded to, will perhaps hear the following declaration with some surprise:—"We believe that Lord Goderich and his colleagues have the public interest too much at heart to hesitate about giving the fullest effect to every practicable scheme of retrenchment. At the same time, however, we must say, that those who expect that any retrenchments which it is in the power of the best intentioned and most powerful ministers to adopt, will, of themselves, afford any *material relief* from the pressure of taxation, are a *great deal* more sanguine than we are." Now this is precisely the answer which former Tory administrations gave to the Whig clamours for retrenchment. When the late Lord Londonderry, in the language of truth rather than of prudence, talked of an "ignorant impatience of taxation," what indignation was expressed! What charges of want of feeling and want of ability were heaped on his devoted head! Yet now, the Edinburgh Review, the Whig organ, coolly tells the people, "You are very much oppressed by taxes, no doubt, but hope nothing from retrenchment—no *material relief* can be afforded you from that source." Not content with thus, at one stroke, dashing from our lips the cup which their own hands had filled to the brim with hope, these cruel Whigs will not even allow us the little comfort we might obtain from the dregs, but proceed with hyper-stoical apathy to show that expenditure in each department is already on the lowest possible scale. "Some savings may be made; but it is *visionary* to imagine that they can have any *perceptible* effect on the financial condition of the country." As to the Army,—"it is very doubtful whether there are at present any considerable number of supernumerary soldiers in the country."—As to the Navy, "we have very great doubts

whether it is not already reduced as low as it can safely be carried."—As to the Ordnance and Miscellaneous Departments, "we do not profess to be able to form any opinion."—"On the whole, we are persuaded, that if we estimate the entire amount of the savings that might be effected by such a retrenchment as should lop off every useless expense, without, however, in any degree impairing the power of government to maintain the *tranquillity* and *independence* of the country, at *two* or *three* millions, we shall be *very far indeed beyond the mark.*"

And very grateful, indeed, will the country be to any man, or to any set of men, who will fairly prove that such a sum, however paltry it may appear in the eyes of a "liberal" minister, can with safety be abstracted from the support of the said establishments. *We* have little doubt that the effects of such a saving would be "perceptible," and the "relief" afforded by it "material." But retrenchment is not always economy, nor innovation improvement; and it gratified us not a little to perceive the new light which had broken in upon a party with whom these terms have hitherto appeared to be synonymous. How to account for it did, we confess, puzzle us somewhat at first: to suppose that they had only just now discovered of how great importance it is to the "tranquillity" and "independence" of the country, that her establishments, naval, military, &c. be kept in a state of efficiency, was almost impossible;—still less possible was it to conceive that a sudden fit of candour had disposed them to confess that all their former schemes and calculations for reducing these expensive establishments had been erroneous. A little reflection, however, solved the difficulty. Whilst the Whig scribe was inditing his goodly article, the Whigs were virtually in power, and fancying themselves firmly seated on the long-wished for benches, they were unwilling to part with those advantages which attend an administration possessing an ample income, and extensive means of patronage;—hence the marvellous change of tone—hence the sneer at those "who endeavour to catch at a little popularity, by making proposals for stripping the facings from the jackets of the hussars, or by denouncing an abuse in the contract for spurs." Alas, poor Joseph! and is this the return you get for all your wakeful nights, and long laborious days—for your drouthy calculations, and drouthier harangues! Ingratitude can go no farther.

But the chapter of Whig inconsistency must not close here. It is by the Edinburgh Review that we are at length told that the present military establishment is no greater than is necessary to preserve not only the "tranquillity" but the "independence" of the country—that *enormous peace establishment* in which Whig economists have so long foreseen the ruin of our finances, and Whig patriots the certain destruction of our liberties, must not be touched. No, any reduction that may be made in the army must be effected by abandoning our colonies;—the *enormous peace establishment* (how well we remember the words) must be kept up;—and why? —because—"It is clear that with an immense *manufacturing population* congregated into large masses, liable to be suddenly thrown out of employment, and exposed to every sort of privation, a *powerful military force* is *indispensable* for *preserving the peace of the country, and giving confidence* to the owners of property." This is perhaps true;—it is true also, as the writer goes on to say, that, "had it not been for the activity with which troops were poured into Lancashire on the breaking out of the *riots* there in the spring of 1826, it is impossible to say how much property might have been destroyed." We will not stop to inquire into any slight shades of difference which might exist between the *riots* of 1826 and the *constitutional* meeting at Manchester, though all who remember the events of that period, must be sensible that the latter was a *riot* of an infinitely more dangerous character, than those of 1826, alluded to by the Reviewer. It gave rise to the most reprobated "Six acts." —it occasioned the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act; yet on an occurrence of minor importance, a Whig acknowledges the *unconstitutional* use of soldiery to have been necessary for the preservation of property and peace. But we will ask, where then is the sound policy of increasing these already immense and dangerous masses; these human brulôts, which, lest a spark, struck off from chances to which manufactures will ever be lia-

ble, should cause to explode, and spread terror and destruction around them, must be watched by a vast military force? Can that policy be sound which would make the country at once a workshop, and a garrison? a mighty combination of steam-engines, and dragoons? Yet it is the fashion of the day to decry all modes of accumulating national wealth, except the manufacturing;—to seek by a free trade in corn, to force yet more capital from agriculture, to drive our rural labourers from the plough to the loom, and to add thousands more to a population, "liable to be suddenly thrown out of employment and exposed to every sort of privation." It would not be difficult, if our limits would allow us, to show that the pressure which affects the manufacturing and commercial branches of our industry is caused by too much capital having been, by various causes, turned from the channel in which it would have naturally flowed, namely, the improvement of the soil, into those of manufactures and commerce; and that if it had not been so diverted, we should have been as a nation actually wealthier. But allowing for a moment that the latter modes of employing capital, do tend the most rapidly to wealth, can we contemplate their effects on that important part of the community, the labouring class, without perceiving

"How wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land;"

and without wishing that the other course had been pursued, even though we had been somewhat less rich? Pauperism and crime, impaired health and vitiated morals, seem to follow as naturally in the train of manufactures, as rapine and cruelty in that of war; but, as observes a writer of the present day, whose inquiries into the subject of pauperism, do credit both to his heart and to his understanding, "History would certainly encourage the conviction, that it is not in the nature of the humblest agricultural or pastoral pursuits to depress the intellect, corrupt the taste, or impair the virtuous feeling of those who are engaged in them."*

Having now stated what in our Doctor's opinion ought *not to be* done, we shall proceed to examine what he thinks ought *to be done* towards effecting the cure of our disordered state. The first of his *minor* remedies is to open the ports to foreign growers of corn, by which measure he puts no less a sum than L.19,200,000 annually into the pocket of the country, without taking anything worth speaking of out of that of the English landlord. Marvellous man!—Secondly, by depriving the West India planters of the monopoly of the home market, he saves L.1,583,000 more.—Dear Doctor! Thirdly, by abolishing the charter of the East India company, L.2,000,000 and fourthly, by the equalization of the duties on timber, L.1,500,000—making in all the lumping sum of L.24,283,000 sterling!! Truly now, Swift's "Wonder, of all the Wonders that ever the world wondered at, the famous artist John Emanuel Schoitz," was a very common, every day sort of person, compared with this man!

We have neither time nor inclination at present, to discuss all these matters at length, and the much mooted questions of tea and timber must wait a while longer. With regard to the first, and most important subject, the protection of home agriculture, we have in former numbers so fully exposed the injustice and impolicy of impoverishing the British grower of corn, in order to force open another and a worse market for the British manufacturer, that if we have hitherto failed to convince all those on whose minds it is at all worth while to work conviction, no new arguments that we could now adduce, would have the effect. One observation, however, we will make, in addition to those formerly offered to our readers, and for this reason, namely, that the writer of the article, now under examination, is disposed, not only to sacrifice the British farmer to the manufacturing interest in his own country, and to the agriculturist of another, but also, as will be more clearly seen by and by, to enrich the fundholder at his expense. We say then, that if by withdrawing from agriculture the protection now afforded to it, the price of corn were to fall to 50 shillings per quarter (and it would probably fall much lower,)

* Rev. C. D. Brereton's Practical Inquiry into the Numbers, Means of Employment, and Wages of Agricultural Labourers.

and labour and other commodities in the like proportion, the fundholder would be benefited, not only at the expense of the owners and occupiers of land, but at that also of the industrious classes of society, and consequently at the expense of the wealth and prosperity of the whole country; and we prove it thus:—During the *twenty* years from 1794 to 1813, the average price of British corn was about 83 shillings per quarter—during the last *ten* years of the above period, 92 shillings—and during the last *five* years of the same period, 108 shillings. Now, during these said twenty years, nearly 500 millions were added to the capital of the debt at a rate of interest, amounting, on a rough average, and exclusive of the sinking fund, to about five per cent. But if the price of corn should fall to 50 shillings a quarter, and that of other commodities in proportion instead of about five per cent, the stockholder would really receive 7, 8, 9,; and for the last 200 millions, *ten* per cent. And who is to pay it? by whom alone can it be paid, but by the industrious classes, and by the landlords, that is, by all those whose nominal incomes will vary with the variations in the measure of value, and out of a nominal income, thus diminished by one half, they will have to pay the same nominal amount of taxation. Whigs and Political Economists may call this justice, but we, who (Heaven be praised) are neither the one nor the other, cannot so easily reconcile measures of such a tendency with our old fashioned notions of equity and fair dealing. If to open the ports to foreign corn be indeed of such immense importance to the welfare of the country, as they would have us believe, let the fundholder contribute his share towards the good work, by giving up such a portion of his capital as may be equivalent to the loss the agriculturists would sustain on theirs;—let him do this, and there will be some degree of fairness in the proposition.

On the relative qualities of West India and of East India sugar, and on the policy of equalizing the duties on them, by which measure individuals would, if we may believe the Doctor, save at least a penny a pound in that article, and the nation at large a million and a half, we cannot at present enter. We are sure, however, that a trade or monopoly, call it which you will, by which British manufactures, to the amount of five millions, are on the average annually exported, and which contributes more to support the strength of our navy than any other trade we possess, is not a thing to be tampered with by such men as our friend the Doctor. Most people would have rested quite satisfied with effecting a saving to the amount before stated. Not so the Doctor. He is one of that active class of persons who think that nought is done whilst ought remains which may be done; and, having prepared his patient by gentle doses, he now proceeds to effect a radical cure, by paying off one half of the national debt, and thus saving about 15 millions more annually.

The payment of this debt, our readers scarcely need be informed, has been, for upwards of a century, the grand desideratum of financial projectors; like the favourite hobby of mechanicians, perpetual motion, it has been ridden at full speed by many a galloping genius; and, like that hobby, it has never failed to spill his rider, and leave him sprawling. A gentleman jockey, in the reign of George I., a Mr Archibald Hutcheson, mounted, in the hope of being able to keep the saddle, but he too bit the dust; for though the scheme he proposed was, says Hume, "approved of by some men of sense, it was never likely to take effect;" and his scheme was this—to deduct 10 per cent from the principal of the funded debt, and to lay an assessment of 10 per cent on all other capital in the country: a power was to be given, by act of Parliament, to the proprietors of estates to sell as much of them as might be required to defray their share of the assessment, notwithstanding any *disability* arising from *settlements* or *entails*, (we beg our readers to bear in mind this part of the plan,) and to enable them to deduct 10 per cent from all mortgages and other burdens with which they might be affected. The only difference that we can perceive between Mr Hutcheson's plan and the one now proposed by the Whig organ, is that which results from the increased amount of the debt. In the reign of George I. an assessment of 10 per cent would have extinguished the

whole: in the reign of George IV., it seems it would require an assessment of 12 per cent to free us from one half of the burden. This calculation may or may not be accurate; but, as its accuracy or inaccuracy will not affect the principle of the plan, we shall take the figures as put down for us; our purpose being to shew that the scheme itself is impracticable; that if it were practicable, it would not be useful; and that if it were both practicable and useful, it would be unjust. Of the sum proposed to be paid off, namely, 233 millions, we may suppose 100 millions to be levied on funded property, 100 millions on landed estates, and the remaining 33 millions on all other capital. The operation of striking off 100 millions from the capital of the fundholder, is certainly not difficult; it has been done in other countries with all possible facility,—the foreign holders, perhaps, would be somewhat dissatisfied, and, on considering the kind of recompense likely to be afforded them, their discontent would not appear very unreasonable. Thirty-three millions might perhaps, though we can scarcely conceive even that to be possible, be raised on capital of various kinds, but to levy 100 millions on land is, we may venture to affirm, an absolute impossibility. Two modes are, however, suggested by the author of the scheme, one of which is, that the land-owners should borrow a sufficient sum to pay the assessment by way of mortgage on their land, and the other, that they should sell such a portion of it as would raise the sum required. This sounds remarkably well; but he has forgotten the important *if*. If the landowners would consent to either, all might go on smoothly enough perhaps,—but suppose they should not—suppose they should absolutely refuse either to encumber their estates, or dreading the reproach of their children, "Hunc agrum patres nostri acceptum a patribus suis perdiderunt," to alienate any part of them by sale? That they would refuse and resist, we have no doubt; and that their refusal and resistance would be justifiable, we shall speedily shew. The Doctor, however, not having contemplated a case of contumacy on their part, has neglected to furnish us with a *tertium quid*, which we must supply. Government, armed with all the formidable powers with which this modern Whig is willing, because the purpose is evil, to invest it, must, of course, seize and sell certain portions of land to the amount of 100 millions. Now we are willing to suppose a government endowed with all the "means and appliances" of tyranny that Whig or Radical could invent or bestow,—we will even suppose the country gentlemen to have lost so much of their ancient spirit as tamely to allow it, "hastam in foro ponere, et bona civium voci subjicere præconis,"—we will suppose all this, and then, can any man in his sober senses talk of bringing 100 millions worth of land into the market? Can any man out of a strait waistcoat indulge such an extravagant notion? Can any man, whose head and heart have not been corrupted and debased by modern Whiggism contemplate the effect of such an act without shuddering? Never, not even in the worst periods of Rome, did the heads of her factions, in all their auctions of rapine, set up to sale the goods of the conquered citizens to such an enormous amount; and shall it be in England that Whig, Radical, or money-mongering Jew shall dare to say, "hastâ positâ, cum bona in foro venderet et bonorum virorum et locupletium, et certè civium, *prædam suam* se vendere?" Again, putting out of the question the enormous depreciation which must necessarily be caused by such a glut, and which would of itself defeat the object of the measure, where, we would ask, where are purchasers to be found? Fundholders, the only class of persons possessing convertible capital, would not invest it in scattered fields and disunited acres, which must be let to an adjoining occupier on any terms, and at whatsover rent he might please to offer. No, no; the money-monger understands too well the doctrines of main chance, to employ his cash so unprofitably—

> "Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
> Quærit calendis ponere."

Secondly, if it were practicable, it would not be useful—the results would not be those stated by the projector—"a rise in the rate of profits" would *not* "take place"—they would fall—"the efflux of capital to foreign countries" would *not* "be put a stop to," but encouraged. Foreign commerce

would languish, and the operations of industry would be deprived of a powerful stimulus. It will not, we imagine, be denied, that the greatest powers of production are rendered comparatively useless without adequate consumption, and that a proper distribution of produce is as necessary to the continued increase of wealth, as the means of producing it. If this be true, will it be contended, that to diminish the national debt, and to remove taxation, is the way to increase the national wealth, and to provide employment for the labouring classes? Will it be asserted, that with the great powers of production which this country possesses, the same stimulus would have been given to production, without such a body of unproductive consumers as that which lives on the interest of the national debt? Surely not. The effect of this great unproductive class on production may be familiarly illustrated thus:—If an estate of L.5000 per annum has a mortgage on it for L.2000 per annum, two families, both in good circumstances, may be living on the rents of it, and both will have considerable demands for furniture, carriages, broad cloth, silk, cottons, &c. The owner of the estate is certainly worse off than if the mortgage did not exist, but the manufacturers and labourers who supply the silks, cottons, &c. are benefited; for, suppose the mortgage annihilated, the owner of the estate would be enriched—his *power* of consuming manufactured articles would unquestionably be increased—not so his *will*. No man wears more coats, hats, or boots than he wants, merely because he is rich. He *would* have the *power*, and most probably the *will*, to increase his retinue of servants, his stud of horses, and his kennel of hounds. The labourer who supplied the coats, hats, and silks of the extinguished mortgagee, who had both the *power* and the *will* to consume such commodities, would be thrown out of employment, for no new tastes or wants of the enriched owner could restore the demand, and the substituted demand would be less favourable to the increase of the capital and general resources of the country. Thus a debt is a benefit, inasmuch as it not only enables consumption to keep pace with the immense powers of production possessed by this country, but stimulates those powers to an exertion, which no other means could possibly call forth. We have throughout our argument supposed, that the whole sum now paid by the landowner to the public creditor would be spent—in a manner less favourable to productive industry, and to the general well-being of society, but still that it would be *spent*. If, on the contrary, it were *saved*, the effect would be still worse; and if, in addition to saving, the landlords were to take to lending their increased incomes, as suggested by Mr Ricardo, the evil would be increased in a tenfold degree. More revenue being converted into capital, profits would fall to nothing, a much greater quantity of capital would emigrate, or be destroyed at home, and a much greater number of persons would be starving for want of employment, than before the extinction of the debt. "Oh, but," we hear the Doctor say, "I do not mean to annihilate the public creditor—I only mean to take 12 per cent from the amount of his capital, and to exchange with him land or money for 12 per cent more." Now, if our reasoning be true on the hypothesis of the diminished power of consumption of one unproductive class, *à fortiori*, it is true on that of the diminished power of consumption of two classes, namely, of that which lives on rent, in addition to that which lives on taxes—and not only would the common *power* of these classes to consume be diminished, but their common *will* also; for, says the writer, "a new spirit of *economy* would be infused," "every one would be anxious to discharge his fortune of the encumbrances entailed upon it, and, by *increased frugality*, to make up that portion of capital which had been taken away by the assessment." Now, if the science of Political Economy deserve the name of a science,—if it be not altogether drivelling nonsense, *that production depends on the power and will to consume*, must be one of its acknowledged principles. The plan proposed by the Edinburgh Review would, we have shewn, diminish both, so far as home consumption is concerned; and it would signify little to be able to export cheap goods, if the distribution of property at home were not such as to occasion an adequate *power* and *will* to purchase and consume the returns for these goods, the quantity of capi-

tal which could be employed in the foreign trade of consumption would be diminished instead of increased.

So much, then, for the utility of the proposed measure. Now for its justice. The gross burden of taxation falls at present, as it ought to do, on all classes of the community, and with an equality which renders it comparatively light; but by the proposed plan, the weight would be thrown on two classes of capitalists *mainly*, if not *entirely*, the holder of funded, and the owner of landed property. The former would, however, suffer no loss to be at all compared with that which would be sustained by the latter, as may be easily proved even to those who require the longest time "to absorb a fact." On the reduction of one-half of the debt, the remaining half would rise so prodigiously in value, that the holder would suffer but little actual, if any, depreciation of property,—his 1000 3 per cent consols would sell for nearly as much on the Stock Exchange, as his 2000 would have done before the reduction. The reduced expenses of living would amply compensate him for the diminution of his income. Not so in the case of the landlord; he would contribute a portion of his capital, in the first instance,—the fall which would necessarily take place in the produce of land, would compel him to reduce his rents in the next. Thus he would sustain a twofold injury, in capital and income, for which no reduction in the general expenses of living could possibly be anything like an adequate compensation. A few figures will perhaps set this in a yet clearer light. We will take the case of a fund-holder, possessed of

L.30,000 3 per cents.		
Interest on ditto, . . .		L.900 per annum.
Deduct contribution, at 12 per cent,	L.3600 0 0	
Remaining Stock, . .	L.26,400 0 0	
Interest on ditto, . .		L.792 per annum.
Difference of income to fundholder, .		L.108

Now, let us take the case of a landlord, possessed of an estate worth L.30,000; and we will suppose, that after the various deductions to which landed income is subject, he puts into his pocket a clear L.900 per annum.

Value of Estate, . .	L.30,000 0 0	
Rent of ditto, ...		L.900 per annum.
Deduct interest of L.3600 borrowed to pay assessment, at 4 per cent, .	144	
Decrease of rent, caused by fall of produce, 25 per cent, . .	225	
Deduct, ...		L.369
Difference of income to landowner, .		L.531

In the above statement, we really believe we have erred, if at all, in favour of the landowner; we question whether, under the increased value of money, he could obtain a mortgage at 4 per cent; and we are quite sure, that in calculating the reduction of rent at 25 per cent, we are within the mark. Neither have we taken into the account the law expenses, which, in spite of the reduced professional fees to which allusion is made, would, we apprehend, be somewhat heavy. We have, however, stated enough to shew the gross injustice of the scheme; and he who imagines that any administration, even though, like the Roman Dictator, it were at the head of six legions, could carry it into execution, knows but little of the temper and spirit of British landlords. They are not, it is true, easily brought to combine and to direct their undivided energies to any one point; but the attempt to enforce such a plan as this, would bind them in the strictest union. The struggle would be dreadful; but the result not doubtful. The whole

of the debt would be spunged out, and the public creditor would not get one farthing. And, after all, this would be a minor evil to the nation at large, than the change and division of property recommended. Public credit, it is true, would receive a shock, but it would in no very long time recover itself. "The fear of an everlasting destruction of credit," says Hume, "is a needless bugbear."—"A prudent man in reality would rather lend to the public, immediately after we had taken a spunge to our debts, than at present; inasmuch as an opulent knave, even though one could not force him to pay, is a preferable debtor to an honest bankrupt; for the former, in order to carry on business, may find it his interest to discharge his debts where they are not exorbitant; the latter has it not in his power." But this scheme of the Edinburgh Reviewer as well as that of Hutcheson, is founded on the erroneous supposition that the *National Debt* is not the debt *of* the public *to* the public, but the debt of one class, namely, landowners, to another class, namely, fundholders; and that the land of each individual of the one class is actually pledged to each individual of the other, in proportion to his share of the debt. Now, this may be a very comfortable creed for the fundholder, but it is utterly without foundation. It is to the property of the citizen, and not to the demands of the creditor of the state, that the first and original faith of civil society is pledged. The estates of individuals, whether acquired by purchase or by descent, were no part of the lender's security, either expressed or implied. They never so much as entered his head when he made his bargain. He well knew that the public, whether represented by a monarch or by a senate, can pledge nothing but the *public estate*, and it can have no public estate except in what it derives from a just and proportioned imposition upon the citizens at large. This was engaged, and nothing else could be engaged to the public creditor. "No man," says Burke, "can mortgage his injustice as a pawn for his fidelity." It is not so long since loans were raised in this country, that the people can have forgotten how they are made, and what are the engagements entered into by the minister of the day who contracts for them. He tells the public that he wants to borrow a certain sum of money,—he proposes certain taxes, and shews by calculation that the produce of them will be sufficient and more than sufficient to pay the interest of the sum so borrowed—the monied man thinks so too, or he would not lend. Both minister and moneymonger may, however, be wrong in their calculations—the taxes may fall short—and what then? Who is to blame? Clearly the servant of the public who borrowed, or the capitalist who lent his money on insufficient security, and not the landowner who had nothing to do with the bargain, who hath tasted none of its sweets, and who knows nothing more of it than that he is by their dealings taxed from head to foot. We should like to know whether the speculators who so greedily lent their money to Old Spain and to New Spain, did collectively or individually suppose that they had a claim for a certain portion of land in either country—a sheepwalk in the one, or a mine in the other? Did Joseph and his brethren, those liberal proprietors of the Greek loan, fondly imagine that if the Greek revenue could not pay, they were to have "some bright little Isle of their own," by way of recompense? They have indulged in many fancies very strange, wild, and extravagant, but we do not suspect them of this. In short, every speculator who, since 1794 has lent his aid, when a loan was wanted, to bear down the funds to the lowest possible price in order that he might drive the hardest possible bargain with the minister, and squeeze the largest possible sum out of the public pocket, knows well enough that he has a right to the produce of public taxes, but none whatever to the property of individuals. But to bring the matter to a closer issue. If the public creditor has a real mortgage on the land, it is unjust to require him to give up any portion of it as by the proposed plan; if he has not, it is unjust towards the landowner to saddle his property with an incumbrance which never before existed. Again, if it be a mortgage, it must have existed from the first contraction of the debt on entailed estates, as well as on those not entailed. But one part of the proposed scheme is, that an act be passed *enabling* possessors of *entailed* estates

to *sell notwithstanding settlements* or *entails;* therefore, no mortgage was originally contemplated or agreed on, otherwise such an act would be totally unnecessary. Finally, if it be a mortgage, it would be the height of injustice to render the landowners less able to pay the interest of it by depriving them of the monopoly of the home market for their produce, an advantage which they possessed when the mortgage was created. But we are perhaps fighting with shadows; we cannot suppose the fundholders to be so ignorant of the real nature of their security as to imagine they have any such claim. On the contrary, we suspect that, beginning to feel the frailty of the foundation on which their wealth is based, they would gladly devise some method of exchanging a portion of their 3 per cents for solid acres, and that the Article we have been examining is put forth for the purpose of feeling the pulse of the landed interest; to try whether they will tamely give up their paternal acres to Stock-jobbers and Jew brokers, and enable the tribe of the Alley to turn country gentlemen, on terms as gainful as those on which they made their loans with government. Whether the late administration might or might not have assisted them in their pastoral views, it is not now worth while to inquire. Let it not be supposed, from anything we have now said, that we are the enemy of the stockholder, or of his just claims; on the contrary, we are the firmest friend to both, and we have consequently, with feelings of deep regret and alarm, seen the public creditor join with a party whose political ends, or whose private interests will be best served by the degradation and ruin of that class of citizens, who form the surest prop to the prosperity and to the liberty of the country.

The landed interest has long been assailed by every shaft of ridicule and vituperation, that wit could invent or malice devise—it has disdained to reply, but let it not be supposed that it does not feel. The country gentlemen of England, a body of men unequalled in any country, ancient or modern, for moral worth and high honour, have been decried as avaricious, rapacious, unfeeling, and unjust—as willing to sacrifice the wealth of the rich and the labour of the poor at the shrine of private advantage. Their tenantry amongst whom they live, the poor who experience their support, advice, their protection, know that this is not so. They know and feel that it is not the landlord's exorbitant rent which causes their difficulties and distress, but they have a suspicion that if the thing called the *national debt* were wiped out, their condition would be improved. It is to these men that the landed body, stung by insult, and goaded by despair, may at last be driven to appeal. The grand secret, which men have hitherto only ventured to whisper in private and to safe listeners, may be openly and loudly pronounced to the people, and *the extinction of the debt* may form as constant a theme of popular clamour as cheap corn and no corn laws. Let the fundholder reflect on this, and he will see that the unholy alliance he has formed with dishonest and designing men, who intend to make him the *second* victim, may lead to the unhappiness of his country, and must end in his own ruin.

THE NINTH REPORT ON EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

THAT a large portion of the people of Ireland are deplorably in want of education, and that this want is productive of grievous evils to the State, are propositions which we need not accompany with evidence. All admit their truth; Government has been for some time, in the discharge of its duty, taking measures for supplying the peasantry of Ireland with schools.

The "Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry," in their Ninth Report, now before us, give a history of their unsuccessful attempt to bring the plan of education recommended in their First Report to the test of experiment. Their object was to establish, or assist in establishing, schools to be conducted in conformity with this plan. In these schools, the Protestant children were to be supplied with Testaments in the authorized version; and the Roman Catholic children with Testaments in the Douay version. This was for the separate religious instruction of the children. In addition, a compilation from the Four Gospels was to be provided, to be used by the children of both religions together. The Commissioners deemed it necessary to secure the books, before they attempted to establish any schools. Their first step was, to provide an edition of the Douay Testament for the separate use of the Catholic children, and in this, of course, they encountered no difficulty. They then endeavoured to procure a proper compilation from the Gospels, and here they failed; they could not procure one that was not objected to by either the heads of the Established Church, or those of the Roman Catholic one. The Report, in truth, consists almost wholly of an account of their proceedings in the matter.

At the outset the Commissioners directed their attention to White's Diatessaron, but on consulting the Roman Catholic prelates, the latter refused to sanction the work, because it was in the language of the authorized version of the Scriptures. They then applied to the Archbishop of Dublin for a selection from the Scriptures, to be "prepared in the first instance under the direction and superintendence of the authorities of the Established Church." The Archbishop in consequence furnished them with a work which he thus described in his accompanying letter. "It is an extract from the English edition of a work which was compiled at Petersburgh, for the use of schools, and which, under the command of the late Emperor, has been in use throughout the schools of the Russian empire since the year 1819. This work, which has been in high repute, and in widely-extended circulation, not only through Russia and England, but through the different countries of Europe, in their several languages, it was thought prudent to adopt as a ground-work for the selection to be formed, not only on account of its great celebrity as a scriptural school-book, but still more on account of the unsuspiciousness of its origin, having been first framed for the instruction of children of the Greek Church, which the Roman Catholics profess to consider as partaking more of the character of the Roman, than of the Reformed Church. At the same time, lest anything either in the subjects or the language of the portion selected from this work, should throw impediments in the way of its adoption for general use, a committee of five learned and judicious clergymen was appointed for a careful examination of its several parts, and for the special purpose of omitting whatever might be at variance in sense with the translations of Scripture in use amongst the Roman Catholics of this country."

The Commissioners laid this work before the Roman Catholic Prelates for their opinion. Dr Murray, in the name of the latter, stated, that it was taken "*exclusively* and *verbatim* from the Protestant version of the New Testament," therefore it was open to the same objections made to White's Diatessaron. He observed, "those objections might, in my opinion, be removed, if the matter of the work were abstracted both from the Catholic and Protestant versions, where they substantially agree, without the words being taken throughout *literatim* from either."

A work entitled "Christian Lessons," prepared by an individual Com-

missioner of the Board, was now resorted to by the Commissioners. They say, it "was laid before us under circumstances which induced us to believe, that it would not be unlikely to meet with the approbation of the Roman Catholic Clergy,—a belief which afterwards proved to be well-founded, as the Roman Catholic Prelates, in the sequel, themselves proposed the work to us after they had introduced into it some corrections."

This work was objected to by the Lord Primate, from reasons we shall presently state. The Commissioners then brought "the work suggested on the part of the Established Church again under the consideration of Dr Murray, with a request, that he would cause such a modification of it to be prepared as might remove the objections" previously made. Dr Murray stated in reply, that he and his brethren could not sanction it unless its plan was wholly changed; but they would not object to a work "abstracted substantially from the Scriptures, but not purporting to be the words of Holy Writ;" and he sent a copy of the "Christian Lessons" already mentioned as a work they would sanction.

This copy, in which Dr Murray and his brethren had made some trifling alterations, was sent by the Commissioners to the Archbishop of Dublin, for the purpose of being submitted to the judgment of the Prelates of the Established Church. It was objected to by the latter on grounds similar to those previously taken by the Lord Primate. In an admirable letter to the Commissioners they stated, "The point on which we mainly insist is, an adequate representation of revealed truth being exhibited to the youthful mind in the way of national instruction; a representation not resting, for its basis, on the declaration of any particular Church or set of men, but on the warrant of the written Word of God. This, sir, is the ground taken by the Bishops of the Established Church." Of the work they said, "Our unanimous judgment is, that it is unfit to be adopted as the book of scriptural instruction, 'to be used in the general education which the children would receive in common' in the proposed national schools. It purports not, in the form in which we have seen it, to rest its authority on the basis of the written Word of God; it is merely a course of Christian lessons, which, from anything that appears, might have been derived from a source different from that of the Holy Scriptures. Considered even as what, from its title, it professes to be, it is meagre and incomplete in its exposition of scriptural facts, precepts, and doctrines. It is, moreover, compiled with a manifest want of that fairness of selection which, we are fully persuaded, characterizes our compilation."

Agreeably to a suggestion contained in the letter of the Prelates, the Commissioners next applied to Dr Murray for an explicit answer from him and his brethren, as to their willingness or unwillingness to recommend the use of the compilation made by the Established Clergy, with such modifications as might be agreed on. Dr Murray replied, that he and his brethren could not recommend the work under any modification, because it was taken *verbatim* from the Protestant translation; and he informed the Commissioners, that they had created for themselves "a very needless difficulty, by requiring, as a matter of necessity, any scriptural compilation to be used in schools for the purpose of general instruction."

The Commissioners now abandoned their labours in despair.

Having given this sketch of their proceedings, we will now place before us the *kind* of education which is called for by the condition and character of the Irish peasantry;—by this, the form and nature of the schools ought demonstrably to be regulated.

So far as regards the State, the education called for is evidently something greatly beyond instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Circumstanced as the peasantry is, a very large portion of it would be injured rather than benefited by such instruction, if taught nothing farther. The education, to be beneficial, must do much more than remove ignorance, and bestow the literary qualifications required by business. The people are vicious, tumultuous, and criminal;—they form themselves into baleful confederacies, and conspire against the rights of property;—they are fanatical, superstitious, and bigotted;—they are filled with religious animosity, and yet are strangers to genuine religion;—and a vast number of them are furiously hostile to the religion of the

State, and its followers. These are the reasons why the State feels it to be its imperious duty to give them education.

It irresistibly follows, that instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, would be, in itself, almost useless; and that it ought to be given chiefly as a means for giving the education really called for. This education evidently is, Instruction in morals,—in the social duties,—in religious charity and peace,—in the precepts and practice of genuine Christianity.

The Commissioners have been sensible of the truth of this, and have laboured to act on it. In their first report, they stated themselves to be "deeply impressed with the importance and necessity of introducing the Scriptures into all institutions for the education of the people, as a fundamental part of the instruction;" and in the report, before us, they state, that "no system of education can be considered as deserving of that name, which shall not seek to lay the foundations of all moral obligation in religious instruction."—They thus took a solid foundation; but nevertheless they have, in their efforts to build on it, committed great errors.

In regard to religious instruction, it may be taken as a general principle, that the State ought to teach its own religion in its places of education. If this religion be the best, it ought to be taught because it is the best. If the Established Church form a vital part of the constitution, it is essential for the preservation of the constitution, that the State should do its utmost to extend the creed from which this Church draws its vitality.

It, however, unfortunately happens, that a very large part of the people of Ireland are Roman Catholics. Men of all political parties are agreed, that it would yield immense advantages of almost every kind to the empire if these were made Protestants; and this is sufficient to prove, that it is the sacred duty of the State to do everything possible towards teaching them its religion. If, however, it were made a condition, that all the children educated in the schools should be taught the peculiar tenets of the Established Church, the Roman Catholics would refuse to send their children to them, and for this reason no such condition should be imposed. It must not, however, be forgotten, that the condition would be in the highest degree beneficial, if the Roman Catholics would not object to it; and that it ought not to be imposed solely because their objections would cause it to exclude their children from the schools.

In order to surmount this difficulty, it was expedient for the Commissioners to depart in a certain degree from the general principle we have mentioned; but it was clearly their duty to depart from it no farther, than the difficulty required. Because they could not teach one creed, it did not follow that they were bound to teach another. If the State, in establishing schools in Ireland, find reason to abstain from teaching the peculiar doctrines of Protestantism, it ought most scrupulously to abstain from teaching those of Catholicism. The latter religion seeks the destruction of its own—it is the source of the bigotry, superstition, religious animosity, and disaffection, which the schools are intended to extinguish—it greatly preponderates, and its preponderance is productive of grievous evils and dangers to the whole empire—and its doctrines and discipline are flatly opposed to civil and religious liberty, and the best interests of society. If the State, in establishing its schools, strengthen and exalt Catholicism, it strikes at the foundation of all that is most valuable to itself. The Roman Catholics had a right to insist that the peculiar tenets of Protestantism should not be taught their children, and as concession on this point was essential for causing them to send their children to the schools, the Commissioners were bound to concede. But they had no right to insist that the peculiar tenets of Catholicism should be taught, and on this point the Commissioners were bound from concession. In our judgment, it was the duty of the latter to proceed on these principles. 1. The exclusion of everything from the schools that might be justly obnoxious to the body of the Catholic laity, on the ground of its being intended to make proselytes of their children, the exclusion being carried no farther than the point necessary for ensuring the attendance of the children as scholars. 2. The teaching of all the great truths of the Christian religion, to the farthest point possible, consistently with the exclusion of party creeds. 3.

The rigorous exclusion of everything calculated to propagate and strengthen Catholicism.

The Commissioners unhappily did not proceed in this manner. While they most wisely decided that the children should have religious instruction, they most unwisely decided likewise that this instruction should be of a sectarian character. They could not teach the Catholic children Protestantism, therefore they determined to teach them Catholicism. It appears it never occurred to them that it was very practicable to give most valuable religious instruction, by teaching the great leading truths of Christianity, without teaching the peculiar creed of any religious party. This decision to teach Catholicism led them to another still more unwise and fatal, viz. That it was essential for their measures to be sanctioned by the Roman Catholic clergy.

As the schools were intended not for Catholic children only, but for children of all religions, it might have been expected that nothing would have been conceded to this clergy beyond a negative in respect of doctrines. It was for the Commissioners to perfect their plan and select their books; and then the very utmost that the Catholic Priesthood could justly claim, was a right to strike out of the books doctrines hostile to Catholicism. To allow it farther interference, was to sacrifice to it the rights of other religions, and of the Catholic laity. The Commissioners, however, decided, that no books should be read in common by the scholars, without being sanctioned by this Priesthood, no matter how unobjectionable they might be in regard to doctrine. This had its natural results. The Roman Catholic Church, finding itself thus placed above both the Commissioners and Government, resolved, as usual, to abuse its power to the utmost.

As soon as the Commissioners commenced their endeavours to obtain the books, the Roman Catholic Prelates informed them officially, that they had agreed to certain Resolutions, from which we select the following:

"2. Resolved, That in order to secure sufficient protection to the religion of Roman Catholic children under such a system of education, we deem it necessary that the master of each scho l, in which the majority of the pupils profess the Roman Catholic faith, be a Roman Catholic; and that in schools in which the Roman Catholic children form only a minority, a permanent Roman Catholic assistant be employed; and that such master and assistant be appointed upon the recommendation, or with the express approval, of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese in which they are to be employed; and further, that they, or either of them, be removed upon the representation of such Bishop. The same rule to be observed for the appointment or dismissal of mistresses and assistants in female schools.

"3. Resolved, That we consider it improper that masters and mistresses intended for the religious instruction of the Roman Catholic youth, should be trained or educated by, or under the control of, persons professing a different faith; and that we conceive it most desirable that a male and female model school shall be established in each province in Ireland, to be supported at the public expense, for the purpose of qualifying such masters and mistresses for the important duties which they shall be appointed to discharge.

"4. Resolved, That, in conformity with the principles of protecting the religion of the Roman Catholic children, the books intended for their particular instruction in religion shall be selected or approved by the Roman Catholic Prelates, and that no book or tract for common instruction in literature shall be introduced into any school in which Roman Catholic children are educated, which book or tract may be objected to on religious grounds by the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese in which such school is established."

In the sixth Resolution the Prelates pledge themselves to withhold their "concurrence and support from any system of education which will not fully accord with the principles expressed in the foregoing resolutions." In reality they pledge themselves to oppose any other system.

By these audacious Resolutions, the Prelates usurp the supreme control of the schools, and degrade the Commissioners into their mere instruments. In the first place, the Catholic masters and mistresses are to be educated in model schools exclusively by Catholic

teachers. However competent candidates may be in character and ability, they are to be rejected, if they have received their education from any other than Roman Catholic instructors. The masters and mistresses being thus educated for the special purpose, they will be carefully taught to hate Protestants and Protestant creeds, to be jealous of, and hostile to, their Protestant associates, and to fill the children with religious animosity. In the second place, the Roman Catholic Bishop is to select or approve of the masters and mistresses. If he graciously content himself with approving, and vouchsafe to the Commissioners the right of selecting, he has them strictly bound to select from his own model school—from his own creatures—from candidates prepared by himself, and utterly disqualified by bigotry and other bad feelings. The candidates must in reality be selected by himself before they can come under the choice of the Commissioners. Then the bread of the teachers who may be chosen is to be at his mercy; his word, without examination or appeal, is at any time to deprive them of it, no matter how meritorious may be their conduct. They must be his instruments to escape starvation. In the third place, every book that he may object to, is to be kept out of the schools. His objections are not to be scrutinized; there is to be no court of appeal; he is to be the sole and supreme dictator, with authority bounded only by his own will.

In these Resolutions we have a striking specimen of that spirit of grinding tyranny which pervades the whole conduct of the Roman Catholic Church. In every thing the layman is to be a slave; in every thing the priest is to be a despot, above the civil power, the law, and all control whatever. Individuals and the state are to provide all the money, but their liberty is to extend no farther; in other matters they are to wear the chains of the usurping bishop. A schoolmaster has no ecclesiastical character; his duties have nothing to do with religion beyond the teaching of his pupils to read or repeat works which he is not permitted to prepare or select. Yet the word of the priest is at any time to deprive a civil functionary like this of character and subsistence. No investigation is to be allowed, no defence is to be listened to, and the parents of the children are to have no voice in the matter; the Bishop may act on false information, or corrupt motives, but, nevertheless, at his demand, without any reasons being assigned, the unhappy schoolmaster is to be sacrificed. It is matter of public shame that men can be found in the United Kingdom capable of putting forth such intolerable pretensions.

It is somewhat surprising that the receipt of these Resolutions did not draw the Commissioners from their endeavours to procure the books to other employment. The Resolutions demanded such a share of arbitrary power for the Roman Catholic Church, and such a surrender of the rights and liberties of the subject, as it was impossible for Government to concede. The Established Church neither possesses, nor ought to possess, a power like this claimed by the Roman Catholic one. The attempted usurpation ought to have been at once firmly resisted, as being directly at variance with the Constitution. That the Commissioners judged correctly of the Resolutions, is evident from the regulations given in the Appendix, which they prepared for their own adoption. These regulations refuse what the resolutions demand. The Commissioners felt that they could not concur in the latter, and they were assured that without their concurrence, the Catholic clergy would oppose them; this grave difference would have rendered the books useless if they had been agreed on, unless the Commissioners had determined to proceed, regardless of the opposition of the Roman Catholic clergy.

The Commissioners, however, without noticing this formidable obstacle, persevered in their efforts to obtain the Gospel Harmony. One part of their conduct in this must not escape our censure, because it was a sacrifice of duty, and it contributed greatly to embarrass their proceedings and ensure their failure. In their letter to the Lord Primate and the Archbishops of Cashel and Tuam, they stated themselves to be "fully aware" that the books required for the schools could not "be properly arranged, excepting with the approbation and under the superintendence of the authorities in

the Established Church:" and they requested these Prelates, in conjunction with the Archbishop of Dublin, to prepare a Harmony. In this they acted with great propriety. It was their duty to employ the heads of the Established Church to prepare the works, and then to place such works before the different Dissenting Miniters, with full liberty for the latter to propose any omissions or additions in the way of improvement. The heads of the Established Church, as we have already shown, in consequence supplied a work, which was rejected by the Roman Catholic Prelates. The Commissioners say, that "pending the foregoing correspondence," that is the correspondence respecting this work, "a work entitled 'Christian Lessons,' chiefly extracted from the New Testament, and prepared by an individual Commissioner of the Board, was laid before us, under circumstances which induced us to believe that it would not be unlikely to meet the approbation of the Roman Catholic clergy."

It therefore appears, that as soon as the Commissioners applied to the authorities of the Established Church for a Harmony, on the ground that the work could not be properly arranged excepting under the superintendence of these authorities; and while the latter were preparing the work, an individual Commissioner undertook the task of preparing another. This Commissioner was necessarily bound by the letter sent to the Prelates of the Established Church, for it was written in the name of the whole; it was impossible for him to know how the work which these Prelates were preparing would be received; he did not prepare his work under their superintendence; but it may be safely surmised that he prepared it under the superintendence of the Roman Catholic Prelates. The fact that the latter afterwards proposed his book, coupled with what the Commissioners say touching "circumstances," renders it pretty certain that he did so prepare it. It appears further, that his book was laid before the Commissioners, before the one which they requested from the authorities of the Established Church was received and judged of by the Roman Catholic Prelates.

Now did this individual Commissioner act in this reprehensible manner without the privity and sanction of his brethren? We fear the answer must be—no. Did his brethren at once reject his book on the ground they had themselves solemnly taken, that the books could only be properly arranged under the superintendence of the authorities of the Established Church? On this point there was no doubt—they did not. The plain fact, we suspect, is—the Commissioners, in the teeth of their pledge to the Prelates of the Established Church, determined that the two churches should be practically put on an equality in the matter, and that each should at the same time prepare a separate Harmony: they could not openly employ the Roman Catholic Prelates, as they had done those of the Established Religion, therefore the business was managed through the individual Commissioner. The circumstances well warrant the suspicion. At any rate, it is clear that while the Established Church was at their request preparing a Harmony, the Roman Catholic Church was, through one of their own body, preparing a rival Harmony; and that if the latter one did not reach them the first, it was received by them officially before the other was disposed of. Their conduct in the matter exhibits much duplicity, an indefensible departure from the principles solemnly laid down by themselves, and a sacrifice of the rights of the regular clergy.

The Commissioners could not well have done any thing more effectual for defeating their own object. Their proper course was, to give to the one Church the power of drawing up the books, and to the other the power of examining and suggesting alterations; but not on any account to suffer them to produce separate and rival books. Their only hope consisted in this: through it the two Churches would have been compelled to labour at the same work; neither could have hoped for the adoption of one exclusively its own; and they might perhaps have prepared one which they could have regarded as their common offspring. The course taken by the Commissioners brought at once two separate and rival Harmonies into the field: each Church produced its own, which it could not be expected to sacrifice for that of the other.

We will now look at the ground on which the labours of the Commissioners have placed the two Churches in respect of this question. The Established Church, according to the letter of the Lord Primate, is willing for the Harmony to be "formed principally from the authorized version, yet not so exclusively as to reject always the language of the Douay Bible, if it afford an apt and instructive meaning;" but it wishes the work to be literally transcribed from the Scriptures. It is willing to make any reasonable changes in the one it placed in the hands of the Commissioners, in the way of "*mere omission.*" It is willing for the Harmony to be extracted partly from the Catholic version of the Scriptures, and for it to be free from all passages that the Roman Catholic Church could object to. It refuses to sanction the one provided by the Catholic Prelates, on the ground that it is unfairly drawn up, defective, and incapable of giving a sufficient portion of religious instruction.

The Roman Catholic Church insists that the Harmony shall not be taken in the smallest degree from the authorized version. It is willing for it to be taken in substance from, but it will not permit it to be in the language of, the Scriptures. It rejects the one furnished by the Established Church, *solely* because it is extracted from a Protestant version. It makes no other charge against it. It will only sanction the schools on condition that it shall exercise that despotic power over them claimed in the Resolutions, and that the Protestant version of the Scriptures shall be wholly excluded from the common use of the scholars.

It would be a waste of words to prove that the Established Church has conceded not only everything that its duty and the proper instruction of the children would admit of, but likewise everything that the most zealous Roman Catholic could fairly require. It has reserved no exclusive advantages; it has placed the two religions on an equality in regard to protection; it has exposed the Roman Catholic children to no other risk of proselytism than it has exposed the Protestant children to.

And proof that the demands of the Roman Catholic Church are unjust, and wholly inadmissible, ought to be equally unnecessary.

Schools are in their nature partly civil and partly religious; and ministers of religion have no right to interfere with them beyond what is necessary for the proper protection of their respective creeds. To this their interference should be strictly limited, for the sake of the laity, and the state. It is not for them to prescribe what is necessary for such protection; but if they demand what is manifestly unjust, and an encroachment on the rights of the laity, and the state, they ought to be firmly resisted. It is due to them, that no party religious doctrines be taught to the children of their own persuasion which they may object to; but they have no right to demand the exclusion of religious instruction, which merely teaches the common truths of Christianity. If they, from personal interest, or any other unjustifiable reason, do what is calculated to prevent schools from being established, and the rising generation from receiving proper religious instruction, they act the part of enemies of religion and society, and they should be opposed accordingly. Nothing can be more clear, than that concession to them, in such a case, is to give them power to which they have not the smallest right,—and to sacrifice to them the interests of the laity and the empire.

In the question before us, every thing is surrendered to the Roman Catholic prelates in respect of doctrine. They do not even allege that any thing proposed by the Commissioners, or the Protestant Prelates, is calculated to teach doctrines of which they disapprove. They do not raise a single objection to the Protestant harmony, on the ground of doctrines; and they are told, that any passage shall be expunged which may be liable to such objection. They take their stand against the work solely because it is extracted from the Protestant version of the scriptures. Is it because they think the version an unfaithful one? No; their argument is, that it may lead the Catholic children to deem the Protestant version a better than their own. This is the best they can urge; and in truth they can say little more, than that they cannot suffer the Catholic children to read the Protestant version merely because they cannot.

These Prelates are only asked to concede what the Established Church is willing to concede, and they can

only assign these frivolous and worthless reasons for their refusal. It is very clear, that they are claiming far more than is necessary for the proper protection of their religion, and that they are encroaching grievously on the rights of the state and the laity.

If their demands be complied with, the Scriptures must be excluded from the schools; they must be invested with unconstitutional and pernicious authority over the latter, and the schools will be made a mighty means of giving cohesion and strength to Catholicism. The schools, instead of giving that education which the state of the people calls for, will give the reverse; they will aggravate the evils they are intended to extinguish. The State must agree to the demands of these Prelates, or it must establish no schools, for it must establish schools regardless of their opponents. This is the choice it has before it.

What its decision ought to be, must be obvious to every one. It should look at its own interests, and those of the laity; it should establish schools on the plan, the best adapted for accomplishing the objects it has in view, careful alike to give to religious ministers their proper influence, and to restrain them from usurpation.

If the Roman Catholic laity were wholly controlled in the matter by its clergy, some sacrifice of right and utility might be made to gain the concurrence of the latter. But it is not. Abundant evidence exists to prove, that if schools were established, in which the whole of the Scriptures should be used in common, the Catholic children would be sent to them in spite of their clergy. If a question like this be raised between the laymen and the priests, it is in reality the question, whether the former shall possess their just portion of religious freedom, or be the slaves of spiritual tyranny; and it is the duty of the State to use its whole influence in their favour. If the laymen are willing to send their children to schools in which the Scriptures are read, it is no longer a matter of expediency; but it is one of imperious duty in the State to give them such schools. Granting that the opposition of the priests might be in some places successful, this forms no reason that nothing should be done in any place. The first of the schools should be established where such opposition would be fruitless, and they would soon spread; as rapidly as they could be multiplied, they would find scholars: in a few years, opposition, so directly at variance with the rights, interests, and wishes of the people, would be put down everywhere.

Something might be said in favour of the Priests, if their concurrence were necessary for gaining the scholars a larger portion of religious instruction; but it is not. It is false in principle, and dangerous in practice, for the State to teach sectarian creeds, and creeds hostile to its own, in its general schools. It is its duty to give the utmost measure of religious instruction to the people, but not to instruct them in religious doctrines, which it believes to be both erroneous and pernicious. By the plan of the Commissioners, the scholars were to receive separate religious instruction weekly. Now, who were to give this instruction, and of what was it to consist? The Catholic and Protestant ministry of each parish were to be "at liberty" to give it; or it was to be given by the schoolmaster. The Catholic scholars were to be supplied with such books and catechisms as their Priests might think fit; they were to receive such oral instruction as the latter, or the schoolmaster, might offer; and they were to read the Catholic gospel and epistle of the day in the Douay Testament. In one of the excellent letters of the Lord Primate, we find the following passage. "The Roman Catholic catechism, which will of course be used on those occasions for the children of that communion, contains the following questions and answers:—

Q. Is there but one true church?—A. Although there be many sects, there is but one true religion, and one true church.

Q. Why is there but one true church?—A. As there is but one true God, there can be but one true church.

Q. How do you call the true church? A.—The Roman Catholic church.

Q. Are all obliged to be of that true church?—A. Yes.

Q. Why are all obliged to be of that true church?—A. Because no one can be saved out of it.

Q. How many ways are there of sinning against Faith?—A. Chiefly three.

Q. What are these three ways?—

A. First, by not seeking to know what God has taught; secondly, by not believing what God has taught, &c.

Q. Who are they who do not believe what God has taught?—A. Heretics and infidels."

The Roman Catholics, on being charged with holding the doctrine of exclusive salvation, have defended themselves by some Jesuitism, touching the effects of baptism. Now it is clearly proved, by what we have quoted, that they regularly teach such doctrine to the people. If children believe this catechism, they must believe that no Protestant can be saved. It has been a grievous error in Parliamentary Inquiries, that they have not ascertained what the Roman Catholic priesthood really teaches, as well as what it professes to believe.

It is very obvious that religious instruction, which teaches what we have transcribed, will yield anything rather than benefit to the scholars. It would be far better for the latter to receive no separate religious tuition, than to be so taught. If such instruction should be expunged from the books, it would still be given in substance orally. The priest or schoolmaster would naturally think it his duty, in giving separate instruction, to prejudice the children to the utmost against Protestantism, and he would be at liberty to say to them anything. If he even should not do this, what would the separate instruction teach? The children would be made to repeat the Catholic Catechism, and to read a portion of the Douay Testament; they might have addressed to them explanations and admonitions; but this would be uncertain, because the schoolmaster would scarcely do it, and the priest would be under no compulsion to attend. Could no religious instruction equal to this be given to the Roman Catholic children, if their clergy should refuse to sanction the schools? Yes, religious instruction could be given of far more value.

If it be one of the great objects of the schools to extinguish religious animosity between Protestant and Catholic, we think the Commissioners have hit upon the very best means for defeating this object in their plan of separate instruction. To divide the scholars of the same school into two parties, and to teach them, by different teachers, hostile creeds, must fill them with religious animosity, or nothing could do so. The rival books, the rival schoolmasters, and the rival clergymen, in conjunction with the rival parents at home, must triumph over every obstacle, in dividing the pupils of each school into two hostile parties. The schools will not exclude party animosity, by being rendered its source. The children of both religions might receive religious instruction together in the following manner:—A Catechism might be drawn up which should contain all the great truths of Christian belief and practice, consistently with the exclusion of all controverted points of doctrine. Such a Catechism would contain an invaluable mass of religious instruction, and no just exception could be made to it on either side. On one day in the week the children might repeat it; and an explanation and application written for the purpose, might be read to them by the schoolmasters in rotation. They might read a gospel and epistle selected for the purpose, but not following the Prayer-book of either church. Prayers proper for the occasion might be used. The children would draw a much greater and more valuable portion of religious instruction from this, than from the plan of teaching them separately conflicting creeds; it would teach them how far their respective religions harmonize, and enable them to discover in what they differ; it would give them, up to a certain point, a religion in common, exclude all incitement to party animosity, and sow the seeds of religious peace.

Out of school, the ministers might teach their different creeds. The clergyman of the Established Church might cause the children of his flock to get the Church Catechism by heart at home, and to repeat it to him at the proper time in his place of worship. Whatever may be given to the school, we would still preserve to the consecrated place of worship its full share in giving religious instruction, on the score of both right and benefit. The children of the Established Religion should attend divine worship regularly, for the sake of making it a habit in them, as well as for other objects.

What course Government will pursue, time must determine. Some observations are appended to the Report,

signed by only three of the Commissioners, because the other two could not concur in them. The three Commissioners say—"Although we have failed in the attempt to combine religious with literary instruction, to the extent originally contemplated by us, we still think that object may, to a limited extent, be effected." We infer from this, that they are prepared to accede to the demands of the Roman Catholic prelates: we however trust, that they will have no opportunity of doing so. A letter is given from Mr Leslie Foster and Mr Glassford, the other Commissioners, in which they explain why they withheld their concurrence. Dissenting, on reasons we have already given, from some parts of it, we cordially join in other parts, which reflect high credit on the practical ability and wisdom of its authors. By the plan of the Commissioners, they reserved to themselves the right of compelling any patron, or manager of a school, who might receive from them assistance, to suffer the different creeds to be taught in his school in the way we have stated. No Protestant could receive from them the smallest aid in establishing a school, without binding himself to provide, at their pleasure, a Catholic schoolmaster as well as a Protestant one, to teach, among other things, the peculiar tenets of Catholicism to the Catholic children, and likewise to suffer these children to be taught these tenets in his school by the Catholic priest. Now, saying nothing of laymen, we ask, How could a clergyman of the Established Church place himself under such an obligation? He would be restricted from it, both by conscience and the laws of his church. Mr L. Foster and Mr Glassford speak strongly against such a reprehensible regulation. The following extract from their letter will be read with great interest:—

"We feel strongly, that the unexampled improvement which has taken place, within a short period, in the education of the peasantry of Ireland, ought duly to be appreciated, before any of the means by which it has been produced shall be destroyed or endangered. We have stated, in our Second Report, that there are at present in Ireland no fewer than 11,823 schools—a greater number, perhaps, than is to be found for the same extent of population in any other country; and though we lament that many of them still supply instruction of a very objectionable nature, we see, with the utmost satisfaction, the rapid improvement which has been already effected in their character.

"To instance, first with regard to the Scriptures.

"About twenty years ago, the Scriptures, as we are led to believe, were not read in so many as 600 schools in Ireland; while, at present, as we have ascertained, and stated in our Second Report, they have found their way into 6,058 daily schools, independent of 1945 Sunday schools—in all, above 8000 schools.

"The improvement in other points of inferior moment is not less striking; 1370 schoolmasters and mistresses, of a very superior description, have been sent forth by the Kildare Place Society alone, and about 280 more are supplied in each succeeding year. Much more than a million of books, of a moral and instructive character, have been issued from their Repository, to take place of the immoral and seditious publications, which were before too common; and the number of books at the same time supplied by various other Societies, independent of the Scriptures, has probably been not much inferior in amount.

"It is further very worthy of remark, that of the 6058 daily schools in which the Scriptures are now read, only 1879 are connected with any societies whatever, whether those aided by the Government, or those supported by individual contributions. In the remaining 4179 schools, the Scriptures have of late years been adopted by the voluntary choice of the conductors and teachers, the latter of whom are generally dependent for their livelihood upon the pleasure of the parents of their pupils—a signal proof, that there is no repugnance to scriptural instruction among the people; and not less an illustration of the effects, silently produced, by the example and competition of better institutions upon the common schools of the country!

"This great amelioration in the education of the Irish peasantry, is still in progress, and perhaps can now be checked by no means less powerful than such an interference on the part of the State, as would be calculated to counteract it.

"While, therefore, we are ready to

promote the trial of any experiment that may suggest new means of usefulness, or which may perhaps be more fitted for some districts hitherto less accessible than others, we cannot too strongly express our opinion, that any such experiment ought to be considered only as an accompaniment to those means which experience has approved to be useful, and not as leading to the suppression of any tried instrument of good."

The deductions here drawn by Mr Foster and his colleague are unassailable, and we hope they will be carefully kept in sight, if government proceed any further. If, however, it be decided that the State shall teach Catholicism in its schools, or establish none, we trust it will do nothing more in the matter. We wish it to hold sacred the just rights of the Roman Catholic Priesthood, and to exclude every thing from its schools which could be fairly objected to as being calculated to make proselytes; but we wish it likewise to protect firmly the rights and interests of itself and the laity from encroachment. That Ministry which, directly, or by its acts, should admit, that the Roman Catholic Prelates, independently, or by command of the Pope of Rome, have a right to prohibit any of his Majesty's subjects from reading the authorized version of the Scriptures without note or comment, would in our judgment be guilty of something bearing a very strong resemblance to treason.

Our admiration is due to the Prelates of the Established Church, and especially to the Lord Primate, alike for their willingness to concede every thing consistent with their duty, and for their vigilant watchfulness over the momentous interests confided to their keeping. It is well for the Church, that in times like these, when she is surrounded by perils of all descriptions—when she is attacked on the one side, and betrayed on the other—when almost every thing in the conduct and policy of public men is calculated to disarm her, divide her against herself, and produce her overthrow, that her interests in Ireland are under the care of such Prelates.

The Eighth Report of the Commissioners bears the same date as the one we have noticed; it relates to Maynooth College, and we have been unwilling to mix up anything it contains with our present subject. We propose to devote a separate article to the consideration of some parts of it, particularly those which bear on the question of allegiance. We feel great difficulty in parting with the pen without dilating on the present unhappy condition of Ireland. Through that, which on a former occasion we called a system of frenzy, confiscation, and iniquity, and which, in the face of the new Ministry, we again call a system of frenzy, confiscation, and iniquity, Ireland's agriculture and linen trade—her two great sources of subsistence, are sinking into ruin. This system has made the most frightful additions to her previous miseries. According to Mr Brownlow—whose conversion by Dr Doyle and O'Connell has immortalized him—two-thirds of her population are destitute of employment. What conduct has this produced in her "Patriots?" What are her Brownlows and Rices—the close-borough members of her Romish Church—the exclusive champions of her interests—doing for her relief? Are they introducing measures into Parliament for restoring and enlarging her trade in linens and yarn? Are they exerting themselves to regain a market and remunerating prices for her distressed agriculturists? Are they endeavouring to cause her great interests to flourish as the means of giving employment and bread to her starving population? No, they are clamouring for Emancipation! This, forsooth, is to resuscitate her agriculture and linen trade—this is to employ the idle, and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked. While they are thus clamouring, they clamour likewise for more of that free trade to which her sufferings are so largely owing! Speak of the march of intellect!—in what direction is the intellect of these patriots marching? If Mr Brougham's assertion be true, that "the schoolmaster is abroad," we beseech the learned gentleman to let the schoolmaster give a lesson to these Irish patriots. We shall perhaps say more on these matters on an early occasion.

LORD BYRON AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES. BY LEIGH HUNT.*

It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to chalk out limits to the range of legitimate biography. The world would seem to have a natural right to know much of the mind, morals, and manners, of the Chosen Few—as they exhibited themselves in private life—whose genius may have delighted or enlightened it,—to know more than in general can have been revealed in their works. It desires this, not from a paltry and prying curiosity, but in a spirit of love, or admiration, or gratitude, or reverence. It is something to the reader of a Great Poet, but to have seen him, to be able to say, "*Virgilium tantum vidi.*" How deeply interesting to hear a few characteristic anecdotes related of him by some favoured friend! To have some glimpses at least, if not full and broad lights, given to us into his domestic privacy, and the inner on-goings beneath what, to our imaginations, is a hallowed roof! We must all of us, whether we will or no, form to ourselves an Idea of the person and the personal character of every great man whose achievements have commanded our wonder; and it must ever be most gratifying to all our feelings and faculties, to have an opportunity of comparing and correcting that Idea with the Reality, either as presented to our own experience, or represented by a picture painted to the life by the hand of another, in the colouring of truth, and in all its just proportions. We cannot bear to think that our knowledge of our benefactors—for such they are—should be limited to the few and scanty personal notices that may be scattered, under the impulse of peculiar emotions, here and there over their writings; we cannot bear to think, that when the grave closes upon them, their memory must survive only in their works; but the same earnest and devout spirit that gazes upon the shadows of their countenances on the limner's canvass, yearns to hear it told, in pious Biography, what manner of men they were at the frugal or the festal board, by the fire-side, in the social or the family circle, in the discharge of those duties that solemnize the relations of kindred, and that support the Roof-tree of domestic life.

This natural and blameless desire may, we think, be satisfied in almost all cases, without any risk being incurred of violating the sanctity of the Hearth. Are there not a thousand things about the habits of every man of genius, of which probably he is himself hardly conscious, yet, if he were, would have no wish to conceal them, that may be so narrated as to increase and widen our sympathies with his character, and after his decease serve to embalm his name in tenderer recollection? Nay, we see not why a fastidious, or rather fearful veil, should be kept perpetually drawn over his frailties and infirmities—for that frailties and infirmities he must have had we know well, nor could there be any danger of the due measure of our reverence being diminished by a word—or sentence—if no more—from the lips of Truth, that spoke of them with the solemnity accompanying the consciousness of human imperfections, without rudely "drawing them from their dread abode!"

Much depends on the peculiarity of the character of the great or good man who is the subject of the biography. Minds there have been "that were like Stars, and dwelt apart," shut up in themselves, yet shedding their light afar to bless and brighten. Of them little, almost nothing, can be known, but from their works. It is enough to know that they were the lights of the age. Death changes them not; for being dead, they yet speak. Their books are themselves. There have been other minds that possessed immense power in utmost simplicity, and "in the eye of their great task-master," for ever working, forgot themselves altogether,—leaving nothing to be recorded of their lives, than that they were pure and humble, and that they served God every day, their piety being made immortal on earth by the genius which it consecrated. Others again have lived less in their Studies,

* London—Colburn.

it would seem, though they loved such calm, than in the toil and tumult of this noisy world—the "stir and smoke of this dim spot, which men call earth." Of them the world wishes to hear all, because it already necessarily knows much. Their labours for its good, and against its evil, were performed on the forehead of daylight, —before all eyes that chose to look, and all ears that chose to hear, and all tongues that chose to speak. They became thus the very property of the world they served, and their biography is at once minute and multifarious,—written by many pens, and many a different style visible of vituperation or panegyric. Yet out of that confused mass of materials, the "wide soul of the world, dreaming on things to come," constructs for itself an Image of the Truth—of the man as he lived, moved, and had his being—and the historical character that goes down from age to age, is, indeed, that of the battler against Bigotry, and Slavery, and Superstition, as he prayed or preached against them, or brought down their towers and temples to the dust, or wrapt them into ruins with avenging fire.

There have been writers of distinguished powers, whose personal and literary character, it may be said, were at all times so indistinguishably blended, that it was hardly possible to speak, even to think of them as men, without also speaking and thinking of them as authors. They carried with them into society the air and atmosphere of the Study. Their talk was ever of books, and the makers of books. Intellectual power, and the product of intellectual power, were the prime objects of all their passions; and their own was the source of their chief enjoyment of life, its pains and pleasures, hopes, fears, anxieties, despondencies, exaltations, humiliations, and triumphs. Reverencing virtue and religion, and in their highest and most solemn moods willingly, and even devoutly, giving them the first place among all human endowments, they nevertheless seemed throughout all the ordinary hours of social intercourse with their brethren of mankind, imperiously to demand talent or knowledge, as an essential condition of their esteem. All their public friendships were with highly-gifted men,—such society alone did they much affect—and converse, to please and satisfy them, always needed, besides the spontaneous kindness of the heart, the premeditated reasonings of the head, feeling by itself being as nothing without the judgments of the understanding. To such a class belonged Dr Johnson. Accordingly, his biography by Boswell, minute as it is in its details, and pursuing him through all his peculiar personalities, is yet felt to be a justifiable book. Even if Johnson had not given, as he did, permission to that admirable observer and recorder to write his annals, which he did aright, still there would have been no breach of confidence, no violation of the sanctity of private life, in that gallery of successive portraits of that most extraordinary man. Even in what must be called his private life, there was generally some sort of publicity given to the display of his incomparable conversational powers; that such displays should have been suffered to pass away with the transient club-hours they illuminated, would have been a pity and a loss indeed; and yet to embody such displays in a permanent form, it was necessary to embody likewise, and to embalm the singularities, eccentricities, oddnesses, strangenesses, uncouthnesses, brutalities, weaknesses, prejudices, bigotries, and superstitions, that clung to the character of the man. Without them, what would have been the biography of Dr Johnson? His character could bear them all. During life, they did not prevent him from loving, or from being loved, for he had a most tender, and a most generous, and a most noble heart. After his death, they have not prevented him from being respected, venerated, and ranked among the best and greatest men of his country. It was also necessary that his biographer, whose chief task and duty it was to describe his illustrious friend in all the glory and triumph of successful display and contention with the most powerful intellects of the time, in combats that often assumed even a gladiatorial character, should sometimes shew him in the obscure and dim retirement of his chamber, in that humble court, where the pride if not the pomposity of the world-admired sage was laid aside, where he was seen sitting at frugal meals with persons utterly unknown, old

maiden annuitants, physicians of half-crown fees, people too poor to be of any profession at all, decent cit-looking elderly gentlemen, name unknown, and waited on by that half-friend half-servant, the black man, who, in his own country, we presume, had been either a slave or a king. From the biography of such a man, what was there of his life and character that could well be excluded? Not much,—and that, whatever it might be, was excluded, or alluded to, and touched upon with a free but light and tender hand. Could we suppose Dr Johnson returning to life, and rolling from side to side in perusal of his own biography, we might figure him growling out an occasional curse, classical rather than profane, on poor Bozzy; but nevertheless, not on the whole otherwise than pleased, and satisfied, in spite of his wrath at such freedoms, that the picture was a strong, striking, characteristic, and not unflattering likeness of the Original.

The biography of Great Poets seems to be demanded by nature—especially of those who have steeped their poetry, not only in the light of inspiration, but in the heat of their own hearts. We cannot dissever them from the glories by which they are made immortal. Yet, we know that they could not have lived always in that excited and exalted state of soul in which they emanated their poems. We desire to know them in the ebb of their thoughts and feelings, when they are but as mere men. We do not doubt that we shall love and esteem them when the lyre is laid aside, the inspired fit passed away—and that even then, with the prose of life, they will be seen mingling poetry. Such a man was Cowper—and of all we have been let know of the "Bard of Olney," from himself or others, we would not willingly let the most mournful or afflicting anecdote die; for while "we hold each strange tale devoutly true," we feel towards the object of our esteem, our love, and our pity, "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." That another hand should have suddenly lifted up or rent away the veil that hid the agonies of a mind still beautiful in all its most rueful afflictions, we might not have been able to endure, and might have turned away from the spectacle, as from one that we felt our eyes were not privileged to behold; but the veil was withdrawn at times by the sufferer himself, who, while he implored mercy from his Creator, was not loath to receive the pity of his fellow-creatures—feeling, except indeed in the deepest, and most disastrous, and most despairing darkness of his spirit, that all their best sympathies were with him, and that he needed not to fear too rude or too close a gaze into his mysterious miseries, from eyes which he had often filled with the best of tears, and when mirth visited his melancholy, with the best of smiles too, although the hour and the day had come at last, when smiles were not for him, nor, as he thought, for any creature framed of the clay. Yet is his entire character, disturbed and distracted as it is seen to be, in beautiful and perfect consistency with all his poetry. But the sweet bells were out of tune, and jangled; the strings of the heart were broken or the keys reversed, and the instrument that once discoursed such excellent music, at last jarred terribly its discord, and it was well when it was heard to sound no more.

Of our Great Living Poets it might not, perhaps, be becoming in us now to speak, in these unpremeditated and imperfect effusions,—but we trust that the world will one day or other have the biographies of such men, for example, as Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth. Why should the friends who have been honoured with their closest friendship, and who may survive them, be afraid or unwilling to speak, with that sacred reserve that will be imposed on them by the reverence of their own spirits? Such recital will strengthen the cause of virtue, by shewing that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace. The same harmony that pervades the great works of their genius will be found to have pervaded their life and all its actions—the same order and the same calm. Though much will have to be unrevealed, it will only be because there is much of what is good and best that can have no other abiding-place but in the memory of sons and daughters, and friends that are as sons and daughters;—but much may, and ought to be, and will be revealed, showing the links that connect the lofty with the low, and bind together, in a chain that may be made visible to all eyes,

all the children of humanity. The land that loves them living will desire when they are dead, to have the lineaments of their characters in imperishable portraiture, drawn by hands whose skilful touch is guided by the heart of affection; nor need such hands tremble in telling the truth—and nothing but the truth.

But among Great Poets, there have been, and will be again, men with minds often sorely troubled and distracted by the passions God gave them, —by the adverse aspect of fortune,—and by "the influence of malignant star." That often sorely troubled and distracted mind has spoken in their poetry, and in their practice; and thus they have themselves made the whole world the confident of the darkest secrets of their spirits. Such a man, in some measure, was Burns; such a man, in full measure, was Byron. It would, in such circumstances, be most absurd to say, that all other tongues should be silent on all those topics on which their own had so eloquently and passionately descanted; but still, as they were witnesses against themselves, and likewise their own inexorable judges, calling on their own consciences to execute sentence upon them for their confessed misdeeds, which remorse, as far as it could, had expiated,—it surely behoves their brethren, to mitigate justice by mercy, in the decrees they pronounce upon the "poor inhabitants below," who were "strong to feel, and quick to know," though

"Thoughtless follies laid them low,
And stain'd their name."

Nay, their brethren owed them more than both justice and mercy—pity, pardon, commiseration, and, without insult or injury to virtue, immortal fame.

Such has been the doom, the destiny, the fate of Burns. If his vices were drawn in deepest shadows, his virtues were drawn in brightest sunbeams; and over the gloom, and over the glory, there was the light of genius. Therefore his country is neither afraid nor ashamed to see his character reflected with all its stains and all its purity in his works; but she looks on it steadily, though mournfully, with pardon, pity, and pride,—and her heart and her eyes fill as she gazes on his pale marble bust. She will suffer no one now to preach and moralize over his errors, except from his lips she hears

"The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power
To soften and subdue."

His faults and frailties, errors and vices, were all far more than redeemed, had they been many times greater than they were, by his generous and his noble virtues; and it is felt now over all Scotland, and in every land trodden by the feet of her sons, that the bad belonging to the character of a great man, may without danger be buried in his grave, from whence it will never cease to send up admonitory whispers; and that it is true wisdom and true religion to elevate the good into the light, and hold it for ever there, as an encouragement and an example.

With higher and brighter intellectual powers certainly, but as certainly with deeper and darker moral transgressions, the same fate may be predicted for Byron. Not even the magic of his genius could ever transform vice, in all its most alluring or gorgeous adornments, into the fair apparition of Virtue, who is seen to be Virtue still,

"Though some few spots be on her flowing robe,
Of stateliest beauty."

The strong and severe moral sense of the English nation will not suffer itself to be long deluded by the "false glitter" of imagination, substituted for the true lustre of virtue. Christianity so clears the eye that looks into the human heart, that as in the darkest and remotest recesses nothing can escape its ken through obscurity, so neither is its visual nerve ever long made "dark with excessive bright." Thus the only high poetical criticism must be in the light of Christianity; for it deals with the manifestations, the phenomena of a nature which can only be understood in that light—else confounding and inexplicable. Byron's soul struggled in and against that light; yet had he not been born in a country where in many a temple that light is worshipped, he had never been the great Poet that he was—nor breathed so often those magnificent strains that, issuing from his better and inner nature,

"Do shame the wisdom of the Sadducee."

As for his life, it cannot either in its brighter or darker lineaments be concealed, for it is emblazoned both in its shame and glory. But severely as it will be judged by his fellow-men, too often shocked by his recklessness and his profligacy, who is there who feels, in awe and dread, that he has himself a soul to be saved, who will not compassionately seek and search, —though of such quest he finds no end, and leaves off aghast and troubled,—for the causes of the evil he deplores,—causes which might, for aught he knows, if rightly understood, involve the fearful palliation of madness, or something incomprehensibly akin to madness, transmitted, perhaps, in his very blood, and meeting with congenial passions all borrowing from it a more fearful force, till he who was possessed by them appeared, in his progress along the paths of this world and this life, alternately like an angel and like a demon? Be that as it may, this is certain, that the mind of this country will never endure that such a being as Byron shall, after death, be pictured as one of the meanest and basest of mankind—but wither the wretch that makes the impotent effort; and were it possible to preserve his name from the oblivion to which nature has doomed it, would brand upon it inefface-ably the same epithets, that when affixed to the word "BYRON," fall crumbling off like filth dried by the wind, that some brutal boor has flung against the gateway of some glorious ruin.

Whatever differences of opinion may prevail on the topics now touched upon,—and however one mind may be inclined to narrow, and another mind to extend the limits of biography, there can at least be none respecting the tone and temper of the spirit of the biographer. It must be a good spirit. What is written in a good spirit will generally be read in a good spirit,—and should there be any difficulty in telling what a good spirit is, there can be no difficulty in knowing what is a bad one. If the man whose life we write, and whose character we draw, has been our enemy,—if we hate him because we know that, right or wrong, justly or unjustly, with much reason or with none, he despised us,—if we acknowledge that the moment we take up our pen to paint him, our gall and our spleen rises,—ought not we to fear our frailty, and to let it drop from our hand? If we yet dare to proceed, must we not have had our magnanimity triumphantly tried by great self-sacrifices, and our souls assured by previous conquest over all paltry passions, oftenest the most difficult to overcome, of their native heroism, before we take up the pallet, and mix the colours, and sketch the outline, and fill it up with the living lineaments? That there may be a few large, and noble, and heroic, and magnanimous spirits, capable of fairly and truly delineating the character of an enemy, who, they thought and felt, had injured, and insulted, and despitefully used them, in secret and before all the world, we think sufficiently well of human nature to believe; but the few capable of doing so would, we also verily believe, shun the dreadful duty, if duty it were, and rather run the risk of the truth never being told at all, than that they, in daring to disclose it, should, by the poison of some latent evil passion, pollute and falsify the revelation.

Farther, it is, in almost all cases, an essential condition of certain kinds of the biography of a great man, that his biographer should be a great man likewise;—either great in power and genius, or in capacity and feeling,—that he may comprehend all his widest sympathies, and see all his achievements in the light in which they were wrought. In all biography, in which the facts recorded are but few and the reflections many, this qualification of the biographer is manifestly indispensable, where he has to analyse feelings, perhaps most complicated and uncommon,—to distinguish between the evil and the good, when seeming to run and melt into each other by the most gradual shadings,—to construe conduct, not merely in a candid but in a wise spirit,—to strip off the disguise of outward circumstances, that the shape and form they had partially concealed, or apparently distorted, may be seen in their real proportions;—and, if a Man be indeed below them,

"To give the world assurance of a Man."

Has, then, nature made Leigh Hunt worthy of being the biographer of Lord Byron?—An answer is heard, groaned out loud, long, and deep,—No—No—No!

The newspapers were for some days

filled with long extracts from the work so pompously announced, and it is unpleasant to know that not a single Editor among them all had the courage or independence to chastise the Cockney. As to the other periodicals, the editor of the Literary Gazette alone has spoken like a man. Mr Hunt got irritated at the indifference with which his trash was treated; and scraping together a few scraps of timid censure from obscure or imaginary quarters, got into the heroics; and "with velvet cap *à la Raphael*," as Champion of Cockaigne, threw down his kid-glove, and challenged one and all of the periodicals to single fight. He kept riding about the Lists in a very genteel and jaunty style,—for we shall afterwards see that he can sit a little on horseback; and having acted as his own penny-trumpeter, "and cut a gallant figure," wounding the air with his cut-and-thrust bodkin, to the evident danger of losing his seat as well as his stirrups, he contrived, by dint of repeated digs with his spurless heel sinister, to bring the hanimal round about; and so, in a mixture of Marmion, Mazeppa, Mr Dymock, and John Gilpin, wheeled off to the martial air of "Cock-a-doodle-doo," beautifully played on the hurdy-gurdy, the music of that noble instrument being almost drowned in the acclamations of some dozen of milliners and mantua-makers, who followed the bard of Rimini, to undo his armour, and conduct him, in fair committee, to the warm-bath, where he was champooed in every lith and limb, and then apparelled in the regalia of Cockaigne.

To drop allegory, Mr Hunt complained, in his precious epistles in the Morning Chronicle, that the public had unwarrantably taken upon themselves to condemn him and his book from a few unconnected extracts. In the first place, they were not a few unconnected extracts, but many and copious, and quite sufficient, and more than sufficient, to show the base spirit in which the book must have been got up. "Wait till you read the whole book," repeatedly chirped the Cockney. Thousands upon tens of thousands had read the extracts, and justly made up their minds upon their unparalleled iniquity, who will never see the book. But, in the second place, we ask him, whence were the extracts taken? From the New Monthly Magazine, published by Mr Colburn, edited by Mr Campbell, and contributed to by Mr Hunt. Did the article in that Magazine do injustice to Mr Hunt and his book? Was it inserted by Mr Campbell and Mr Colburn, in spite of his teeth? No. It was a puff—no unjustifiable one in the way of business—of him and his book. It praised him and his book—and oh, shame! the illustrious author of the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, Lochiel, Hohenlinden, and Ye Mariners of England, gave the stamp and the sanction of his high authority to a series of most loathsome libels on the character and genius of one of his greatest brother-bards. May no despicable and sneaking scoundrel, who may have been permitted to pry into his privacies, ever avenge the insulted memory of Byron, by traducing Mr Campbell's own character and genius when he is gone, (distant be that day!) and on the plea of ill-usage received from a fickle and capricious son of genius, walk sneering and gibing at his funeral, and sow nettles upon his grave!

If that article were inserted in the Magazine against Mr Hunt's desire, then was he treated like a slave, since he deemed it likely to set the public against him; if with his desire, or acquiescence, then is he still more a slave, to raise an outcry against the newspapers for doing what had already been done by the publisher and the "puffer" of his book. If without his knowledge, then he should have complained of the Magazine, and not the newspapers, or the public. "It is a grace," quoth Mr Hunt, "to write under the editor of the New Monthly Magazine."—And if the mantle of Mr Campbell's genius were to descend on the shoulders of every Cockney that scribbleth there, unquestionably it would; but it can never be a grace to publish, "under Mr Campbell," on the Character and Genius of a Poet "above Mr Campbell," a libel, which, if the thousandth part of it be true, proves poets and poetry to be worse than dust and ashes,—mere dirt and mire, which the sooner the better it is shovelled all away, and for ever out of sight.

Our business now is with Mr Hunt—but it was impossible to overlook such an article as that alluded to, in a work edited by Mr Campbell. He has

himself been tried, as we all have, by some grievous afflictions, which he has borne like a man and a Christian. And he will remember the pain inflicted on his heart by an unfeeling intrusion upon his fireside by a critic in the Quarterly Review, before it came into its present management. Nature gave him the quick temper and the sensitive temperament of genius,—its mingled mirth and melancholy, its humour and its pathos, its wild wit, and its "sweet tears," its caprices changeful as the winds, yet amid all, and over all, the sunshine of the soul and the ether of the imagination. These are elements, which, whether mixed up kindly or not, must ever constitute an interesting character. In him they are mixed up kindly; yet the character they compose is just the one of all others most open to the misrepresentations of malignity; and some truth-loving Cockney, who may have gained the right, after seven years' friendship, of stirring the fire in Mr Campbell's parlour, may take the pet and the fret at the god of his former idolatry, and hold him up in quarto, as in good truth, when thoroughly sifted, the basest, meanest, and most miserable of all mankind. True, that the lie will be dashed in pieces small; but the pieces small will be picked up by pilferers, and hawked about town and country, as fragments and remains of Mr Thomas Campbell, and boys and virgins will lay down the Pleasures of Hope, hold up their hands and weep!

But we have not now mere extracts from the New Monthly Magazine and the newspapers to delude us into false judgment; we have the Record itself, and to that Record we shall stick, and eke to the Recorder.

The very first page of the book is offensive, and shews that Mr Hunt, while he was in the act of wielding his pen, was by no means a gentleman.

"The first time I ever saw Lord Byron, he was rehearsing the part of Leander, under the auspices of Mr Jackson the prize-fighter. It was in the river Thames, before he went to Greece. I had been bathing, and was standing on the floating machine adjusting my clothes, when I noticed a respectable-looking manly person, who was eyeing something at a distance. This was Mr Jackson waiting for his pupil. The latter was swimming with somebody for a wager. I forget what his tutor said of him; but he spoke in terms of praise. I saw nothing in Lord Byron at that time, but a young man who, like myself, had written a bad volume of poems; and though I had a sympathy with him on this account, and more respect for his rank than I was willing to suppose, my sympathy was not an agreeable one; so, contenting myself with seeing his Lordship's head bob up and down in the water, like a buoy, I came away."

Is not the tone of this passage insolent, unfeeling, and unmanly? The writer, with flippant impatience to be insulting to the memory of a dead man, vainly tries, by a poor perversion of the very ordinary, harmless, and pleasant circumstances, in which he first saw the "Noble Childe," to throw over him an air of ridicule, and to make him and his pastime, to a certain degree, an object of contempt. But the ridicule recoils on the Cockney. The "latter," that is "Mr Jackson's pupil," that is, Lord Byron, was swimming with somebody for a wager, and that our classic calls "rehearsing the part of Leander!" To what passage in the life of Leander does the witling refer? "I had been bathing, and was standing on the floating machine adjusting my clothes!" Ay, and a pretty fellow, no doubt, you thought yourself, as you were jauntily buttoning your yellow breeches. You are pleased to say, "so contenting myself with seeing his lordship's head bob up and down in the water, like a buoy, I came away." Now do you know, sir, that while you were doing so, a whole young ladies' ambulating boarding school were splitting their sides with laughter at the truly laughable style in which you were jerking out first the right leg and then the left, to get into the yellow breeches; for your legs and thighs had not been sufficiently dried with the pillow-slip, and for the while a man with moderate haste might count a hundred, in they could not be persuaded to go, but ever and anon were exhibited, below the draggled shirt-tails, in most ludicrous exposure? No wonder the young ladies laughed—sweet innocents—"while I was standing on the floating machine adjusting my clothes." As for Mr Jackson, whom none but a Cockney would have the ignorant impertinence to call a prize-fighter, that gentleman once told us that he perfectly

well remembered the prig, and that under apprehension of his hopping overboard, during the agony of the yellow breeches, he volunteered to assist him in pulling them up; but that the yokel, whose name he did not then know to be Hunt, threatened to knock him down; and that, therefore, "he, a respectable-looking, manly person, continued to eye something at a distance." We forget what more his tutor said of him, but he spoke not in terms of praise. It seems that all the while Mr Hunt was standing on the floating-machine adjusting his clothes, and continuing unconsciously to expose his inexpressibles to three dozen of young ladies, with the duenna at their head all in a titter, he was drawing a parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, between himself as a poet and Lord Byron, who was swimming for a wager with somebody in the Thames at mid-day, just like Leander swimming by himself at night across the Hellespont, for no wager at all, but to keep an assignation. The idea of a young gentleman standing thus on a floating machine, with his breeches—of a bright yellow colour—neither up nor down, and seeing, in a young nobleman swimming for a wager, like Leander, under the auspices of Mr Jackson the prize-fighter, only another young man, who, like himself, had written a bad volume of poems, is surely very entertaining. That the sympathy should have been agreeable is more than was to have been expected; but the impression left on the mind of him, or her, who peruses the anecdote is, that Mr Leigh Hunt was then a sad and a silly coxcomb to act and think so; and that Mr Leigh Hunt is something worse now than a sad and silly coxcomb, to begin a book about one of England's mightiest dead by an anecdote, recording the indecent exposure of his own mind, and his own person.

Mr Hunt, however, fears he has gone too far in calling himself a young man who had written a bad volume of poems; and he mentions that Lord Byron, who soon afterwards called upon him in prison, thought it a good volume of poems; "to my astonishment he quoted some of the lines, and would not hear me speak ill of them." We daresay Mr Hunt was very easily prevented from speaking ill of them; nor is there much magnanimity in now announcing how little they were thought of by himself, and how much by Lord Byron. This is mock-modesty; and, indeed, the would-be careless, but most careful introduction of himself and his versifying at all, on such an occasion, must, out of Cockaigne, be felt to be not a little disgusting and characteristic.

As poor Keates expressed it, "for speaking truth to kingly ears, kind Hunt was shut in prison;" that is, he was convicted of a base and brutal libel on his Sovereign, amerced in a swinging sum, and confined for a couple of years in Horsemongerlane or Newgate. Of course, he is to this day as proud of his crime, and his punishment, as any other patriotic jail-bird; and gives us, in this quarto, all the odious and contemptible details, with the exultation of a martyr.

It seems that our warm-hearted friends, the Irish, had, on some St Patrick's day or another, "vented their spleen pretty stoutly over their wine at dinner," when the king's health had been drunk, and Hunt, in imitation of such vociferation,—("groans, hisses," he calls them—for Pat is a noisy dog, both in love and anger,) wrote "an attack equally grave and vehement," which threw all who read it into praise, and him who penned it into prison. "Little," quoth he, "did I foresee, that in the course of a few years, the Irish would burst into an enthusiasm of joy and confidence, merely because the Illustrious Personage paid them a visit! I will not say they were rightly served, in finding that nothing came of it, for I do not think so; especially as we are not bound to take the inhabitants of a metropolis as representatives of the wretched millions in other parts of the country, who have since been in a worse state than before. But this I may be allowed to say, that if ever I regretted having gone to prison in their behalf, it was then and then only." Bravo! bravo!—The Irish people were not to rejoice to behold their king in the Green Isle, because only a few years before Leigh Hunt had been flung into jail, for libelling him! While all Erin rang with joy, and her green fields could scarcely yield shamrocks sufficient for the hats or heads of hair of her seven millions of population, all outrageous in their loyalty—amid all that bold burst of brogue, and that

fine forest-scenery of shillelas—Leigh Hunt was biting his nails to the quick in Little Britain, and then, and then only, "regretted having gone to prison in their behalf!"

Lord Ellenborough, one of the boldest and ablest judges that ever graced the bench, was, he says, afraid to look the convicted culprit in the face, as he stood at the bar; such was the insufferable majesty of a face, which he elsewhere tells us is "only rescued by thought from insignificance."

"It is necessary, on passing sentence for a libel, to read over again the words that composed it. This was the business of Lord Ellenborough, who baffled the attentive audience in a very ingenious manner, by affecting every instant to hear a noise, and calling upon the officers of the Court to prevent it." . . "He did not even look at us, when he asked, in the course of his duty, whether it was our wish to make any remarks." But terrified as Lord Ellenborough was to look into such formidable faces, they were harmless as the frown of a sign-post Saracen. For after Judge Grose had delivered sentence, "My brother, as I had been the writer, expected me, perhaps, to be the spokesman, and *speak I certainly should have done*, had I not been prevented by the dread of a hesitation in my speech, to which I had been subject when a boy, and the fear of which (*though I hesitate least among strangers, and very rarely at all*) has been the main cause, I believe, that I have appeared in public LESS THAN ANY OTHER PUBLIC MAN!!!" —"We parted in hackney coaches for our respective abodes, accompanied by two tipstaves apiece;"—and so ends this display of self-possession and heroism in the hour of trial. Moore and Byron visited him in prison—it is needless to say why; and the course and termination of their friendship have been such as generally distinguish an acquaintance scraped up in jail. There seems to have been little warmth or sincerity on either side, although Moore and Byron certainly behaved with kindness, and Mr Hunt owed them some, although, we allow, not much, gratitude. Lord Byron called on him in the prison several times after the first dinner given by "the poor patriot," and used to bring books for his story of "Rimini." "He would not let the footman bring them in. He would enter with a couple of quartos under his arm, and give you to understand that he was prouder of being a friend and man of letters, than a Lord. It was thus that, by flattering one's vanity, he persuaded *us* of his own freedom from it; for he could see very well that I had more value for lords than I supposed."

Even then all was not right; and Hunt cannot look back on his very earliest intercourse with Lord Byron, without the gnawing vexation of a paltry spirit irritated by long-festering wounds inflicted on its self-love. Take the following as a specimen of prison-pride:—

"I saw nothing at first but single-hearted and agreeable qualities in Lord Byron. My wife, with the quicker eyes of a woman, was inclined to doubt them. Visiting me one day, when I had a friend with me, he seemed uneasy, and asked, without ceremony, when he should find me alone. My friend, who was a man of taste and spirit, and the last in the world to intrude his acquaintance, was not bound to go away because another person had come in; and besides, he naturally felt anxious to look at so interesting a visitor, which was paying the latter a compliment. But his Lordship's will was disturbed, and he vented his spleen accordingly. I took it at the time for a piece of simplicity, blinded perhaps by the flattery insinuated towards myself; but my wife was right. Lord Byron's nature, from the first, contained that mixture of disagreeable with pleasanter qualities, which I had afterwards but too much occasion to recognise. He subsequently called on me in the prison several times, and used to bring books for my Story of Rimini, which I was then writing. He would not let the footman bring them in. He would enter with a couple of quartos under his arm, and give you to understand, that he was prouder of being a friend and a man of letters, than a lord. It was thus that, by flattering one's vanity, he persuaded us of his own freedom from it, for he could see very well, that I had more value for lords than I supposed."

On his liberation from prison, Mr Hunt informs us that he went to live at Paddington, where he "had a study looking over the fields towards Westbourne-Green, which I mention, because, besides the pleasure I took in it after my prison, and the gratitude

I owe to a fair cousin, who saved me from being burned there one fine morning, I received visits in it from two persons of remarkable discrepancy of character—Lord Byron and Mr Wordsworth." His Lordship "sat one morning so long that Lady Byron sent up twice to let him know she was waiting." The Cockney chuckles at this piece of bad breeding towards her ladyship, for sake of the compliment paid to himself—and a few lines farther on he tells us, that Lord Byron "enlisted my self-love so far on the side of Lady Byron, as to tell me that she liked my poem, and had compared his temper to that of Giovanni, my heroine's consort!" We remember once hearing a midshipman giving an account of the death of Lord Nelson, which consisted almost entirely of a description of a musket ball that had lodged in his own buttocks, and been extracted skilfully, but painfully, some months afterwards, as he lay on a sofa in his father's house at Lymington,—an account of the whole domestic economy of which followed a complimentary character of himself and the surgeon. So is it with Mr Hunt. He keeps perpetually poking and perking his own face into yours, when you are desirous of looking only at Lord Byron's, nor for a single moment ever seems to have the sense to suspect that the company are all too much disgusted to laugh at the absurdities of his egotism.

During this period Lord Byron wrote occasional letters to Mr Hunt, some of which are highly complimentary, but they soon wax somewhat cool —"My dear Hunt," changes into "Dear Hunt," "Yours, most affectionately," drops off—and it is plain enough that his Lordship is getting sick and ashamed of the connexion. No wonder. The tone and temper of Mr Hunt's character, manners, and pursuits, as given by himself, must have been most offensive to a man of high breeding and elevated sentiments like Lord Byron; and his Lordship's admiration of "Rimini," was not such as to stand against the public disgrace of having it dedicated to "My dear Byron." The pride of the peer revolted, as was natural and right, from such an unwarrantable freedom—and with his own pen, it has since appeared, he erased the nauseous familiarity, —for Leigh Hunt very properly substituting "impudent varlet."

Even now that Mr Hunt knows with what disgust his dedication inspired Lord Byron, he cannot see the matter in its true light. He confesses that his cheek burns against the paper while he writes—burns with anger, shame, and humiliation; but he does not confess—perhaps it would be a little too much to expect it—that the terms, "impudent varlet," were never more justly applied. Had he felt towards Lord Byron a true and tender friendship—loved the man, and admired the poet—the dedication, however expressed, and however received, could not but have done him honour. But there was nothing of this in him at the time; we have his own assurance that there was not—and therefore the dedication at all to Lord Byron, was most mean in "a lover of truth," and the terms of it the consummation of impudence. Look at it—pert, prating, vulgar, and vapid, more especially now, that we know the reception it met with from the illustrious person to whom it sidled up; look at the worse than worthlessness of the wretched stuff which it would palm off for poetry. Contrast it with Wordsworth's simple and dignified dedication of his immortal works to Sir George Beaumont. There, true honour is at once mutually given and received by two men of worth and genius, bound by nature in a noble and a holy friendship. Or contrast it with Wordsworth's dedicatory sonnet to Lord Lonsdale, prefixed to the "Excursion." No "My dear Lonsdale" there; but respect and gratitude in every lofty line,—the poet and the peer preserving each his own rank,—and the reader made to feel at every word, that to have fostered and honoured such a man was glory to one of the highest houses in England. Yet the "Impudent Varlet," throughout this volume, treats Wordsworth with disrespect, and has the audacity to call him a renegado!

It does not appear from this book, that much intercourse took place between Lord Byron and Mr Hunt after the latter's imprisonment. There is not the slightest symptom of any one really good feeling in the heart of the Cockney towards his Lordship even at that time; but all is wretched va-

nity and vexation of spirit. Lord Byron seems to have thought Mr Hunt a clever person, and to have had some sort of satisfaction in showing him certain kindnesses and condescensions, on which the inferior very senselessly and vulgarly presumed, trying to think himself as great a man as his patron, and defending him in the Examiner. Altogether, the connexion, even in its earliest stage, is but a sorry business,—the genius being all on the same side with the condescension, and that condescension prevented from approximating even to the lowest form of friendship, not so much by the aristocratical pride of the peer, as by the peculiar impudence ingrained into the natural disposition of the prig, who, whether in prison or out of it, inditing a critique on a farce, or pantomime, or trying his hand at a tale of incest, can never cease for a moment to betray his plebeianism, and yet with all his pertness and presumption, was, in the presence of his patron, always as servile as a valet.

Let us follow the "impudent varlet" into Italy, and see how he behaves to "my dear Byron." But let him tell us in his own words the reason why he subjected himself to his Lordship's bounty.

"From the time of my taking leave of Lord Byron in England, to the moment of our meeting in Italy, I scarcely heard of him, and never from him. He had become not very fond of his reforming acquaintances. Shelley he knew, and lived a good deal with, in Switzerland; and he was intimate again with him in Italy; yet, in the list of the only persons whom, on some occasion or other, he mentioned publicly as having seen in that country, Mr Shelley's name was omitted. I was therefore surprised, when I received the letter from my friend, which the reader will find in the Correspondence at the end of this Memoir, and which contained a proposal from my former acquaintance, inviting me to go over, and set up a work with him. Mr Shelley himself had repeatedly invited me abroad; and I had as repeatedly declined going, for the reason stated in my account of him. That reason was done away by the nature of this new proposal. I was ill; it was thought by many I could not live; my wife was very ill too; my family was numerous; and it was agreed by my partner in the Examiner, that while a struggle was made in England to reanimate that paper, injured by the peace, and by a variety of other circumstances, a simultaneous endeavour should be made in Italy to secure new aid to our diminished fortunes, and new friends to the cause of liberty. My family, therefore, packed up their books, and prepared to go by sea."

Lord Byron, it appears from this passage, had cut all his reforming acquaintances, and all communication between him and Mr Hunt had ceased. His Lordship, too, according to Mr Hunt, had passed an insult, or slight, on Mr Shelley, Mr Hunt's dearest friend; and yet Mr Hunt is ready, on a hint, to bundle himself, wife, and family, off to Italy, and to become dependent on the bounty, or charity, or call it what you will, of this very Lord, whom he never had esteemed, and whose selfish and disagreeable character that wife had instantly seen through even in prison, when he came with quartos under his arm, and would suffer no footman to bear the burden. "A letter *from my friend* contained a proposal from *my former acquaintance.*" The distinction is dignified indeed. But was not this "*former acquaintance,*" whom you will not honour with the name of friend, "my dear Byron," to whom you dedicated Rimini, and did you not accept from him the sum of two hundred pounds to enable you to leave the country?

The truth is, that Mr Hunt was, at this time, in a very pitiable condition. The Examiner, on which his subsistence wholly depended, had, he now tells us, ceased to pay,—its uniform and unvaried impudence having sickened even lawyers' clerks and silk-mercers' apprentices,—he seems to have possessed no talents that could be turned to any useful account,—his imprisonment and fines had been long and heavy,—and his fortune and his reputation were at the lowest ebb. In the midst of so many mean miseries, he had not courage to withstand the "proposal from his former acquaintance;" and yet, with his usual self-conceit, and self-deceit, he cannot plainly say, "my poverty, but not my will consented;" but tells us that he went to Italy, "to secure new friends to the cause of liberty," having himself sneered at Lord Byron, with whom he was about to associate himself, "for having become not very fond of his reforming acquaintance," and omitted "Mr Shelley's name from

the public list of his friends!" To say nothing of his belief, formed long before, of Lord Byron being a false and hollow friend of freedom! And this is the man who says, that if he knows anything of himself at all, it is that he is a lover of truth!

Mr Hunt lands at Leghorn, and in a day or two goes to see the noble Bard, at Monte-Nero. Is he happy to see his "former acquaintance?"—his "my dear Byron,"—him who had become "not very fond of his reforming acquaintance,"—him "who had omitted Mr Shelley's name,"—him "whom he wished to secure as a new friend to the cause of liberty,"—him who had lent him two hundred pounds to fit him out,—him whose selfish character Mrs Hunt had seen through in prison of old,—him whose head he had seen bob-bobbing like a buoy in the Thames, like Leander, under the auspices of Mr Jackson the prize-fighter?—is he happy once more to behold this Byron, or is he not? Not one word of emotion of any kind escapes his lips! His account of the meeting is a precious piece of Cockneyism.

"The day was very hot—the road to Monte-Nero was very hot, through dusty suburbs; and when I got there, I found the hottest-looking house I ever saw. Not content with having a red wash over it, the red was the most unreasonable of all reds, a salmon colour. Think of this, flaring over the country in a hot Italian sun! But the greatest of all the heats was within. Upon seeing Lord Byron, *I hardly knew him, he was grown so fat; and he was longer in recognising me, I had grown so thin.*"

Then follows a tolerably picturesque description of a row among Lord Byron's servants. His Lordship being thus painted in the free and easy style, —"last, not least in the novelty, *my English friend, metamorphosed, round-looking and jacketed,*" &c. "Impudent varlet!" The row being extinguished, Mr Hunt thus discourseth of Lord Byron, and his contemporaries.

"Having settled our friend, the lachrymose ruffian, we took our drive in the barouche, in the course of which we met the police officer, and my old acquaintance Fletcher, with his good-humoured lack-a-daisical face. Fletcher was for being legitimate, and having his wife out to Italy. I had made an offer to the lady to bring her with us by sea, which she politely declined; doubtless out of fear of the water; but I brought him a box full of goods, which consoled him a little. I fear I am getting a little gossiping here, beyond the record; such is the contamination of these personal histories; but Fletcher having by nature an honest English face, the round simplicity of which no sophistication had yet succeeded in ruining, ladies of various ranks in Italy, Venetian countesses, and English cook-maids, had a trick of taking a liking to it; and the presence of Mrs Fletcher might afterwards have saved me some trouble. This, however, is a bold conjecture. Perhaps it might have been worse. O Beaumont, hadst thou been living in the times of this the namesake of thy fellow dramatist—But I am told here, that my apostrophes will be getting scandalous."

What playful fancy—what airy eloquence—what graceful badinage—what pure mirth—what nice perception—what fine emotion—what apt expression of the humorous, and even the facete! Oh! rare Leigh Hunt!

Without one syllable more about Lord Byron, he returns to Leghorn, and taking leave of the vessel, "we put up" at our hotel. Mr Shelley pays him a visit, and "prepared me to find others not exactly what I had taken them for. I little thought at the time how much reason I should have to remember his words." What! did Mr Shelley now, for the first time, open your eyes to the true character of Lord Byron? If you mean to say so, then you are baser than the dirt. For every single syllable you have written about him, up to this time, has been to his discredit; and you have taken care to tell that your own eyes and the "quicker eyes of a woman," had been long before opened to the real character of the man, whose charity had brought you thither, and with whom, in spite of his notorious abjuration of the persons, if not the principles of reform, you had sailed across the seas, to become a coadjutor in the cause of liberty.

Mr Hunt now took up his abode in the ground-floor of his Lordship's house, the Casa Lanfranchi, on the Lung' Arno. Since the publication of this volume, it appears that he has been accused of violating the domestic privacy of his patron, by the many details he has given of his Lordship's mode of life, habits, manners, and pursuits. He denies the justice of the accusation, and sets about refuting it, by some of the most whimsical and contemptible special pleading that ever

polluted the hired lips of a pettifogging attorney.

"The remainder was inhabited by himself and the Gambas; but the father and son were then absent. Divided tenancies of this kind are common in Italy, where few houses are in possession of one family. It has been said that Lord Byron portioned off a part of his own dwelling, handsomely fitted it up for us, and heaped on us in this, as in other matters, a variety of benefactions. In the course of my narrative I must qualify those agreeable fictions. In the first place, Lord Byron had never made use of the ground-floor. Formerly, it was not the custom to do so in great mansions, the splendour of the abode commencing up stairs; nor is it now, where the house is occupied by only one family, and there is room for them without it, unless they descend for coolness in summer time. Of late years, especially since the English have recommenced their visits, it is permitted to parlours to be respectable. In country-houses of a modern standing, I have seen them converted into the best part of the dwelling; but the old mansions were constructed to a different end; the retainers of the family, or the youngest branches, if it was very large, being the only persons who could with propriety live so near their mother earth. The grated windows that are seen in the ground-floors of most private houses in Italy, have survived the old periods of trouble that occasioned them; and it is doubtless to those periods that we must refer for the plebeianism of parlours."

In a letter in the Morning Chronicle, Mr Hunt tells us, that he has a horror of violating the sanctity of the "*sub iisdem trabibus*,—the sacred enclosure of private walls." But then, mark!—he lived on the ground-floor! That makes all the difference in the world; and separates him from his Lordship as completely as if he had lived in a garret. Lord Byron, then, did not portion off a part of his own dwelling for Hunt and Co.; he only sent them down stairs to the ground-floor,—to the "plebeianism of parlours." Then hear how Mr Hunt explains away the assertion, that Lord Byron "had handsomely fitted it up for us."

"The furniture of our apartments was good and respectable, but of the plainest and cheapest description, consistent with that character. It was chosen by Mr Shelley, who intended to beg my acceptance of it, and who knew, situated as he and I were, that in putting about us such furniture as he used himself, he could not pay us a handsomer or more welcome compliment. When the apartments were fitted up, Lord Byron insisted upon making us a present of the goods himself. Mr Shelley did not choose to contest the point. He explained the circumstance to me; and this is the amount of the splendour with which some persons have been pleased to surround me at his Lordship's expense."

So his Lordship, after all, did fit up the apartments! "This is the amount of the splendour with which some persons have been pleased to surround me at his Lordship's expense." Why, as to "splendour" we know not who used that word,—nobody at all,—but Mr Hunt and family were provided with good "dry lodging," and was not that enough? The ground-floor of a palace is better than one of the upper stories of a prison.

In one of the preceding paragraphs quoted from Mr Hunt, he undertakes to refute the assertion, that "Lord Byron portioned off a part of his own dwelling, and handsomely fitted it up for us;" and his refutation, when brought to a close, consists in taking to the ground-floor, and acknowledging, that the furniture of which Lord Byron insisted upon making them a present, "was good and respectable!" What more would he have had—and what more was it ever said by friend or foe, that he had received from Lord Byron in lodgings and in furniture? There was no surpassing generosity in Lord Byron in all this; but there was considerable, sufficient kindness—and the situation of Mr Hunt comes very near indeed to that of a person living, "*sub iisdem trabibus*—the sacred enclosure of private walls." 'Tis pitiful to deny it.

But that Mr Hunt, notwithstanding his mean and weak denial, did live, to all intents and purposes, and *bona fide* under "the *iisdem trabibus*—the sacred enclosure of private walls," is proved by every page of his book. "We had not been in the house above an hour or two, when *my friend* brought the celebrated surgeon Vacca to see Mrs Hunt!" "The next day, while in the drawing-room with Lord Byron," &c. "Let the reader imagine the noble poet and an intimate acquaintance, not a mere man of the

world, *living together*," and so on; but take the following passage:—

"Our manner of life was this:—Lord Byron, who used to sit up at night writing Don Juan, (which he did under the influence of gin and water,) rose late in the morning. He breakfasted; read; lounged about, singing an air, generally out of Rossini, and in a swaggering style, though in a voice at once small and veiled; then took a bath, and was dressed; and coming down stairs, was heard, still singing, in the court-yard, out of which the garden ascended at the back of the house. The servants, at the same time, brought out two or three chairs. My study, a little room in a corner, with an orange-tree peeping in at the window, looked upon this court-yard. I was generally at my writing when he came down, and either acknowledged his presence by getting up, and saying something from the window, or he called out 'Leontius!' and came halting up to the window with some joke, or other challenge to conversation. (Readers of good sense will do me the justice of discerning where anything is spoken of in a tone of objection, and where it is only brought in as requisite to the truth of the picture.) His dress, as at Monte-Nero, was a nankeen jacket, with white waistcoat and trowsers, and a cap, either velvet or linen, with a shade to it. In his hand was a tobacco-box, from which he helped himself like unto a shipman, but for a different purpose; his object being to restrain the pinguifying impulses of hunger. Perhaps, also, he thought it good for the teeth. We then lounged about, or sat and talked,—Madame Guiccioli, with her sleek tresses, descending, after her toilet, to join us. The garden was small and square, but plentifully stocked with oranges, and other shrubs; and, being well watered, looked very green and refreshing, under the Italian sky. The lady generally attracted us up into it, if we had not been there before."

Mr Hunt, then, went over to Italy, having his passage paid by Lord Byron, was "put up" in the ground-floor of his Lordship's house, which ground-floor was well furnished by his Lordship. "They lived," he says, "together," and he, Leontius, passed daily hours with his Lordship and his paramour,—for we will give her the mildest name possible,—and still he denies that he was under the "*iisdem trabibus*, the sacred enclosure of private walls." He is an excellent Cockney, but a clumsy casuist; a Jesuit of no ingenuity—hair-splitting is not his forte—to make black white is beyond the art of such a dauber—while others are willing to make all allowances for his misdeeds, he damns himself out of his own mouth, and then hides himself with absurd confusion of countenance, from the charge of being guest to such a host, in a distant, but well-furnished parlour on the ground-floor. And this brings us to speak shortly of Mr Hunt's pecuniary obligations to Lord Byron, which have been greatly exaggerated, and which, had he loved Byron, needed not to have pressed at all heavily on his conscience. Such, however, as they are, they ought to be fairly stated; and there seems an inclination in Mr Hunt even to turn Lord Byron's kindness on this matter of money against him, and to insinuate that his Lordship was not a plain-dealer.

Now we find, from a letter of Mr Shelley's, that he was anxious to lend money to Mr Hunt, but had it not to lend—and that he was trying to screw himself up to ask it from Mr Horace Smith. Had he done so, he would have got it, for we happen to know something of that gentleman's unbounded generosity to Mr Shelley, which perhaps Mr Hunt does not know, who indeed speaks in one of his letters in the Morning Chronicle, as if Mr Horace Smith knew far less than he himself did of Mr Shelley. Whereas, we believe the chief difference between them to be, concerning their conduct to that gentleman, that Mr Hunt had received enormous sums from him,—fourteen hundred pounds is deserving in this case to be called so, and that Mr Smith had just as generously given that or a greater sum to him,—that Mr Hunt partook and aggravated all his most pernicious and unhappy opinions,—and that Mr Smith condemned, and endeavoured to cure them. But Mr Shelley did not in this case apply to Mr Horace Smith; and not having the money himself at the time, he had, we presume, applied to Lord Byron. Now, is it not most probable, that Mr Shelley, who applied to Lord Byron unwillingly for two hundred pounds for Mr Hunt, did of himself offer his bond? And did not the acceptance of the bond by Lord Byron relieve Mr Shelley from any painful or unpleasant feeling in

the transaction? Lord Byron had a year or two before offered, through Mr Shelley, to send four hundred; and this is, we think, the right construction to put upon the bond. On Mr Shelley's death, the bond, we presume, was burned. Lord Byron did not hold it as a voucher or evidence of a debt against Mr Shelley's heirs; he told Mr Hunt that he would stand in Mr Shelley's place towards him; he gave him money after that most melancholy event, though not in the way most agreeable to Mr Hunt's feelings,—because the false, faint, and fragile friendship was soon broken—the mind of the one being filled with contempt and disgust,—that of the other with spleen and hatred.

There would, in our opinion, have been no degradation in Mr Hunt accepting either the gift or the loan of a far larger sum than two or three hundred pounds from Lord Byron, if he had really loved and esteemed the man. He would, in that case, have been entitled to accept such a proof of friendship, without needing to hang his head, or to blush, whether it were known but to themselves, or to all the world. But he was not the honest, the independent, the high-souled person he imagines himself to be, when in his necessities he stooped to receive such a benefit from the hands of one whom he takes a pride in telling us he never esteemed, —and into the selfishness and many other disagreeable and unamiable qualities of whose character, he and his wife, who shared in the benefit, such as it was, of the no very magnificent benefaction, had long before penetrated, even during their apparently kindliest intercourse in prison. The real degradation was incurred then—although the humiliation was not felt till after Mr Shelley's death, when Mr Hunt was sent to the "Steward," it must be allowed, somewhat after the fashion of a pauper, and was forced to live on eleemosynary food. Yet small and insignificant a sum as is three hundred pounds, (that was about the "tottle of the whole,") even when added to the gift of a ground flat and furniture, it is money given and received —given and received under circumstances which forbid Mr Hunt ever again, while he lives, to utter one single syllable of self-commendation on the score of high-minded independence of character, and well fitted to have sealed in silence the lips of any man when quivering to open in spiteful abuse, after the death of him to whom he had had the baseness to come under such pecuniary obligation, without having entertained towards him one brotherly or affectionate feeling. He performed throughout, from beginning to end, the part of a Pauper.

Throughout the whole book, and all his other writings, Mr Hunt is perpetually trying to express some peculiar opinion of his own, about money,—about money-getting, and money-spending, Mammon, Plutus, and the rest. He never makes himself very intelligible; but we understand sufficiently well what he would be at, to know, that, while he pretends to deplore, he nathless exults in his negligence about pecuniary matters, and in his contempt of all those duties concerning them, so rigidly guarded and enforced by the moral code of a worldly-minded generation. This is occasionally all very pretty,—but it is far oftener all very ugly; and the creed, when acted on, involves men not merely in misfortune, but in meanness. It has done so with Mr Hunt himself, of which what more debasing proof than this very book! For why was it written? For money. He knows this; yet tries to hide it "from that inward eye that is the curse of solitude." "If I had been actuated by ordinary motives," says he, "I should have done it when I first returned to England, and made, as the phrase is, 'a good deal of money by it;' which is what, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, I cannot be said to have done now. My bookseller has pleased me by advances of money; and it was a series of circumstances connected with that liberal treatment which finally led me to make the book what it is." There is not one word of truth in this statement, though it is quite possible that the poor creature may not have felt it to be false. Out of his own blundering mouth he stands self-convicted. "I engaged for it," he says, "as soon as I returned to England; but the delight of finding myself among my old scenes and friends,—the prospect of better health and resources,—the feeling of the first taste of comfort, a novelty unknown for years,—and the very dread of seeing this new piece of rose-colour in my

existence vanish before the re-exertion of my brain, and the ink-spots it produces between me and the sun,—all conspired, with bad habits of business and the sorriest arithmetic, to make me avail myself unawares of the handsome treatment of my publisher, and indulge in too long a holiday." He drivels away in the same mawkish style for several sentences, and what is the upshot? That he would have written the book long ago, had he not preferred enjoying himself on the money, from time to time advanced to him by Mr Colburn. He afterwards acknowledges, "that, had I been rich enough, and could have repaid the handsome conduct of Mr Colburn, with its proper interest, my first impulse, on finishing the book, would have been to put it into the fire."—What mean and miserable contradictions and inconsistencies are crowded and huddled together here! It was for money that the book was written; he admits it, confesses it, hides it, emblazons it, palliates it, avows it, and denies it, all in one and the same breath; yet, in the midst of all this equivocating cowardice, in which he now fears to look the truth in the face, and then strives to stare her out of countenance, all that he has done is still, in his own ultimate belief, "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;" and a man of higher principle, more unimpeachable integrity, and loftier disdain of money, never, on a summer's morning at Paddington, Lisson Grove, or Hampstead, pulled on a pair of yellow breeches!

We have seen how feebly and ineffectually Mr Hunt has attempted to show that he and his family inhabited a house of their own at Pisa, their own ground-flat, and could not be said truly to be under the *iisdem trabibus* with Lord Byron. There were circumstances attending his dependent situation, that made it very degrading—but Mr Hunt shall speak for himself.

"There was another thing that startled me in the Casa Lanfranchi. I had been led to consider the connexion between Lord Byron and Madame Guiccioli as more than warranted by Italian manners. Her husband was old enough to be her father. Everybody knows how shamefully matches of this kind are permitted to take place even in England. But in Italy they are often accompanied, and almost always followed, by compromises of a very singular description, of which nobody thinks ill; and in fine, I had been given to understand that the attachment was real; that it was rescuing Lord Byron from worse connexions; and that the lady's family (which was true) approved it. I was not prepared to find the father and brother living in the same house; but taking the national manners into consideration, and differing very considerably with the notions entertained respecting the intercourse of the sexes in more countries than one, I was prepared to treat with respect what I conceived to be founded in serious feelings; and I saw even in that arrangement something which, though it startled my English habits at first, seemed to be a still farther warrant of innocence of intention, and exception to general rules. It is true, that when the Pope sanctioned her separation from her husband, he stipulated that she should live with her father; and as the separation took place on account of the connexion with Lord Byron, the nullification of the edict, in thus adhering to the letter, and violating the spirit of it, may have had an ill look in a Catholic country. But times are altered in that matter; and what enabled me the better to have a good opinion of the arrangement, was the conclusion I came to respecting the dispositions of the old Count and his son; both very natural and amiable persons, with great simplicity of manners, and such a patriotic regard for their country, as had not only committed their reputation for wisdom in the eyes of the selfish, but got them into real trouble, and driven them into banishment."

Mr Hunt cannot be such a simpleton as to have been self-deceived in a matter like this; and his hypocritical twaddle can be of no avail to shelter him from contempt. The old count and the young count, were both poor base creatures; and the whole concern not only "startling to English habits," but shocking to human nature. Lord Byron had perhaps the excuse, a very bad one—of passion; but grant that he was the chief criminal, the father and the brother were far worse than mere criminals; and Mr Hunt, who did not scruple to introduce his own wife into such a concern, will pardon us for saying, that he thereby brought disgrace even upon Cockaigne. In high and fashionable life, there is a laxity of principle, which he has himself often railed about with the

most impudent asperity; but many palliations offer themselves at once of the behaviour, and conduct, and intercourse, which are occasionally tolerated with a taint in such circles. The evil, in greater or lesser degrees, seems almost inseparable from a luxurious state of society; but an evil it is always reckoned; and to countenance it, is always accompanied with danger and disgrace. In the confusion and stir of the common forms of life in a great city like London, much may pass along and away of an unhallowed kind, without polluting what it is unhappily privileged to mingle with; and the breath of vice, although coming sometimes too near the cheek of virtue, being known, is guarded against; and innocence, although thus insulted, is not stained by guilt. But here, a man of very humble rank, a poet forsooth and philosopher, a patriot, a philanthropist, and a lover of truth, places, because he is miserably poor, his wife on an equality, or rather beneath, another man's mistress. True, that wife is said to have had no scruples of her own on the subject. "Mrs Hunt, though living in all respects after the fashion of an English wife, was anything but illiberal with regard to others;" but however disposed to pardon the frailties of others, and even so far to forget what was due to her own dignity as an English wife and mother, Mrs Hunt should not have been placed in such a position by her husband. Her opinions and feelings on such a subject were likely to be those of her husband; natural to any amiable Englishwoman—and Mrs Hunt may be very amiable—it is impossible they could be; and although only absurd and silly in theory, in practice they are odious and full of danger. To look with pity, even with pardon, on such a connexion as that which subsisted between Lord Byron and Madame Giuccioli, "Fyeather, brither and I," might be allowed many men, but still pity and pardon mixed strongly with disgust; but to be willing to bring his wife into close contact with such a coterione, was allowable to no man, but to him who chose to sacrifice for the time, both his name and his nature.

Mr Hunt acknowledges that he was placed in "a dilemma, from which I was relieved by a very trivial circumstance. My wife knew nothing of Italian, and did not care to learn it. Madame Guiccioli could not speak English." Mr Hunt may call this ignorance of each other's language a trivial circumstance—to us it seems all-important, since it is manifest that it alone kept the ladies apart. Mrs Hunt was saved from that continued degradation to which her husband would have reduced her, by her ignorance of Italian. Had she been unluckily able to murder the Tuscan like her husband, she must have daily swallowed the bitterest pill that from such hands can be administered to a virtuous woman.

Meanwhile, Mr Hunt must have felt himself a truly noble, independent, and high-minded personage, daily in the garden sitting, as was his custom of an afternoon, with his lordship and his long-yellow-haired paramour. The lawless love must have been indeed beautiful in itself, that could have reconciled a third party,—a married man, with a wife a hundred yards off on the ground-floor, to be the perpetual witness of its dalliances and its displeasures. Two, it is said, is good company,—the person of a third spoils all. That third thus discourseth.

"The way in which the connexion between the young Countess and Lord Byron had originated, and was sanctioned, was, I thought, clear enough; but unfortunately it soon became equally clear, that there was no real love on either side. The lady, I believe, was not unsusceptible of a real attachment, and most undoubtedly she was desirous that Lord Byron should cultivate it, and make her as proud and as affectionate as she was anxious to be. But to hear her talk of him, she must have pretty soon discerned that this was impossible; and the manner of her talking rendered it more than doubtful whether she had ever loved, or could love him, to the extent that she supposed. I believe she would have taken great pride in the noble bard, if he would have let her; and remained a faithful and affectionate companion, as long as he pleased to have her so; but this depended more on his treatment of her, and still more on the way in which he conducted himself towards others, than on any positive qualities of his own. On the other hand, he was alternately vexed and gratified by her jealousies. His regard being founded solely on her person, and not surviving in the shape of a considerate tenderness, had so de-

generated in a short space of time, that if you were startled to hear the lady complain of him as she did, and that too with comparative strangers, you were shocked at the license he would allow his criticisms on her. The truth is, as I have said before, that he had never known anything of love but the animal passion. His poetry had given this its gracefuller aspect, when young—he could believe in the passion of Romeo and Juliet. But the moment he thought he had attained to the years of discretion, what with the help of bad companions, and a sense of his own merits, for want of comparisons to check it, he had made the wise and blessed discovery, that women might love himself, though he could not return the passion; and that all woman's love, the very best of it, was nothing but vanity. To be able to love a quality for its own sake, exclusive of any reaction upon one's self-love, seemed a thing that never entered his head. If at any time, therefore, he ceased to love a woman's person, and found leisure to detect in her the vanities natural to a flattered beauty, he set no bounds to the light and coarse way in which he would speak of her. There was coarseness in the way in which he would talk to women, even when he was in his best humour with them. I do not mean on the side of voluptuousness, which is rather an excess than a coarseness; the latter being an impertinence, which is the reverse of the former. I have seen him call their attention to circumstances, which made you wish yourself a hundred miles off. They were connected with anything but the graces with which a poet would encircle his Venus. He said to me once of a friend of his, that he had been spoilt by reading Swift. He himself had certainly not escaped the infection.

"What completed the distress of this connexion, with respect to the parties themselves, was his want of generosity in money-matters, The lady was independent of him, and disinterested; and he seemed resolved that she should have every mode but one of proving that she could remain so. I will not repeat what was said and lamented on this subject. I would not say anything about it, nor about twenty other matters, but that they hang together more or less, and are connected with the truth of a portrait which it has become necessary to me to paint. It is fortunate that there are some which I can omit. But I am of opinion, that no woman could have loved him long. Pride in his celebrity, and the wish not to appear to have been mistaken or undervalued on their own parts, might have kept up an appearance of love long after it had ceased; but the thing would have gone without doubt, and that very speedily. Love may be kept up in spite of great defects, and even great offences—offences too against itself. Lord Byron, out of a certain instinct, was fond of painting this in his poetry. But there are certain deficiencies, which by depriving a passion of the last resources of self-love, necessary to everything human, deny to it its last consolation,—that of taking pity on itself; and without this, it is not in nature that it should exist. Lord Byron painted his heroes criminal, wilful, even selfish in great things; but he took care not to paint them mean in little ones. He took care also to give them a great quantity of what he was singularly deficient in,—which was self-possession: for when it is added, that he had no address even in the ordinary sense of the word,—that he hummed and hawed, and looked confused on very trivial occasions,—that he could much more easily get into a dilemma than out of it, and with much greater skill wound the self-love of others than relieve them,—the most common-place believers in a poet's attractions will begin to suspect, that it is possible for his books to be the best part of him."

Dignified historian! Sublime studies! What peering, and prying, what whisper-listening, what look-eying, what note-jotting, and journalizing must have been there! What sudden leave-taking of bower, arbour, and parlour, at nod or wink of the master, whom he served! This was being something worse than a lick-spittle.

That the whole family of the Hunts soon became very odious to Lord Byron, is generally known, and admitted, throughout the whole of this Memoir. Mr Hunt treats us with some traits of insolence and low-breeding; well calculated to have produced that effect, but which he admires as the perfection of raillery and reproof. Take a sample of this sort of insolence.

"He learnt what was equally true, that she was destitute, to a remarkable degree, of all care about rank and title. She had been used to live in a world of her own, and was, and is, I really believe, absolutely unimpressible in that respect. It is possible, that her inexperience of any mode of life but her own, may have rendered her somewhat jealous in behalf of it, and not willing to be brought into

comparisons with pretensions, the de fects of which she is acute to discern but her indifference to the nominal and conventional part of their importance is unaffectedly real; and it partakes of that sense of the ludicrous, which is so natural to persons to whom they are of no consequence, and so provoking to those who regard them otherwise. Finally, Lord Byron, who was as acute as a woman in those respects, very speedily discerned that he did not stand very high in her good graces; and accordingly he set her down to a very humble rank in his own. As I oftener went to his part of the house than he came to mine, he seldom saw her; and when he did, the conversation was awkward on his side, and provokingly self-possessed on hers. He said to her one day, 'What do you think, Mrs Hunt? Trelawney has been speaking against my morals! What do you think of that?'—'It is the first time,' said Mrs Hunt, 'I ever heard of them.' This, which would have set a man of address upon his wit, completely dashed and reduced him to silence."

This is a sweet specimen of the "quip modest"—the "retort courteous." The whole picture is rancid. Trelawney, a wild adventurer, destitute of all settled principle, is quoted by Lord Byron in a reckless mood, as a censor of morals—quoted, too, to a virtuous woman, who could not but know that the quotation referred, among other things, to the *liaisons* within the "*iisdem trabibus*;" and that virtuous woman, jesting and jeering in reply, like some pert Abigail in a fourth-rate farce. Byron, too, looking like a booby under such a vulgar repartee! Was Mr Hunt present at the scene, to enjoy the triumph of his spouse's overwhelming wit? Or does he record the repartee at third hand, taking care that it shall lose nothing of its divine spirit by transmission? Another specimen of similar insolence, to be divided in equal shares between the Cockney-couple.

"But her greatest offence, was in something which I had occasion to tell him. He was very bitter one day upon some friends of mine, criticising even their personal appearance, and that in no good taste. At the same time, he was affecting to be very pleasant and good-humoured, and without any 'offence in the world.' All this provoked me to mortify him, and I asked if he knew what Mrs Hunt had said one day to the Shelleys of his picture by Harlowe? (It is the fastidious scornful portrait of him, affectedly looking down.) He said he did not, and was curious to know. An engraving of it, I told him, was shown her, and her opinion asked; upon which she observed, that 'it resembled a great school-boy, who had had a plain bun given him instead of a plum one.' I did not add, that our friends shook with laughter at this idea of the noble original, because it was 'so like him.' He looked as blank as possible, and never again criticised the personal appearance of those whom I regarded. It was on accounts like these, that he talked of Mrs Hunt as being 'no great things.'"

The expression "no great things," is of doubtful and equivocal import, and as such inapplicable to Mrs Hunt's character, though not to her situation. But it was "no great things" of Mrs Hunt to indulge in low-bred, vulgar, and cockneyish attempts at the *faceto* about Lord Byron, or his portrait, with the Shelleys. That one piece of impertinence serves to show the character of the intercourse between the three coteries—backbiting, sneering, caricaturing, gossipping, cringing, fawning, borrowing, and begging, being the general orders of the day. Plain buns and plum buns are inseparable in the minds of Cockneys from the idea of boyhood. The wit cannot be exquisitely relished out of Cockaigne. "A great school-boy," too, is a sort of slangish expression; and think of "our friends" "the Shelleys" "shaking with laughter" at this idea of the noble original, because it was "so like him!" This charming bon-mot, this sparkling jeu d'esprit, having been first sported to "the Shelleys," was next communicated to Mr Hunt by his "cara mia," by the author of Prometheus, the Revolt of Islam, and the Cenci, or the authoress of Frankenstein and The Last Man, all of whose sides it had shook with laughter! Mr Hunt, too, had had his midriff tickled by it out of all measure,—had treasured it up among other bright and original sallies in the store-house of his memory, and suddenly, and without warning, brought it out to annihilate the Noble who had dared to criticise the personal appearance of "some friends of mine." Poor Byron, how easily wert thou abashed! Disgust and scorn must have tied his tongue; just as they sicken the very eyes that run over the low and loath-

some recital by a chuckling Cockney, of his wife's unmannerly and unwomanly stupidities, mixed up with the poisonous slaver of his own impotent malice, rendering page 27 of "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries, by Leigh Hunt," the most impertinent piece of printed paper that ever issued from the press.

But not only did Mrs Hunt, on all occasions, display her vast superiority in wit and breeding over Lord Byron, but he was made to sing small by husband as well as wife, and by the whole family of children.

"The children, than whom, I will venture to say, it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in the house, or any that came less in his way, he pronounced to be 'impracticable.' But that was the reason. I very soon found, that it was desirable to keep them out of his way; and although this was done in the easiest and most natural manner, and was altogether such a measure as a person of less jealousy might have regarded as a consideration for his quiet, he resented it, and could not help venting his spleen in talking of them. The worst of it was, that when they did come in his way, they were nothing daunted. They had lived in a natural, not an artificial state of intercourse, and were equally sprightly, respectful, and self-possessed. My eldest boy surprised him with his address, never losing his singleness of manner, nor exhibiting pretensions of which he was too young to know anything; yet giving him his title at due intervals, and appearing, in fact, as if he had always lived in the world, instead of out of it. This put him out of his reckoning."

The author of Childe Harold and Manfred was really to be pitied,—snubbed at this rate by every member of the family on the ground-floor!—When Mr Hunt was at a loss for a witticism of his own to shoot off at the poor Peer, he had only to take an arrow from the quiver of his Amazon,—and, if she was out of the way, then "heigh for Johnny Nonny!" or "ho for Tommy Tammy!" and he let slip the little red-eyed snarling varmint at his noble host, who, sadly degenerate from the old commodore,—rough-weather Dick,—had not a word to throw to a puppy, or its parent; but, with his finger in his mouth, shunned the offered combat, and left the field in undisputed possession of the Cockneys. What a different man the author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers in print and in private!—There offering battle to the banded, picked men of England; here, dark, despairing, dumb-foundered, before a litter of small, squeaking Cockneys, all afrisk, with tails atwist, to the ineffable delight of their parent grunters!

Cowed by Mrs Hunt, worried by the brats, it was not to be expected that Lord Byron would make any head against the husband and the father. He was beaten before he entered the ring. Hear Hunt.

"It has been said in a Magazine, that I was always arguing with Lord Byron. Nothing can be more untrue. I was indeed almost always differing, and to such a degree, that I was fain to keep the difference to myself. I differed so much, that I argued as little as possible. His lordship was so poor a logician, that he did not even provoke argument. When you openly differed with him in anything like a zealous manner, the provocation was caused by something foreign to reasoning, and not pretending to it. He did not care for argument; and, what was worse, is too easily convinced at the moment, or appeared to be so, to give any zest to disputation. He gravely asked me one day, 'What it was that convinced me in argument?' I said, I thought I was convinced by the strongest reasoning. 'For my part,' said he, 'it is the last speaker that convinces me.' And I believe he spoke truly; but then he was only convinced till it was agreeable to him to be moved otherwise. He did not care for the truth. He admired only the convenient and the ornamental. He was moved to and fro, not because there was any ultimate purpose which he would give up, but solely because it was most troublesome to him to sit still and resist. 'Mobility,' he has said, in one of his notes to 'Don Juan,' was his weakness; and he calls it 'a very painful attribute.' It is an attribute certainly not very godlike; but it still left him as self-centred and unsympathising with his movers, as if he had been a statue or a ball. In this respect he was as *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, as Mr Hazlitt could desire; and thus it was, that he was rolled out of Mr Hazlitt's own company and the Liberal."

His lordship was so poor a logician, that he did not even provoke argument!—Argument?—What gentleman ever argues with a friend? That is a vice to which only fourth-raters—outsiders—are addicted. "At the feast of reason and the flow of soul," between man and man in the intercourse

of social life, who would wish to see served up a whole course of syllogisms? One man cannot pronounce a higher panegyric on another, than to say, that at the genial board, or the stroll in sunshine or in shade, "he does not care for argument." The bright thought, charming long after it has fled afar—the gay fancy exciting seriousness into a smile—the warm emotion, fresh from the fountain of common humanity,—the image, that with one sudden flash—"sends illumination into dark deep holds;"—the whim, the sally, the quip, the crank, the capricious, the outrageous, the absurd, the insane—these are the staple of the true converse of soul and soul; and what, in the devil's name, have they to do with logic, any more than with logarithms?

But Leigh Hunt would have fain been perpetually arguing, disputing, drawing conclusions from premises, and corollaries from propositions, just as a jackass in a field, where some horses are grazing or galloping, endeavours to get one of them into a corner, and placing himself in the fourth position—the most formidable one in which a quadruped can stand—begins arguing the topic with the hunter, drawing the most startling conclusions and the most recondite corollaries from the farthest recesses of his stomach, up even into the very vicinity of the tail, braying logic in that most unmerciful of all mortars, flapping his ears, open-mouthed affronting the sky at a safe distance from the disputant, and, finally, too much exhausted to be able to crop a thistle for hours to come, endeavouring to kick up his small shabby hoofs, haply not unaccompanied by most unmilitary music; and then in all the pride of victory sinking first on one knee and then on another, into dignified recumbency, among the bin weed, dandelions, and dockens.

The concluding sentence of the extract contains some hidden meaning, which one would no more think of searching for, than of digging up with one's fingers a rotten rat from beneath a heap of filth or ordure. Why Mr Hazlitt should have described Lord Byron to be "*totus teres atque rotundus*"—can be indistinctly known only to a very few of the Cockneys—and in no degree whatever to Mr Hazlitt himself—the meaning of these words being veiled from him in the obscurity of a learned language; but we give Mr Hunt credit for the singular use of the terms "rolled out of Mr Hazlitt's own company and the Liberal"—which, being interpreted, means, that Lord Byron being sick and ashamed, did, with two simultaneous, two synchronous kicks, send them both together spinning away to the devil, and into the dead sea.

Lord Byron's rank, from the first moment Mr Hunt saw him, stuck like a bone in his throat, imparting to his face a singular and woful expression. He could neither vomit nor swallow it. "I had more respect for his rank than I was willing to suppose," even at the time "I entertained myself with seeing his Lordship's head bob up and down in the water like a buoy."

"It was thus that, by flattering one's vanity, he persuaded us of his own freedom from it; for he could see very well that I had more value for lords than I supposed."

"The courtiers had the advantage of me in one particular. They knew what it was to admire lords heartily; and they could see that I admired them more than I suspected. I dedicated the story of Rimini to Lord Byron; and the dedication was a foolish one. I addressed him in the beginning of a letter, and as custom allows in private between friends, without his title; and I proceeded to show how much I thought of his rank, by pretending to think nothing about it. Now was the time, I thought, to show that *friendship, and talents, and poetry,* were reckoned superior to rank, even by rank itself; my *friend* appeared not only to suffer me to think so, but to encourage me to do it. I took him at his word; and I believe he was as much astonished at it (though nobody could have expressed himself more kindly on the subject) as at this moment writing I am mortified."—"I discovered the absurdity I had committed, long before I went to Italy."

But here comes a quotation, involving all the philosophy of hereditary rank.

"On renewing my intercourse with Lord Byron, I made up my mind to put myself on a different footing with him, but in such a manner as he should construe handsomely towards himself, as well as respectfully towards me. I reckoned upon his approval of it, because it

should be done as a matter of course, and as the result of a little more experience of the world, and not out of any particular observation of his own wishes or inconsistencies; and I reckoned upon it the more confidently, because at the time that I formed the resolution, his own personal character was not so much in my thoughts, as that conventional modification of it, which he inherited in common with others of his rank, and of which it was not to be expected he should get rid. Men do not easily give up any advantages they possess, real or imaginary; and they have a good deal to say in their favour. I mean as far as any real difference is concerned between what is tangible in substance and tangible in the apprehension. If a man can be made happy with a title, I do not know why we should begrudge it him, or why he should think ill of it, any more than of beauty, or riches, or anything else that has an influence upon the imagination. The only questions are, whether he will be the better for it in the long run, and whether his particular good is harmless, or otherwise, with respect to the many. Without stopping to settle this point, I had concluded that Lord Byron had naturally as much regard for his title as any other nobleman, perhaps more, because he had professed not to care about it. Besides, he had a poetical imagination. Mr Shelley, who, though he had not known him longer, had known him more intimately, was punctilious in giving him his title, and told me very plainly that he thought it best for all parties. His oldest acquaintances, it is true, behaved in this respect, as it is the custom to behave, in great familiarity of intercourse. Mr Shelley did not choose to be so familiar; and he thought, that although I had acted differently in former times, a long suspension of intercourse would give further warrant to a change, desirable on many accounts, quite unaffected, and intended to be acceptable. I took care, accordingly, not to accompany my new punctilio with any air of study or gravity. In every other respect, things appeared the same as before. We laughed, and chatted, and rode out, and were as familiar as need be, and I thought he regarded the matter just as I wished. However, he did not like it.

"This may require some explanation. Lord Byron was very proud of his rank. M. Beyle ('Count Stendhal'), when he saw him at the opera in Venice, made this discovery at a glance; and it was a discovery no less subtle than true. He would appear sometimes as jealous of his title as if he had usurped it. A friend told me, that an Italian apothecary having sent him one day a packet of medicines, addressed to 'Mons. Byron,' this mock heroic mistake aroused his indignation, and he sent back the physic to learn better manners. His coat of arms was fixed up in front of his bed. I have heard that it was a joke with him to mystify the sense of the motto to his fair friend, who wished particularly to know what 'Crede Byron' meant. The motto, it must be acknowledged, was awkward. The version, to which her Italian helped her, was too provocative of comment to be allowed. There are mottoes, as well as scutcheons, of pretence, which must often occasion the bearers much taunt and sarcasm, especially from indignant ladies. Custom, indeed, and the interested acquiescence of society, enable us to be proud of imputed merits, though we contradict them every day of our life: otherwise it would be wonderful how people could adorn their equipages, and be continually sealing their letters with maxims and stately moralities, ludicrously inapplicable. It would be like wearing ironical papers in their hats.

"But Lord Byron, besides being a lord, was a man of letters, and he was extremely desirous of the approbation of men of letters. He loved to enjoy the privileges of his rank, and, at the same time, to be thought above them. It is true, if he thought you not above them yourself, he was the better pleased. On this account, among others, no man was calculated to delight him in a higher degree than Thomas Moore, who, with every charm he wished for in a companion, and a reputation for independence and liberal opinion, admired both genius and title for their own sakes. But his lordship did not always feel quite secure of the bon-mots of his brother wit. His conscience had taught him suspicion; and it was a fault with him and his *coterie*, as it is with most, that they all talked too much of one another behind their backs. But 'admiration at all events' was his real motto. If he thought you an admirer of titles, he was well pleased that you should add that homage to the other, without investigating it too nicely. If not, he was anxious that you should not suppose him anxious about the matter. When he beheld me, therefore, in the first instance, taking such pains to show my philosophy, he knew very well that he was secure, address him as I might; but now that he found me grown older, and suspected, from my general opinions and

way of life, that my experience, though it adopted the style of the world when mixing with it, partook less of it than ever in some respects, he was chagrined at this change in my appellatives. He did not feel so at once; but the more we associated, and the greater insight he obtained into the tranquil and unaffected conclusions I had come to on a great many points, upon which he was desirous of being thought as indifferent as myself, the less satisfied he became with it. At last, thinking I had ceased to esteem him, he petulantly bantered me on the subject. I knew, in fact, that, under all the circumstances, neither of us could afford a change back again to the old entire familiarity: he, because he would have regarded it as a triumph warranting very peculiar consequences, and such as would by no means have saved me from the penalties of the previous offence; and I, because I was under certain disadvantages, that would not allow me to indulge him. With any other man, I would not have stood it out. It would have ill become the very sincerity of my feelings. But even the genius of Lord Byron did not enable him to afford being conceded to. He was so annoyed one day at Genoa at not succeeding in bantering me out of my epistolary proprieties, that he addressed me a letter, beginning—'Dear Lord Hunt.' This sally made me laugh heartily. I told him so; and my unequivocal relish of the joke pacified him; so that I heard no more on the subject.

"The familiarities of my noble acquaintance, which I had taken at first for a compliment and a cordiality, were dealt out in equal portions to all who came near him. They proceeded upon that royal instinct of an immeasurable distance between the parties, the safety of which, it is thought, can be compromised by no appearance of encouragement. The farther you are off, the more securely the personage may indulge your good opinion of him. The greater his merits, and the more transporting his condescension, the less can you be so immodest as to have pretensions of your own. You may be intoxicated into familiarity. That is excusable, though not desirable. But not to be intoxicated anyhow—not to show any levity, and yet not to be possessed with a seriousness of the pleasure, is an offence. When I agreed to go to Italy, and join in setting up the proposed work, Shelley, who was fond of giving his friends appellations, happened to be talking one day with Lord Byron of the mystification which the name of 'Leigh Hunt' would cause the Italians; and passing from one fancy to another, he proposed that they should translate it into Leontius. Lord Byron approved of this conceit, and at Pisa was in the habit of calling me so. I liked it, especially as it seemed a kind of new link with my beloved friend, then, alas! no more. I was pleased to be called in Italy, what he would have called me there had he been alive: and the familiarity was welcome to me from Lord Byron's mouth, partly because it pleased himself, partly because it was not of a worldly fashion, and the link with my friend was thus rendered compatible. In fact, had Lord Byron been what I used to think him, he might have called me what he chose; and I should have been as proud to be at his call, as I endeavoured to be pleased. As it was, there was something not unsocial, nor even unenjoying, in our intercourse, nor was there any appearance of constraint; but, upon the whole, it was not pleasant—it was not cordial. There was a sense of mistake on both sides. However, this came by degrees. At first there was hope, which I tried hard to indulge; and there was always some joking going forward; some melancholy mirth, which a spectator might have taken for pleasure."

What a tedious twaddle of tawdry common-places! Byron was a lord—one of the nobility of England. Why bother about that? Any commoner may be the friend of any lord, provided he be a man and a gentleman. There can be no difficulty in knowing, feeling, and acting, upon the distinction of ranks, either to the superior or the inferior, unless the head of the latter be jumbled and confused, his heart poisoned and narrowed by Cockneyism. Not a living lord in Britain, with the exception perhaps of here and there a coughed-down Parliamentary Whigling,—that would behave superciliously, or overbearingly, or arrogantly, or insultingly, to any commoner, who knew the privileges of his own station, and did at all times, without care, heed, anxiety, uneasiness, jealousy, or effort, unconsciously preserve them by an unembarrassed and independent demeanour. But Mr Hunt had been a despicable abuser of all lords, before he had ever sat in company with one; and even now, he is embued with the rancorous dislike of high-birth, that is the glory and the shame of the lord-hating gang to which he yet appertains. But how quickly quailed his

paltry heart, and cringed his servile shoulders, and bent his Cockney knees, and sought the floor the pertness of his radical-looking eyes, at the very first condescending visit from a lord! The Examiner died within him,—all his principles slipt out of being like rain-drops on a window-pane, at the first smiting of the sun—and, oh! the self-glorification that must have illuminated his face, "saved only by thought from insignificance," when, as he even now exults to record it, Lady Byron continued sitting impatiently in her carriage at his door at Paddington, and sending message after message, to the number of Two, to her lord, fascinated by the glitter of mean eyes, and preferring, to the gentle side of his young and newly-wedded wife, the company of a Cockney, whose best bits were distributed through the taverns for tenpence every Sunday!

All that ensued was in excellent keeping. The Leigh grew uppish and more uppish at every new visit from the Lord. He kept wriggling and fidgetting himself into impertinence of the most perked-up kind, and held his head, as if a "feather had been swaling from his bonnet." His hair was more carefully separated in front, as you may see it even now in the picture-book. A brighter glow, like the light of setting suns, fell upon his yellow breeches. He published his intimacy with a Lord, through all the lanes and alleys; then came the "Impudent varlet's" dedication, to "My dear Byron,"—alternations of mortification that would have bit the very dust,—wounded vanity, whose sores were still salved with egotism as with an ointment,—angry self-upbraidings, not of the heart, but of the liver, not of the conscience, but of the spleen,—kicks and cuffs inflicted within the spirit, by the soul-freezing sneer of the haughty eye and lip of the lord who loathed him,—the sarcasm that was had recourse to in the sickness of conscious contemptibility, when the unhappy man, alike out at the elbows, out of temper, and out of his wits, had to call for female assistance, and to attempt, in desperation, to keep off his tormentor by a discharge of small jests, like pins and needles from the nursery, just as a Mahout might hope to save his life by means of a pop or pea-gun, when sprawling beneath the paw and the trunk of an Elephant.

"Dear Lord Hunt!" "This really made me laugh heartily. I told him so; and my unequivocal relish of the joke pacified him!" The Hunts and the Shelleys laugh heartily—they shake their sides for reasons peculiar to themselves—and are equally diverted by jests of their own, too pointless even for the select society of the Pig and Whistle, and by sarcasms upon themselves, made in laughing cruelty by a man of wit like Byron, expecting to see them wince at what only tickles them. What a gallant figure does Mr Hunt cut on this occasion, picking up, and wearing as a feather in his cap, or a flower in his buttonhole, the paper pellet with which he had been pelted in disgust and derision!

By the by, this M. Beyle,—this "Count Stendhal,"—who, when he saw Lord Byron at the opera at Venice, made the discovery at once,—a discovery no less subtle than true,—that he was very proud of his rank,—is a miserable pretender and impostor, that ought long ago to have had the mask torn from his face. He writes books;—Don't you, Count?—and you steal, pilfer, and rob whole pages,—indifferent to you whether of gold or tinsel,—from reviews and other sources, and clap them, with the brazen impudence of a foreign quack, into your own patch-work pamphlets,—Don't you, M. Beyle, Count Stendhal? This discovery, no less subtle than true, we made at a glance, Count Stendhal; and we could, if we chose—and probably will—show you up like a plucked magpie, to hop about the streets in bleeding nudity, the sport of caddies at corners, and chairmen at both the poles. Speak a word, Count, and it shall be done to your heart's contentment.

We have troubled ourselves too long, perhaps, with these pitiful details; but the more pitiful they are, the better illustrations are they of the character of those who are the enemies—the sole enemies—of our Nobility. Such creatures, equally feeble and ferocious, would fain see the lofty levelled—and how would they chatter and grin, like dancing monkeys, round about the scaffold on which noble blood might be shed in rebellion or revolution! They would be glad to bare the neck of the Lord to-day, with hangman's hands, whose feet they had licked yesterday with the

tongue of a sycophant; sweeping the dust from his shoes, or the blood from his heart, with the same besom. It is your crawling things that bite or sting most deadly; but it is not difficult, when you have caught them by the nape of the neck, to break sting and burst poison-bag, and then turn them out to wriggle away, thenceforth harmless, on their bellies. Mr Hunt is a sufficiently venomous reptile, but his bite is not mortal—it only irritates, and is apt to fester, little more dangerous or disgraceful, and no less disgusting, than that of a bug. Forgive, gentle reader, this confusion of metaphor between Reptile and Insect.

The First Number of the "Liberal" was now on the anvil, and it was to be seen what "Leontius," who had crossed the salt seas, through that medium to astonish the natives, was capable of producing, in the way of thunder and lightning, pepper and salt. Its object, he tells us, was "to restore the fortunes of the battered race of Patriots." Lord Byron had originally proposed a work of the kind to Mr Moore, who had very wisely thought the battered race of patriots ought to restore their own fortunes. "Enemies, however, had been already at work; Lord Byron was alarmed for his credit with his fashionable friends; among whom, although on the liberal side, patriotism was less in favour than the talk about it. This man wrote to him, and that wrote to him, and another came. Mr Hobhouse rushed over the Alps, not knowing which was the more awful, the mountains or the Magazine; Mr Murray wondered, Mr Gifford smiled (a lofty symptom) and Mr Moore (*Tu quoque, Horati!*) said that the Liberal had a taint in it. *This, however, was afterwards!*"

Before the First Number of this poorest of all Periodicals had left the anvil, Lord Byron had grown sick and ashamed of the Editor, and he "only made use of it for the publication of some things which his Tory bookseller was afraid to put forth." Hunt attributes its downfall almost entirely to Lord Byron's want of spirit and independence. But Hunt himself, he acknowledges, grew daily stupider and weaker in mind and body, and could indite nothing but drivel. Poor Shelley was dead—Hazlitt worse than dead—how then could the Liberal live even with "The Vision of Judgment, in which my brother saw nothing but Byron, and a judicious hit at the Tories, and he prepared his machine accordingly, for sending forward the blow unmitigated. Unfortunately it recoiled, and played the devil with all of us." Mr Hunt then tries to attribute the death of the monster—which at its birth was little better than an abortion—to the sneers of Mr Moore and Mr Hobhouse. Poor blind bat, does he not know that all Britain loathed it? That it was damned, not by acclamation, but by one hiss and hoot? That every man who was betrayed by the name of Byron to take it into his hands, whether in private house, bookseller's shop, or coffee-room, called instantly and impatiently for a basin of water, soap and towels?

Poor Hunt's vanity is proof against all possible discomfiture, disgrace, and degradation. Even now he prides himself upon his articles in the Liberal; and "like the murmur of a dream, we hear him breathe their names!" He admits he was ill, weak, dull, stupid, worn-out, miserably poor, and still more miserably dependent, when he wrote them; yet still his genius broke out in a few fitful flashes, and he talks of preserving some of the worthless trash that flowed from him—to make use of a favourite expression of his own—"in his incontinence." His "lines to a spider" he especially admires; and doubtless you may

> Destroy his web of sophistry in vain;
> The creature's at his dirty work again.

The short and the long of the matter is, that the Liberal died of hunger and thirst; that is, for want of talent, and for want of principle. Those who saw there was no principle, looked for talent; those who saw there was no talent, looked for principle. Both were disappointed—and the delusion died.

Among the other causes of the death of the Liberal, Mr Hunt refers to one bitterly spoken of by Hazlitt, in a note quoted from some manuscripts—the attacks on it in Blackwood's Magazine. So infamous, it appears, had Hazlitt been rendered by some able articles in this work, that he had been excommunicated from all decent society, and nobody would touch a dead book of his, any more than they would the body of a man who had died of

the plague. This is an incredible instance of the power of the press. What! a man of such pure morals, delightful manners, high intellects, and true religion, as Mr Hazlitt, to be ruined in soul, body, and estate, pen, pencil, and pallet, by a work which Mr Hunt himself declared in the Examiner had no sale—almost the entire impression of every number lying in cellars, in the capacity of dead stock? Among other strange effects of Maga's ferocity, was, it seems, the estrangement from Mr Hazlitt of Mr Thomas Moore. The passage is worth quoting.

"Mr Blackwood had not then directed his Grub Street battery against me: but as soon as this was the case, Mr Moore was willing to 'whistle me down the wind, and let me prey at fortune;' not that I 'proved haggard,' but the contrary. It is sheer cowardice and want of heart. The sole object of the rest is not to stem the tide of prejudice and falsehood, but to get out of the way themselves. The instant another is assailed, (however unjustly,) instead of standing manfully by him, they *cut* the connexion as fast as possible, and sanction, by their silence and reserve, the accusations they ought to repel. *Sauve qui peut*—every one has enough to do to look after his own reputation or safety, without rescuing a friend, or propping up a falling cause. It is only by keeping in the back ground on such occasions, (like Gil Blas, when his friend Ambrose Lamela was led by in triumph to the *auto-da-fe*,) that they can escape the like honours, and a summary punishment. A shower of mud, a flight of nicknames, (glancing a little out of their original direction,) might obscure the last glimpse of royal favour, or stop the last gasp of popularity. Nor could they answer it to their noble friends, and more elegant pursuits, to be received in such company, or to have their names coupled with similar outrages. Their sleek, glossy, aspiring pretensions should not be exposed to vulgar contamination, or to be trodden under foot of a swinish multitude. Their birthday suits (unused) should not be dragged through the kennel, nor their 'tricksy' laurel wreaths stuck in the pillory. This would make them equally unfit to be taken into the palaces or the carriages of peers. If excluded from both, what would become of them? The only way, therefore, to avoid being implicated in the abuse poured upon others, is to pretend that it is just—the way not to be made the object of the *hue* and *cry* raised against a friend, is to aid by underhand whispers. It is pleasant neither to participate in disgrace, nor to have honours divided."

It is amusing to see a man of talent like Mr Hazlitt racking his ingenuity to discover the cause why all the world—Mr Thomas Moore included—despises him—shuns his society—and thinks his absence agreeable company. He needed not to have taken the trouble of looking so far north as Edinburgh, but to have had an eye to proceedings nearer home. Wicked a work as Blackwood's Magazine is, it could not hurt a single hair in the head of any honest man. Blackwood's Magazine did not take Mr Hazlitt into the Commissary Court, nor did Christopher North write Pygmalion. A few innocent men have been condemned to die for murder and so forth, and executed accordingly; but no upright, honest, honourable literary man, was ever damned irremediably in this life but by himself; and if Mr Hazlitt be, as he says, in that predicament, let him rise and propose his own health in a bumper, and return thanks in a suitable speech; for we cannot flatter ourselves so far as to "own the soft impeachment."

So much for the Liberal. Let us turn to other matters. We never should have suspected or conjectured that Leigh Hunt was a good horseman. That he might occasionally, in rainy weather, when it was uncomfortable to be "without doors," take a ride on a wooden hobby, and have accomplished his feat of a few yards within the hour, with privilege of taking hold of the tail in extremity, we could have believed; but we never could have thought that he was absolutely up to a living horse,—a horse of flesh and blood, a stalking horse—nay, a trotting—perhaps cantering horse—a horse that could rear, and funk, and fret, and prance in a foaming fury;—*that*, now that the age of chivalry is gone, we could not have prophesied of the King of the Cockneys. Yet it is even so.

"When the heat of the day declined, we rode out, either on horseback or in a barouche, generally towards the forest. He was a good rider, graceful, and kept a firm seat. He loved to be told of it; and being true, it was a pleasure to tell him. Good God! what homage might

not that man have received, and what love and pleasure reciprocated, if he could have been content with the truth, and had truth enough of his own to think a little better of his fellow-creatures! But he was always seeking for uneasy courses of satisfaction. The first day we were going out on horseback together, he was joking upon the bad riding of this and that acquaintance of his. He evidently hoped to have had the pleasure of adding me to the list; and finding, when we pushed forward, that there was nothing particular in the spectacle of my horsemanship, he said, in a tone of disappointment, 'Why, Hunt, you ride very well!' Trelawney sometimes went with us, on a great horse, smoking a cigar. We had blue frock coats, white waistcoats, and trowsers, and velvet caps, *à la Raphael;* and cut a gallant figure."

"When we pushed forward!"—These are the words of a "great schoolboy," cautiously confining himself to a walk for a mile or two, then pleased to find that he can positively sit on at a trot; and finally, hinting, though not asserting anything so incredible, that he was upon the very eve of a gallop. To what bitter disappointments was Byron exposed during his short and troubled life! "Why, Hunt, you ride very well!" Had his Lordship never entertained a doubt that Mr Hunt was on the first hobble to have missed the mane, and vainly essaying to imitate and emulate John Gilpin, fallen to the ground with his heels up in the air, and incurred a fracture on the skull, which Vacca himself could not have reduced? But, with all submission to his Lordship's disappointment, we beg leave to say, that he could not have seen anything to justify such an unmeasured panegyric—such an outrageous eulogium on Mr Hunt's horsemanship. True, that "they pushed forward;" but it was along a smooth road, and Mr Hunt was in the middle between Lord Byron and Mr Trelawney. This sense of security enabled him to preserve his balance, and to adhere to his horse, or, as he elsewhere calls it, "his horseback," at the rate of eight miles an hour. He should have been taken across a country; and we are willing to bet a barrel, and make the first deposit of a dozen powldoodies, at Ambrose's, any night Mr Hunt will appoint, that, at the first leap over a three-foot fence, he will be projected over the ears as from a catapulta. We offer a second bet of a keg of Glenlivet to a quartern of Blue Ruin, that Mr Hunt does not "ride on horseback" six miles in the hour without the following effects—Skin ruffled on the instep of his foot by the stirrup-iron—shin-bone vexed and irritated up to the knee-pan by the stirrup-leather—inside of the knee severely galled by the flap of the saddle—fork ditto by pummel—and the seat of honour sorely peeled, beyond the relieving power of dock-leaf and cabbage-blade. Instead of white trowsers, we shall allow him yellow breeches—even buckskin—velvet cap, if he likes, *à la Raphael*—and whether we gain our wager or lose it, most undoubtedly will "he cut a gallant figure!" quite worthy to charge, at the head of a squadron of Horse Marines.

Lord Byron was, it is well known to all the world, very temperate in eating; and except for a short period of his life, when he would seem to have been trying schemes with himself, very temperate in drinking. Yet Mr Hunt will not let him alone at his meals, and speaks of his "custom of an afternoon," with his usual vulgar insolence.

"Like many other wise theorists on this subject, he had wilfully shut his eyes to the practice, though I do not mean to say he was excessive in eating and drinking. He had only been in the habit, latterly, of taking too much for his particular temperament; a fault, in one respect, the most pardonable in those who are most aware of it, the uneasiness of a sedentary stomach tempting them to the very indulgence that is hurtful. I know what it is; and beg, in this, as on other occasions, not to be supposed to imply anything to my own advantage, when I am upon points that may be construed to the disadvantage of others. But he had got fat, and then went to the other extreme. He came to me one day out of another room, and said with great glee, 'Look here, what do you say to this?' at the same time doubling the lapels of his coat one over the other:—'Three months ago,' added he, 'I could not button it.' Sometimes, though rarely, with a desperate payment of his virtue, he would make an outrageous dinner; eating all sorts of things that were unfit for him, and suffering accordingly next day. He once sent to Paris for one of the travelling pies they make there—things that distribute indigestion by return of post, and cost three or four

guineas. Twenty crowns, I think, he gave for it. He tasted, and dined. The next day he was fain to make a present of six-eighths of it to an envoy:—'Lord Byron's compliments, and he sends his Excellency a pasty that has seen the world.' He did not write this, but this was implied in his compliments—It is to be hoped his Excellency had met the pasty before."

There is no great harm in such gossip and twaddle as this; yet there is in its *wershness* a spice of malignity, and Mr Hunt does not doubt that something fat, gross, coarse, unwieldy, and sensual, sticks to the image of the noble Bard in the mind of the reader. He adds, that on one occasion he challenged Byron to a drinking-bout—that his Lordship promised to have a set-to with him, "but he never did. I believe he was afraid!" He who wrote Don Juan over gin and water, afraid to *go it* with a Cockney pantaloon, whose thin potations had been —saloop!

Hunt occasionally stops to take breath after his own abuse of Byron, and fills up the puffing and blowing interval with allusions to the insolence of other scamps of the same school. Thus he says, "I could mention one who knew him thoroughly, and who could never sufficiently express his astonishment at having met with so unpoetical a poet, and so unmajestic a lord." "Mr Hazlitt had some reason to call him, a sublime coxcomb." Encouraged by the aid of such auxiliaries, see how he exposes himself—only hear him chuckle!—

"I have reason to think, that the opinions I entertained of breeding and refinement puzzled him extremely. At one time, he would pay me compliments on the score of manners and appearance; at another, my Jacobinical friends had hurt me, and I had lived too much out of the world. He was not a good judge in either case. His notion of what was gentlemanly in appearance was a purely conventional one, and could include nothing higher. And what was essentially unvulgar, he would take for the reverse, because the polite vulgar did not practise it. I have no doubt he had a poorer opinion of me, from the day that he met me carrying an old painting which I had picked up. He had beguiled me formerly, by bringing parcels of books under his arm; but I now concluded that he had not ventured with them in the public eye. His footman must have brought them to the door. For my part, having got rid of some fopperies which I had at that time, I was not going to commence others which I had never been guilty of. I had seen too much of the world for that."

We shall not attempt to rake together with our long-shanked instrument all the virulence of the Cockney —all the purulent matter that has spurted over the volume, from the long-festering wounds of his vanity, never to be healed into a scar. Lord Byron had no address—no self-possession—no manner, but a proud, repulsive, domineering coarseness—his temper was very bad, and its disturbing effect on his face and voice is most minutely and maliciously described—the beauty of the former becoming corrugated by the access of passion, and the tones of the latter "low, soft, and struggling to keep itself in, as if on the very edge of endurance." His disposition is likened to that of the worst Roman Emperors—we presume Nero, Domitian, Caligula, Heliogabalus, and the rest. He had a taste for music, but in that he was no Nero, for in his heart he preferred Rossini to Mozart. He sung very badly, in a "swaggering style, though in a voice at once small and veiled." "I never knew him attempt any air but a lively one; and he was fondest of such as were the most blustering. You associated with it the idea of a stage tyrant, or captain of banditti." "He knew nothing of the fine arts, and did not affect to care for them." The glorious fourth Canto of Childe Harold gives Hunt the lie. In short, he had not one single, solitary, amiable, or agreeable quality; and all that could be mistaken for good about him, is contained in the following exquisitely impertinent paragraph.

"*It is a credit to my noble acquaintance*, that he was by far the pleasantest when he had got wine in his head. The only time I invited myself to dine with him, I told him I did it on that account, and that I meant to push the bottle so, that he should intoxicate me with his good company. *He said he would have a set-to; but he never did it. I believe he was afraid!!!!!!* It was a little before he left Italy; and there was a point in contest between us, (not regarding myself,)

which he thought perhaps I should persuade him to give up. When in his cups, which was not often nor immoderately, he was inclined to be tender; but not weakly so, nor lachrymose. I know not how it might have been with everybody; but he *paid me the compliment of being excited to his very best feelings, and when I rose to go away, he would hold me down*, and say with a look of entreaty, Not yet," &c.

Of his genius little is said; but from that little it appears that Leigh rates it very low indeed—considering him a mere imitator. There are but a few scattered allusions to his poetry, and not a word of praise. Yet, in one of his epistles in the Morning Chronicle, the sneaker says, "I can only say, that I heartily wish his head may have deserved all the laurels that were stuck about it," &c. The poor, mean, envious slave, well knows that he heartily wishes no such thing. If the ten thousandth part of what he says of Byron be true, no man would heartily wish it—for it would be an astounding spectacle to see encircled with glory the brow of a being, whose nature was essentially base as that of Belial.

We shall therefore confine our few farther remarks to two charges which Hunt brings against his "noble acquaintance;" that of being a miser, and that of being a coward.

Byron had playfully said in Don Juan—

> So for a good old gentlemanly vice,
> I think I shall take up with avarice—

And on these two lines this is Mr Hunt's comment:—

"This reminds me of the cunning way in which he has spoken of that passion for money in which he latterly indulged. He says, in one of his most agreeable off-hand couplets in 'Don Juan,' after telling us what a poor inanimate thing life has become for him—

> 'So for a good old gentlemanly vice,
> I think I shall take up with avarice.'

This the public were not to believe. It is a specimen of the artifice noticed in another place. They were to regard it only as a pleasantry, issuing from a generous mouth. However, it was very true. He had already taken up with the vice, as his friends were too well aware; and this couplet was at once to baffle them with a sort of confession, and to secure the public against a suspicion of it."

What a fair, candid, honourable, and gentlemanlike construction!—Again—

"Lord Byron was not a generous man; and in what he did, he contrived either to blow a trumpet before it himself, or to see that others blew one for him. I speak of his conduct latterly. What he might have done, before he thought fit to put an end to his doubts respecting the superiority of being generous, I cannot say; but if you were to believe himself, he had a propensity to avarice from a child. At Harrow, he told me, he would save up his money, not as other boys did, for the pleasure of some great purchase, or jovial expense, but in order to look at it, and count it. I was to believe as much of this, or in such a manner, as to do him honour for the confession; but unluckily, it had become too much like the practice of his middle age not to be believed entirely."

This indeed is the idiot credulity of low malice. But hear, once more, *the miserable* who had accepted this miser's money, and never made any effort to repay it—his ground-floor, and his furniture.

"His love of notoriety was superior even to his love of money; which is giving the highest idea that can be entertained of it. But he was extremely anxious to make them go hand in hand. At one time he dashed away in England and got into debt, because he thought expense became him; but he looked to retrieving all this and more, by marrying a fortune. When Shelley lived near him in Switzerland, he appeared to be really generous, because he had a generous man for his admirer, and one whose influence he felt extremely. Besides, Mr Shelley had money himself, or the expectation of it; and he respected him the more, and was anxious to look well in his eyes on that account. In Italy, where a different mode of life, and the success of Beppo and Don Juan had made him conclude that the romantic character was not necessary to fame, he shocked his companion one day, on renewing their intimacy, by asking him, whether he did not feel a real respect for a wealthy man—or, at least, a greater respect for the rich man of the company, than for any other? Mr Shelley gave him what Napoleon would have called 'a superb no.'"

"But Mr Shelley had as little respect for the possession or accumulation of wealth under any circumstances, as Lord

Byron had the reverse; and he would give away hundreds with as much zeal for another man's comfort, as the noble Lord would willingly save a guinea even in securing his pleasures. Perhaps, at one period of his residence there, no man in Italy, certainly no Englishman, ever contrived to practise more rakery and economy at one and the same time.

"Italian women are not averse to accepting presents, or any other mark of kindness; but they can do without them, and his lordship put them to the test. Presents, by way of showing his gratitude, or as another mode of interchanging delight and kindness between friends, he had long ceased to make.

"I doubt whether his fair friend, Madame Guiccioli, ever received so much as a ring or a shawl from him. It is true, she did not require it. She was happy to show her disinterestedness in all points unconnected with the pride of her attachment; and I have as little doubt, that he would assign this as a reason for his conduct, and say he was as happy to let her prove it. But to be a poet and a wit, and to have had a liberal education, and write about love and lavishment, and not to find it in his heart after all,—to be able to put a friend and a woman upon a footing of graceful comfort with him in so poor a thing as a money-matter,—these were the sides of his character, in which love, as well as greatness, found him wanting, and in which it could discern no relief to its wounded self-respect, but at the risk of a greater mortification. The love of money, the pleasure of receiving it, even the gratitude he evinced when it was saved him, had not taught him the only virtue upon which lovers of money usually found their claims to a good construction:—he did not like paying a debt, and would undergo pestering and pursuit to avoid it."

Now we think that whether Lord Byron was the miser—the miserable wretch here described—or not, Hunt, all things considered, should have spoken of his vice in a very different spirit. He claims an acquaintance with circumstances of his Lordship's life, which, if true, it was disgraceful to know, and disgustful to speak of; and which no gentleman—no man—would have polluted his pen or his lips with inditing, or giving them utterance. What had he, Hunt, to do with Lord Byron's intrigues, or with his payment for his pleasures? Let him give the names of the damsels who complained to him that his Lordship was niggardly in his rewards of their easy and condescending virtue. Did they ask him, Hunt, to borrow, beg, or steal from his Lordship's purse, that their favours should not go without their fee? It is a truly loathsome subject to be treated of in a three-guinea quarto; but we venture to affirm, that Hunt is the first person of the male sex that ever publicly accused a friend, living or dead, of having, to his knowledge, behaved shabbily in money matters to women. The poor creature is ever ready with his doubts,—we shall see by-and-by that he had doubts of Lord Byron's courage—and here he says, "I doubt whether his fair friend, Madame Guiccioli, ever received so much as a ring or a shawl from him!" We wonder he does not begin to doubt if Leigh Hunt ever received so much as three hundred pounds from him: we wonder he does not begin to doubt if he never repaid them! As to not liking to pay a debt, and undergoing pestering and pursuit to avoid it, did not the "impudent varlet's" shoulder tingle, at the time he penned the words, to the touch of the bumbailiff? Did not he call to mind his own "sorry arithmetic," and all its degrading consequences, in the shape of executions, borrowing, begging, bankruptcy, and expatriation? This "impudent varlet" must not be suffered with impunity thus to insult Lord Byron—dead though he be—on points, by all usage, and all sense, and all feeling, placed out of the cognizance even of the gossip and the spy. In one case only might Hunt have had a right to speak thus—and even then, had he been a gentleman, he would not have used it.—Was he Lord Byron's creditor?

Hunt is next generous enough to conjure up a defender of Byron—but it is only to knock him down with one blow of his Milo-like fist. "But what, cries the reader, becomes then of the stories of his making presents of money and MSS., and his not caring for the profits of his writings, and his giving £10,000 to the Greeks?" Thus cries the reader; and to this cry, the Cockney, flapping his wings, crows a skraich, which he thinks a squabash.

"He did care for the profits of what he wrote, and he reaped a good deal; but, as I have observed before,

he cared for celebrity still more, and his presents, such as they were, were judiciously made to that end. Good Heaven! *said a fair friend to me the other day who knew him well*—if he had but foreseen that you would give the world an account of him, what would he not have done to cut a figure in your eyes!"

Why should Lord Byron not have cared—like any other, and every other man—for the profits of what he wrote? and why should he not have reaped a great deal, he the prevailing poet? Who but the imaginary ninny, the reader who is made to cry, "what becomes," ever supposed that he did not care? But of those profits we know he gave away many, many hundreds,—some thousand and more to old Dallas, some four or five hundred paid, floor and furniture included, to middle-aged Hunt,—and other large sums, as all know, to other persons equally needy, greedy, and ungrateful. Human nature, at the best, is full of strange inconsistencies; passions, apparently the most opposite and incompatible, are often found united in the same character. "The love of money, and the love of fame," do, however, present a singular junction, especially when both craving, gnawing, and importunate passions, as they are here represented to have been in Lord Byron,—ruling, too, along with another passion, as strong as themselves—the love of pleasure; and another stronger still, under which the Cockney so long had writhed—the pride of birth. Lord Byron would not come down handsomely for his pleasures—as Hunt had been credibly informed by the disappointed parties—but on all such occasions prudently left his purse at home, in a drawer within a drawer, opening at the touch of a secret spring—

"But though he loved woman and golden store,
Yet he loved honour and glory more."

"His presents, such as they were, were judiciously made to that end;" and therefore, sorely against his own avarice, he bribed Dallas, Hunt, and a score others, to puff him into celebrity. Good. And pray, which of the many disappointed damsels who had unbosomed to Mr Hunt their reproaches against their too close-fisted admirer, was this his fair friend, who here so wickedly turned him into such exquisite ridicule? Hunt does not see what a mercenary creature she is,—and what baseness there is in the exclamation, "What would he not have done!" For *done*, read *given*—and you see what the friend would have been at! It is not so much a libel on Byron, as a lament for Hunt. She is sorry, and she calls Heaven to bear witness to her regret—"Good Heavens!" that by more judicious flattery, they had not fleeced the living lord, whom, cheek-by-jowl, they now befoul when dead. "To cut a figure in your eyes!!!"—In the eyes of Leigh Hunt!!!!!!

"He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call down fame on generous deeds like these;
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas;
Whatever climes the sun's bright circle warms!"

"To cut a figure," is a very favourite expression with the Cockneys.—"With velvet caps, *à la Raphael*," quoth Leigh, on a former and prouder occasion—"My first ride on horseback," "we cut a gallant figure." So does a butcher's boy, rattling away with his cleaver on the tray before him, sitting with high uplifted knees on the rump of a fast trotter, all along Holborn, and round the corner and before the front of Newgate.

But what answer does Hunt give to the reader, who is made to cry, "ten thousand pounds to the Greeks!"

"As to the Greeks," he says, "the *present* of £10,000, was, first of all, well trumpeted to the world; it then became a *loan* of £10,000; then a loan of £6000; and he told me, in one of his incontinent fits of communication and knowingness, that he did not think "he could *get off* under £4000." I know not how much was lent after all; but I have been told, that good security was taken for it, and I was informed the other day, that the whole money had been repaid." What a pity Mr Hunt is not in Parliament! How he would sift everything to the bottom! He is not, after all his confessions of ignorance, such a "sorry arithmetician" as he would make the world believe. He balances his accounts with Lord Byron according to an ingenious system of book-keeping of his own invention, and is quite at home among figures, whenever he has to beg, or borrow, or abuse. Yet here the reader "who cried what becomes,"

may cry again,—" Why, Hunt, by your own confession, you know nothing whatever about this affair of the Greeks. It is all hearsay; and that hearsay neither one thing nor another. We really must cough you down."—We join in the cough; and, now that the Cockney is coughed down, we order him to get again upon his legs, and tell us, how Lord Byron is proved to be a miser, by a loan to the Greeks of ten, six, or four thousand pounds, whatever was the security, and although the whole sum were repaid? But he won't speak to the point, and goes off whizzing like a cock-chaffer. " He was so jealous of your being easy upon the remotest points connected with property, that if he saw you ungrudging even upon so small a tax on your liberality as the lending of books, he would not the less fidget and worry you in lending his own. He contrived to let you feel that you had got them, and would insinuate that you had treated them carelessly, though he did not scruple to make marks and dog's-ears in yours!!!"—Old Elwes was but a type of thee, oh Byron! thou miser of the first magnitude!

We had forgot to mention another shocking proof of his Lordship's addiction to this vice, elsewhere recorded by the indignant Cockney. His Lordship was to have gone snacks in the profits of the Liberal. He had expected they would equal those of the Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviews. They were not great, but Hunt allows fair enough for a young work; and will it be credited that Byron had by this time become such an incorrigible miser,—had left all previous misers at such an immeasurable distance, toiling and panting after him in vain, —as absolutely to insist on Hunt's pocketing all the cash himself, without deduction of a single farthing!

Having thus proved Lord Byron a miser, Hunt next undertakes to prove him a coward.

" He had a delicate white hand, of which he was proud; and he attracted attention to it by rings. He thought a hand of this description almost the only mark remaining now-a-days of a gentleman; of which it certainly is not, nor of a lady either; though a coarse one implies handiwork. He often appeared holding a handkerchief, upon which his jewelled fingers lay imbedded, as in a picture. He was as fond of fine linen as a quaker; and had the remnant of his hair oiled and trimmed with all the anxiety of a Sardanapalus.

" The visible character to which this effeminacy gave rise, appears to have indicated itself as early as his travels in the Levant, where the Grand Signior is said to have taken him for a woman in disguise. But he had tastes of a more masculine description. He was fond of swimming to the last, and used to push out to a good distance in the Gulf of Genoa. He was also, as I have before mentioned, a good horseman; and he liked to have a great dog or two about him, which is not a habit observable in timid men. Yet I doubt greatly whether he was a man of courage. I suspect, that personal anxiety, coming upon a constitution unwisely treated, had no small hand in hastening his death in Greece.

" The story of his bold behaviour at sea in a voyage to Sicily, and of Mr Shelley's timidity, is just reversing what I conceive would have been the real state of the matter, had the voyage taken place."

How insidiously the serpent slides through the folds of these passages, leaving his slime behind him as he wriggles out of sight! There is a Sporus-like effeminacy in the loose and languid language in which he drawls out his sentence into what he thinks the fine-sounding word, Sardanapalus. What if the Grand Signior did take the youthful Byron for a woman in disguise? The mistake of that barbarian no more proved that his lordship had an effeminate appearance, than a somewhat similar mistake of the Sandwich Islanders proved the jolly crew of the Endeavour, sailing round the world with Cook, to be like Gosport-girls. The savages began making love to a boat's crew—a chief being particularly tender on a rough old coxwain, who, in the puzzle of the moment, felled him to the ground with an oar. On discovering the mistake they had committed, the natives immediately brought down their wives and daughters to visit the ship. " But he had tastes of a more masculine description." Thank ye, Hunt, for the very novel information. Pray did you, who " pushed forwards" on horseback with his Lordship, and with Trelawney on his great horse smoking a cigar, " with your blue frock, white

waistcoat, and white trowsers, with velvet cap à la Raphael, cutting a gallant figure"—did you, who of yore "stood adjusting your clothes on the machine," ever "push out" along with Byron a good way into the Gulf of Genoa? When you swim, do you use a cork jacket, and at the same time take care never to "push out" beyond your own depth, it being a pleasant sensation to touch the sand with the toe? Byron could swim and ride well, and "liked to have a great dog or two about him, which is not a habit observable in timid men;" yet, notwithstanding such pregnant proofs of courage as these, "I doubt greatly whether he was a man of courage." That is a sneaker; and then with what a fine, free, steady hand he holds the balance in which his lordship's effeminacy and timidity are weighed against his manliness and his bravery—till the latter fly up and kick the beam, like an equal bulk of wood against that of iron. The story about his bold behaviour at sea—and Mr Shelley's timidity, he rightly says is a fiction; and a most vile fiction it was; for it represented Mr Shelley as an audacious atheist, suddenly stricken prostrate with fear and horror at the thought of death, wringing his hands, tearing his hair, and hideously howling supplication for mercy to the Power whose being he had, an hour before, scoffingly derided and denied. Base wretch indeed must it have been that could sit down coolly to invent such a story, with such a purpose, against such a man. But as base a wretch is he, who dares to declare that such would have been the behaviour of Lord Byron, had he been in danger of shipwreck. The inventor of the story was probably some mere professional liar, who had no malice against Mr Shelley, whom, in all likelihood, he had never seen, and may have considered a monster so prodigious, that it was allowable to a dunce, who believed in Deity and starved in Grub-street, to suppose in him such a fear as is held to be the most painful attribute of the lowest of all the devils. You see the liar at his bare bacon-bone gnaw-polished, and half forgive the falsehood seeking to appease a raging hunger; and you turn away, with a shudder, from the unequal strife between a weak conscience and a strong stomach. But here, Hunt, who allows that he has been living well for years on the generous advances of money made to him by Mr Colburn, on account of this very book, dashes this charge in the face of a dead man,—and without any provocation from poor Byron on this point at least,—for he did not fabricate the story,—declares his belief with the same nonchalance as if he had been alluding to some poltroon broken for cowardice, that his Lordship, if he had been put to such a trial, would have disgraced himself and human nature by conduct, which the starveling who was famishing in falsehood had conceived of as the acme of imaginable wickedness, and the description of it a happy hit for a biographer, who had seemed to have shaken hands with his last red-herring, and breathed out an eternal farewell to his last noggin of Blue-ruin.

"I suspect that personal anxiety, coming upon a constitution unwisely treated, had no small hand in hastening his death in Greece." The suspicions of such a slave signify nothing. What he means by "personal anxiety," need not be explained after the preceding paragraph. "*No small hand,*" *&c.* What a low vulgarism, in speaking of the death of Lord Byron! Why did he not rather say—"finger in the pie?" He afterwards alludes to Lord Byron's death-bed in a similar strain—"as to what a man says on his death-bed, we are first to be certain that he did say it, and next we are to think what induces him to say it, and whether it is as likely to be his strength as his weakness." He alludes here to some affecting exclamations said to have been uttered by Lord Byron on his death-bed, and in his delirium, about his wife and child. He wishes to disbelieve them—and it is but fitting that he, who has declared his belief that Lord Byron would have behaved like an abject coward, and far worse than an abject coward, in shipwreck—a mere imaginary case, affording an opportunity for malignant insult—should strive all he can to degrade in his own mind the idea of his behaviour when death did come—that he should have not one single tear or term of pity to drop upon the bosom, within which "that wild tumultuous thing, the heart of man," and such a man, was so soon to be hushed—that he should desire to defraud delirium

of its indistinct and indefinite longings after eyes and lips far away, that might and would have shed drops and kisses of entire forgiveness—and finally, affix to his coffin, or fling into his grave, a libel scribbled thus—without much regard to heraldry—"*Here lies George Gordon — Lord Byron—Ætat.* 37—LEIGH HUNT DOUBTS GREATLY WHETHER HE WAS A MAN OF COURAGE."

It seems that a person, for whom Mr Hunt has a great respect, sent him a message by a kinsman informing him that a conclusion had been drawn from such passages as we have quoted, that he meant to charge Lord Byron with "cowardice;" and the conceited Cockney, evidently flattered by this message "from the person for whom he has a great respect," forthwith set himself, in a second long letter in the Morning Chronicle,—not to eat in his own words,—for while, like the dog, he returns to his vomit, yet, as dogs will do, he makes some seunnering yawns at it, and cannot persuade himself to bolt it—but to lick them up a little round about the edges and corners, so that the nature of the deposit shall appear to the passers-by somewhat problematical, and with some sort of slight resemblance to that inoffensive, because useful article, a green-grass-encirled piece of vaccine matter, at once inoculation and manure. In one or two sentences he seems not unwilling to retract, in some anxious to explain, and in others to modify; but the result of the whole is adherence, on philosophical principles, to his first award. In the style and sentiment of this letter he out-Cockneys himself—but not a word does he let slip with reference to the darkest and foulest part of his charge against Byron. However, he quotes Cicero upon Mr Black, and talks of Julius Cæsar scratching the top of his head with one of the tips of his fingers, that he might not displace the curls, and concludes with a paragraph which is indeed a psychological curiosity, and as illustrative of the character of the present King of Cockaigne, as all the acts and events put together of his present Majesty's most splendid and glorious reign.

"After all, sir, my doubt was only a doubt, however strongly expressed. I express doubts on the other side; I sum up all by saying that he was a 'contradiction;' and the instances I put, on either side, apply only to physical courage. If I doubt whether circumstances had left him enough of this to hinder him from becoming a victim to a state of protracted anxiety, exasperated by illness, and if I have too good reason to know that he wanted moral courage enough to face a part of society upon certain points, I doubt not, that at any time of life he had quite sufficient to obey the calls of his favourite impulses, and to dare anything for their sake, as long as he could have been kept in action; and this, perhaps, in sedentary and sophisticated times like the present, is as much as many men would require to be conceded them. Above all, sir, I pretend to little more myself; and only to that more, as far as endurance is concerned, and inasmuch as the circumstances of my life have led me to have greater views of what ought to be endured for mankind. With regard to physical courage, I lay claim, in some respects, to less than I have attributed to Lord Byron. If the readers who have formed that judgment of me solely by the partial extracts, had seen my book, they would have there found how little I make pretensions to the reverse. In a family of men remarkable for their bravery, I am in that respect the only timid person. Delicacy of organization, anxious rearing by a mother whose health had been shattered by adversity, a life studious, yet full of emotion, and cares and illnesses of no common sort, have forced me to confess to myself, on more than one occasion, that if I had no courage but what resulted from health and complexion, I should be at the mercy of every fear that came across me. I have great animal spirits, subject, during ill health, to as great incursions of melancholy; but as the former mount up at the least aspect of happiness, so a dread or a tender thought would bring in the latter to unman me on graver occasions, if I had not learnt the art of strengthening myself by my very sympathies, and enlarging them till the crowd supported me. The first incursions of danger alarm and perplex me. After a morning's writing I shall occasionally be so sensitive (you will excuse these personal details, considering the origin of them), that my fingers' ends will tremble as if I had been a sot; and my head has been so tried altogether, that I sometimes cannot bear the pressure of a hand upon it. When I was at sea, not living very wisely, and having my imagination softened and detained in embrace by some peculiar circumstances, I felt as if I grew with fragile uneasiness. After this, sir, it may be permitted me to say, ne-

vertheless, that owing to some opinions I entertain, I have great moral courage. I trust I have given more than one proof of it in the course of my life; and I cannot conceive the case in which my sense of what was due to a generous notion of right and justice could be put to the test, and anything induce me to desert it. Enable me only to indentify myself with the common good, and allow me a pale face and a little reflection, and I have thoughts that would support me under any hazard, moral or personal."

One reads the above passage with somewhat of the same elevating and ennobling emotion with which he would read a self-exhibiting confession from the autobiography of Alexander or of Alfred the Great. Our heart leaps within us, our nerves tingle, our blood burns, our flesh creeps, our "fell of hair" rustles like the leafbrow of a forest, or the heather forehead of a hill, suddenly swept by the storm—if a soldier, we clap our hand unconsciously upon the hilt of our sword—if a civilian, we slap it as unconsciously upon the brawn of our thigh—if a clergyman, we deplore our cassock, and wish that we had been born Joshua the son of Nun, or Gideon, or Sampson, or Leigh Hunt. Yes, he is indeed, like young Norval—"my beautiful, my brave!" Yes, he is like Ney, "the bravest of the brave." Before him, as generalissimo of the united armies of Cockaigne and Little Britain, Wellington would have grown pale, and fallen back with all his army, like a fragment of "cloudland" before King Eolus, away from offered battle. Sir Thomas Picton would have fainted and fallen into fits with fear, if left with the British rear-guard to oppose the van of the Cockneys, with King Leigh raging in the front with his yellow breeches. And had any change taken place in the policy that then guided the great governments of Europe, so that this mightiest of the hineal descendants of Lud, should have been called upon to take part with legitimacy and the Holy Alliance, can there now be a doubt in the mind of any single well educated man breathing in this island, that he would, no less by his valour in the field, than his wisdom in the council, have restored and preserved the balance of power, not only in mere Europe, but in the civilized world? He of the Yellow Breeches could have challenged him of the White Plume to single combat. The "Beau Sabreur" would have been cut down by the "Bow-Bell,"—and Joachim Murat, King of Naples, succumbed to Leigh Hunt, King of Paddington, and with all his glories given up the ghost. That "peace has its victories as well as war," and that the spirit of this great monarch has hitherto been pacific rather than warlike, what reason has not the Duke of Wellington to be grateful to Providence, for otherwise on whose brow now would have been glittering the laurels won at Waterloo? Yes—Napoleon himself, though he knew it not, had reason to be grateful to Providence, that Leigh Hunt had not been begotten a quarter of a century earlier, and been sent into the army as a drummer,—for if both these things had been done, he would quickly have risen into the ranks, and as quickly out of them, nor ever stopped his career, till he had beaten Bonaparte all to sticks,—prevented him from ever assuming the name of Napoleon the Great,—and long before the conclusion of that famous Italian campaign, kicked him across or into the Po.

We have been too long prosing away in our own usual good-natured strain, and therefore shall revive our readers, and brighten their sleepy eyes with the admirable lines first printed, we believe, in the Times, and attributed, we hope justly, to Mr Thomas Moore.

THE "LIVING DOG" AND THE "DEAD LION."

From the Times of Thursday Jan. 10.

Next week will be published (as "Lives" are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"
'Tis a puppy that much to good-breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how lions behave—among friends.

How that animal eats, how he moves, how he drinks,
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roared pretty well—this the puppy allows—
It was all, he says, borrowed—all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a Cynic could ask,
To see how this Cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcase,
And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

T. Pidcock.

Mr Hunt, who to the prating pertness of the parrot, the chattering impudence of the magpie,—to say nothing of the mowing malice of the monkey—adds the hissiness of the bill-pointing gander, and the gobble-bluster of the bubbly-jock,—to say nothing of the forward valour of the brock or badger,—threatens death and destruction to all writers of prose or verse, who shall dare to say black is the white of his eye, or that his book is not like a vase lighted up from within with the torch of truth. He hints, not darkly, that he possesses letters written by Lord Byron, the publication of which would render comical the distress of those friends whom they lampoon,—of those friends of Byron who have now been expressing their disgust, with this meanest of all the Wipers.

Such threats are quite in character and in keeping with his nature, or rather his nothingness; and by doing so, the paddock will only leap farther, and sink deeper, into the mud. Lord Byron's power in satire is as well known as Leigh Hunt's impotence. But the mute does not become a man by applying the bow-string at the beck of his master; and the virility of the lawless verse of Byron, will not prove, that he who publishes it against his own scorners, is in heart and soul anything else than an eunuch.

Indeed, when we reflect on the ludicrous composition of this Cockney's character, take it as a whole, and on the contempt in which it is held wherever it is known, except in a few obscure nooks and corners, (and even there it is in but indifferent odour,) we suspect that many of our readers may wonder at the unnecessary pains we have been at to impale the scribbler, and may think, that he should have been permitted to run up and down for a while, like a wasp, that has had the sting it had so repeatedly been darting into the sleeve of one's coat, without even so much as once reaching the skin, at last caught fast among the texture,—like a wasp that, in attempting to draw its sting out again, flies off with all its best entrails attached to the puny wound in the broad cloth; and then, after much blind bouncing against window-panes, much rapid running to and fro thereon, and much sore entanglement among spiders' webs, drops down upon the floor, and, ere it has altogether ceased to crawl, is swept, if the scene of action be the kitchen, with a dishclout, along with the other dust of the day, into the grated way that leads into the common sewer of the city. Perhaps they are right; yet though there may be a little trouble, there can be no harm in chopping the head off the wasp, and cutting his body in two, by way of dispatching him, even although we know that his sting and entrails are

out, and that, by the laws of nature, he must die before sunset.

An outrage on all English—on all human feeling, has been perpetrated, and to a slight degree now punished. The people of Britain though prepared, in their freedom,

"The blessings they enjoy to guard,"

and holding, of all those blessings, thrice blest the sacred privacy of the "door within the door," are yet far from being tremblingly or fastidiously sensitive to anything like allusion or approach even to the on-goings by the fireside; glimpses may occasionally be given to the eye of the world, of "the old familiar faces," sitting in the light of the hearth, provided the window be "half uncurtained" by a privileged hand, that knows when to draw up and when to let down the veil. The dearest friend a man can have here, one that has knelt with him in prayer within the walls of his own house, that may have been with him on the evening of the day on which an only child had been carried out in its coffin—may say to the world, if the world desire to know something of him he loved, as he was in that privacy—he may say something to the world, after that other is dead—of his manners, his ways, his habits, his character. No fear that any natural right, which the dead still hold in their shrouds, will be violated by such revealment. But, should an enemy, either open or secret, who had been nursing for years his hate to keep it warm, take that office upon himself, even with proudest proclamation of the love of truth sounded before him by many trumpeters, and advertised in all the newspapers at a penny per line, or a shilling the lie,—it is felt that an offence has been committed, and that the result must be evil. And this, too, in almost equal, nay, perhaps in greater degree, if the man whose private life and character his enemy undertakes publicly to expose, were a man not only of many sorrows but of many sins, and against whose memory, therefore, falsehood could be made to press more heavily along with the weight of truth. To keep by the unguarded side of such a man—at all times unguarded either in confidence, in pride, or in recklessness,—to keep by his side like a shadow, and as dependent as a shadow for very being,—and years, long years afterwards—partly as an indulgence of spite, spleen, and wounded vanity, and partly as a means of "making a good deal of money," as the phrase is—to rip up his character, not only without one single remorseful pang, but with a continued glee that could only be supported by the gratification of an inordinate and unnatural passion of self-love—a self-love that had been stabbed to the core with an incurable wound,—which wound, strange and singular to say had become more painful when mortification and gangrene had taken place, than when most redly inflamed,—he who does this ought to have a peculiar Purgatory prepared for himself,—in which his punishment might principally consist in perpetually ripping up all his old spiritual sores, and in feeding his insatiable maw with the fetid bandages, all the while haunted and tormented by the fierce Apparition of him he had on earth cozened, cringed to, lived upon, flattered, hated, abused, and betrayed,—an Apparition only,—but still blue-devil enough to terrify a Cockney—while the Reality, of which it was but an image—an Eidolon—had washed off all its stains, and soared into the Empyrean. Indeed, we think we could write a copy of strong verses—a copy of verses that would make Mr Hunt's distress comical, and yet offer no shew of violence to that other one, being a thing so majestical, entitled, "Leigh Hunt and Lord Byron's Ghost." Yes—it shall be done—they shall be written—and we shall send his Majesty a presentation-copy.

It has been seen how this poor devil strove, with all the little ingenuity he possesses, to wince himself into the trepidation of a sort of tenth part belief, that he was not Lord Byron's guest in Italy, although living, with all his family, in his lordship's house, associating daily with him and his mistress,—and cutting a gallant figure along with him on horseback, with blue frock, white waistcoat and trowsers, and velvet cap, *à la Raphael.* Now, setting aside altogether his violation of the sanctity of the "*iisdem trabibus*, the sacred inclosure of private walls"—is there not another kind of "sacred inclosure," a sacredness more profound—which he has violated in every page—the sacred inclosure of the private walls of the dark and narrow house appointed for all living? Not a single shadow of seriousness,

solemnity, or awe, ever crosses his mind. All his expressions of dislike, spleen, anger, and hatred, are just as bitter as if he were venting them against a man now alive; though, to be sure, if that man had been alive the bitterness must have continued to bleed inwardly—it durst not have thus overflowed his lips. He has never, for a moment, been able to forget the sneer of that curled lip; it haunts him, to the utter exclusion of the noble face so beautiful in death, of the imagined stillness and darkness of the cell, where, of it and all that once was Byron,

> "Quot libras in Duce summo
> Invenies?"

Byron recklessly insulted Southey, and Southey bearded him in all his anger and all his pride. He owed it to himself and to his high name, not only to repel the unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression, but after warding off, and receiving all blows on an undinted shield, to act on the offensive; and since he had before him a foeman well worthy of his steel, to show that he knew how to wield it well, nor feared to turn the edge of the blade of "ethereal temper." It was like a combat between a Christian and a Paynim Knight—and the event was not such as could bear trumpetting in Heathenesse. But would Southey seek now to insult the memory of the dead Byron, in whose face, when living, he flung back scorn for scorn? No—no—no! The historian of the Cid—the Campeador—received from his Maker too generous a nature for that—a nature imbued, in the progress of his noble pursuits, at once with a Christian and a chivalrous spirit; and at the door-way of the vault where Byron's bones are now at rest, Southey, himself one of the great poets of England, but happier—oh, far happier—in his blameless, and virtuous, and useful life than his compeer in genius, would now, without one drop of bitterness in his heart, elevated by its forgiveness, and awed by the mystery of the hush that allays all the tempests of human passion, bow down his forehead over the ancestral insignia on that coffin, and devoutly pray, "Peace to thy soul!"

But—for the present—we have done with this record of Lord Byron, and shall turn, for a few minutes, to what Hunt says of some of Lord Byron's contemporaries.

With scarcely one of the whole set is the chafed Cockney well pleased. He is upon much better terms with himself than with the most favoured of his friends; and those whom he does rouse, he contrives to make truly ridiculous. It appears from the Preface that he had painted a full-length portrait of that perfect gentleman, Mr Hazlitt—but partly to oblige Mr Colburn, if we do not mistake, and partly because he must have quarrelled—although he says not—with the amiable original, whom he now accuses of having "a most wayward and cruel temper," "which has ploughed cuts and furrows in his face"—"and capable of being inhuman in some things"—he has not given the picture a place in the gallery. Of Mr Moore he begins with drawing a favourable likeness—but having something of the spleen towards him too, he puts on not a few touches, meant to dash its pleasantness, and leaves it in a very unfinished state—for no other or better reason that we can discover, than that Mr Moore most justly had said to Lord Byron that "the Liberal had a taint in it," had, at a public dinner in Paris, spoken highly of England, and in some verses written rather disparagingly of that very indulgent person, Madame Warrens. On one occasion, he designates him by the geographic designation of "a Derbyshire poet"—Mr Moore, we believe, having had a cottage in that county—admitting in a note, that at the time he had been too angry with Mr Moore to honour him so highly as to call him by his name—and on many occasions he sneers at him for living so much in that high society, from which all Cockneys are of course excluded—and now, as has been mentioned, he threatens him with the posthumous satire of Lord Byron.

To Mr Campbell he is exceedingly complimentary—and has, he thinks, hit off the character of that delightful poet in two words; he is a "French Virgil." What that means, we do not presume even to conjecture; but be its intents wicked or charitable, it is a mere parody on Mr Charles Lamb's not very prudent or defensible remark about Voltaire,—of which, a word by and by. In the midst even of his admiration, he cannot help being impertinent; and he tells the world that Mr Campbell gladly relaxes from the

loftiness of poetry, and delights in Cotton's Travestie of Virgil, (a most beastly book) and that his conversation "is as far as may be from any thing like a Puritan." In short, he insinuates, that Mr Campbell's conversation is what some might call free and easy, and others indecent,—a compliment, we believe, as awkward as untrue. He pretends to be enraptured with the beautiful love and marriage scenes in Gertrude of Wyoming; but we know better, and beg to assure him that he is not. In confirmation of the correctness of our opinion, we refer him to the Story of Rimini.

Mr Theodore Hook he also attempts to characterise; and to us, who know a thing or two, this is about one of the basest bits of his book. Not a syllable of censure does he pass upon that gentleman, but a wish "that he had stuck to his humours and farces, for which he had real talent, *instead of writing politics.*" Now, there is no term of contumely and abuse allowable in low society, which Mr Hunt and his brothers, and the rest of the gang, have not heaped upon Mr Hook's head, in the Examiner, as if he were excommunicated and outcast from the company of all honest men. But Mr Colburn is Mr Hook's publisher, and he is now also Mr Hunt's; and therefore he, who takes for motto, "It is for slaves to lie, and freemen to speak truth," thus compromises, we must not say his conscience, but that which, with him, stands instead of it, party and personal spite, and winds up a most flattering account of Mr Hook's delightful, companionable qualities, with the slightest and faintest expression of dissent,—if it even amount to that,—from his politics, that his breath, which is "sweet air," can be made to murmur. We have the confession of this miserable sacrifice of his personal and party spite, under his own hand. In one of his letters in the Morning Chronicle, he says, probably in consequence of his paltriness having been pointed out by "the gentleman for whom he has a respect," "I wish, in his good-nature to others, and his exceeding notion of mine, Mr Colburn had not hazarded doing me a very painful disservice with my readers, by omitting, in its passage through the press, a concluding line or two in my notice of Mr Theodore Hook. I had no wish to say anything at all of Mr Hook; and could, with pleasure, have omitted the whole notice of him, had Mr Colburn wished it. But after my pleasanter recollections of him, (as they now stand unqualified in my book,) it becomes doubly necessary not to omit the drawbacks I had to make on a writer of his outrageous description; and my account of him, instead of ending with the two or three words now concluding it, should have terminated thus—'that I wished he had stuck to his humours and farces, for which he had real talent, instead of attempting to cut up a great man for the hounds, and taking a silver fork, and a seat at a great table, for the refinement he has missed!" This makes the matter much worse. Mr Colburn did right to scratch out,—without condescending to mention the erasure to Mr Hunt,—this piece of unintelligible impudence respecting his friend Mr Hook; but Mr Hunt had not the tythe of the spirit of a louse, to take such treatment so tenderly, and even to compliment Mr Colburn on the occasion. If the erasure materially altered his meaning, what is he, to talk so sweetly about Mr Colburn? If it did not, what is he, to talk so sweetly about Mr Hook, after his gang, and himself at the head of it, had a hundred times proclaimed him to be a felon? How Theodore must despise the fawning hypocrite! Conscious of his own perfect innocence of the charges from which he suffered so much,—for he was just as innocent of them as Mr Thomas Moore was of the charges of the same kind brought against him,—Mr Hook could well afford to look at the brutal abuse of Mr Hunt and his associates with indifference, but this offer to salve with spittle a wound that had never been inflicted, must be very loathsome to him; and the sight of Hunt in Mr Colburn's shop must make him sick. The clause, as it originally stood, too, is utter nonsense. For excellent as we do not doubt Mr Hook's farces were, is it to be regretted, that the writing of the best farces that ever were roared at, till the pit exhibited several elderly gentlemen in strong convulsions, should have been relinquished for the powerful prose and various verse of the John Bull? If he does not allude to the John Bull, then he is a slave that sinks the truth; for the John Bull has for years been the monster that filled him with horror

and dread. If he does allude to the John Bull, then he is a slave that slurs over the truth for the reasons of a slave, and what then is the proper application of his motto?

If anything could make Charles Lamb ridiculous, Mr Hunt's extravagance would, in the section in which the truly original and delightful Elia is made to figure. He "has a head worthy of Aristotle," and "his face resembles that of Bacon, with less worldly vigour, and more sensibility." No man but must be vexed and disgusted with such grossness of folly. Then "one could imagine him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and melting into thin air himself, out of a sympathy with the awful." Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well; I'll Lambpun him." He dumbfounded a long tirade one evening, by taking the pipe out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, "whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man." "He hardly contemplates with patience the fine new buildings in the Regent's Park; and *privately* speaking, he has a grudge against *official* heaven-expounders, or clergymen." "He wrote in the London Magazine two lives of Liston and Munden, which the public took for serious, and which exhibit an extraordinary jumble of imaginary facts, and truth of bye-painting. Munden he makes born at 'Stoke-Poggies,' the very sound of which is like the actor speaking and digging his words." To a person abusing Voltaire, and injudiciously opposing his character to that of Jesus Christ, he said admirably well—though he by no means overrates Voltaire, *nor wants reverence in the other quarter*, that Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ *for the* French." He once said to a brother whist-player, who had a hand more clever than clean, and who had enough in him to afford the joke, "Oh, if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold?"

All this proves, that Mr Lamb has a head worthy of Aristotle, and that he ought to have a face like that of Bacon. The saying about Voltaire is most repulsively narrated; and Mr Lamb, who took such offence with Mr Southey for regretting that Elia's essays had not a sounder religious feeling, what will he say—or feel, at least—about the sad jumble of offensive and childish nonsense, which, without having the capacity of re-creating the circumstances in which the words were uttered, or imparting the slightest feeling of the spirit in which they were conceived, Hunt has palmed off upon the public as characteristic specimens of the conversation of Charles Lamb?

There is a long section on Mr Shelley, which, in spite of the gross affectation and exaggeration of feeling with which it is overlaid, and much poor criticism, cannot be read without interest. We believe, that Mr Hunt's affection for Mr Shelley was as sincere as anything good can be sincere in a Cockney; yet he cannot express it without a disgusting self-conceit, that frequently gives his most pathetic wailings and laments a very suspicious character—as if his griefs and his sorrows, if not altogether, were very much a Hum. Mr Shelley, to the wretchedness and ruin of the best years of life, "his bright and shining youth," was not only not a Christian, but had conceived an insane hatred of Christianity. He had suffered his imagination to be so overmastered by the idea of the corruptions and pollutions of Christianity introduced into it by men, that he came to look on it, as now professed in the most enlightened nations, and taught by the ministers of the Reformed religion, as a baneful and hateful superstition. The excesses of vituperation in prose and in verse, to which he was thus led, were enormous and shocking—as he at all times spoke of the Deity and the Saviour as hideous monsters, created by the worst fears, hopes, and desires of the weakest and wickedest of men. Hunt, too, of course, glories in being not a Christian; and the first and strongest bond between Mr Shelley and him, was, doubtless, their Infidelity. Shelley's eloquent and poetical ravings can with difficulty be endured, for sake of that eloquence and that poetry, often transcendent, and far more for sake of the insane sincerity with which, in the delusion of an inflamed imagination, they were poured tumultuously out; but Hunt's infidelity is chiefly distinguished by its impudence—and though we have too much humanity to wish to see really restored the stake and the faggot, we cannot help pleasing ourselves, in a dream, with the most absurd air of Cockney conceit, and impertinent self-importance, with which

he would have ambled to the stake, "with light-blue frock, white waistcoat and trowsers, and velvet cap *a la Raphael;* he would have cut a gallant figure!"

We took a deep interest in Mr Shelley. Full of admiration of his genius, and pity for his misconduct and misfortunes, we spoke of him at all times with an earnestness of feeling which we know he felt, and for which we received written expressions of gratitude from some by whom he was, in spite of all his unhappy errors, most tenderly beloved. Mr Hunt must know this; but he is one of those "lovers of truth," who will not, if he can help it, suffer any one single spark of it to spunk out, unless it shine in his own face, and display its pretty features to the public, "rescued only by thought from insignificance." Moreover, he hates this Magazine, not altogether, perhaps, without some little reason of a personal kind—and, therefore, as a "lover of truth," is bound never to see any good in it, even if that good be the cordial praise of the genius of his dearest friend, and, when it was most needed, a fearless vindication of all that could be vindicated in his opinions, and conduct.

It was Hazlitt, we believe, who accused us of praising Shelley, because he was a gentleman; and we must confess, that the accusation, however shocking, is far from being untrue, and affords an easy and satisfactory explanation to Hazlitt of much of our censure of himself; but Hunt, as mean as Hazlitt is audacious, tries to keep the fact of our kindness to Mr Shelley and his kindly feelings, and those of his friends, towards us, under his thumb, bitterly feeling that we alone were the friends of Shelley, when he was encompassed by foes; and that we, and none but we, won the world to look upon him with pity and forgiveness —on his genius with admiration.

We have hinted, that Hunt's feelings of friendship for Mr Shelley are frequently so absurdly expressed, that they have very much the appearance of being all a hum. Mr Shelley had given him such large sums of money, which Hunt never made the slightest effort to repay,—preferring a gift to a loan,—that his generosity is the string on which Hunt constantly keeps harping; but that his own meanness may not appear to be in proportion, he declares that, with all his culpable imprudence in money-matters, he was always ready to share his last shilling with a friend. Why, a man who lays himself under pecuniary obligations to dear friend, common acquaintance, and insolent foe, and trusts that, without any painful exertion on his part, one and all of these will be repaid, either in money, or in money's worth, in another and a richer world, would be, if possible, a more absurdly contemptible creature than even Leigh Hunt, were he, at the same time, to be niggardly of the cash so very easily acquired, and out of the last shilling remaining, after the relief of his own pinching necessities, and the indulgence of his own lazy luxuries, to grudge even one farthing to a friend. This would be not only out of the order of human, but of Cockney nature. But how small needs be the self-praise due to such charity to others which is but the poor candle-end parings of charity previously bestowed on him who thus does not withhold from "his pal" his ultimate or penultimate doit! We are running away, however, from Mr Hunt's most vaunted friendship with Mr Shelley.—Here is a specimen.

"Good God! The mention of this imitation makes me recollect under what frightful circumstances of gaiety we returned from performing an office, more than usually melancholy, on the seashore. I dare allow myself only to allude to it. But we dined and drank after it—dined little, and drank much. Lord Byron had not shone that day, even in his cups. For myself, I had bordered upon emotions which I have never suffered myself to indulge; and which foolishly as well as impatiently render calamity, as somebody termed it, 'an affront, and not a misfortune.' The barouche drove rapidly through the forest of Pisa. We sang, we laughed, we shouted. I even felt a gaiety the more shocking, because it was real, and a relief. *What the coachman thought of us, God knows!* but he helped to make up a ghastly trio. He was a good-tempered fellow, and an affectionate husband and father; yet he had the reputation of having offered his master to knock a man on the head. I wish to have no such waking dream again. It was worthy of a German ballad."

They had been burning Shelley's body on the shore, thrown up in cor-

ruption from the sea. We can allow to Byron, or such beings as Byron, any mad or wild extravagance of passion; but pert, prim, prating, impudent Leigh Hunt thus to be performing a part worthy of a German ballad, is too much for the gravity of the most saturnine and melancholic. One single unhappy line lets out the hoax.—"WHAT THE COACHMAN THOUGHT OF US, GOD KNOWS."

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they go,
Plash, plash, across the sea;
Hurra! the dead can ride apace!
Dost fear to ride with me?"

Suppose Leonora had answered—"Not at all, sir; but remember I am in my chemise, and what the tide-waiters and the turnpike-men will think of us, God knows!"

In speaking of Mr Keats, on the other hand, Hunt's indignation at our severities, bursts out all in a bluster. He goes back into the darkness of antiquity, and endeavours to discover the origin of the Magazine. It was set agoing, as an organised system of abuse,—and, "unfortunately," quoth his Majesty, "some of the knaves were not destitute of talent; the younger were tools of older ones, who kept out of sight." "The contrivers of this system of calumny thought that it suited their views, trading, political, and personal, to attack the writer of the present work. They did so, and his friends with him, Mr Keats among the number." I treated these anonymous assailants with indifference in the first instance, and certainly should not have noticed them at all, had not another person chosen to call upon them in my name. Circumstances then induced me to make a more peremptory call; it was not answered; and the two parties retreated, they into their meanness, and I into my contempt." This sounds all mighty valiant—and no one can read the words, without believing that "Hunt sent a challenge to Dunbar, saying, Charlie meet me if you daur," and that his challenge struck a cold terror into the heart of "rough old General Izzard." But Mr Hunt has waxed tea-pot valiant, when recording in old age the bold achievements of his youth. All that he did was, to ask the General's name, that he might bring an action against him for libel. Half a syllable, with any other import, would have brought the General, without an hour's delay, before the eyes of the astonished Cockney. Hunt then kept fiddle-faddling with attorneys, and solicitors, and barristers, for months together, till finding fees troublesome, and that there had been no libel, but in his own diseased imagination, or guilty conscience, he "retreated into his contempt," and in contempt he has, we believe, ever since remained.

"I have since regretted," continues the ninny, "on Mr Keats' account, that I did not take a more active part. The scorn which the public and they would feel for one another before long was evident enough; but, in the meantime, an injury, in every point of view, was done to a young and sensitive nature, to which I ought to have been more alive. *The truth is, I never thought* about it, nor, I believe, did he, with a view to my taking any farther notice."—"I little suspected at that time, as I did afterwards, that the hunters had struck him; that a delicate organization, which already anticipated a premature death, made him feel his ambition thwarted by those fellows; and that the very imputation of being impatient, was resented by him, and preyed on his mind. HAD HE SAID BUT A WORD TO ME ON THE SUBJECT, I WOULD HAVE KEPT NO MEASURES WITH THEM!!!"

There spoke the "worried majesty of Cockaigne!" His intimate friend dying of this Magazine, and Hunt, the physician, unable from the symptoms to conjecture the complaint! Experience had been lost upon him; for even then he was himself far from being recovered from that disease, then indeed endemical in Cockaigne. But this "Lover of Truth" forgets, that he had already assured Lord Byron, that Mr Keats' life had not been "snuffed out by an article," although the Quarterly Review had grievously hurt it—and he forgets that he did not mention at that time, the name of this Magazine as an accessory in anyway to that young man's decease. It is base falsehood and folly altogether. Mr Keats died in the ordinary course of nature. Nothing was ever said in this Magazine about him, that needed to have given him an hour's sickness; and had he lived a few years longer, he would have profited by our advice, and been grateful for

it, although perhaps conveyed to him in a pill rather too bitter. Hazlitt, Hunt, and other unprincipled infidels, were his ruin. Had he lived a few years longer, we should have driven him in disgust from the gang that were gradually affixing a taint to his name. His genius we saw, and praised; but it was deplorably sunk in the mire of Cockneyism, and never, without a thorough washing to its plumage, could it

"Have borne no token of the sabler streams,
And soar'd far off among the swans of Thames."

Ten years afterwards, forward comes the very forward Mr Leigh Hunt, and staring like a Saracen or a Whahabee, informs the world of our narrow escape from immolation on the altar of friendship at his sacrificial and bloody hands. "He would have kept no measures with us." Yes, he would—just such measures as a tailor keeps, who on being ushered into the parlour, a smart, pert, apish prig, with an attempt at mustachoes, just as you are beginning to suspect that he is a friend sent with a message from a half-pay officer, whose insolence you had the night before checked in the critic-row of the pit of the theatre, instead of a challenge pulls out of his pocket a few miles of tape, and as all the tailor stands suddenly confessed, takes measure of you for—what shall we say?—a pair of yellow breeches, and then bowing backwards, falls head over heels over Bronte asleep on the bear, and disappears in a fraction.

In another part of the book, Hunt quotes a few sentences, which seem very good ones, from an old article in the Magazine on Lord Byron,—and adds, "there follows something about charity, and clay-idols, and brutal outrages of all the best feelings; and Mr Blackwood, having finished his sermon, retires to count his money, his ribaldry, and his kicks." Here Hunt considers Mr Blackwood as the writer of the Critique, or Sermon in question, and indeed he often speaks of that gentleman as the author of the articles that have kicked up such a "stoure" in Cockney-land. On other occasions, when it suits his purpose, he gives himself the lie direct,—but probably all this passes for wit behind the counter. Mr Colburn, however, cannot like it; nor would it be fair, notwithstanding the judicious erasures which he has made on the MS. in its progress through the press, to consider that gentleman the author of "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries," any more than of those very entertaining but somewhat personal articles in the Magazine of which he is proprietor, entitled "Sketches of the Irish Bar." That Mr Blackwood should occasionally retire to count his money, seems not at all unreasonable in a publisher carrying on a somewhat complicated, extensive, and flourishing trade. It is absolutely necessary that he should so retire into the Sanctum, at which times even we do not think of disturbing him; but we put it to Mr Hunt himself, whether it be not more honourable to count the money which a man makes by his own industry, even although objections, on the score of humanity, might lie against certain articles in a Periodical Work published by the man so counting his money, articles in which one Cockney in particular had his back scarified by the knout, and his nose slit, previous to his being sent across the Steppes into Siberia,—than it ever can be to another man to avow himself—as Hunt has done—incapable of counting the money, which, in hundreds and in thousands, (L.1400 from Mr Shelley,) he has, in that beggary to which his own imprudence had confessedly reduced him, accepted at the hands of friends who pitied his distress, and on the memory of one of whom he, after the death of the Formidable Illustrious, has attempted to commit murder? With respect to "his kicks," which Mr Blackwood retires to count—we presume Hunt alludes to a personal outrage attempted to be committed on Mr Blackwood, some ten years ago, by a fellow twice his size—which outrage, although as distant from anything in the shape of a kick, as Mr Hunt's ninny-noddle is from his paltry posteriors, was repelled with such promptitude and decisive effect, with a good oaken towel, that the aggressor took coach immediately, and was drawn in anything but triumph, by four bay blood-horses, into the second city in the empire. O, Hunt, Hunt!—are you not conscious of being the poorest creature of all the Cockneys?

Mr Hunt having thus, as he supposes, disposed of Lord Byron, and taken in hand a few of his contempo-

raries, squirts out his spleen upon the greatest of them all—Sir Walter Scott. It does not appear that he ever saw the Baronet—but he labours under a dislike of that distinguished person, at once ludicrous and loathsome. He seems to believe that Sir Walter has an enmity towards him—originating probably in jealousy of his genius—and tries to show his magnanimity in nevertheless expressing a rather favourable opinion of the Novels and Romances, to which it seems he was among the first to direct the attention of the public. The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, Lady of the Lake, &c. he thinks very so-so performances, and that Sir Walter is but a poor poet. But he hates the man—with a hatred which may be more easily described by illustration than resolved by analysis.

Gentle Reader—Let us so arouse your imagination, that you see a Lion sleeping in the shade, or rather couched in a conscious slumber, his magnificent mane spread abroad in the forest gloom, and the growling thunder hushed beneath it as in a lowering cloud. Suppose him Sir Walter. Among the branches of a tree, a little way off, sits a monkey, and did you ever hear such a chatter? The bleareyed abomination makes his very ugliest mouths at the monarch of the wood; and shrieking in his rage, not altogether unlike something human, dangles first from one twig, and then from another, still higher and higher up the tree, with an instinctive though unnecessary regard for the preservation of his nudities, clinging at once by paw and by tail, making assurance doubly sure that he shall not lose his hold, and drop down within range of Sir Leoline. Suppose him Leigh Hunt. The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft fondly and idly imagines, that the Lion is lying there meditating his destruction,—that those claws, whose terrors are now tamed in glossy velvet, and which, if suddenly unsheathed, would be seen blushing perhaps with the blood of pard or panther, were given him by nature for the express purpose of waging high warfare with the genus Simia! The grinning and greedy egotist, as he keeps all the while cracking nuts, vomited out of the gullet-pouch provided for a fruit larder, close to the jugular, blowing the nostrils of him with the fingers of one hand, and making those of the other useful, at the other extremity, in entomological researches, has not the slightest doubt in the world, that he haunts the waking and the sleeping dreams of the Lion in den or desert. Those tusks of his that can churn to curd the spine, those paws of his that can smite to shivers the skull of the buffalo, were beyond all doubt given the Lion that he might be the murderer of monkeys! But pray, Jacko Macko, how do you account for that tail, three yards long, with a tuft at the end on't, oft suddenly elevated and unfurled, like a meteor streaming to the wind? Why, you believe the Lion to be his own standard-bearer, do you, and the sole end of that tail and that tuft a warning to you and your brethren in arms forthwith to swarm up trees, "with fear of change perplexing monkeys?" The Lion, all this blessed time, is dreaming of devouring an antelope, a gazelle, an Abyssinian maid, dulcimer and all, or the Hottentot Venus. That such wretches as monkeys, apes, baboons, and so forth, exist, he knows; for too often they have come between the wind and his nobility. But as to killing one of them, or—oh, horror!—eating him, he would rather die a thousand deaths, and lie alive a whole African summer, shrivelling up into a skinny skeleton. The alarm of the monkey at the lion is an anomaly in nature; for, regarding the other tribes of the inferior creatures, we never see fear without danger; whereas a lion cannot so much as yawn on his own account, with those deep-hanging chops of his, or with his fine, deep, bass voice, to which Bartleman's was a squeaking counter, treat himself to a solo, but the whole wilderness of monkeys is thrown into one consternation and one chatter!—Why is this?

But perhaps, gentle reader, your imagination is but sluggish and slow, and cannot picture to itself with sufficient vividness, the lion and the monkey—Scott and Hunt. Try then the stag-hound and the cur. The stag-hound has been all day hunting on the Black Mount, where the fern is like a forest, the heather-bloom brighter and higher than the plumed head of any of the heroes that fought of old with Fingal—the moss-hags wide, and deep, and black, in which armies whole

might sink—the desert sprinkled with rocks as with stones, and bristling up, up, up, for three thousand feet with unstormable battlements and batteries, while here and there a single oak-tree, bare and blasted, stands like a flag-staff after the flag has been blown away—not struck—and that glorious musician, the wind, plays by fits his gatherings and his marches, that have filled, and will fill for ever, the spirits of the Gael, with unconquered and unconquerable valour. There lies the noble stag-hound, panting beside the breathless bulk of that red-deer, whose belling shall nevermore be heard in the desert! He pulled him down in spite of all his antlers, entangled as you see them now in the heather, with here and there a twig of bruised oak or birch, that shows how, during his fleet, but not fearful flight, he had been borne, whirlwind-like, through coppice and forest, till the far-off echoes answered to the crash, and the welcome sound awoke many a bugle-blast from hunters hidden, as they toiled along, in brake and bower, up torrent-channel, down lines of green-wood lying by the brightness of brooks, and over many a lower hill embosomed between the mighty mountains enclosing one of our great Highland glens. There he lies with feet and lips blood-blushing, but his eye, ere-while so bright in the chase and the conflict, now calm, and grave, and solemn. Oscar would not harm a child; and so a child is playing with his very paws, wondering to see them so gory, the child of the forester, whose hut is in that pine-wood—and what think you of her, his young Saxon wife, breathing and blushing in her lowland beauty, and arrayed in the tartan of her husband's clan, offering the cup of Glenlivet with a white hand, and the Doric sweetness of her own native accents, betraying her birth-place among the banks and braes of bonny Doon, the land of Coila and of her darling son, Burns, her lyrical poet on earth, just as the lark is her lyrical poet in heaven?

Gentle reader, you can have little difficulty in recognising in this stag-hound an image of Sir Walter, and still less in recognising Leigh Hunt in the following image of a cur, apparently produced by a cross between a turnspit and a poodle. What is the creature doing here? Surely, surely, the heir-presumptive to the kitchen-wheel and the court-yard-pond, will not have the impertinence to lift a leg against the lady-fern and the virgin heather? Not a stone in this district that will answer his purpose. The Highlands of Scotland were not made for poodles. Only see how he turns out his toes! The length of the animal's body is surprising, and has been transmitted to him through a long line of ancestors, up to the original turnspit that was the first founder of the family. Look at his head—for face he has little or none, except through a shock of hair of a dirty yellow, something blear and blackish, that may possibly be eyes, and a hedge-hog-looking nose, doubtless cold and clammy, better at scenting the eviscer-ation of chicken than the taint of the red-deer's hoof, as it scatters the dew-drops from harebell and heather. He is evidently out of temper, but with what nobody can tell, for nobody, as far as we know, has been whipping him; yet his birses are up on his shoulder, and the nape of his neck, while his tail, as it is neither short nor long, so neither is it up nor down, crooked over his hurdies, nor clapt between his legs, but in a position alike equivocal and indescribable, like that of the Courier newspaper about a month ago, which could not be said to be looking either up or down, to the right or the left, to the Whigs or the Tories, to the Church-establishments or Dissenting meeting-houses, to war or peace, Greek or Turk, Christian or Cockney, but to be gradually and permanently acquiring that inexpressible expression of countenance that belongs to a sailor employed in attempting to trim a crank, over-ballasted, sea-worthless boat, who, poor fellow, keeps skipping first to this side then to that, now near the bow, now the stern, and now about mid-ships, till the craft giving an unexpected lurch, he falls over to leeward, and becomes for life a pauper and a pensioner in Davy's Locker. But the secret of the cur's anger breaks out, —for he beholds the stag-hound lying in his state,—and the blood of all the turnspits and all the poodles burns within his veins. He dares not yet bark,—but the cur has courage for a snivel, as he keeps sneaking round and round, farther off and farther off,—though he deludes himself into a be-

lief that it is nearer and nearer, in each successive circle which he describes,—till eventually going off at a tangent, and summoning up all his hereditary heroism on a distant knoll, he ventures to vent it in two or three shabby snarls, and then "starting back, he knows not why, even at the sound himself has made," he scampers off, with violent yelping, as if he had been suddenly scalded in the kitchen, and knocking himself against stocks and stones, still with his head turned towards the stag-hound, who believes him to be some new varmint, he disappears in the horizon amidst roars of laughter; while perhaps some grim Gael, at the close of his guffaw, lets drive at the Cockney cur with slugs or swan-shot, nobody taking the trouble to look whether he has been killed or not, so that an end has been put to his absurd youffing and yelping, and the heather-stalks freed from all future contamination. Come, now—don't pity the poodle.

Gentle reader, you have seen an Eagle, alive and sun-soaring, hunting for prey, or for an appetite in a storm? A ship in full sail is glorious to behold—so is a horse in full gallop; but the breeze dies, and the ship "is idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,"—his wind is gone, and the horse, with his green-turbaned rider, sinks in the sand of the desert. The Eagle needs not the breeze—his heart never pants in that lofty ether. From sunrise to sunset he hangs, or cleaves his way through heaven; and though he sleeps for ages in the same eyrie, he loves to prey in distant isles, and to take his different day-meals in different kingdoms. What wings, what talons, what beak, what an eye! "A secular bird of ages!" No bad emblem of Sir Walter. Turn, we beseech you, to yonder Magpie, and you have Leigh Hunt. The magpie is not much amiss for plumage, his feathers are gaudy enough; yet somehow or other, nobody admires the magpie. People deny that he is anything else but mere black and white; yet when you catch him, and hold him up to the light, he shows blue, green, and purple, something after the fashion of the peacock. But his character and his manners are both so bad, that the world has voted him a nuisance. He is the most unpopular of birds, esteemed not merely mischievous, but unlucky, so that it is creditable at all times to put him to death. There is no harm in shooting him, even on a Sunday. When caught alive, no boy of a good heart will be happy to see him die untortured, and he is generally kicked about, very unceremoneously, after putrefaction. We daresay he deserves all this—for, in the first place, what a prig it is! How it struts, and perks, and prates!—It is truly an "impudent varlet." Then, when alarmed or irritated, it will never give over with its screeching, but keeps flying about, as if taking heaven and earth, the trees and the walls, to witness that it has been hurt or insulted. Then it is a senseless pilferer, picking up everything that glitters, from a silver spoon to a gilt button. In a cage the creature's impudence does not forsake it; its impertinence increases with the term of its imprisonment; it bobs up and down its tail with an air of exultation, as if caged for chattering in the cause of freedom; and if turned out again to its old associates, it will be as noisy, as impudent, as pilfering as before—the recollection of the cage only encreasing its craft, and its enmity to all gardeners, overseers, and country gentlemen in general.

At times, nothing will satisfy the Magpie, when the Eagle is abroad, but to insult him by all the small absurd means in his power—such as screeching and scrawching at no allowance, flying hither and thither, from knoll to knoll, on which he keeps bob-bobbing, down head and up tail, then mounting on cow-back, and cocking his impudent eye at the Eagle, now far above the arch of the rainbow. The imp has a most distempered look, and ruffled with rage in all his feathers. It is a good time to have a shot at him; and amusing to see him suddenly struck all of a heap, or going topsy-turvy, tapselteerie over the knoll, throwing up blood and garbage, emitting obscene sounds, and then dragging himself in among the briars of a ditch, in fear of his own brethren, who come trooping from all directions, like so many Cockneys, to attack him, because he is seen to be much mangled, and incapable of offering any defence. Meanwhile, the Eagle, from his watch-tower, is inspector-

general of twenty counties, and when sated with the sky, descends like a sunbeam on Cruachan or Cairngorm.

Gentle reader, of all the creatures that float and fly, is there one fairer and more majestic than the Swan?

> The Swan, on still St Mary's Loch,
> Floats double—Swan and shadow!

These two lines are of themselves a poem. Sir Walter, sometimes, is such a Swan; but oftener he is a Swan with wings uplifted, like the foresail and mainsail of a schooner going before the wind, and careering through the water-lilies, along the black and foamy waves of the loch, that rejoices in a sudden tempest; or say rather, that he is a Swan that is seen to come sailing along, white and swift as a summer cloud before the hurricane, whence nobody knows, but doubtless, from some far-off region; and ringing the sky in repeated circles, seems to gaze awhile on the lovely Loch of the Lowes, and then "in sunshine sailing far away," disappears in the blue depths of another world. Turn to a Freizeland Bantam,—for there positively is such a bird,—and turn to him at the time he happens to labour under a liver complaint, when nothing will serve him, to cool his fever, but a dip in a pond. In hops the unhappy bunch of feathers into the scarcely liquid element, and forthwith sets about what he seems to imagine swimming through the green mire and sludge, which, with the little water that parts it from the dry, is of the consistency of newly-poured-out porritch, before the ploughman's breakfast has got cool in the bowl. The circumjacent, circumambient, and circumnatant ducks are lost in astonishment at the phenomenon—the goose flies into the gander's arms, hiding her head in his bosom. In a few minutes out he comes, with a small separate piece of green mud sticking on each fritter of feathers,—a round tattered and tettered ball, smelling very offensively,—head and tail indistinguishable; yet the motion accompanied by a noise, till the village curs espy it, and hunt it into its hovel. Yet our best naturalists assure us, that the Freizeland Bantam is the vainest bird that attempts to crow; and by and by our feverish friend comes out into the light, and begins to trim his plumage! His toilette over, he basks on the ditch side, and has not the smallest doubt in the world that he is a Bird of Paradise!

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SIR HENRY STEUART'S THEORY OF TRANSPLANTATION.*

Trees are indeed the glory, the beauty, and the delight of nature. The man who loves not Trees—to look at them—to lie under them—to climb up them, (once more a school-boy,) —would make no bones of murdering Mrs Jeffs. In what one imaginable attribute, that it ought to possess, is a Tree, pray, deficient? Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music, all the colours of the rainbow, dew and dreams dropping through their umbrageous twilight at eve or morn,—dropping direct,—soft, sweet, soothing, and restorative, from heaven. Without Trees, how, in the name of wonder, could we have had houses, ships, bridges, easy-chairs, or coffins, or almost any single one of the necessaries, conveniences, or comforts of life? Without Trees, one man might have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but not another with a wooden ladle.

Tree by itself Tree, "such tents the patriarchs loved,"—Ipse nemus, —"the brotherhood of Trees,"—the Grove, the Coppice, the Wood, the Forest,—dearly, and after a different fashion, do we love you all!—And love you all we shall, while our dim eyes can catch the glimmer, our dull ears the murmur, of the leaves,—or our imagination hear at midnight, the far-off swing of old branches groaning in the tempest. Oh! is not Merry also Sylvan England? And has not Scotland, too, her old pine forests, blackening up her Highland mountains? Are not many of her rivered valleys not unadorned with woods,—her braes beautiful with their birken shaws?—And does not stately ash or sycamore tower above the kirk-spire, in many a quiet glen, overshadowing the humble house of God, "the dial-stone aged and green," and all the deep-sunk, sinking, or upright array of grave-stones, beneath which

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep?"

We have the highest respect for the ghost of Dr Johnson; yet were we to meet it by moonlight, how should we make it hang its head on the subject of Scottish Trees! Look there, you old, blind, blundering blockhead! That Pine Forest is twenty miles square! Many million trees, there, have at least five hundred arms each, six times as thick as ever your body was, Sir, when you were at your very fattest in Bolt Court. As for their trunks—some straight as cathedral pillars—some flung all awry in their strength across cataracts—some without a twig till your eye meets the hawk's nest diminished to a black-bird's, and some overspread, from within a man's height of the mossy sward, with fantastic branches, cone-covered, and green as

* The Planter's Guide: or, a Practical Essay on the best Method of giving Immediate Effect to Wood, by the Removal of large Trees and Underwood; being an attempt to place the Art on fixed Principles, and to apply it to General Purposes, useful and ornamental; chiefly intended for the Climate of Scotland. By Sir Henry Steuart, Bart. LL.D. F.R.S.E. &c. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London. 1828.

emerald—what say you, you great, big, lumbering, unwieldy ghost you, to trunks like these? And are not the Forests of Scotland the most forgiving that ever were self-sown, to suffer you to flit to and fro, haunting unharmed their ancient umbrage? Yet—Doctor—you were a fine old Tory every inch of you, for all that, my boy—so come glimmering away with you into the gloom after us—don't stumble over the roots—we smell a still at work—and neither you nor I—shadow nor substance (but, prithee, why so wan, good Doctor? Prithee, why so wan?) can be much the worse, eh, of a caulker of Glenlivat?

Every man of landed property, that lies fairly out of arm's-length of a town, whether free or copyhold, be its rental above or below forty shillings a-year, should be a planter. Even an old bachelor, who has no right to become the father of a child, is not only free, but in duty bound to plant a Tree. Unless his organ of philoprogenitiveness be small indeed, as he looks at the young, tender plants in his own nursery-garden, his heart will yearn towards them with all the longing and instinctive fondness of a father. As he beholds them putting forth the tender buds of hope, he will be careful to preserve them from all blight,—he will "teach the young idea how to shoot,"—and, according to their different natures, he will send them to different places to complete their education, according as they are ultimately intended for the church, the bar, or the navy. The old gentleman will be surprised to see how soon his young plants have grown as tall as himself, even though he should be an extraordinary member of the Six Feet Club. An oak sapling, of some five or six springs, shall measure with him on his stocking-soles,—and a larch, considerably younger, laugh to shake its pink cones far over his wig. But they are all dutiful children,—never go stravaiging from home after youthful follies,—and standing together in beautiful bands, and in majestic masses, they will not suffer the noon-day sun to smite their father's head, nor the winds of heaven to "visit his face too roughly."

People are sometimes prevented from planting trees by the slowness of their growth. What a mistake that is! People might just as well be prevented from being wed, because a man-child takes one-and-twenty years to get out of his minority, and a woman-child, except in hot climates, is rarely marriageable before fifteen. Not the least fear in the world, that Tommy and Thomasine and the Tree will grow up fast enough—wither at the top—and die! It is a strange fear to feel—a strange complaint to utter—that any one thing in this world, animate or inanimate, is of too slow growth; for the nearer to its perfection, the nearer to its decay.

No man, who enjoys good health, at fifty, or even sixty, would hesitate, if much in love, to take a wife, on the ground that he could have no hope or chance of seeing his numerous children all grown up into hobbledehoys and Priscilla Tomboys. Get your children first, and let them grow at their own leisure afterwards. In like manner, let no man, Bachelor or Benedict, be his age beyond the limit of conversational confession, fear to lay out a nursery-garden,—to fill it with young seedlings,—and thenceforward, to keep planting away, up hill and down brae, all the rest of his life.

Besides, in every stage, how interesting, both a wood and sap tree, and a flesh and blood child! Look at pretty, ten-year-old, rosy cheeked, golden-haired Mary, gazing, with all the blue brightness of her eyes, at that large dew-drop, which the sun has let escape unmelted even on into the meridian hours, on the topmost pink-bud, within which the teeming leaf struggles to expand into beauty,—the topmost pink-bud of that little lime-tree, but three winters old, and half a spring!—Hark! that is Harry, at home on a holiday, rustling like a roe in the coppicewood, in search of the nest of the blackbird or mavis;—yet ten years ago that rocky hill-side was unplanted, and "that bold boy, so bright and beautiful," unborn. Who, then,—be his age what it may,—would either linger, "with fond, reluctant, amorous delay," to take unto himself a wife, for the purpose of having children, or to enclose a waste for the purpose of having trees?

At what time of life a human being,—man or woman,—looks best, it might be hard to say. A virgin of eighteen, straight and tall, bright, blooming, and balmy, seems, to our old eyes, a very beautiful and delightful sight. Inwardly we bless her, and pray that she may be as happy as

she is innocent. So, too, is an Oak-tree, about the same age, standing by itself, without a twig on its straight, smooth, round, glossy, silver stem, for some few feet from the ground, and then branching out into a stately flutter of dark green leaves; the shape being indistinct in its regular but not formal over-fallings, and over-foldings, and over-hangings, of light and shade. Such an Oak-tree is indeed truly beautiful, with all its tenderness, gracefulness, and delicacy,—ay, a delicacy almost seeming to be fragile,—as if the cushat, whirring from its concealment, would crush the new spring-shoots, sensitive almost as the gossamer, with which every twig is intertwined. Leaning on our staff, we bless it, and call it even by that very virgin's name; and ever thenceforth behold Louisa lying in its shade.—Gentle reader, what it is to be an old, dreamy, visionary, prosing poet!

Good God! let any one who accuses trees of laziness in growing, only keep out of sight of them for a few years; and then, returning home to them under cloud of night, all at once open his eyes, of a fine, sunny, summer's morning, and ask them how they have been since he and they mutually murmured farewell! He will not recognise the face, or the figure, of a single tree. That sycamore, whose top-shoot a cow, you know, browsed off, to the breaking of your heart, some four or five years ago, is now as high as the "riggin" of the cottage, and is murmuring with bees among its blossoms quite like an old tree. What precocity! That Wych elm, hide-bound as it seemed of yore, and with only one arm that it could hardly lift from its side, is now a Briareus. Is that the larch you used to hop over?—now almost fit to be a mast of one of the fairy fleet on Windermere!—You thought you would never have forgotten the Triangle of the Three Birches,—but you stare at them now as if they had dropped from the clouds!—and since you think that beech—that round hill of leaves—is not the same shabby shrub you left sticking in the gravel, why call the old gardener hither, and swear him to its identity on the Bible.

Before this confounded gout attacked our toe, we were great pedestrians, and used to stalk about all over the banks and braes from sunrising to sunsetting, through all seasons of the year. Few sights used to please us more than that of a new Mansion-house, or Villa, or Cottage ornée, rising up in some sheltered, but open-fronted nook, commanding a view of a few bends of a stream or river winding along old lea, or rich holm ploughed fields,—sloping uplands, with here and there a farm-house and trees,—and in the distance hill-tops quite clear, and cutting the sky, wreathed with mists, or for a time hidden in clouds. It set the imagination and the heart at work together, to look on the young hedge-rows and plantations, belts, clumps, and single trees, hurdled in from the nibbling sheep. Ay, some younger brother, who, twenty, or thirty, or forty years ago, went abroad to the East, or the West, to push his fortune, has returned to the neighbourhood of his native vale at last, to live and to die among the braes, where once, among the yellow broom, the school-boy sported gladsome as any bird. Busy has he been in adorning,—perhaps the man who fixes his faith on Price on the Picturesque, would say in disfiguring,—the inland haven where he has dropt anchor, and will continue to ride till the vessel of life parts from her moorings, and drifts away on the shoreless sea of eternity. For our own parts, we are not easily offended by any conformation into which trees can be thrown—the bad taste of another must not be suffered to throw us into a bad temper—and as long as the trees are green in their season, and in their season, purple, and orange, and yellow, and refrain from murdering each other, to our eye they are pleasant to look upon,—to our ear it is music, indeed, to hear them all a-murmur along with the murmuring winds. Hundreds—thousands of such dwellings have, in our time, arisen all over the face of Scotland; and there is room enough, we devoutly trust, and verily believe, for hundreds and thousands more. Of a people's prosperity what pleasanter proof! And, therefore, may all the well-fenced woods make more and more wonderful shoots every year. Beneath and among their shelter, may not a single slate be blown from the blue roof, peering through the trees, on the eyes of distant traveller, as he wheels along on the top of his most gracious Majesty's mail-coach;—may the dryads soon wipe away their tears for the death of the children that must, in thinnings, be

"wede away;"—and may the rookeries and heronries of Scotland increase in number for the long space of ten thousand revolving years!

Not that we hold it to be a matter of pure indifference, how people plant trees. We have an eye for the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful, and cannot open it, without seeing at once the very spirit of the scene. O ye! who have had the happiness to be born among the murmurs of hereditary trees, can ye be blind to the system pursued by that planter—Nature? Nature plants often on a great scale, darkening, far as the telescope can command the umbrage, sides of mountains that are heard roaring still with hundreds of hidden cataracts. And Nature often plants on a small scale, dropping down the stately birk so beautiful, among the sprinkled hazels, by the side of the little waterfall of the wimpling burnie, that stands dishevelling there her tresses to the dew-wind, like a queen's daughter, who hath just issued from the pool of pearls, and shines aloft and aloof from her attendant maidens. But man is so proud of his own works, that he ceases to regard those of Nature. Why keep poring on that book of plates, purchased at less than half price at a sale, when Nature flutters before your eyes her own folio, which all who run may read,—although to study it as it ought to be studied, you must certainly sit down on mossy stump, ledge of an old bridge, stone-wall, stream-bank, or broomy brae, and gaze, and gaze, and gaze, till woods and sky become like your very self, and your very self like them, at once incorporated together and spiritualized. After a few years' such lessons—you may become a planter—and under your hands not only shall the desert blossom like the rose, but murmur like the palm, and if "southward through Eden goes a river large," and your name be Adam, what a sceptic not to believe yourself the first of men, your wife the fairest of her daughters Eve, and your policy Paradise!

Unless you look and listen, and lay to heart what you see and hear, you will make a pretty pickle of planting. Huge waggons come hulking along the cross-roads piled up with all sorts of young trees swathed in mats, and you and your Grieve and his men cannot rest till they are all stuck into the soil—higgledy, piggledy, promisky, and on the principle of liberty and equality—each plant being allowed the same want of elbow-room, and the same chance—no choice—of dry or moisture. Here a great awkward overgrown hobbledehoy of a poplar, who keeps perpetually turning up the whites of his leaves at every breath that blows, stands shivering like an aspen cheek by jowl with a squat, sturdy, short-necked, bandy-legged pech of a Scotch fir, as dour as the devil in a squall, though, unlike that gentleman, unable to stand hot weather, and looking in a brown study, indeed, during the dog-days. Here, again, the greenest of all saughs, brightening with the love of life, in a small marsh,—for the saugh loves wet like the whaup,—by the side of the yellowest of all larches, pining and dwindling in the fear of death, shooting six inches on an average every year, but which is the top shoot no man can tell, and eaten alive by insects. There, seven as pretty young oaks as you may see on a spring or summer's morning committing fratricide for possession of that knoll! Now that yonder ash has, after a sore tussle, got these two elms down, you may depend upon it he will not let them up again in a hurry; or if he does, why that sycamore will settle him for such stupidity, having the advantage of the ground, and being his superior in height, weight, and length, and at least his equal in science. And then is there not something exceedingly pretty in the variegation of such patchwork policy? Pretty as any coverlet to any old woman's bed in all the parish? No great, huge, black, sullen, sulky masses of shade—no broad bright bursts of sunshine, enough to drive a man mad with sudden mirth or melancholy, as he wanders among the woods—but every tree standing by itself, with an enormous organ of individuality, so that you cannot help trying to count them, yet never get beyond a score, being put out of your reckoning by an unexpected poplar standing with his back against a rock, in vain combat with a sharp-nailed silver fir, scratching his very eyes out—a beech bathing in a puddle of moss-water—or something in the shape of an ornamental shrub, struggling in the many-fingered grasp of the strangulating heather, like a Cockney entangled among the Scottish thistles of Blackwood's Magazine.

Then what a pest are your prigs of professional planters! They walk with such an air about your rural premises, as if you had not a single eye in your head, and did not know a frowning ash from a weeping birch, a bour-tree from a gooseberry bush, whins from broom, or rasps from rowans. If there be a barn or byre on the estate, they begin with planting it out as if it were a poors' house, or an infirmary, or a tan-yard, or perhaps pulling it down; in which case, what becomes of the corn and the cows?

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
You dearly lo'e the west;
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lass that you lo'e best."

And with many a beautiful sunset has your soul sunk away behind the gorgeous weather-gleam, into her fair and far-off bosom. The monster plants it out, too, and be hanged to him, with a spindled-shanked grove, that will continue to wear a truly transplanted and haggard appearance to the day of judgment.

Having thus, day after day, planted out all "old familiar faces," nothing will satisfy him but to open up; and down go temples and towers that never can be rebuilt—trees old as Sin, stately as Satan, beautiful as Virtue, and reverend as Religion. The river, robbed of all the magnificence with which Imagination blackened and whitened it, as it moved unseen through the woods—unseen, but in one bright bend here—one sullen stretch there—one deadened cataract, steaming and gleaming yonder through its oak-canopy, now rolls on disenchanted through the light of common day; and you may see ladies, and ladies'-maids, with green parasols, hunting butterflies all by themselves, or flirting with dragoon officers, and under-graduates from Oxford. That mile-long elm avenue—a cathedral in which a hundred thousand penitentials might have prayed—is swept away in the Reformation, and you now approach the modern mansion, (for the old hall is down or deserted,) circuitously, after the fashion of one of the representatives of the people making a speech in Parliament, who prefers taking two hours to reach a conclusion at which he might have arrived by driving on straight forward, in about five minutes and a half, going at the accelerated but not unreasonable rate of eight miles an hour. Perhaps an old kirk, or church be it—the very parish one—is found to be too near the house; for, though faint, and far off, still when the atmosphere is clear, and the wind west, you can hear the voice of Psalms; and therefore that the silence of Sabbath may not be rudely disturbed, the kirk or church, with spire or tower, is swept away, and its burial-ground, so inoffensive with its "low memorials still erected nigh," shut up—but no—that may not be—for the poor parishioners will insist on laying their bones beside those of their forefathers; and surely a few funerals in the year—say a score at the most—need not spoil the rich man's appetite for dinner—if appetite he otherwise would have had; nor may the holy bell that used to toll to prayer now be heard with its little cracked tinkling, so much louder is the gong that summons to lunch or tiffin, and sets the flunkies afloat through all the stair-cases from parlour to pantry, from Moll, the peony-rose of the kitchen, to Louisa, the white lily of the drawing-room, languishing and luxury being alike the order of the day, from cellar to garret; for in high life, both above and below stairs,

"Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

Let all people, then, beware of dealers in the picturesque; for they are universally greedy, and generally ignorant, and may do more harm in a week, than Nature can repair in a year. Get some painter of genius, like Andrew Wilson, or William Allan, or John Watson Gordon, or Hugh Williams, or Alexander Nasmyth, or Mr Thomson of Duddingstone, to come sauntering out with his portfolio, and take up his abode for a few days in your friendly house, strolling about with you during the forenoons among the banks and braes, and beautifying the paper during the evenings with fair creations of taste and fancy, prophetic of the future beauties and glories that shall ere long be overshading your estate. They will not scare the Naiads, the Dryads, and the Hamadryads, from their old haunted nooks—the fairies will not fly their approach, any more than the rooks and herons—in every pool and tarn, Nature will behold herself not only in undiminished but in heightened charms—Flora

will walk hand in hand with Pomona, and the two together will smile sweetly on old Father Pan, roaming in all his original hairiness in the forests. And haply you may have among your friends some poet

"Who murmurs near the hidden brooks
A music sweeter than their own;"

Him you may consult, at close of his noontide reverie, and from his sown words will spring up all varieties of grace, loveliness, and majesty, till every woodland murmur breathes of poetry, and poetry brightens from the heaven of every tree-and-cloud-shadowed water, asleep within the silence of the solitary woods.

Of the multitude of thoughts within us, we know not one more cheering than the belief, that the world is, and ever must be, in a state of very great ignorance about all those things that are of most avail to human use or pleasure. There is a perpetual flux and reflux—ebb and flow of all things on the face of this our pleasant earth. Look up to the hill-side, and you see the water-line of beauty, parallel to that on the opposite green range, telling that long ago a loch filled the valley, till it burst the mound that confined it, and away it flowed on, in a river, to the sea. Look on those ruins, apparently of houses—inland now, it may be said—yet shells are to be gathered still round the garden wall, touched in the olden time by the foot of the flowing Neptune. Or look into that lucid bay, and you will see the roofs and chimney-tops of what once were cottages—cottages that stood at night on the shore, twinkling like stars; while on the silvery sands between them and the sea the fishermen dried their nets. All this is at once melancholy and consoling, to be thought of alternately with a smile and a tear. Then for the march of intellect, it is fortunately often retrograde; for, if it were not, intellect would march on to the utmost possible length of its tether—break the tether—and fall over "the back of beyond." But intellect has more sense; and, therefore, may be often seen suddenly ordering the whole army to halt, light and heavy brigades alike,—going into winter quarters,—encamping on the spot, or perhaps falling back upon the waggons and commissariat. Thus it is impossible that the grand campaign can ever come to an end till the stars slacken in their courses, and the sun is kicked out of that solar system of his, where he is seen "out-shining like a visible God, the path on which he trode,"—kicked out of his own solar system, just like a foot-ball.

Thus, to return to trees. Trees have been planted for these six thousand years and upwards, and yet were some forester who planted, long before the Christian era, the palm-trees by the wells of Palestine—or the cedars from Lebanon along the banks of the brook Kidron—to open his eyes to a perusal of Monteath's Forest Guide, we do not believe that the good old Jew would think the Galwegian a whit wiser than himself—or that he would even think Sir Walter had worked a miracle in that famous article of his on Planting, No. 72, of that thriving Journal the Quarterly Review. Though we think we could point out a few rather important mistakes in the moral wisdom of Solomon, yet we perfectly agree with him in his apothegm, "that there is nothing new under the sun." That Solomon knew both the theory and practice of transplanting old trees, we are not without good reason for believing; though, at the same time, could we suppose him, by a bold anachronism, to have visited Allanton along with the Committee of the Highland Society, to see and report on the wonders wrought there by Sir Henry Steuart, Bart., we have no doubt that he would have lifted up his hands in no little astonishment, and confessed, that in all his transplantings, from the cedar on Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, he had never beheld such a sudden and fairy enchantment, not even raised by his own magical ring that built Balbeck and Syrian Tadmor in the desert, as that now overshading that Park and its own swan-frequented Loch.

Sir Henry will pardon this somewhat rambling and off-hand exordium—but we come now to his book, which is a truly delightful one, both in style and subject. Sir Henry is an admirable classical scholar, and writes with great perspicuity, eloquence, and animation. He is also, in the department of nature he has here chosen to illustrate, a man of science. He has proceeded, in all his practice, on prin-

ciples; and the explanation he has given in this volume of those principles, entitles him to a high rank among those writers, as yet too few, who have brought a knowledge of physiology to the advancement of arboriculture.

In the two first sections of his work, he descants very eloquently on the utility and importance of arboriculture, and of the art of giving immediate effect to wood, and learnedly traces the history of the art, from the earliest down to the present times—from the days of Theophrastus, Cato, Varro, and Columella, to those of Pliny and the younger Seneca, instituting a comparison between the Greek and Roman methods. Then from the period of the art in the 17th century, when Count Maurice of Nassau achieved such wonders in his splendid gardens in Brazil, and Louis XIV. carried on his gigantic operations at Versailles, and the Bois de Boulogne, while the Art was cultivated in England by Evelyn, Wise, and Lord Fitzharding. An account is then given of the Invention of his Transplanting Machine by that once overrated, and now underrated genius, Brown. The introduction of landscape-gardening into Scotland and Ireland is then described, and its progress under White, Robertson, Hayes, and Boutcher, &c. Praise, with certain judicious qualifications, is then given to Marshall, whom Sir Henry calls "the best English planter of that day," and he passes some severe strictures on the lighting and lopping system as desecrated by the ingenious Miller. From his time to the present day, the Art, in all countries too vague, and seldom considered on fixed principles, has been stationary; and Sir Henry hopes, and after what he has achieved, we think not presumptuously, that it may now be said to be not only restored, but established on the laws of Nature.

With all due admiration of Sir Henry's theory and practice, we cannot think that his predecessors in the art of transplanting were all so imperfectly acquainted with the laws of Nature as he seems to suppose, or that they all went to work in comparative ignorance or contempt of the spirit in which she performs her wonderful processes. On the contrary, we do not doubt that all great and good transplanters—and that there have been many such, he himself shows by beautiful descriptions of some of their achievements—knew much of the true principles of transplanting; and that his own merit chiefly consists in having formed a system, in which all their excellencies have been united, and from which all their errors have been excluded; while unquestionably his own sagacity and experience have supplied something new to finish and complete his theory. This, if true, so far from detracting from his merit, is a proof and a pledge of it; for discoveries at this day of the world, laying claim to perfect originality, are on that very account of a suspicious character; and we confess that we have all along felt this book to be a most delightful one, because in every paragraph the process described appears so natural as almost to be self-evidently right—nothing startling or very recondite, puzzles, perplexes, or appals—and we are assured, from what we have ourselves already known or done, that we have been only more fully enlightened on a subject not unfamiliar to us, by a person who has studied it more earnestly and profoundly, and from the very first brought to that study a clear head, habits of close and accurate observation, and much of that enthusiasm without which no mind ever yet saw far or clearly into the laws of nature, or gained from that knowledge power to assist her operations. What knowledge of the true principles of transplanting must not have been possessed by those who worked the wonders so finely described in the following passage?

"Among the earliest and most successful planters, on a great scale, was Count Maurice of Nassau, who figured as Governor of Brazil in 1636, when that settlement was in the hands of the Dutch. This prince was a man of taste and elegance, for the age in which he lived; and he adorned his palace and gardens there, with a magnificence worthy of the Satraps of the East. Gaspar Barlæus, one of the best poets of his time, is the historian of the expedition; and he has given the narrative in a style, that, on some occasions, will bear a comparison with the delineations of Livy or Tacitus.

"The governor's residence was upon an island, formed by the confluence of two rivers, which are called, by Barlæus, the Capevaribis, and the Biberibis, and was named Friburg. Before the Prince commenced his improvements, as the historian informs us, it was a very hopeless

subject; a dreary, waste, and uncultivated plain, without a tree or bush to shelter it; and, in a word, equally worthless and unattractive. Here, notwithstanding, he erected a splendid palace, and laid out gardens around it, of extraordinary extent and magnificence. In the arrangement of the buildings, salubrity, tranquillity, and horticultural ornament, were all studiously and tastefully combined. The choicest fruits of a tropical climate, the Orange, the Citron, the Ananas, with many others unknown to us, solicited at once the sight, the smell, and the taste; while artificial fountains of water, preserving the coolness of the air, and the verdure of the earth, rendered it a spot of peculiar attraction. In laying out the grounds also, such was the designer's skill, and the magnificent scale of the plantations and grass-plats, that no fewer than thirteen bastions and turrets flanked and defended the gardens, and promoted alike seclusion and security. And in order to complete at once, and give the Immediate Effect of Wood to so great a change on the face of nature, he removed, to the spot, no fewer than Seven Hundred Cocoa Trees of various sizes, of which some rose to thirty, some to forty, and some to fifty feet high, to the lowermost branches.

"Of the success of the improvement last mentioned, no one, but the Prince himself, entertained the slightest expectation. Yet such, says Barlæus, was the ingenuity, as well as persevering labour displayed in the work, that the whole was accomplished with the most perfect success. Notwithstanding the immense size of the Trees, which were of seventy and eighty years' growth, they were skilfully taken up under the Prince's superintendence. They were then placed on carriages provided with wheels, and conveyed over a space of from three to four miles in extent, and ultimately transported on rafts, across both the rivers, to the shores of the island. On being planted there, so favourable were both soil and vegetation in that genial climate, that they immediately struck root, and even bore fruit, during the first year after their removal. Thus, adds Barlæus, the truth of the ancient adage was for once disproved, which says, that 'It is impossible to transplant an old Tree with success.'"

In sections third, fourth, and fifth, Sir Henry gives a full, learned, and scientific development of the New Theory, or Principle of the Art, occupying about 120 pages. Section sixth treats of the Preparation of the Soil, for open Dispositions of Trees, and Close Plantations. Section seventh, Preparation of Trees for Removal. Section eighth, Taking-up and Transportation of the Trees. Section ninth, Planting of the Trees in their New Situations. Section tenth, Treatment of the Trees subsequently to Removal. Section eleventh, Expense attending the foregoing Operations. The eleven sections occupy about 350 pages, and there are about 120 pages of explanatory notes, and an appendix. Let Sir Henry speak for himself:—

"To such persons especially, and to all men possessed of landed-property, the Immediate Effect of Wood must appear a considerable object, if any method can be devised to obtain it with success and certainty. What, then, would such persons say, were they informed, that so obscure a practice as that of TRANSPLANTING could do this; that an *entire Park* could be thus *wooded at once*, and forty years of life anticipated? The fact is, that the possibility of the improvement, and much more, have been verified, by pretty extensive experience. Groups and single Trees have been scattered every where in such a Park at pleasure, in all sorts of soils and exposures, and applied to the composition or the improvement of Real Landscape. Instead of lopping and mutilating the Trees, and sometimes altogether decapitating them, (as has been the general practice,) the grand point has been gained of *preserving their tops entire*; so that, with subjects of whatever magnitude, *no loss of either spray or branches is suffered*; and, what is still more important, *no loss of health and vigour in the Trees*, excepting for a short period, after having undergone the process of Removal.

"But, besides the various combinations and details of the landscape, it has been found also quite practicable to apply the art to the most *general* purposes of utility and shelter, whether in large towns, or in the country, by the transplanting of Copse or Underwood of any size or species. This is either formed alone into large masses, or it is intermixed with Grove or Standard Trees, as circumstances in either situation may require. By these means, some of the most interesting objects, both agricultural and ornamental, have been accomplished, at *a very moderate expense*, and brought within the reach, not only of the great and opulent, but of any person of limited fortune."

To those who never intend to plant or transplant a tree in their lives, but who nevertheless know a tree when

they see it, many parts of the Book will be as amusing as the description in a poem or fairy tale. To those who would fain transplant, but know not how to set about it, it will explain how Sylvan Scenes may be suddenly, and at moderate expense, spread over the barest wild; and to those who love to study the wonderful works and laws of nature for their own sakes, and, in delighted reverence of that power, wonder, and goodness, in which they were all made, a work, of which the object is to show art, availing itself of nature, will afford much of that high kind of gratification, which attends the enlargement or elucidation of our knowledge of any of the principles, agencies, or operations, for ever busy in beautifying the face of the external world.

The only real Magic lies in understanding and learning something of the laws according to which nature breathes and works. The Enchanter's wand is buried many fathoms deep in the sea. But Science has unveiled, and Art constructed, engines and machines, that do all and more than the enchanters of old. A man would have formerly thought himself witched,—and he would have been right in thinking so, —who, looking out of his bed-room window in the morning, might have beheld a noble tree standing on a plat, which the evening before was altogether objectless; but no one need rub his eyes, or believe himself to be in the Londe of Faery, at such a sight now; for, by the Transplanting Machine, the tree, long before prepared to leave its native soil, is lifted up with almost all its roots, and with all its branches, and let down into the depth of its new bed, with so little violence done to it in bark, sap, branch, twig, leaf, or fibre of leaf, that it seems, even in the first spring, hardly to have felt the change; and taking kindly to the mould, into which its roots are not slow to strike, the bees discover no difference in the taste of its honey-dew, and the wondering birds, of whom it may be said "*miranturque novos frondes*," begin to carol, and pair, and build, and breed, among its novel umbrage. There is something extremely pleasing, and, were it of a fictitious scene, it might be said, extremely poetical, in the following description, by Sir Henry, of the park at Allanton:—

"At the place, from which these pages are dated, may be seen a Park of limited extent, and possessing no particular claim to beauty, but visited from curiosity by many persons, within the last ten years. It consists of about a hundred and twenty English acres, abundantly clothed with Trees and Underwood of every common species, by means of the Transplanting Machine; and exhibiting within itself a *practical illustration* of every principle laid down, and every theory held forth in this Essay. The single Trees and Bushes, in groups and open dispositions, amount to about seven hundred in number, exclusively of close plantations and copsewood. Their size, when removed, is not great, the largest not exceeding from thirty to forty feet in height, and from three, or three-and-a-half, to five feet in girth, at a foot from the ground; but many of them are of much smaller dimensions. The height of the Bushes or Underwood removed has been from four to ten feet, and consisting of every sort, usually found on the banks of lakes and rivers. But size, in an art founded on fixed principles, is a mere matter of choice and expenditure: for Trees of the greatest size must be almost as certain and successful in Removal, as those of the least. It was desirable, however, as almost everything was to be done here, in the way of Park-wood, to limit the operations to the smallest possible expenditure, consistently with producing some effect on the foreground, and middle distance of the landscape, and with careful execution.

"Whoever will take the trouble to visit the place, will perhaps find his labour repaid, in examining the progress of an art, calculated probably to become as popular, as any that has been cultivated within a century; as there is scarcely any one, in which so many persons in the higher and middle ranks are interested.

"Considering the prejudices which exist against the art, and that the great power, of which it is susceptible, will with difficulty gain belief, it may be worth while to state a few facts as to its general application, which are as incontrovertible, as they may seem surprising to the reader. It is from no vain desire to exaggerate what has been done at this place, but merely to show the degree of progress, which the art has made, under the greatest disadvantages of soil and climate. It is also for the purpose of proving to those, who may engage in similar undertakings, that, whatever has been done well *here*, may, with equal industry, be

done a great deal better, in most other situations.

"There was in this Park originally no Water, and scarcely a tree or a bush, on the banks and promontories of the present Lake and River; for the Water partakes of both those characters. During the summer of 1820 the Water was executed; and in that and the following year, the grounds immediately adjoining were abundantly covered with Wood, by means of the Transplanting Machine. Groups and single Trees, grove and underwood, were introduced, in every style of disposition, which the subject seemed to admit. Where the turf recedes from, or approaches the Water, the ground is somewhat bold and irregular, although without striking features of any sort: Yet the profusion of wood, scattered over a surface of moderate limits, in every form and variety, gave it an intricacy and an expression, which it never possessed before.

"By the autumn of the *third* year only after the execution, namely 1823, when the Committee of the Society honoured the place with their inspection, the different parts seemed to harmonize with one another, and the intended effects were nearly produced. What it was wished to bring forward appeared already prominent. What was to be concealed, or thrown into the background, began to assume that station. The foreground Trees, (the best that could be procured,) placed on the eastern bank above the Water, broke it into parts with their spreading branches; and formed combinations which were extremely pleasing. The copse or underwood, which covers an Island in the Lake, and two Promontories, as also an adjoining bank that terminates the distance, was seen coming down nearly to the water's edge. What was the most important of all, both Trees and underwood had obtained a full and deep-coloured leaf, and health and vigour were restored to them. In a word, the whole appeared like a spot at least forty years planted."

Sir Henry, after stating many facts and reasonings, observes, that the only rational theory of the removal of large trees consists in prospectively maintaining the same harmony between the existing powers of the tree, and the exigencies of its new situation, as had previously subsisted between its relative properties and the circumstances of its former site. This is the only rule founded on the principles of vegetation that can apply to all circumstances and all situations. In illustration of this rule, Sir Henry enters into the following interesting and beautiful details:—

"Let us have recourse to ancient Forests and Woodlands, or to Parks long since planted, in which the hand of man has either never interfered, or where the vestiges of his interference have been long obliterated. Here we shall find Trees in every variety of situation, but endued with properties of the most opposite sort. Yet all grow, with relative luxuriance, under the circumstances in which they are placed. Of Trees in the interior of woods, setting aside all technical or phytological distinctions, the following are found to be the general characteristics: Stems upright and stately; Bark glossy and beautiful; Tops small, and thinly provided with Branches; with Roots, in the same way, spare and scanty, but in due proportion to the tops. In open exposures, on the other hand, the reverse of this is the case. The characteristics of these are the following: Stems stout and short; Bark thick and coarse; Tops extensive and spreading; Branches often reaching to the ground; with Roots extensive like the Tops, and throwing themselves out on every side. What, then, are we to conclude, from these remarkable discrepancies between Trees of the same species, although in different situations, but that Nature, which orders nothing in vain, has bestowed these properties for wise purposes, and that they are the best calculated, respectively, to realize, in those Trees, as great a complement of life, as their respective circumstances will admit?

"This conclusion naturally leads us to a closer attention to the progress of Wood, than is usually bestowed upon it. In infancy, that is, in the seed-bed, or nursery-ground, we find, that all plants of the same sort are alike, or nearly so. But, in a year, and, still more, in many years, when they go out to form plantations, they experience a great diversity of treatment, and are placed in soil of various qualities, and in various degrees of exposure. To these vicissitudes the plastic powers of plants, in process of time, accommodate themselves; so that, in point of form, character, and properties of every sort, they must essentially vary from one another, and acquire the properties, most suitable to such soils and situations. It is for this reason, that, to establish any just analogy between the transplanting of Young Trees, and the transplanting of Old, is utterly impossible; because the circumstances in both cases being changed, the subjects under their influence change in consequence.

"In considering the characteristics of Trees above mentioned, we should always bear in mind, that every production of nature is an end to itself, and that every part of it is, at once, end and mean. Of Trees in open exposures we find, that their peculiar properties contribute, in a remarkable manner, to their health and prosperity. In the first place, their shortness and greater girth of Stem, in contradistinction to others in the interior of woods, are obviously intended to give, to the former, greater strength to resist the winds, and a shorter lever to act upon the roots. Secondly, their larger heads, with spreading Branches, in consequence of the free access of light, are formed as plainly for the nourishment, as well as the balancing of so large a Trunk, and also for furnishing a cover, to shield it from the elements. Thirdly, their superior thickness and induration of Bark is, in like manner, bestowed for the protection of the sap vessels, that lie immediately under it, and which, without such defence from cold, could not perform their functions. Fourthly, their greater number and variety of Roots are for the double purpose of nourishment and strength; nourishment to support a mass of such magnitude, and strength to contend with the fury of the blast. Such are the obvious purposes, for which these unvarying characteristics of Trees in open exposures are conferred upon them. Nor are they conferred equally and indiscriminately on all Trees so situated. They seem, by the economy of Nature, to be *peculiar adaptations* to the circumstances and wants of each individual, *uniformly bestowed in the ratio of exposure*, greater, where that is more conspicuous, and uniformly decreasing, as it becomes less.

"On the other hand, in the interior of woods, a universal tendency, for the reasons already stated, is observable in Trees, to rise to the light, to attain greater altitude, to form far smaller Heads, and taller, slenderer, and more elegant Stems. Here is found a milder and more genial climate; in which, by means of the calm generated by shelter, vegetation is not checked by cold, and, at the same time, is undisturbed by the external impediment of wind; and nature has no need, as in the case of exposures, to generate provisions necessary to mitigate the effect of evaporation, as has been above observed, or to endue each individual Tree with distinct and appropriate means of defence against the elements. In this situation, the branches, and, in like manner, the roots, are much less extensive and numerous, than in the former instance, and the bark of a thinner and finer quality; all plainly indicating, that the Trees so situated do not require the same external protection. It is like the genial warmth of the seed-bed, or the nursery; but where the roots have freedom to expand without interruption, and the leaves to prepare the Sap, without being vexed by the winds. In fact, so extraordinary is the difference between Trees of the *same* species, placed in the one situation, and in the other, that there is no visible mark of resemblance between them, excepting the Leaves. We may, however, perceive, that, as soon as the Tops gain the summit of the wood, their Branches are shortened towards that quarter, and both Branches and Spray are more thickly thrown out, to supply a defence against the storm. Further, we find, that the outside rows, partaking, in some measure, of the situation of Trees in exposures, obtain, in a proportional degree, the provisions adapted to such a situation, and, by consequence, a corresponding conformation and external character. In the same manner, we may observe, that, if a Tree of some size, which, in consequence of exposure, has *acquired* all the properties already noticed, as adapted to that situation, be transferred to the interior of the wood, it will, in a few years, *lay aside* those properties, and *assume* all the others which have been described, as peculiarly adapted to its new circumstances. Thus, the Law of Nature seems to be, that Shelter and Exposure, that is, Heat and Cold, have the power alike of diminishing or increasing, of bestowing or taking away, what may be called the Protecting Properties."

From these and other facts, it appears that there are certain distinct qualities or properties in trees, (for the sake of practice, called by Sir Henry Protecting properties,) which are conferred on them by nature, and which render them fit for resisting the influence of the elements in exposed situations; and that there are certain other properties, termed the Non-protecting, which render them unfit.

Sir Henry's first experiments, made many years ago, were on subjects taken from plantations where the trees grew close together, and were therefore straight and tall, without many lateral branches. They failed in a few years almost entirely—grew sick, withered away, and died. He next tried trees standing in open glades, or grove-wood, which had been thinned out to wider distances, in hedge-rows and the like, where the sun and air had free admission. But hear Sir Henry himself.

"The Trees, in general, here exceeded twenty feet in height. Their stems were stouter than those used in my first experiments. Their bark had none of the fine and glossy surface belonging to that of the others. Their heads were beginning to assume a more spreading form, and were tolerably well balanced. The roots, in some, were numerous, but, in others, scraggy and straggling, according to the nature of their previous rooting-ground, and the degree of exposure, in which they had stood.

"The plants from the hedge-rows, of course, exceeded all the others in the possession of those properties, which I began to suspect were most essential; and they would have been the best subjects of any, had not their roots grown in a perpendicular direction, in consequence of the high mound of earth, on which the hedge had been planted. But the tops of the whole I now resolved to leave entire and untouched, notwithstanding the universality of the lopping practice, and the confident opinion entertained, that it was indispensable to success.

"At this early period, I possessed little skill in the business of preparing, or taking up the Trees. I had no implements, beyond common spades and shovels, for the latter purpose: Neither had I any proper machinery, for safe and speedy transportation. A number of men, however, being set to work, sledges, trundles, carts, and even wheelbarrows were pressed into the service; by which methods, a few were removed with difficulty, and at a considerable expense.

"Some years after this, I tried other subjects, from forest glades, or open spaces in the interior of woods, where the Trees were much taller and handsomer. Their disposition having been pretty open, and the lightness of the soil affording good rooting ground, their roots and fibres had struck more abundantly, than in the other subjects just now mentioned. Their bark, likewise, appeared more sound and healthy, and free from the coarse and rugged surface, which was remarkable in the hedge-row plants. For these reasons, they were the subjects, from which I anticipated the most certain success. This took place more than thirty years ago.

"It may easily be imagined, that, in these rude attempts, many deaths occurred, and that a small number only outlived the operation; but the lessons, which were derived from them, after standing on the open ground for four or five years, were very instructive. I shall most probably surprise the young planter (as, indeed, I was surprised myself) by stating, that those, which I then found to succeed the best, were not what had shown the most numerous roots, as was conjectured; but what had acquired the thickest and coarsest coat of Bark, and possessed the stoutest Stems, if accompanied with Branches and Spray pretty thickly set. In the second place only, came the plants from woody glades, of which the roots were so promising, and seemed to confer on them so great a superiority. In other words, it appeared to me, that the success of the Trees, their new situation and soil being equal, was *in the ratio of their previous exposure*, and their consequent power of protecting the Sap-vessels; which power seemed always commensurate to exposure."

Sir Henry found that it might be safely assumed as a rule that the success of the planter in this art would be in the actual proportion in which his subjects possessed, 1st, Thickness and induration of bark—2dly, Stoutness and girth of stem—3dly, Numerousness of roots and fibres—and, 4thly, Extent, balance, and closeness of branches—on all of which he expatiates with great animation, and complete knowledge of the subject; but it is impossible for us to follow him into so many interesting and instructive details.

Hitherto it has been Sir Henry's object to shew the importance of the four main Properties or Prerequisites which trees should possess, to render them fit for removal to exposed situations. The Principle adopted for a new Theory of the Art, is, therefore, founded on the laws of vegetation, and the researches of the most eminent phytologists. It overthrows, at once, the MUTILATING System; and, in opposition to that, may be called the PRESERVATIVE. The following animated and eloquent, yet we verily believe not overdrawn comparison of the two Systems, will be read with great interest and pleasure, by all lovers of Trees:—

"We will suppose that a planter, according to the Mutilating method, is to remove, to an exposed situation, a Tree eight-and-twenty or thirty feet high, three feet and a half in girth, (or fourteen inches in diameter,) at a foot from the ground. We will suppose further, that it displays the most perfect symmetry of form, having an expansion of top from five-and-twenty to eight-and-twenty feet, with boughs descending to within three or four feet of the ground. Such a Tree we may consider as a very handsome

subject, and such as has frequently been removed at this place.

"Having prepared the roots, according to Lord Fitzharding's method, three or four years before, and taken them up as well as he can, perhaps seven feet out from the stem, (which, according to Marshall, is well rooted for its height,) we will suppose that this planter then proceeds to lighten and lop the top, in order to reduce it, as the same intelligent writer recommends, 'to the ability of the roots.' We will, moreover, take it for granted, that he deals mercifully with this beautiful Tree, and cuts away only a half, or a third part of its boughs, and thus transfers it to its new situation. Under these circumstances, we may presume, that some props or fastenings, whether of wood or cordage, may be requisite, especially about the equinox, to preserve the Tree in an upright position. Now, will not all the evils, ascribed by Miller to the Mutilating system, independently altogether of picturesque considerations, begin to assail it? Having the roots and top (which are both Conservative organs) curtailed and injured at one and the same time, the supply, not less than the preparation of the Sap, is completely impeded. From the obvious want of Leaves sufficient to elaborate the sap, and the as striking want of Branches to communicate nourishment to the stem, and ultimately to the roots, the whole Tree, in most instances, becomes stunted and paralyzed. Pale and yellowish tints supply the place of a deep and healthful verdure of foliage, and the larger boughs, as well as the light spray, gradually decay and drop off. Even in cases, which are the most eminently successful, and where the Tree fortunately escapes these mischances, ten years at least, as I conceive it, in the best English climates, and fifteen and twenty years in the northern counties, and in Scotland, are scarcely sufficient to replace the amputations with fresh wood, and to restore the Tree to its natural health and strength.

"What, we may ask, have now become of its fine symmetry of form, its characteristic and ample top, 'its happy surface (as Gilpin expresses it) for catching great masses of light?' What also has become of the fair promise, which before removal it held out, of enduring vigour, and of sound and healthy wood? All these are gone, as Miller truly states; all are utterly annihilated, by the rude assaults of the axe, which has left no remaining trace of their existence! The most prominent and characteristic features of the species, which mainly reside in the top, have disappeared also by the same process: For, even when such Trees do succeed, and acquire the formal and *bush-like* head, common to all that are removed after the Mutilating method, 'It is seldom,' as Pontey observes, 'that they harmonize with anything about them.' On comparing them with plants raised from the nursery, or the seed, we perceive but a small saving of time, in favour of this system: Yet it is time saved, with the sacrifice of such advantages, as to render it anything but desirable to the planter of taste.

"On the other hand, we will suppose the same planter to transfer a Tree of a similar description and dimensions, to a situation of similar exposure, but according to the Preservative method. This Tree, being a subject of uncommon beauty, as above described, and having a head of more than five-and-twenty feet broad, strong roots, of fourteen and fifteen feet of a side (instead of seven) are taken up with it, together with abundance of the minutest fibres, after a peculiar method, to be explained in the sequel. Instead of lopping and defacing the top and side branches, the whole are left untouched, and their fine symmetry is preserved entire. Transportation of the Tree to its destined site then follows; where, after being replanted according to a similar method, productive of stability in an extraordinary degree, it is found capable of resisting the wind, on the simplest principles, namely, the peculiar length and distribution of the roots, and the balance of an extensive top, from whatever quarter it may blow.

"During the first spring, when the sap begins to flow abundantly upwards, if no severe frost supervene, to cut down the slender spray of the top, not a branch or a twig is found to decay. The sap ascends, by means of adequate roots, in a sufficient quantity for the support of both, and for enabling the leaves to perform their elaborating functions. The leaves, therefore, though of a lesser size, and sometimes a lighter colour than usual, during the first season, *universally clothe every part.* After the first, or, at all events, after the second year, under common circumstances, the deep hue of health, and the fulness of leaf, which the tree formerly displayed, again return; and, while its foliage glitters in the sunshine, or floats on the breeze, no eye can distinguish, whether it has been two years, or forty, in its new situation. Picturesque effect or shelter, as the planter's object chances to be, is, in this way, *obtained from the first:* But no planter of experience will expect shoots of much

consequence to appear, till the Tree be established in the ground. This, of course, requires four or five years, at least in the climate of Scotland; after which, it usually shoots forth with vigour; and, the *longer it stands*, it will shoot with the *greater vigour*, as the experience of more than thirty years has incontestably proved. By this statement, then, it appears, that the Preservative system has, in *this* country, the power of saving, and, in some sort, of anticipating *Forty years of the life of man*; a large portion, in any view, of that uncertain possession: And thus, by following such a system, the immediate and full effect of Wood is at once procured, at a moderate expense, as shall be made apparent in the sequel."

We do not doubt, that Sir Henry's eloquent denunciations of the Mutilating System, will bring upon him and his woods the blessings of all the Dryads. What shocking objects do not so many fine trees become, under the knife, the bill-hook, and the axe! Except by the banks of a canal, where everything, to be consistent with the spirit of the scene, ought to be as ugly as possible, how offensive to nature is a Pollard! Yet whole counties are peopled by pollards. Perhaps there may be a sort of necessity for this in some situations, but the system is often as needless as it is odious. It is often pursued from taste. The great, round, bushy, bishop-like head of a trimmed tree, is considered beautifully and boldly John-Bullish. It not only will not bend, but it will not so much as roar to the wind. It gives but a sulky growl at the best—and in the stormiest day that ever blew, you see a whole flat country of pollards motionless, as if it were asleep, or dead.

The very youngest trees are made pollards, as soon as their branches will admit of mutilation, and there they stand by the roadside so many round-heads. Let an old pollard alone for twenty or thirty years, and you see him working away day and night, making the most incredible exertions once more to regain the form of a tree—flinging out arms horizontally, and instead of a stiff circular wig, a fine head of natural hair streaming to the wind in all directions. Now, as Sir Henry says let any man try the experiment of lopping, that is hacking and hewing, on a healthy subject not intended for removal, and he will find that mutilation will so stint its growth, that it will not recover, till after several years, if it recover at all; and it will never attain the same size and figure, or produce the same sound and perfect wood, as others on which the branches have been left in an entire state. Or, otherwise, let him make trial on two trees of equal age and health, and cut the boughs from the one, while he leaves them, at the time of transplanting, on the other, and in that case the latter will be found to succeed far better than the former. Or, let him practise the same thing on two permanent trees of equal health and appearance, and the tree, of which the boughs are lopped, will not be found to make half the progress of the other, nor will the bulk of the stem increase in nearly the same ratio.

It is a great mistake to think that fine, large, spreading, noble-headed trees, are not fit for transplantation. The roots are always, as Sir Henry has beautifully shown, correlative to the branches; and therefore the smallest headed tree is in fact the least able to support itself in an open situation. Roots, by their vigour and numbers, must stretch out under ground before the branches can extend themselves in the air; and the progress of the latter development will of course be in proportion to that of the former. By the curious and beautiful way in which almost every part of a tree modifies and determines the existence of every other part, the roots in their turn receive vigour and extension from the advancement of the branches. Roots and fibres are always found more or less extensive, in the ratio of the exposure or shelter in which a tree is placed. In open situations, they are always strong and numerous, and they extend to a wide distance from the plant. This is indispensably necessary, notwithstanding the short and powerful stem which a tree so situated generally displays, to enable it to resist the elements, and to provide sustenance for the great expansion of top with which such a tree is sure to be furnished. It is supposed by some, indeed, that the roots of trees so placed, if of considerable age, after having exhausted before their maturity all the substance in their neighbourhood, will at length be found searching for food at a distance from the

trunk, equal to the height of the trees themselves. At all events, we are aware, that even with trees of a youthful age, the roots and branches are coextensive with each other; or rather that superior extent is generally found on the side of the roots. It is manifest, then, that it is to trees only with insignificant heads, and sparingly furnished with lateral branches, although they expose a much lesser surface to the wind, that props or supports are at all necessary, after being properly transplanted; and it matters nothing whether these defects have been produced by ignorance or the axe, or by undue confinement. Other things, therefore, being equal, it may be held as an axiom in practice, that the success of the planter will be nearly in proportion to the fulness of ramification of top and sides which his subjects may possess.

This is cheering, and excellent, and true doctrine. A beautiful tree is found growing, with all the prerequisites. It is an eye-and-ear delight; but it is a mile off, and in a situation where it wastes its sweetness on the desert air. The mutilator has got it up, and brings it to the spot, near home, within view from the drawing-room, the knoll which it is to beautify, the green-sward over which it is to fling its trembling shade and shelter. The murderer has cut off its head—and its arms—and there it lies, a bare and bleeding trunk. It is stuck into the ground—that is, planted, and every Christian devoutly prays that it may soon be released from its sufferings by death. Sir Henry Steuart, again, discovers such a beauty, standing by itself by the edge of a remote wood—or in an open glade—and he brings it, almost without loss of a bud, to the spot where the eye of taste desiderates such a fair object. With such delicate care, and requisite skill, has it been transported and transplanted, without having been transformed, that Spring beholds in all its loveliness the very tree itself as it charmed the eye in its birth-place; and instead of a ghost—a spectre—a skeleton—pointing at you with its bleeding and mutilated members, till you feel yourself to be a murderer, and get no sleep,—a tree alive, and life-like, and destined for longevity, salutes you with a radiant gleam of rustling verdure, morning, mid-day, and eve; and, delighted with being admired, forgets its native seclusion, and, Pride of the Park, shelters the dappled deer within its shade.

Sir Henry, therefore, asserts boldly, because on assured principles, that size offers to successful removal no actual impediment farther than increased expenditure. The same principles apply to the largest and to the smallest trees. But size implies greater labour and contingency; and consequently, more powerful machinery; and both rise in a ratio far more accelerated than might at first sight be conceived to correspond with the increased dimensions of the trees. Sir Henry himself has confined himself to subjects seldom exceeding thirty-five or thirty-six feet high, and in the stem from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter. He does not prescribe to what length others should go, because it is altogether arbitrary; but in his judgment, no subject should be selected for removal of which the girth of stem is less than from eighteen inches to two feet; or in other words, whose diameter does not extend to six or eight inches at the least, reckoning at a foot from the ground; the length of the tree being supposed from fifteen to eighteen feet. Any subject possessing a lesser magnitude, and lesser proportional shortness than this, he considers as unfit for judicious removal in exposed situations, and destitute of proper stamina to resist the elements.

It is rarely, if ever, that we can do anything to increase either beauty or utility, when nature regulates the process, but humbly to follow her footsteps; yet, Sir Henry remarks, that in transplanting, experience leads us to believe, that art may improve the balance, and of course, the beauty of trees, on a principle to all appearance contrary to nature, and certainly opposite to all former practice. Most trees are unequally balanced, and show "a weather side," usually to the west and south-west in this Island, from which they bend and lean very often in an unseemly manner. This is especially visible in the beech and larch—and more or less in all trees, except the sycamore. Sir Henry, therefore, in transplanting, uniformly reverses the position of the tree in its new situation, by which means the superior tendency to throw out branches being made to act on the deficient side, the

equal balance of the tree is gradually effected, and its beauty and symmetry unspeakably improved.

In exposed situations, indeed, there is no other possible way of preserving a full and extensive ramification on the stormy side. For, by the law of nature, wherever the action of air, and especially of cold, is the greatest, there the greatest evolution of buds and the thickest growth of spray will necessarily take place; but those growths are generally short in proportion as they are numerous. In so far, then, the art of Transplanting on fixed principles, may be said to substitute beauty for deformity, and fairly to cure one of the most prominent defects which, in a picturesque view, park trees, in loose dispositions, are apt to display, particularly on our western coasts.

But no man must ever attempt to touch a tree at all, with a view to transplantation, who does not know the peculiar soils and subsoils suited to peculiar trees. Simple as this rule is, it is in planting and transplanting sadly neglected. What more common than to see fifty different sorts of trees all living or dying together in one enclosure! In the lawn or park, in which the prominent effects are to result from small groups or individual trees, every failure, as Sir Henry well says, tells and appears conspicuous. No man, therefore, who knows anything of wood, will put down the sycamore, the lime, or the wild cherry, for example, on a clayey soil; neither will he put the oak or the elm on light soil or gravel, but on the contrary, on the deepest and loamiest land he can find, and for the former even with a clay-bottom; for, although the oak, in particular, is the most accommodating of all trees, it is only on land of this sort that it will thrive, and grow to fine timber. But by the skilful planter, the subsoil is often regarded as of more moment than the mere texture of the surface; as the degrees of moisture most suitable to woody plants form, perhaps, the most prominent features in their characteristic differences. In certain situations, therefore, where, for example, he might be anxious for the good effect of the oak or chesnut, it will often be prudent for him to be content with the inferior forms of the lime or beech.

Those trees always look best that thrive best; and unless a tree be in perfect health, it cannot be in much beauty. The most miserable errors are apparent everywhere one opens his eyes, in planting and transplanting, arising from want of this sort of adaptation. Sir Henry mentions, that a friend of his once offered a bet of five to one in a large public company, that no gentleman present should, within three months, name three persons, landholders in the county, (it shall be nameless,) who had executed large plantations, and were possessed of from L.500 to L 5000 a-year, and upwards, that "were able to state with precision the different sorts of soils to which twelve of the principal forest trees, planted in Britain, were best adapted." It was taken, and lost by the taker. During the course of the investigation, more than twenty planters aspired to the honours of the competition; but when it came to the trial, the result was, that in the county of ——, *one person only* was able to fulfil the prescribed conditions. If this county (we suspect it) be much planted, it will exhibit a droll and yet mournful appearance in half a century,—for almost all the trees having been stuck in either by haphazard, or contrary to the laws of nature, will be a sickly set; that is, such of them as are alive. Kent used to plant a few dead trees here and there for the sake of effect, and a few deformed ones, where the proprietor wished for something more peculiarly picturesque; but the proportion in this county, of the dead and the deformed, will be out of all bounds too great; and a tree that is not only absolutely alive, but also straight in the spine, and with a good appetite, will be worth walking a whole parish to get a sight of, and will probably be exhibited as a show. A simple friend of Sir Henry's, not long ago, complained to him with tears in his eyes, that wood grew so badly about his place, that after the experience of *forty years* (poor old gentleman) he was *almost discouraged* in the cultivation of it. Well he might, unless he expected to outlive Methuselah. "On visiting the spot," says Sir Henry, "I perceived that his representation was but too well founded. As he felt a great partiality for limes and sycamores, he had transplanted those two sorts of trees all over his park, about eight and ten feet high, many years before; and that the work was exe-

cuted in the best manner, he said, it was impossible to doubt, as it was done under the direction of his own gardener, who had *extensive experience and knowledge of wood.* But the gardener and himself both assured me that the soil and climate were 'altogether unfavourable to wood,' however either might suit husbandry or green crops. In proof of which they turned my attention to the trees, which indeed appeared stinted and unhealthy, with leaves of a yellowish green colour, and growing about an inch or little more, in a season."

This was a bad case indeed. Sir Henry looked at the soil—and lo! it was a rich, but thin clay, naturally inclining to damp in the substratum, from the retention of moisture. "Grub up your limes and sycamores," quoth Sir Henry, wisely, "which you should never have planted, and which, unless by a miracle, could never have grown to timber in such a soil—replace them with oak and beech of at least five-and-twenty feet high, and of two and three feet in girth, in order that they may be able to stand the elements, and within a few years you will have thriving wood. But let oak be the staple, whether of your plantations or your park, with such a soil. To get advice is one thing, to follow it another. I know not whether the gardener's opinion or mine prevailed with the good-natured owner; but the probability is, that the place will remain in *statu quo*, and the badness of both soil and climate be deplored or reprobated for another generation."

There is something very ludicrous and instructive in the position of this old country gentleman, who could never get any of his dearly-beloved limes and sycamores to grow upon his property. His own gardener had had extensive experience and knowledge of wood! Where? Perhaps on this very estate, on which he had been labouring, for twenty years or more, to reverse the laws of Nature. But wherever it was, he was equally a blockhead; and sorry are we to say, that too many gardeners, with such extensive experience and knowledge of wood, are blockheads. If so, what are they, who, without any experience or knowledge whatever, are too often intrusted with transplanting trees, as if trees were cabbages? So deeply impressed is Sir Henry with the general want of intelligence on the important subject of wood, that he hints a proposal for the establishment of an ARBORICULTURAL SOCIETY, in Scotland; and an admirable institution it would be, and productive of most beneficial results. One of the most remarkable of these, in Sir Henry's belief, would be the change that would take place in the character, the education, and acquirements of our nurserymen, by far the most influential agents, in the amelioration of our future woods; because it is upon them that we must depend for the nature of the materials. Then we might hope to see nurserymen come forth, as they ought to do, able botanists, intelligent agriculturists and gardeners, vegetable physiologists,—in a word,—men of Science. Yet it is obvious that reformation, if it be begun in earnest, must begin elsewhere. Let "well-informed landlords" rise up, and the other classes will follow.

But there is another cause of ill success, not implying such utter ignorance as the above procedure, yet, in the long-run, little less productive of failure—namely, the thinning close woods and plantations for the supply of subjects for removal.

"Perhaps there is no planter, who, in the beginning, has not fallen into this mistake, before he has had sufficient time to attend to the effects of heat and cold on the growth of wood. Allured by the fine forms of Trees so trained, by the tallness of their stems, the beauty of their bark, and their general appearance of health and strength, we naturally form the wish to transfer them to the lawn or open park: But we should reflect, that, how much soever they may please the eye, there are no properties so unfit as these for this degree of exposure, as they are generated solely by warmth and shelter. As well might we bring the native of the burning plains of Asia or Africa, and, in the light attire of those tropical climates, expect him to endure a British winter. Either the facts respecting exposed and sheltered wood, as above stated, are incorrect and unfounded, or nature must be supposed to act in contradiction to herself, if she sanctioned the success of such incongruities. Yet, ninety-nine times in a hundred, the reputation of an art, which, if rightly understood, would be useful to many, is fairly sacrificed to this erroneous practice. Nor are these the errors of youth or inexperience. Two of our best-informed wri-

ters, Boutcher and Marshall, as we have already seen, regard the art as mainly applicable to 'the thinning of Nurseries or Plantations,' and recommend it accordingly, for that purpose.

"It is not necessary to dwell long on so unhappy a system of selection. The Trees, being transferred to a climate, colder by several degrees than that in which they were trained, and with the peculiar conditions and properties adapted to the latter, internally decline. The usual lightening or mutilating of the tops, affords no alleviation or remedy from without. In such a situation, the mechanical effects of wind would be sufficient of itself, without any other cause, to insure their miscarriage. Yet, as they carry leaf, and show no immediate symptoms of decay in the outset, their ultimate, though certain failure is not contemplated by the sanguine planter. With roots inadequate either to fix them in the earth, or to furnish the supply of sap, which their new circumstances demand, they are incapable of extending themselves, either above or underground. The leaves, from the deprivation of shelter, cannot duly elaborate the sap; and the proper juice, on the other hand, is chilled in its descent, from the want of leaves, and branches, and bark, sufficient to protect the sap-vessels. Meanwhile, the trees are vexed by the winds, from every quarter. They want side-boughs to nourish and balance them properly. Gradually, they become stunted and hide-bound. The few branches they have decay and drop off; and at last they are rooted out, as a proof of the hopelessness of the art, and the inutility of all attempts to cultivate it! A few plants, perhaps, taken from the outskirts of the wood, and better furnished with the Protecting Properties, struggle on for ten or fifteen years, until they acquire these properties to a certain extent; and, beginning *then* only to thrive, after half a life-time of expectation, they show, beyond controversy, to the planter and his friends, how much more speedily Trees might have been got up to an equal size, from the nursery, or the seed-bed!"

After this very full development of the Theory or Principle of the Art, contained in Sections Third, Fourth, and Fifth, Sir Henry treats, in Section Sixth, of the Preparation of the Soil—both for open dispositions of Trees, and for close Plantations. On this most important part of his subject he is full, clear, and scientific—but we must confine ourselves to a very general exposition. In the first place, trees, far more than any agricultural crop, require depth of soil to raise them to perfection. Whatever, in this respect, holds true of young plants, must, *a fortiori*, hold most decidedly true of larger subjects, such as are intended for removal. If, in transplanting, the cold must often be increased, and other circumstances adverse to trees, the soil must always be rendered as deep and as rich as possible, to counterbalance those disadvantages. Deepening can be executed with effect only by trenching or double-digging, (for the plough can do little in such a business.) Secondly, the depth of pulverization must depend on the nature of the soil and the subsoil. In rich clayey soils it can scarcely be too deep; and even in sands, unless the subsoil contain some principle noxious to vegetables, deep comminution should be practised. Nothing but the water stagnating under the trench, in consequence of a clayey bottom, and the risk of the roots being thereby chilled, should prevent trenching from being always executed as deep as possible. Thirdly, Masses or heaps of compost should be collected, adjacent to where the trees are wanted, and always ready for use, not less than six months old. These masses must be compounded, first, of quick-lime, recently burned, with clayey matter, for the light land; secondly, mild lime, with sandy soil, for the aluminous; and thirdly, quick-lime, with peat-moss, for the loamy. To each of the two soils first mentioned is given an addition of about a third part of the peat-compost. Fourthly, the peat-compost, for general application to all soils, Sir Henry has found the most extensively useful of the whole, if prepared with a third part of animal matter, or fresh farm-dung.

The soil must be prepared either for single trees, and open dispositions of wood in the park, or for raising at once close woods or plantations for shelter and ornament. With respect to the first, no tree transplanted should have less than from eighteen inches to two feet of deep mould, prepared and enriched, to some distance round the plant. Stakes mark out the site of the single tree. The ground is to be trenched to the depth of two feet. For a pit, two, or at most three, single horse cart-loads of the proper compost are sufficient. If the soil be sandy or

gravelly, the clay compost should be used; if clayey, the sandy compost; with the addition of one-third part of the peat or general compost, which is applicable to all soils. Should the soil be deep and loamy, the last-mentioned compost is the best. If the tree is not to be put into the pit for a year after the trenching, the compost is to be laid down in half loads, round the stake which marks out the site of the pit, and at such a distance as not to obstruct the workmen.

Next as to groups and large masses of trees, Sir Henry recommends that the entire area, comprising all the trees of the group, be trenched all over, and reaching to at least five yards beyond the stakes which mark the outside plants. During the trenching, it is advisable to give the work a good dressing of compost, of a quality directly opposite to the quality of the soil, and to be dashed on, thinly and frequently, over the face of the new earth thrown up. If this be abundantly done, one extra single cart-load of compost for each tree is sufficient, not omitting a third-part more of the peaty or general compost. The work of preparation, in every situation, should be done a year, at least, before the removal of the trees, that there may be a complete incorporation of the compost with the soil, during the renewed comminution of the whole, when the planting takes place.

With respect to Close Woods and Plantations, the ground must be trenched or double-dug, soon after autumn, eighteen inches deep, in light or silicious soils, and twenty inches, at least, in clayey or aluminous. During the course of the trenching, if a manuring of compost can be spared, let it be dashed over the slope of the earth thrown up. When the proper season comes, say in April, the ground is well dunged for a potatoe crop, with ordinary manure, or, what is better still, with peat compost, made with farm-yard dung, according to the fermenting process, twice heated and turned. In default of compost dung, particularly if the subsoil be clay, soon after the potatoes are planted, as much fine slacked lime must be poured into the drills as is generally used for a wheat crop, about a hundred and fifty bushels per acre. By the succeeding season, (after a potatoe crop, value perhaps from L.25, to L.30,) the ground will be in good condition to be planted; after which it should be kept with the hoe for three years. The most favourable subsoils are close-lying strata, in which a considerable proportion of sand and fine gravel is intimately mixed. Secondly, free-stone; provided a bed of sand and impenetrable clay does not intervene between it and the soil. Thirdly, a kind of greenstone, (Scottice, rotten whin,) which is the most favourable of all, when there is over it a sufficient depth of mould.

"Such, for example, are the soil and subsoil of that favourite tract of country, at the foot of the Ochill and other hills, in Stirlingshire and Perthshire, so well known for the growth of its timber. It descends, in a gradual slope, from the hills towards the river Forth, both east and west of the town of Stirling; while the river slowly winds through the rich, but alluvial plain below. In this sort of subsoil, the excess of the water collected from the sky, and the heights above, passes through the fissures, and is received and retained in its subterraneous cavities; by which means the rock, being always damp, and never exsiccated, can communicate its moisture to the soil above, in seasons of drought. It is true, this rock sends out frequent springs, from its internal reservoirs, to the surface: But they are often useful, instead of being pernicious; and they may generally be carried off, by drains of inconsiderable depth, cut across the outcropping extremity of the rock."

The most unfavourable subsoils are such as are composed of dense and argillaceous substances, through which no water can pass, it being retained stagnant at the bottom of the soil. Secondly, those open beds of loose stones and sand, from the bottom of which water is readily drawn off by subterraneous outlets. Thirdly, those extensive ranges, or strata, of dry rocks, of a hard texture, composed of slate, sometimes of granite, but most commonly of gneiss, accompanied, in some districts, with a considerable proportion of iron, probably in the state of orange oxide.

"Happy is the planter," exclaims Sir Henry, with enthusiasm, "who has none of these dry rocks for his subsoil; for it clearly appears, that no planting, nor removal of trees, is possible, of whatever size, where they are present. Still happier is he, who, with clay and sand intermingled beneath

his surface, or even with these untoward substances separately composing his soils, can by industry and skill, prepare them for his purpose. But happiest, certainly, of all is the man who can boast the possession of that enviable greenstone or rotten whin, with the deep, friable, and dark-coloured mould of the Ochills superincumbent on it; for then he may plant or remove whatever trees he pleases, and without preparation either chemical or mechanical."

The best subjects having now been selected and the soil prepared, the trees must meanwhile also have been preparing for removal, and this is the subject of Sir Henry's Seventh Section. Instead of digging among and disturbing the roots, for the introduction of manure,—when the branches and roots of a tree about to be transplanted may be deemed not perfect—let about a cart-load and a half of peat compost be taken, carefully prepared, or coal ashes of a like quantity, for a tree five-and-twenty feet high, to which let four or five cart-loads of very tolerable soil be added, of an opposite quality, if possible, to that of the ground, and let the whole be laid down round the tree, some four feet from it,—let the earth and the compost be thrown and scattered over the whole—the heap half trenched—and then spread in a sloping direction outwards, to the full extent of the roots of the tree. Into this loose and friable mould the genial rains of spring will readily enter—the fibrous roots will during the first year strike upwards, and pervade nearly the whole mass—by which means both roots and branches will be improved, and the tree in a proper condition for taking up, after the third season.

"On the other hand, should the branches be tolerable, at least for a spiral tree, and the roots be defective, in consequence of tenacity of soil, or mechanical injury done by other Trees, let the following improved method of cutting round be followed.

"In the first place, supposing the plant to be five-and-twenty feet high, as before, let a trench, thirty inches wide, be opened round it, at the distance of three feet and a half, if you mean to let it stand for four years, or more, after the operation, and at the distance of six feet, if you mean to let it stand only for two years. For, let it be remembered, that no tree can, with propriety, be taken up, on a single year's growth, after cutting round; because, in that case, the fresh shoots of the fibres, being nearly as tender as the roots of an onion or a cabbage, can neither be extricated nor handled, without sensible injury.

"Supposing the first case, and that the Tree be to stand for four or more years, the operation is simple. Let the trench be cut, fully to the depth of the subsoil, rather excavating the bank, in order to get somewhat underneath the roots; or, in the case of tap-rooted plants (as the oak and the elm) going down nearly a foot deeper still, and opening a drain or outlet on the lower side, to prevent a stagnation of water, if the subsoil be tenacious. After this, the earth may be returned, well broken down, into the trench; taking care to put in the surface-mould first, in order to afford the best pabulum or nourishment to the young fibres, which may be expected at once to strike in it. Previously to the last-mentioned operation, it would certainly be an improvement, if a little compost could be spared, to mix through the mass: But that is an improvement, which I have seldom had time to practise.

"Supposing the second case, and that the Tree be to stand only for two years, the same method may be followed, but with this difference, that, on the south and south-west sides, two, or perhaps three of the strongest roots should be left uncut, and allowed to pass entire through the trench; so that, when taken up at their full length, they can act as stays against the wind, which may assail it from those quarters."

Sir Henry is of opinion, that a good deal of exaggeration has prevailed among late writers, respecting the importance to trees of the tap-root. In infancy, the tap-root is indispensable to their vigorous growth. But in trees of mature age, when cut down, the tap-root is no more distinguishable from the other roots. A very remarkable analogy seems to subsist between the leading shoot of the tops of trees and their tap-root under ground. If either be cut off, or shortened, the plastic power of the tree soon renews it. In various instances, when he has had occasion to remove a tree for the second time, Sir Henry has observed the power of renovation most conspicuous on the fresh set of tap-roots which had been generated. In like manner, in heading down a special tree, in order to give it the spreading character, numerous growths are

sent out, instead of the leading shoot, which had been displaced by the pruning knife; and when it came to be shortened a second time, there appeared, of course, a still greater multiplicity. Thus, then, the leading shoots and the tap-roots of trees are not only analogous to, but probably also coexistent with, each other.

Sir Henry then speaks at great length of the preparation of trees in large masses, and on the formation of nurseries of large trees, out of which to transplant; but we must refer our readers to the book itself—of which, within the limits even of a very long article, it is not possible to give more than a very imperfect analysis.

Section Eighth is on the Taking up and Transportation of Trees. In general, people make little account of roots, provided that a large mass or ball of earth adhere to them. Now, roots and branches, as we have seen, must in all cases be relative and correlative, and therefore the standard of judging is not the length of the plant, but the actual length of the side branches. Roots spread themselves in the ground, in a way nearly analogous to that in which branches spread themselves in the air, but with a far greater multiplicity of ramification. The tree-picker, an instrument of very simple construction, resembling the pick used by miners, but with only one point, or prong, (it is given in a plate,) is now in very general use in Scotland, for taking up the many minute and diminutive shoots on the Preservative System.

"From what has been said, in the foregoing Section, respecting the Preparation of Trees, it is apparent, that those which have been cut round, are more easily taken up, than those that have never been so prepared. The trench, made during this operation, serves as a sure guide to show the point, to which the fibrous elongation has extended; whereas, in subjects which have undergone no such preparation, the roots must be judged of from other, and, sometimes, more uncertain circumstances. Every experienced workman is aware, in examining a Tree that has never been prepared, for the purpose of taking it up, that, in any tolerable rooting-ground, he will find the points of the roots, if not mechanically prevented, running out to the full extent of the branches, which hang over them, and sometimes still farther out. Hence, he should begin cautiously to try with the spade and picker, in order to discover the extreme points of the rootlets. Whether the roots he may lay bare belong to the plant, or to some other Tree of the same species, he will at a glance perceive, from what the workmen call the 'feathering,' that is, the position of the capillary rootlets, upon the primary rootlets or branches, which are always found pointing outwards from the body of the Tree.

"Having ascertained where the extremities lie, the next step to be taken is, to open a trench two, or two-and-a-half feet wide, and cut down to the subsoil or deeper, should the roots have penetrated so far. The bank is then to be undermined, in which the roots seem to lie, to the extent of eight or ten inches, in order to facilitate the operation of the Picker. Two workmen are next to extricate or scratch up the roots, while one more is sufficient to throw out the mould, which, in consequence, falls down into the trench; and thus the workmen are distributed, three and three together, according to the number employed, over the whole extent of the excavation. As every effort must be made to preserve the minutest fibres and capillary rootlets entire, the difference between an experienced and inexperienced workman is very striking, in an operation of so much nicety; and the surprising dexterity, which some men of ingenuity and attention acquire in this department, is as valuable to the employer, as it is beautiful and interesting to the spectator who examines it. The main thing, which the Pickman has here to study, is, never to strike *across* the roots, but as much as possible in the line of their elongation, always standing himself, while at work, in the right line of divergence from the Tree as a centre; that is, in such a line, or lines, as the rays of the sun are represented to describe, in emanating from that luminous body. In striking the picker into the ground, which must sometimes be done pretty deeply, there is a certain dexterous shake, more easily understood than described, which a superior workman knows how to give with the implement; and that, when properly applied, will more efficaciously and speedily discover and disengage the various bearings and ramifications of the root, than any other method.

"By thus continuing to extricate the roots, and to shovel away the mould that falls into the trench, at one and the same time, an immense body, amounting to thousands, and sometimes to millions of roots great and small, will ere long be disengaged, and which must be carefully

laid aside or bundled up, so as to make room for the workmen, and also to avoid the strokes of their implements, as well as injury from their feet. In like manner, the stiffer roots must be cautiously put aside and disposed of, and any that are broken or lacerated cut off. Ere long, the Pickmen from all sides nearly meet in the centre, by approaching to within three, four, or five feet of the stem, in proportion to its size; and at this point the process of extrication ceases, as it would be imprudent to advance too near the Collar of the Tree. A ball of earth round the stem, as large as can be got, according to the nature of the soil, with two or three feet broad of the original sward adhering to it, should now, if possible, be left undisturbed at that place."

The workmen having thus completed the task of extrication within three or four feet of the stem, measures are now to be taken for pulling down the tree. It is effected thus:—

"With the view, then, of effecting the two purposes in question, namely, the pulling down of the Tree, and getting it out of the pit, a strong but soft rope, of perhaps four inches in girth, is fixed as near to the top of the Tree, as a man can safely climb, so as to furnish the longest possible lever to bear upon the roots; taking care, at the same time, to interpose two or three folds of mat, in order to prevent the chafing of the bark. Seven or eight workmen (the greatest number I usually employ in the department in question) are then set to draw the Tree down on one side. Or, it is a good way, if you have an old and steady-pulling horse, to employ him in this business: For it is plain, that one stout horse, acting forcibly on the rope, will do more than twenty men, even if so great a number could get about it; and moreover, he will save some manual labour in excavating, by giving an effectual pull at a much earlier period of the work. The Tree being drawn down, it is next forcibly held in that position, until earth be raised, to the height of a foot or more, on the opposite side of the pit, so that, as soon as it is liberated, it springs up and stops against the bank thus formed. On this, the workmen proceed to lighten the mass of earth with the picker, laying bare the roots as little as possible, but still necessarily reducing the mass to manageable dimensions. The Tree is then pulled down on the opposite side, and a foot of earth forced up, in a similar manner; and the same thing being repeated once or twice, it is gradually raised to even a higher level, than that of the adjoining surface. In this manner, by a method extremely simple, and not less expeditious, (however it may appear in the narrative,) it becomes quite an easy, instead of a formidable undertaking, to draw the Tree from the pit."

Sir Henry then describes the process of putting the tree on the machine —which machine is itself clearly described—and the wheeling off to the pit preparing for it—triumphantly but slowly and steadily; and here we have a very spirited engraving of a tree on its transit, drawn by two stout nags, and steadied by men, some of them balancing it by ropes as they walk along with it, and others seated upon the trunk and among the branches.

It would require another article, and a long one too, to give anything like an intelligible abridgement of the very minute details of the method of planting the trees in their new situations; and to explain the proper treatment of the trees subsequently to removal. Perhaps we may have such an article in a future Number; meanwhile, let us attend to the expense attending the operations, by which it is possible to gain a start of some forty years or upwards upon Time, in the article of Woods. The expense is moderate, beyond the easy credence of the uninitiated. If the soil be of tolerable quality, which it is fair to suppose, then two, or at most three single horse cart-loads of compost, will suffice for a pit for a single tree. The pit is to be dug to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet. In that case the work may be done at the rate of from 8d. to 10d. per pit; and the compost (supposing it to be made with animal manure) may be prepared for 9d. per cart-load. In cases of great haste, the expense of preparation of a pit may be 1s. 3d. In trenching the entire ground for groups and larger masses of park-wood, the trenching, or double-digging, may be executed at the rate of 9d. or 10d. per Scotch fall, which is about one-fifth part larger than the English rod, or L.8 per acre. In stony or difficult ground, where the pick-axe must be used, add at discretion to the expense of trenching.

"If a tree, removed to the open park, be from fifteen to eighteen feet high, and from eighteen inches to two feet in girth, or, in other words, from six to eight

inches in diameter, which, as has been already said, is the smallest tree that has strength to resist the elements; and that the distance it is brought be about half a mile, which may be called a medium distance, the expense, in general, is not found to exceed 6s. 6d. If it be from five-and-twenty to thirty feet high, and from three feet to three feet six in girth, the expense is not found to be more than 12s. 6d. This is as accurate an estimate as can be made of the present expense of transferring Park-wood at this place, with expert workmen; which must necessarily vary, as the size increases, or as the rate itself is varied by circumstances, or controlled by unavoidable and unforeseen accidents. But I have scarcely ever known an instance in which plants of the largest size in question cost from 15s. to 18s. Estimates of the particulars for both sizes may be given as follow:—

For a tree from fifteen to eighteen feet high, with Lime-compost.

Preparation of the pit, as above,	L.0	0	8
Three cart-loads of compost, at 6d.	0	1	6
Three workmen taking up, half a day, at 1s. 6d. - - - - -	0	2	3
Transporting and Planting, say -	0	2	1
	L.0	6	6

For a tree from five-and-twenty to thirty feet high, with Dung-compost.

Preparation of the pit, - -	L.0	0	8
Three cart-loads of compost, at 9d.	0	2	3
Three workmen taking up, a day, at 1s. 6d., - - - - -	0	4	6
Transporting and Planting, say,	0	5	1
	L.0	12	6

Sir Henry, in 1819, completely clothed with a close plantation two acres of ground in the space of three months, from February to May, for about L.60! There is a bold promontory, or headland of the lake, in his park, wooded in 1817 by an open disposition of trees, twenty-two in number, and consisting mostly of sycamores, with a few oaks and elms interspersed. The dimensions of the trees were from five-and-twenty to eight-and-twenty feet high; and as the situation was one of very open exposure to the west, care was taken to select such subjects as possessed, in the fullest manner, all the protecting properties. The plantation was executed in nine days by nine workmen, and a horse to draw the machine, the distance being about a quarter of a mile. The expense, which amounted to about 10s. a-tree, is as under:—

Nine workmen, 8 days, at 1s. 8d. per day, ...	L.6	0	0
One Horse and Driver, 15 days, at 5s.	3	15	0
Dung-compost, 44 cart-loads, at 9d.	1	13	0
In all, .	L.11	8	0

Sir Henry is entitled to speak with animated pleasure about this achievement.

"Now, we shall suppose, that the art of giving Immediate Effect to Wood had been altogether unknown to me, and that I had wished to procure two-and-twenty fine Trees, for so prominent a station, by the Ordinary system of planting; the first thing I should have had to do, according to the most speedy method, would have been to enclose, trench, and manure the ground for a green-crop, and then to plant it with nursery plants of four years' growth. The next thing was, to keep it with the hoe for two years, until the plants shot freely, which they probably would do within that period; and, after about thirty years in this climate, the whole would have been of the size wanted. Had no means been taken to cultivate and prepare the ground, forty years, at the least, would have been requisite.

"According to the former supposition as to time, and that the trenching and manuring for a green-crop were properly executed, the crop would, in common cases, pay the cost of both of these operations; and, the ground being rather more than a quarter of an acre, and ready for planting, without preparatory expenditure, the outlay would be the following:—

Enclosing one-fourth of an acre of ground with double railing, and stakes 4½ feet high, for Sheep and Lambs, 92 yards, at 6d. per yard,	L.2	6	0
Planting the ground with various Trees, including the expense of the plants, ...	1	10	0
Keeping with the hoe, for two years,	0	16	8
Renewing the railing four times, .	9	4	0
Rent of one-fourth of an acre of ground for 30 years, at 15s. yearly,	22	10	0
Accumulated Interest on the above sums for 30 years, say only, .	115	10	0
Total expense of the ordinary method, ...	L.151	16	8

"*N.B.*—Some labour and expense being obviously necessary, to grub out the superfluous Trees, and reduce them to the number wanted; also, to level and dress the ground, and restore it again to proper pasture, the value of the thinnings of the wood may be allowed to cover those items.

"Thus, then, it appears, that, by the ordinary method, you may have a group

or plantation, consisting of Two-and-twenty Trees, for L.151, 16s. 8d.; and, by means of the Transplanting Machine, for L.11, 8s., or nearly the *thirteenth* part of the money!!! I conceive, that it would not be easy to give a more complete answer, than this comparative statement, to those persons, who object to Transplanting on the score of *Expense;* exclusively altogether of the difference of obtaining the Effect of Wood, in the one case, *at once,* and of waiting *thirty years* to obtain it, in the other."

It appears, then, that on the Preservative System, wood of all kinds may be transferred, at a very moderate expense indeed,—that trees of thirty-five feet high may be managed by expert and experienced workmen, for from 10s. to 13s. each, at half a mile's distance, and those from eighteen to five-and-twenty for from 6s. to 8s. As to wood for close plantations, or for bush-planting in the park, the trees may be transferred for about 3s. 6d., and the stools of the underwood for from 1s. to 2s. per stool; whereas, according to any other system with which Sir Henry has become acquainted, from L.2 to L.5 is considered as no unusual or exorbitant sum to lay out for the removal of a tree of any size; and even L.10, or L.15, have been often paid, and without ultimate success.

We have, imperfect as our review is, given our readers the means of judging of the value of this very interesting and original work. By studying its principles and details, any gentleman, anxious to create sylvan scenery suddenly, may do so at the thirteenth part of the expense necessarily accompanying any other method; and when the certainty of the plan, when pursued with prudence, is compared with the uncertainty of any other, the difference is as between life and death. We have seen, in different parts of England, parks wooded by transplantation, but they never seemed healthy and luxuriant to our eyes—every third tree was a valetudinarian—every sixth stood upon crutches, and every tenth was as dead as Julius Cæsar. It requires strong nerves to inhabit a house surrounded by such sufferings; and it is troublesome to the people about the premises, to be perpetually picking up the trees after a storm. Such exhibitions bring discredit on the art, and throw ridicule on the very name of Tree. But we do not hesitate to say, that a tree is often very much the better of being transplanted by Sir Henry Steuart.

We defy you to show a single pale-face in all his park. When once they have fairly taken possession of their new site, and have felt their way for a couple of seasons, what shoots! Then their bark is like the skin of a man in training. We believe we are correct when we say, that Sir Henry has repeatedly removed the same tree without the least detriment. The operation of removal is indeed so gentle, that the tree, which is in one sense asleep, not having awoke to spring, knows no more about it, than you yourself, gentle reader, would know about it, were you to be lifted up out of one bed, at midnight, and laid into another, with softer and deeper feathers, and an additional pair of the finest and lightest blankets. The old prejudice about the impossibility of unrooting a great tree, must, however venerable and poetical, give way; nothing is so easy, and it costs but a mere trifle. Formerly you kept pulley-hawling him by a hundred ropes and cranes, and laid the axe to his roots without mercy—and no wonder he groaned, shrieked out, and died. Now you handle him as gently as a flower-stalk, and remember that he is a tree belonging to a Christian community. You do not call upon him to perform impossibilities—to keep alive and growing after you have mutilated all his members—to produce leaves without twigs—and to make timber without branches; but you merely expect him to look cheerful and contented, to eat the pabulum you have gathered around him, within easy reach of his mouths—and to make wood when the sun shines. He never dreams of refusing to comply with a request so kind and reasonable, and accordingly adds several cubits to his stature every year; and in the leafy month of June is so umbrageous that you cannot see the crow's nest—you only hear it cawing.—We suspect that we must have another article on this subject.

LETTERS FROM THE PENINSULA.

No. III.

Depot at the Isle of Wight.

ENSIGN SPENCER MOGGRIDGE,

TO HIS AUNT,

MRS DOROTHEA MOGGRIDGE.*

MY DEAR AUNT,

I HAVE a thousand apologies to make for my long silence. I say *silence*, for I can hardly consider it as having been broken by the few hurried notices of my existence, with which, at irregular intervals since my departure, I have endeavoured to allay your anxieties on my account. One thing I entreat of you—Do not accuse me of unkindness or ingratitude. Think me gay—foolish—idle—dissipated—what you like—but believe me, coldness of heart is not among the number of my failings. Never have I felt more strongly, than when far removed from you by distance, the full weight and extent of the obligations I owe you. Cast upon the world by the early death of my parents, without friends on whose exertions in my behalf there was any reason to calculate—without provision of any sort to secure me in the maintenance of that station in society to which my birth entitled me—it was you alone who stretched forth a hand to the deserted bantling, and rescued him from the waters. From the earliest moment of my being which memory enables me to recall, I have been the child of your adoption—the engrossing object of your cares. To you I have been indebted for all the gifts (I take shame they are so small, both in number and magnitude) which education has bestowed—for all the evil which early precept and example may have eradicated from my character—for all the better qualities they may have called into action and development. Nay, my dear aunt, so prominent has been your partiality—so unaccountably wide the extent of your gratuitous favours to an object so unworthy, that were the real facts of our relationship less susceptible of proof, and the misfortunes which threw me on your protection less publicly known, I do verily believe (pardon the intolerable suggestion) that even you, bright and immaculate as you are, might have become the object of calumnious misrepresentation, and the purity of your virgin fame (*horresco referens*) have been sullied by the imputation of maternity.

To suppose that the object of such benefits as these, should even for a moment forget the load of obligation under which they have laid him; that he should refuse to make the only return he possesses—gratitude; is to suppose that which I do fervently believe is not in nature—in my nature, at least, it certainly is not. Pray pardon, therefore, the short and negligent epistles in which I have hitherto addressed you. Make some excuse, if you can, for a harum-scarum lad, who, for the first time, finds himself his own master and in London—whose senses are all engrossed by the novel wonders which surround him; and accept this long letter as an *amende honorable* for past delinquencies.

When I left you at Beaumont, you may remember David drove me to Spixworth, where I was to exchange the *otium cum dignitate* of your chariot, for a vehicle not very redolent of either—the York Highflyer. Were we at this moment tête-à-tête, I could make you laugh, I think, by a description of my *compagnons de voyage*.

* These letters have been published without any regard to the order in which they were written, or the present should have formed the introduction to the series.—ED.

First, there was a Leeds clothier, in a complete suit of mulligatawny-coloured dittos, evidently the produce of his own manufactory; his throat enveloped in a huge scarlet comforter, who breathed forth all the poetry of his soul in an accent of the broadest Yorkshire. Right opposite me sat a facetious Bagman; one who spends half his life on the road, and accordingly travels well-furnished with all the appliances to personal comfort which a long experience can enable him to supply. I found him on my entrance ensconced in a Poodle great-coat, with a cushion for his back, and resting his knowledge-box on another, which he had pinned with great care against the side of the coach; to say nothing of a third, which he had placed beneath him, as a laudable demonstration that even the least noble part of his person was not beyond the pale of his paternal protection. Then there was a Scotch milliner, travelling from Edinburgh to London, to bring home to the hyperborean region of her nativity, patterns of the newest silks, and of the latest Parisian costumes. This damsel, bating a certain rawness of feature, was somewhat good-looking, and I observed a certain underhand flirtation speedily established between herself and the Bagman, who discoursed learnedly on the various qualities and attributes of the different articles with which they were both professionally connected.

In such delectable society, my dear aunt, was my lot cast during my journey to London; and if I had not more pressing and important occurrences to engross my time and paper, I might be tempted, I think, to give you some characteristic specimens of the conversation, of which I was rather an admiring auditor than a very active or amusing participator. During the greater part of the journey, I leaned back in the coach, as if shrinking from contact with beings so utterly uncongenial, and indulged in all the novel dignity of my military rank. I ruminated with pride on the different character and prospects of my vocation from those of my companions, and blessed the good fortune which had cast my lot amid the dangers and the glory of war, rather than amid the more peaceful and ignoble pursuits of money-making commerce. I was an ensign. I had already ascended the first step of the ladder of promotion—"with men's opinion and my own good sword," the world was all before me; and a long and brilliant vista of honourable achievement did terminate—I really fear to write it—in certain objects, which, though somewhat shadowy and indistinct, certainly bore a very perceptible resemblance to a Truncheon and a Coronet. And these were traders! —Men of ledgers and cotton-mills—dealers in silk, millinery, or Birmingham hardware!—I almost blushed to think that I should be connected with such beings, even by the common bond and union of humanity.

It was dark night long before we reached the place of our destination, and the latter part of our journey was performed in a mist so thick and impenetrable, as to be impervious, beyond the distance of a yard or two, to the eye. You know I had never been in London, and you may guess how anxious I was to gratify my curiosity by the earliest possible view of this mighty mart of men. In travelling, too, one's imagination is generally in a state of preternatural excitement, and from the time we passed Highgate, I continued gazing with distended eyes from the windows of the coach, endeavouring to realize, by the evidence of my senses, the pictures of scenery which my fancy had already traced; but all in vain. The coach rolled on through long miles of suburbs; the lights were seen glimmering in the windows as we passed, tinging for a moment the pervading masses of vapour with a white and silvery brightness, and then vanishing, as if suddenly swallowed up in the vast profound of the almost palpable obscurity. But the ear, if not the eye, gave intelligence of our approach to London. The hum of men deepened as we advanced—carriages, with lanterns hung at the extremity of the pole, rattled past us at diminished intervals—and the increasing glare of the shops, brilliantly illuminated, marked the superior opulence, and more extended commerce, of their tenants. At length we entered the city. The Cathedral of St Paul's was undistinguishable from the surrounding vapour; and as we passed down Ludgate-Hill, the deep and sonorous chiming of the clock was the only evidence afforded of our propinquity to that stupendous mass.

The stopping of the coach at an

inn in Charing Cross, gave at last no unwelcome intimation of the conclusion of our journey. A few minutes more found me safely lodged at Old Slaughter's coffee-house in St Martin's Lane, which I knew to be a house of military resort, and had, on that account, selected as my residence. *Old Slaughter's!* There was something martial about the very name. It bore about it a certain odour,—of blood and battle, of rapine, murder, and sudden death,—quite refreshing to the imagination of an ensign of seventeen, whose sword was yet virgin and unfleshed. *Old Slaughter's!* A sort of dim and indefinite sublimity hovered over and around it; and, as I beheld the name traced in large characters on the sign-board, it seemed adorned by a fanciful complexity of warlike implements, and surmounted by a shadowy coronal of skulls and cross-bones. As for the old gentleman himself, I was already prepared to regard him with a degree of reverence and respect, something greater than was at all called for by the character of his vocation. I should know him, I thought, by his grim and warlike look, —the ferocious cast of his eye,—the multitude of his scars,—and, above all, by a certain butcher-like aspect, with which, in spite of all my efforts, my fancy insisted on investing him.

But all this was mere folly. Old Slaughter—peace to his memory!—had been dead above a century; and, from all the particulars I could gather of him, was, during his life, distinguishable only among his brother taverners, as being a person of a peculiarly inoffensive, civil, and methodical description. Though disappointed in the landlord, I was not so in the house, for that was comfortable; and though the host was not martial, the guests were. The coffee-room absolutely swarmed with gentlemen in blue great coats and regimental buttons, with black leather stocks instead of neckcloths; and,—in case the wearer belonged to the *infantry*,—with boots garnished with heelspurs of enormous dimensions. There were antique majors, with powdered heads and regulation queues, sallow and sun-burnt from service in the East Indies or the West; captains, too, of the old school, stiff as Dr Pangloss, who marched along the *trottoir*, with an air of strut and determination, as if leading on the grenadiers to attack an enemy's entrenchments. Then the multitude of subalterns,—gay, careless, and with hearts light in exact proportion to the heaviness of their pockets. For them the day of disappointment had not yet lowered in storm and darkness. They had not tasted the bitterness of hope deferred; their horizon was bright and unclouded, or tinged only with the glorious splendours of a summer's dawn.

Such was the description of the inmates with whom, in the course of a few days, I became at least partially associated. I dined generally in the coffee-room; and there is a sort of freedom about military men, which, so far as my limited experience extends, is not to be met with in the followers of any other profession. I soon knew not only the rank and regiment, but much of the private history of almost every individual sojourner in the hotel. The soldier is naturally a social, not a ruminating animal. All his habits are gregarious; he is one of a large circle, and cannot think of himself as a single and isolated being. He spends his life in close and constant collision with his fellow-men, in a continually recurring alternation of obedience and command. No man can be so utterly unfitted for solitude and seclusion. Take him from his mess and his regiment, let the sound of drum or bugle meet his ear no longer, give him his wife and children—for I would not make him a hermit or an ascetic,—but place him amid the fairest scenes of bright and peaceful nature, with all artificial appliances to comfort, and he may live, it is true,—but from him all the grace and attraction of life is vanished; he is unfitted, by long habit, for the tranquil pleasures of retirement; his heart will yearn for the excitements of the camp and the parade; he will dream of the pride, the pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, and sigh at the remembrance that, like Othello's, his occupation is gone—for ever.

My new acquaintances, my dear aunt, were not certainly the most polished gentlemen I had ever met; and in truth, I believe, were not generally specimens of the higher and more accomplished members of the profession. I do not know, that in point of manners, they could be reckoned much superior to my stage-coach companions; but to me no vulgarity is so disgusting as

that of trade; and though I could not but perceive that my new associates were somewhat coarse and underbred, and their appearance more tinged by a sort of military mannerism, than might have been quite agreeable to a more finished and punctilious gentleman than myself, they bore about them so much frankness and *bonhomie*, and were uniformly so ready to assist me with their experience and advice, that I felt anything rather than an inclination to scan and criticise their deficiencies.

Of course, in such a house of entertainment, I was not likely to be tempted into any extravagance. The meals of my military friends, though comfortable and nicely served, were, heaven knows, frugal enough. O ye gods! about the hour of five how was the air filled with sounds like the following, floating in the sweet volume of their own melancholy music!—"Waiter, salmon and beef steaks for two." "A fried sole and a cutlet for No. 4." "Corned beef and greens for the major." "Cheese and a pot of porter for No. 12." "A shilling glass of brandy and water for the old gentleman in the window." "A bottle of claret for the ensign in No. 17." But this last item was an extravagance which "the ensign in No. 17" was not tempted to repeat; for though, perhaps, by your liberality, I might be rather more wealthy than my neighbours, I was unwilling to do anything which I imagined, in the eyes of those around me, might be held somewhat inconsistent with a true soldier-like prudence.

Though personally an utter stranger to the new friends with whom I was thus accidentally thrown into collision, there were sufficient points of contact between us to furnish matter for agreeable conversation. No sooner was the number of my regiment intimated to any of the party, than I found he was personally acquainted with many of my brother officers, to all of whom I was yet a stranger. Though I had never joined, and could therefore claim no individual share of the praises bestowed generally on my new regiment, I was yet sufficiently animated by a sort of *esprit de corps*, to take pleasure in such compliments as the following:—"An excellent regiment yours. Not a cleaner and better disciplined corps in the service. I know them well; for I served with them in America and the West Indies. The officers, too, a jovial and gentlemanly set. There's Jones and Jacobs, Ebsworth and Cartwright, Parsons and Peterkin, O'Toole, O'Meara, O'Hara, and O'Flannagan, Biggs, Bacon, Butterworth, and Bumpus, all excellent fellows as ever sat round a mess table—remember me to them all. Tell them you met Morgan of the 103d. Many happy days we had when our two corps were quartered together in Halifax in America." Then nothing could be more obliging, I assure you, than these brother *militaires*. They directed me to all the best accoutrement-makers, accompanied me to the agent and the Horse-guards, and rendered me a thousand little services, which betrayed the natural kindness of feeling excited by professional brotherhood.

Once fairly established in town, I lost no time in setting about the business of my equipment. My uniform was ordered, and, in the course of a few days, sent home. I was dressed, and ready to go out, when the waiter brought the parcel, containing my new accoutrements, to the door. I snatched it from him, cut open the parcel, and gazed, for a few moments, in a state of entranced delight, on the splendours of gold, scarlet, and embroidery, on which my eye rested. I then proceeded to invest my person in the glittering panoply, and took pleasure in surveying each separate segment of it, as reflected from a parallelogram-shaped looking-glass, cracked in the middle, and measuring about a foot in diameter. Though it was impossible, therefore, to obtain ocular demonstration of my *tout ensemble*, yet, having examined the isolated portions of my habiliments with as much accuracy as the very imperfect reflection of my toilet-glass would permit, I pictured an ideal aggregate of my military *contour*, by no means ungratifying to my vanity; and after strutting about my apartment for about an hour, in a state of very enviable self-complacency, I brought myself at last, though with some reluctance, to restore my finery to a state of temporary obscurity. All this, my dear aunt, I know to be foolish and ridiculous enough; but I am not desirous to play the hero in your eyes, and I have too much confidence in

your affection, to fear representing myself as *I am*. Those, whose sad experience has already rendered them familiar with the "Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise," will feel little inclination to sneer at the absurdities of so insignificant a person as myself. You have too much candour, to expect a philosopher in an ensign, or the brain of a youth of seventeen to be peopled with the wisdom and experience of half a century. But enough.

I spent as short a time in London as I could; and having yet received no orders to join, I waited on the Adjutant-general, to learn my destination, and endeavour to obtain an immediate order to follow my regiment, which I learned had sailed a few days ago from Cork, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, on an expedition certainly intended to contribute to the liberation of the Peninsula, though the particular point of its destination was unknown. Colonel Darling, the Adjutant-general, received me with great politeness, smiled at the earnestness with which I urged my anxiety instantly to join, and after several inquiries at a clerk in the office, informed me that the regiment to which I belonged had no depot in this country. "You will therefore," he continued, "proceed, as soon as convenient, to the Isle of Wight, where you will report yourself to Colonel Taylor, who, I have no doubt, will send you out by the first transport, to join the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley." Nothing could be more satisfactory to me than this arrangement, and, bidding the Adjutant-general good morning, I withdrew. That very evening I started by the Portsmouth mail, and as the night was dark, and my fellow-passengers seemed more inclined to sleep than conversation, you need not fear being again troubled with any description either of their qualities or appearance. For myself, I shall only say, that after eating a hearty supper, and swallowing a glass of negus at Godalming, I became infected with the prevailing somnolency of my companions, and slept like a top, till we reached Portsmouth, about day-dawn in the morning.

At this mighty arsenal I found myself, for the first time in my life, surrounded by the spirit-stirring demonstrations of glorious war. When I gazed seaward, my eye rested on a fleet of vast and majestic ships, in all their pride and bravery, lying calm and motionless, as in a deep sleep, on the bosom of the quiet waters. On shore, I encountered, on all sides, symptoms of military bustle and activity. There were guard-mountings on the grand parade, and regiments drawn up in fine and imposing order, on the ramparts and esplanade. At every turn, one came at unawares on a sentinel, the sound of drum and bugle rang loud and frequent on the ear, and relief parties were seen marching along the streets, the *trottoirs* of which were literally jammed up with crowds of naval and military officers. Here I lost no time in amalgamating my own character with that of the great mass among which I mingled, and for the first time came forth into the streets in uniform. There was an unwonted dignity in my air and demeanour that morning. I ordered breakfast at the hotel in a voice more sonorous and commanding than usual, and even felt, I think, somewhat surprised, that the waiters did not appear to regard me with any accession of respect, when the veil of my glory had been withdrawn, and I stood revealed before them, no longer in the garb of a civilian, but adorned in all the splendours of gold and vermilion. With what a feeling of self-satisfied pride, too, did I not receive the salutes of the soldiers and sentinels, as I passed them in my walks! I had never before been the object of a deference so marked, and it seemed as if the secret of my own dignity and importance had become the subject of some new and sudden revelation.

It being the first time that I had seen a fortified town, I spent several hours in examining the strong defences by which Portsmouth is surrounded, with an admiring, though unscientific eye. And then the wonders of the dock-yard! Heaven knows, my dear aunt, and you know likewise, that I am no mechanical genius, and, when a boy, could never make a kite or a cock-boat in my life; but it does not require anything of such talent, to receive a full impression of the perfection to which naval machinery is carried in this country. To behold the stupendous engines which man has constructed, to facilitate and increase

his own powers of production, tends to raise and ennoble our conceptions of human power, and makes us feel that, however we may be linked to the inferior creation by brute and animal propensities, there is that within us, which claims a still closer affinity to beings of a higher, prouder, wider, purer, and nobler intelligence. I do not mean to prose; but nothing, I think, can possibly be more striking, than the gigantic triumphs of mechanical genius, as exhibited in the dock-yard of Portsmouth. Nothing can be more illustrative of the great wealth, and still greater energies, of the country, than the magnificence and extent of this great national establishment, or bear more convincing testimony, that they have been directed with efficiency and judgment. Let other countries claim and receive admiration for the brilliance of their courts, and the splendour of their regal palaces. Ours shall be a higher praise, and more dignified ambition; and, without attempting competition with the peerless splendour of the Tuileries or Versailles, let us point to our dock-yards, and be satisfied.

Two days did I spend in Portsmouth, and having satisfied my curiosity, on the third I stepped into a packet-boat for the Isle of Wight. The wind was foul and rather rough, and the waters in consequence were somewhat more agitated than was quite agreeable to a fresh-water sailor like myself. We were four or five hours in reaching Newport, and when we did so, it was in a state of biliary derangement, which rendered me at first almost insensible to the charms of an excellent dinner, which was served up at the hotel. On the passage I had formed an acquaintance with a young officer of the Buffs; an Ensign, like myself, who had already been stationed some weeks at the army depot.

There is much truth, I shall always believe, in the theory of animal magnetism; for I think it quite impossible to account on other principles for certain impulses of attraction or repulsion, which urge us, on the first moment of introduction to particular individuals, either to seek or avoid their society; which in certain circumstances can ripen in a moment acquaintance into intimacy, or tell us of the existence of a gulf which cannot by either party be overpassed. Be this as it may, my new acquaintance and myself drew wonderfully together. On getting to Newport, he was obliging enough to partake my dinner at the Inn, and before the conclusion of the evening, we had become sworn friends and companions. He gave me much valuable information of the manner in which matters were conducted at the depot, and no very flattering description of the sort of men among whom destiny had decided that, for a short time at least, I should be ordained to mingle. The information thus acquired, along with that which my own subsequent observation has enabled me to collect, I shall now, as briefly as possible, lay before you.

The depot at the Isle of Wight then, you must know, is the general rendezvous of all officers whose regiments are abroad, and which have not been allotted peculiar and separate depots of their own. As this, however, is generally the case, the great majority of the officers thus assembled, belong to West India or Ceylon regiments, the African corps, and other bodies somewhat similarly circumstanced, which holding out, in the nature of their service, no inducements to men of much interest or pretension, are generally made up of a class somewhat inferior to the general average of those holding military commissions in the other branches of the service. Indeed it must be expected that few men with money enough to effect an exchange, would voluntarily consent to live in a state of constant banishment from their native land, as the officers of such corps must generally do, encountering with inglorious courage all the dangers and devastations of sickness, and that gradual but irrecoverable exhaustion of health and vigour, by which protracted residence in climates unfavourable to life, is almost uniformly accompanied. Though many officers of West India regiments, therefore, are in all respects unexceptionable; yet there certainly are many also, who have been compelled to resort to them by folly or extravagance, to say nothing of propensities less excusable, to which some have been indebted for their retirement to the luxurious sequestration of the Torrid Zone. Generally speaking, they are persons taken from the lower orders of society,

and whose prospects in other respects were by no means very favourable. You will not be surprised, therefore, that the excerpts from such battalions when congregated together, as I found them at the Isle of Wight, should form altogether a mass in which the leavening of *gentlemen* does not so decidedly predominate, as might be wished. Something of all this I learned from my new friend, who informed me that he was a member of the depot mess, and told me a variety of anecdotes of his military boon companions, by which I was not a little amused and astonished. I had never dined at a mess, and I was too strongly bent on showing myself a thoroughgoing soldier, not to accede at once to his proposal of enrolling myself as a member of the one in question.

My new friend called on me on the following morning, and having reported my arrival to Colonel Taylor, and received such directions as were thought necessary, I found myself at liberty for the day. Were you ever in the Isle of Wight, my dear aunt? If not, I beg of you to go there immediately, and believe me, whenever you do, you will find one of the fairest pages of nature awaiting your perusal. If you love a green earth and a blue sky, and an ocean yet more deeply darkly beautifully blue, go to the Isle of Wight, you will enjoy them there. And if their charm may be rendered more potent and commanding, by being gazed on from beneath the shadows of leaf and blossom, spread over and around you by the finest and most magnificent trees in England; that pleasure, too, you may command, heightened by the magic of rock and rivulet, and the presence of almost every imaginable item of terrestrial beauty.

With Bagot (such was the name of my brother ensign) I spent the day in rambling over this wilderness of charm, often pausing on some green and broomy knoll, which lay surrounded by the woodlands, to gaze forth on the ships, which by a motion almost imperceptible glided past on the bosom of the slumbering deep, with all canvass set, and in all nautical gallantry, to their destined haven. Sometimes, too, when oppressed by the noontide heat, reclining in the cool recesses of some shady and sunless glen, listening to the sweet voices of the winged and invisible songsters, who all around made the calm and breezeless atmosphere vocal with their music.

Thus did we spend the day. The calm and peaceful scenery amid which I wandered, had wrought a change in the current of my ideas, and that which had been the engrossing object of my dreams, and dreamlike meditations, had passed at once from my memory and my imagination. When roaming through the woods, with the hare starting at my foot, and the pheasant springing upwards with gleaming plumage and loud fluttering wings from the vicinity of our narrow path, I even forgot that I was an ensign! The pomps and vanities of war at once faded from my disenchanted vision, like things of witchcraft or gramarye, and my feelings, as I wandered on amid the beautiful blandishments of tranquil nature, were those, not of a *soldier*, but of a *man;* a man not destined to desolate or destroy the fair earth, or the creatures that inhabit it, but bound to all its dwellers by a thousand indisseverable ligaments of brotherhood and love.

We returned in time for dinner. The first bugle was sounding as we entered Newport, and, before the second met my ear, I had finished my toilette, and was equipped *selon les regles* for the convivial assemblage I was about to join. I entered the mess-room with Bagot. It was a large hall or saloon adjoining the hotel, and was filled by a miscellaneous company of officers, dressed in the uniform of their different corps. The effect of the whole was somewhat grotesque, and there was a want of that apparent military identity, if I may so speak, and of that uniformity of minute observances in external appearance, necessary, I think, to give the impress of unity to such an assemblage, and enable the observer at a glance, to link in each individual member of the party as forming part and portion of a multitudinous but consistent whole. Heaven knows, there was nothing very imposing in the general aspect of the apartment. At one end stood a sort of temporary sideboard chiefly covered with glasses, cheese-plates, and decanters, but without vestiges of plate. Down the centre of the room ran the dinner table, covered by a cloth certainly not rivalling the snow in whiteness, and if at all remarkable in other

respects, undoubtedly more so for the meanness than the magnificence of its garniture. Collected round the fire-place, and in scattered groups in different parts of the saloon, stood about thirty officers, of appearance such as I have already described. The entrance of Bagot and myself attracted no attention; and as we walked from the door to the centre of the apartment, my ears were filled with the merriment or obsecrations of loud and coarse voices, mingled in the production of one deafening and undistinguishable clamour.

This, however, did not continue long, for the announcement of dinner occasioned a sudden and simultaneous interruption of conversation. All faces were instantly turned towards the table. The old stagers cast rapid glances over its superficies, in order to select places in which they would not probably be called on to officiate as carvers, and to ascertain the more delicate dishes on which, from their being generally in demand, it would be most prudent to commence their attack. The junior members of the party displayed less generalship, and seemed content to take their places wherever accident might lead them. There was some confusion, however, and apparently some difference of opinion, with regard to the person who was to occupy the chair. I learned afterwards that there had already been some disputes with regard to the manner in which the president's office should be filled. One party being of opinion that the choice of the mess should be guided by seniority of regiment, not seniority of rank; and others maintaining, with equal argument and earnestness, that the functions of a situation so dignified and irresponsible, and possessing prerogatives so extended, fell naturally of right to be discharged by the officer senior in rank, to whatever regiment or branch of the service he might be attached.

Meanwhile, Bagot and myself had taken our seats, and attacks on the soup and fish had commenced on all hands with vigour and activity, when a mess-waiter approached my companion, and informed him that no officer of a senior regiment being present, the president's chair awaited his occupation. To neither Bagot nor myself, I believe, was this very welcome intelligence, for we had calculated on being together, and really felt no inclination to mingle, more than necessary, in the society of those around us. The summons, however, was obeyed. He rose, and advancing to the head of the table, I saw him take possession of the vacant *musnud*, and proceed to do the honours of his office with all desirable propriety and decorum. All went on smoothly for a minute or two, till the entrance of a huge ferocious-looking subaltern of a colonial corps, with a somewhat sinister cast of eye, and whose naturally forbidding countenance could scarcely be said to be adorned, by large and bushy whiskers, of a bright gold colour, which extended on either side to the very point of his chin. There was something grim and unpleasant, too, about the expression of his mouth from the protrusion of his under lip, and altogether, I thought him one of the most disagreeable-looking persons I had ever seen. He advanced up the mess-room with an air of swagger, and seating himself in a vacant place, called, in a loud and stentorian voice, for soup. The seat occupied by this personage was nearly opposite to me, and I therefore enjoyed full opportunity for a leisurely survey of his person, the impression produced by which I have already given you. Having satisfied my curiosity, my attention had again reverted to my fish, which I was busily engaged in discussing, when it was again directed in its former channel by the red-whiskered gentleman in question. "Hallo," he exclaimed, as if for the first time perceiving on whom the office of president had devolved, "Hallo, what's this? Who the devil put that d—d Nutcracker* in the chair? A pretty fellow that for a president, by G—d!" adding sundry other expletives of contempt, of the tone and character of which I think the preceding will afford a sufficient specimen. I was at first thunderstruck at this torrent of

* The term *Nutcrackers* is a *soubriquet* by which that distinguished regiment, the Buffs, is generally known in the army. Its origin and meaning are both veiled in a mystery which, I confess, I am unable to penetrate.—S. M.

gross and gratuitous invective, and turned instinctively towards Bagot to observe in what manner it would be received. In a moment he had sprung to his feet, and stood silent, as if under the sudden excitement of strong and overpowering emotion. His cheek was red and inflamed; and his eyes glared on his assailant with a fierceness of defiance of which I had before believed them incapable. Bagot attempted to speak, but he could not; at least, no sounds were audible where I sat, though I distinctly saw the motion of his lips. In a few seconds, there seemed a reflux in his feelings, for he sat down, and was apparently as calm as before. He carved and joked with those around him, invited me to drink wine, and performed, in short, all the functions of his office with perfect propriety, and without effort. There was something in all this I thought unnatural; it was not what I had expected. In the meanwhile, no voice had been raised in reprehension of the man whose brutal insult had been the occasion of the temporary interruption to the conviviality of the meeting. *Conviviality*—no, there was not much of that, for the dinner was, without exception, the most unsocial of which I had ever partaken. No one shewed the smallest anxiety to relieve the wants of his neighbours; the carvers cut away as if for a wager, and your application to any one for a *slice* of the dish before him, was generally answered by the appearance of a junk in the shape of a solid parallelogram.

The character of the entertainment altogether was somewhat coarse, and therefore, perhaps, better suited to the taste of the company, as well as to the general furniture of the table. The plates and dishes were of white stone-ware, egg-cups were the *succedanea* for salt-cellers, there were no silver forks, and the steel ones were adorned with horn handles. At the bottom of the table there was a huge dish of corned beef, surrounded by an entrenchment of cabbage, which impregnated the atmosphere with a sort of mephitic and most disgusting odour. Here and there were scattered a few greasy-looking joints of fat Leicestershire mutton, alternated with Hashes, and dishes of Bubble-and-Squeak, the sight of which was not at all tempting to a more intimate acquaintance. There were vegetables too—but thereby hangs a tale.

I had just been helped to mutton, and a dish of pease lay temptingly before me. I had no idea, that, in partaking of these, I was guilty of any infringement of vested rights, or encroachment on the property of my neighbours. The spoon was in my hand, and I was in the act of transferring a portion of the dish in question to my plate, when my intention was thus unceremoniously arrested, by a brawny Irishman on my right.

"By Jasus, sir, an' I'll thank you not to touch them paise. They're for my own aiting, and, by the holy poker! no one else shall touch them, or I'll make a personal business of it."

"I know not, sir," replied I, turning round on the person thus addressing me, somewhat indignantly,—"I know not what right you can claim to any dish on the table, beyond that of every other member of the company;" calmly proceeding at the same time in the execution of the intended transfer.

"What right?" exclaimed my antagonist, reaching over as he spoke, and making a snatch at the dish,—"Blood an' ounds! didn't I buy them in the market, and pay for them myself; and couldn't any man—bating he were deaf and dumb—read *private* on the dish?" pointing at the same time to the word, written in small characters, which I had not observed, and shovelling the whole subject of dispute on his plate at once. "If you want paise, my tight lad, you must wait till to-morrow."

Notwithstanding the indignation and disgust which I felt at the selfish vulgarity of the Hibernian gastronome, on whose rights I had unwittingly attempted to encroach, there was a novelty, so ludicrous to my imagination, in the whole scene, as to dissipate all serious sense of offence, and modify the strong feeling of anger by which I might otherwise have been moved. The dinner went on, and the first course was in due progression replaced by the second, without any material improvement in the character of the viands. At some distance from me, however, I observed a dish of snipes, which contrasted somewhat agreeably with the coarseness of the surrounding esculents, and not aware that the

rights of private property extended to the animal as well as the vegetable creation, I consigned my plate to a waiter, with orders to get me some. The plate, as you probably anticipate, my dear aunt, returned empty; for I heard the person to whom the application was addressed, observe coolly in reply, "Tell the gentleman, whoever he may be, that, when I shot those snipes, I intended them for my own eating, not for his." Human patience—at least such portion of it as has fallen to my share—would stand this no longer—and, withdrawing myself wholly from any communion with the members of the party, I shut myself up in silent dignity, resolving to mingle no longer with men whose manners and morals were alike odious and repulsive.

Nothing further occurred, at all worthy of record, until the cloth had been removed, and the servants taken their departure. Bagot then rose, and with a calmness which his former emotion had not led me to anticipate, and something almost approaching to dignity, which was scarcely to be expected from his years, spoke as follows:—"Mr Vice President and gentlemen of the mess, since being called to the chair, which I now unworthily fill, you have heard the gross and aggravated insults of which I have been made the object. I should ill discharge the duties of President of this meeting, if I failed to repress, with the full exercise of the powers with which you have intrusted me, an outrage on decency and good manners, so flagrant and unpardonable. I therefore direct, that Lieutenant MacTurk, of the 5th West India regiment, be fined one dozen of wine, for improper and disorderly conduct at the mess.—Gentlemen, I have now performed the duty which I owed to you; permit me to say, that I likewise owe one to myself, before discharging which, I would beg your indulgence to be allowed to resign the chair I now occupy." Here Bagot paused. A loud murmur ran round the mess, partly of applause, partly of astonishment at the unexpected firmness and self-possession of one so young, mingled with louder and more stormy expressions of disapprobation, from the person whose conduct had given rise to the fracas, and a few of his associates. It appeared to me, however, that the general feeling was in favour of my friend, and all seemed to partake of a certain excitement, which made them anxious to witness the *denouement* of the scene.

In the meantime, Bagot had vacated the chair, which was already filled by another; and the clamours of the meeting having again subsided into the silence of expectation, he rose and proceeded—"Gentlemen, under other circumstances, I should consider myself called on to apologize for the expressions I shall feel compelled to use. But the tone and character of the insults to which I have been subjected, admit of but one reply.—Mr MacTurk, I beg to say, your conduct has been that, not of a gentleman, but of a blackguard. You are known to be a bully, and I shall be glad, when and where you please, to afford you an opportunity of proving you are not likewise—a coward."

The conclusion of the preceding sentence was marked by the uprise of a loud and uproarious tumult; for Bagot's antagonist no sooner caught its meaning, than he instantly seized a decanter, with the intention of taking summary and decisive satisfaction on the spot, by the compendious process of fracturing his adversary's skull. This, however, was prevented. Those immediately around Bagot seemed instinctively aware of the personal danger attending a slight misdirection of aim in so long a shot, and attempted escape from the impending peril, either by springing from their places with extraordinary agility, or ducking their heads beneath the table to prevent their affording any obstruction to the flight of the expected missile. Bagot alone sat unmoved, regarding his furious opponent with a calm and tranquil look of scorn and contempt. As it happened, the catastrophe, whatever it might have been, was prevented, by the arm of the enraged lieutenant being prudently seized by some of those around him, and disarmed of its lethal weapon. Order, comparative order at least, was again restored. I will not detain you by detailing further the *minutiæ* of the extraordinary scene. Suffice it that it was arranged that a meeting should take place between the parties immediately, in a neighbouring Racket-court, which had often before proved serviceable on similar emergencies. I believe, indeed, that such occurrences as the one I have described, were by no means

rare, and were generally considered by the members of the mess as forming part of the evening's amusement.

Orders were accordingly issued for lights in the Racket-court; and while these were procuring, the bottles continued to circulate the table, and the spirits of the party seemed to have become even more hilarious than before. I looked with some curiosity, I own, toward Bagot and his antagonist. Both were evidently anxious to prove that the trying circumstances in which they stood, had produced no change in their ordinary habits and feelings. The latter endeavoured to effect this by regarding his opponent with a scowl of infinite contempt, and in the portions of his conversation which accidentally reached my ear, I observed that he spoke of him not as an equal, with whom he was about to enter the lists of deadly conflict, but as an impertinent and presuming boy, on whom it had become necessary to inflict a merited and salutary punishment. There was too much bluster about all this for my taste, and I thought it betrayed anything rather than that fearless and tranquil reliance on his own courage and resources, that innate and implicit confidence, which courts no obtrusive display, or that calm and silent concentration of moral and physical energies, which he who feels most deeply is always least desirous should be observed by others. As for Bagot, had I now seen him for the first time, I could not have failed to be powerfully interested in his favour. In appearance he formed a strong contrast to his gigantic opponent. He was but a stripling, the down was as yet scarcely visible on his chin, and in the resolute calmness of his air, I could not help thinking that I beheld the unnatural disguise of a spirit goaded almost to madness by brutal and unprovoked insult. When compared with the ferocious being whom he was about to encounter, in the most trying circumstances, and with all the disadvantages of youth and inexperience, there was something about him which excited involuntary respect, and that feeling I think was participated by the majority of the party.

It was at length announced that the scene of action was prepared for the reception of the combatants, and immediately the great majority of the mess were in motion. To some of the old stagers, indeed, the attractions of the bottle were more powerful than that of a duel, about the issue of which they were perfectly indifferent, and these remained in their seats, glad of the increased allowance of wine which, from the absence of their companions, they anticipated would fall to their share.

In a state of indescribable emotion, I, too, rose to proceed to the scene of action. MacTurk and his coterie had already taken their departure, and as I was in the act of quitting my seat, Bagot addressed a few words to me in a half whisper as he passed down the apartment. "Moggridge," he said, "come with me and see fair play; you are the only friend I have." I nodded my head in acquiescence, and following the crowd, soon reached the place of meeting. It was a large dreary building, generally appropriated by the officers of the garrison to the purposes of a Racket-court. One end of it was feebly illuminated by some half-dozen tallow candles, stuck up in tin sconces along the walls, which shed a dim light around the figures seen moving below, but was insufficient to penetrate the unbroken darkness above.

When I first entered, all was bustle and confusion, and the spectators were engaged in giving advice and encouragement to the combatants, in whose success they felt most deeply interested. "Go it, Bagot; he's a white feather," said one in an audible whisper. —"Level low, and send him to bed with a lead pill in his stomach," said another. "Come, Mac, let us see you serve out the Nutcracker in style."—"Give him his billet on a house made with spade and mattock."—"Send him to the undertaker to be measured for a wooden surtout." In a minute or two all was ready, and the spectators began to fall back to leave an open field for the combatants, with the exception of two or three officers, who were apparently engaged in loading pistols and examining flints. I approached Bagot, and expressing the feeling of disgust, and almost horror, with which the character of the whole proceedings had inspired me, I entreated him to delay the meeting till to-morrow. I assured him that no man of character or honour would attribute the delay to any unbecoming motive; that the precipitation

with which the quarrel had been hurried on, was unjustifiable and indecent, and I implored him to give a proof of higher courage than any he had yet shewn, in thus venturing to act on the decision of his better judgment. It was all in vain. I found that Bagot had set his life upon a cast, and was resolved to stand the hazard of the die.

For myself, I had no experience in the matter of duelling, as you, my dear aunt, well know, and was even perhaps culpably ignorant of the duties of the office, which I would willingly —had I known how to set about it— have discharged for my friend. As it was, I was neither consulted nor appealed to by these self-constituted functionaries, who had thought proper to take on themselves the whole management of the hostile preparations. I wished to ascertain that the pistols were properly loaded, but in vain, for I saw they were already placed in the hands of the combatants, and a loud cry of "Stand back! Stand back!" was hurriedly reverberated from a multitude of voices. The injunction was obeyed. The crowd retired to a considerable distance, leaving about half the Racket-court to the exclusive occupation of the combatants. I looked on them with a fearful interest. There were strong and conflicting impulses at work within me. I felt as if I had become not merely a witness, but a participator in a scene of violence and bloodshed, from which the whole feelings of my nature revolted. There I stood, a calm and passive witness of a contest, which, in all human probability, must terminate in the death of a fellow creature; of one to whom I already felt myself bound by strong ties of attachment; or of another, of whom I knew, and for whom I cared nothing, and who, though he excited little comparative interest, it was yet shocking to think, might be

"Cut off even in the blossoms of his sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd."

These thoughts, though they require time, space, and words for their expression on paper, yet the flashing of light is not more rapid than the velocity with which they passed through my mind. All other feelings, however, were speedily absorbed, by the almost agonizing interest I took in the scene before me. The combatants, already prepared for action, stood against the walls of the court, across which they were to fire. For a moment there was silence—to me a dreadful one, but it was speedily broken. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" exclaimed some one whom I did not see, to which question both parties signified assent. "Then *Fire!*" was the reply, in a voice quite as loud as the report of the pistols which immediately followed. The discharge of the fire-arms was the signal for the whole assemblage once more to rush forward into the *arena*, in order to gratify their curiosity as speedily as possible, by ascertaining what damage had been sustained by the parties in the recent exchange of shots. None, however, was apparent. Neither bullet had taken effect, and another case of pistols was immediately put in requisition. The company again fell back, preparatory to a renewal of hostilities, and all was silence, broken only by the utterance of a few such sentences of encouragement as the following, to the candidate in whose success the speaker was most interested. "Now, Mac, have at his gizzard, and give him an ounce of lead in the bread-basket."—"I say, young one, mind your eye. Take time, level straight, and never fear, you'll settle his hash next time."—"Finish off the Nutcracker at once, and be damned to him."—"Well done, Bagot, you're a brave little fellow; be cool, and there's no fear of you."

It seemed as if the whole party regarded the encounter with the same feelings as those with which they would have witnessed a cockfight, and bets on the issue were audibly offered and accepted by the partizans of the different combatants. All this was inexpressibly hateful and abominable, and there was nothing I would not have given to have possessed the power of bringing a scene so disgraceful to a close. But it was impossible. There were no seconds regularly appointed and recognised, and nothing short of a humiliating and abject apology would have been accepted on either side. On the part of Bagot, who had been made the object of unprovoked insult by his adversary, of course this was impossible.

Another exchange of shots took place, and, as before, without effect. Whether this proceeded from the

darkness, or from the awkwardness of the parties, I know not, but the circumstance appeared to rouse the impatience of the spectators, who had already begun to express their anxiety for some speedy and decisive result.

I shall not tire you by going on with all the details of this extraordinary duel. What I have already said will be found quite sufficient, I think, to enable you to guess those on which I am silent. It was now agreed that the combatants should advance one pace each round, and this accordingly took place. In the one which followed, Bagot was wounded in the shoulder, but not severely, the bone escaping uninjured. He had now an opportunity, had he been so inclined, of retiring honourably from the contest; but of this he declined to avail himself, and insisted on proceeding. In the round which followed, they were within four paces of each other, and Bagot was again struck by the bullet of his adversary, which fortunately was prevented from taking effect, by coming in contact with his breast plate. Bagot's shot was afterwards found to have passed through the collar of his adversary's coat, carrying with it part of his neckcloth, but without personal injury.

Preparations were immediately made for another round. The choler, and perhaps the courage, of MacTurk had begun to evaporate, for he spoke no longer in the tone of bullying and bravado he had at first assumed, and I thought it probable would now have consented to the degradation of an apology. But no apology would now have been received. Bagot was in a state of excitement so furious, from seeing that his opponent was yet uninjured, while he was smarting with the pain of his wounds, that no pacific overtures could have been made to him with any chance of success. It seemed to be the general feeling of the spectators, that in the round which was about to take place the distance should not be decreased; but even to this Bagot would not listen. He insisted that each should advance a pace on his adversary, as had been done in the two preceding rounds. This would bring the muzzles of their pistols nearly in contact. I exerted myself to prevent this, but in vain; he had become deaf to every argument of reason and humanity, and insisted on a measure which was almost certain to be accompanied with fatal consequences to one or both. In my proposal I now found myself seconded by the feelings of the spectators. Their butcherly appetite for blood and slaughter had at length been sufficiently indulged, and they were unwilling to contribute further to a catastrophe, in which it was more than probable that both combatants would be involved as victims.

Another round, however, took place. Both parties advanced a step, and fired. Whether the nerves of Mr MacTurk were rendered more tremulous by the close approach of his antagonist, I know not, but, strange to say, his shot took no effect. Not so with Bagot's. It struck his adversary directly in the mouth, and passing through between the jaw and the gullet, came out a little below the ear. His mouth instantly filled with blood, and the gigantic savage rolled on the ground. A loud cry burst from all around, and a hard-featured assistant-surgeon, who had been among the spectators, came forward instantly with professional assistance. For myself, I was too much occupied with Bagot to think much of MacTurk. When he saw his adversary fall, with the blood gushing from his mouth, he stood for a while motionless, as if transfixed on the spot. All the passions, which had been stirred up within him to the very verge of madness, seemed in one instant to have subsided, and he gazed on his fallen antagonist with a fixed and glassy look of stupefaction and despair. I had difficulty in rousing him to a sense of what was passing around him. I exhorted him to return immediately to the hotel, and procure the surgical relief, of which the blood, which still continued to flow from his wound, in spite of the bandage by which it had been temporarily stanched, shewed that he stood in immediate want. To my remonstrances he said nothing, but suffering me to place his arm within mine, accompanied me home. I did not leave him till surgical assistance had been procured, and the wound pronounced by the practitioner to be devoid of any immediate danger. Being thus so far satisfied with regard to the result of the unfortunate encounter, in order to allay the apprehensions of Bagot, I returned to ascertain the situation of

MacTurk. This I found was, in the opinion of his medical attendants, critical enough. In answer to my question, they talked with grave and solemn faces, of the Palatal region and the Epiglottis, and more than hinted at the contingent dangers of locked jaw and inflammation of the brain. On my return, I gave as favourable an account as possible to my friend, who continued to suffer under agonies of remorse and self-reproach, more, I thought, than seemed called for by the circumstances of the case.

Since the event above narrated, a week has elapsed, and I am now under orders to embark on board the Shilelah transport, lying at Spithead, which is expected to sail to-morrow. MacTurk, I find, is still in a very dangerous state, and Bagot is but slowly recovering. From my one day's experience of the pleasures of the depot mess, you will readily believe I was not induced again to return to it. From what I learn further of that convivial assembly, decanters occasionally fly round the table with a velocity considerably greater than is at all agreeable; and gentlemen, who entered in full health and spirits, are sometimes observed to be carried home with a compound fracture of the cranium, or a nose shorn of its prominence.

But of this enough, and too much. I go on board to-night, preparatory to our departure, which, if the wind is at all fair, will take place early to-morrow morning. At present, I am in all the bustle and the agonies of providing sea stock, and my whole thoughts run on matters of a digestive nature, esculent or potable. Beef, mutton, porter, eggs, butter, pickles, cheese, rice, vegetables, wine, fruits, and groceries, pickled tongues and Belfast hams, occupy and engross all my faculties and energies. These, I find, from my more experienced companions, are the symptoms of a fresh water sailor, a character which, at all events, I have the prospect of soon losing.

Now, my dear aunt, farewell. You will not again hear from me till I have joined the army; and as the period when this event may take place, depends on wind and weather, and a multitude of secondary causes impossible to be foreseen, you will not, I trust, feel alarmed, should my silence appear to your anxious mind somewhat inordinately long and continuous. While I remain on service, you may depend on receiving from me regular accounts, of all the operations in which your nephew may be engaged, and of such also as he may be enabled from the best sources of intelligence to describe.

I must now conclude. I remember when I began this letter, I had a good deal to say about my horses and dogs, but I have not left myself an inch of paper to say it in. So once more entreating you to believe me in all times, places, and circumstances, your grateful and affectionate nephew, I again,—and in the near prospect of leaving my native land, perhaps for ever, I do so with a softened heart,—bid you FAREWELL.

SPENCER MOGGRIDGE.

Isle of Wight, 22d July 1808.

THE SIEGE OF BHURTPORE.

There have been few periods since the establishment of British dominion in India, more pregnant with danger to the ruling power, than that which may be included between the years 1822 and 1826. At the commencement of that epoch, the local government found itself involved in disputes, first with one, and afterwards with two powerful neighbours—with the King of Ava, on the one hand, and with the Rajah of Bhurtpore on the other. These originated in causes, and were conducted with a spirit which prohibited the most distant expectations from being formed, that any exertions on our part could possibly bring them to a close, till after the strength of the hostile parties should have been fairly tried in arms; whilst it was pretty generally understood, that on the issue of the pending struggle would hang the continuance or absolute dissolution of our Indian empire. Our readers need not be told, that the government of the English East India Company partakes more decidedly of the character of a government of opinion than any which now exists, or ever has existed, in the world. In India, we hold our ground among men, differing from ourselves in manners, habits, language, religion—in everything which has a tendency to keep society together; and we do so, simply because we are by these men accounted irresistible in war. They entertain for us no love; and, in the proper sense of the term, no respect. They fear us, but they do not reverence us; and if they are not continually breaking out into revolts and rebellions, it is partly because the Hindoos are naturally patient beyond all other classes of human beings, and partly because they either have not, or are ignorant that they have, any *point d'appui* on which to rest. On the present occasion, however, the emissaries of our foreign enemies had successfully exerted themselves. An extensive conspiracy is known to have been formed within our own territory, which, on the first reverse sustained by our army in the field, would have displayed itself. What the consequences might have been had such an event really occurred, it were a hard matter to determine; but of one fact we are quite sure—namely, that this fire, once lighted, would have spread far and wide, and that India, if retained at all, would have been retained at an expense of blood and treasure infinitely greater than was expended during the whole course of its gradual subjugation.

Of the circumstances which led to the rupture with the Burmese, and of the progress of the events which ensued upon it, we are not, in this paper, going to take any notice. The reader who is anxious to have information on these heads, will find a brief outline of the causes of the war given in one of our earlier numbers; whilst Colonel Snodgrass's amusing volume will furnish him with a lively, and, on the whole, accurate detail of the war itself. But as we happen to be in possession of the journal of an officer who served at the siege of Bhurtpore; and as the journal appears to have been kept with much care, and exhibits a great deal of intelligence, it strikes us that we cannot do better than draw up from it, as well as from other sources, a connected narrative of that important operation. This, therefore, we propose to do, as soon as we shall have explained, in as few words as possible, the combination of circumstances which so unexpectedly placed our troops in an attitude of hostility towards a principality long in alliance with us.

Soon after the repulse of Lord Lake in 1805, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, by name Buldeo Singh, formed a treaty of amity with the Honourable East India Company, which gradually ripened into an alliance offensive and defensive. He placed himself, to a certain degree, under the protection of the English government, and being, either from interest or inclination, sincerely attached to it, he was desirous that the treaty between these two powers should be perpetual. But the Rajah was not ignorant that there subsisted a strong feeling of hostility towards the English among many of his subjects, and that the party by whom it was entertained were headed by his own nephew, Doorjun Sal. He knew likewise, that that prince was prepared to make use of the feeling in question as

a means of forwarding his own ambitious projects, and that unless steps were taken in time to secure the peaceable accession of his son to the throne, a change of dynasty would in all probability follow his own decease. It is worthy of remark, that Buldeo Singh was, to use the Oriental phrase, well stricken in years, before a son was born to him, and that the prince Bulwunt Singh was still in his boyhood, when a load of increasing infirmities warned the Rajah, that the time of his departure could not be very distant.

Thus circumstanced, Buldeo Singh made haste to declare his son the rightful successor to the Musnud, and obtained for him from the Company the formal investiture of the Kelhaut or robe of inauguration. By acting in this manner, he secured for Bulwunt Singh the powerful protection of the English government, which became responsible that his accession to the vacant throne should take place without opposition. But the old Rajah had scarcely been gathered to his fathers when the event so much dreaded occurred; and Bulwunt Singh was driven from the throne almost as soon as he had ascended it. Doorjun Sal, the usurper, had formed a strong party in the army; these adhered to him, with hardly an attempt at concealment, even during the life of his uncle; and his uncle was no sooner removed out of his way than he put himself openly at their head, and took possession of the palace. The young Prince with difficulty contrived to claim the promised protection of the English; and that promise neither the honour nor interests of the Company permitted them to disavow.

It is needless to enter into any detail of the remonstrances and recriminatory negotiations which preceded the declaration of war. Enough is done, when we inform our readers, that the English government adopted every expedient for the purpose of avoiding hostilities; and that it was only when all other means were found to be useless, that the final appeal to arms was resolved upon. That once done, however, no exertions were wanting to render the measure as formidable as could be. The confidence of the natives in the amazing strength of Bhurtpore was well known; as well as the great effect which its subjugation would produce throughout the Peninsula; and hence an army was embodied, and a train of artillery brought together, such as have seldom taken the field in Indian warfare.

The army in question consisted of two divisions of infantry, one division of regular cavalry, a brigade of irregular horse; a large train of battering ordnance, several brigades of field artillery, horse and foot, with a corps of pioneers, sappers, and the other followers of a force about to be employed in the labours of a siege. The first division, under the orders of Major-General Reynell, was made up of three brigades:—namely, the first, consisting of his Majesty's 14th regiment and the Honourable East India Company's 23d and 63d regiments of native infantry, commanded by Brigadier-General J. M'Combe;—the fourth, comprising the 32d, 41st, and 58th regiments native infantry, under Brigadier J. Whitehead; and the fifth, composed of the 6th, 18th, and 60th native infantry, under Brigadier R. Patton. The second, again, which was headed by Major-General Nicolls, likewise included three brigades:—namely, the second, composed of his Majesty's 59th, and the 31st and 11th native infantry, under the orders of Brigadier M'Gregor; the third, under Brigadier J. W. Adams, made up of the 33d, 36th, and 37th native infantry; and the sixth, consisting of the 15th, 21st, and 35th native infantry, under Brigadier W. T. Edwards of his Majesty's 14th. The cavalry force, at the head of which was Brigadier-General Sleigh, consisted of two brigades; one composed of his Majesty's 16th lancers, the 6th, 8th, and 9th native cavalry, under Brigadier Murray; the other of his Majesty's 11th light dragoons, with the 3d, 4th, and 10th native cavalry, under Brigadier Childers. Lieutenant-Colonel Skinner commanded the 1st and 8th regiments of irregular cavalry. Brigadier M'Leod commanded all the artillery; Brigadier Hetzler the battering train; Brigadier Brown the horse artillery and the light batteries; Brigadier Anbury the engineers and sappers. The total strength of the force, when thus distributed, fell not short of 26,500 men; and the park included 200 pieces of cannon, of all weights and calibres.

Lord Combermere, who put himself at the head of this powerful armament, arrived, with the first division, in the vicinity of Bhurtpore, on the 10th of December 1825. He found it to be a place of great extent, surrounded by strong, but irregular fortifications, the chief excellence of which consisted in the enormous width and depth of the ditch by which they were covered; and into which, from a *jhul*, or reservoir, hard by, the garrison could, by cutting down an embankment, admit a body of water such as the besiegers would find it extremely difficult to pass. It was to the resistance offered by this ditch, or rather canal, indeed, that the failure of Lord Lake is mainly attributable; and had Lord Combermere's measures been less prompt than they were, perhaps a similar result might have attended our present undertaking. But his lordship saw at a glance from what quarter danger was chiefly to be apprehended, and he lost not a moment in taking the only step which held out a sure prospect of averting it. Before, however, we attempt to give any account of this operation, it will be necessary to describe, somewhat more at length, the situation and nature of the place against which it was directed.

The city of Bhurtpore stands in a plain, in the heart of an immense jungle or forest, which, till the summer of 1824, closed in upon the very crest of the glacis. This jungle constituted, as in former times, the Rajah's preserve, in which game of every kind abounded; but on the appearance of hostility, care had been taken to cut a considerable portion of it down, so as to leave an open space of some five or six hundred yards on all sides between the ditch and the forest. The ditch, as has been already mentioned, is enormously wide and deep; and there is a jhul, or lake, at hand, from which, by throwing down a narrow embankment, it may be filled with water. Of the fortifications, properly so called, it is not very easy to speak in appropriate terms. The place is everywhere surrounded by a wall, flanked at proper intervals, by towers or bastions—but the curtains are low; and the bastions, being invariably circular, are necessarily more exposed to the operations of breaching batteries than they would be were their form more scientific. Bhurtpore is divided into a town and citadel,—the latter lying on the north-east side of the former. They are cut off from one another by a distinct ditch, and a distinct chain of works, yet is the town completely at the mercy of the citadel, though the citadel might be held, in defiance of the possessors of the town.

Before this place the English army arrived; the first division on the 10th, and the second division on the 11th of December. The first division, with which the commander of the forces proceeded, and which was accompanied by Skinner's horse, instantly pushed forward a corps for the purpose of occupying the embankment, and hindering it from being cut through by the enemy. In the latter object, however, they did not succeed, for the Bhurtporeans had already opened a sluice during the night of the 9th; but the water as yet drawn off caused a depth of little more than one foot in the ditch, and the means of drawing off a larger supply was speedily taken away from them. The enemy scarcely stood to receive our fire, when they fled, upon which the bank was taken possession of, the incision dammed up, and the great bulwark of the city itself destroyed. In this affair we suffered no loss whatever, either in killed or wounded,—whereas, several of the enemy were cut down in their flight by the cavalry.

The embankment, being thus gained, was immediately converted into a military post, of which the occupation was intrusted to a company of his Majesty's 14th, and a few hundred Seapoys—and the division was encamped round the northern, and parts of the eastern and western faces of the place; on which sides the investment was completed. In the meanwhile, the second division, which had moved by a different route, arrived to occupy the southern, and the remaining portions of the eastern and western faces. It was preceded by an advanced guard, composed of one company 59th regiment, and the picquets of the native corps under Lieutenant-Colonel Lefevre, which immediately entered the jungle opposite to the fort, and prepared to cover a recognisance instituted by Captain Smith of the Engineers. The party advanced for this purpose to the edge of the wood, where the native troops halted, whilst Captain

proved thus rapidly, than an opinion gained ground that Herbert was, in fact, their principal gunner; and that, which as yet we only ventured to surmise, the passage of a few days sufficed to place beyond the reach of doubt. This villain, who had served in the King's army, and wore a Waterloo medal at his breast, did actually desert, and was seen, in his English uniform, parading the ramparts, and pointing the enemy's guns upon his countrymen.

The 27th was distinguished from the days which preceded it, by a spirited recognisance which General Nicoll executed against certain of the enemy's outworks. On this occasion, the infantry were supported by two six-pounders, and two howitzers, by the fire of which a good deal of execution was done; whilst our people returned, after effecting their object, with the loss of only a few men wounded. In the meanwhile, the cannonade continued with unabating violence, from all our batteries, upon the body of the place; and the fort was again in flames at various points; but these were extinguished as before,—whilst the progress towards a breach appeared so slow and unsatisfactory, that it was determined to alter the position of some of the guns. With this view, the eight 18-pounders were withdrawn from the battery which they had hitherto occupied, and placed considerably to the right; the embrasures were built up, and a bed of ten-inch mortars established in their room. From these, as well as from the other mortars and howitzers in battery, a perfect shower of shells was thrown into the place; and such was the irritation produced by it, that a body of cavalry at last sallied forth, and attempted to cut their way through our lines. They were met in the most gallant manner by the 1st light cavalry and Skinner's horse, who completely overthrew them, killing 40, taking 137 prisoners, and driving the rest back into the town; with the loss on our part of no more than two officers and a few private troopers wounded.

During the 28th, 29th, and 30th, the cannonade was as heavy and as ceaseless as it had yet been. Our shot, however, though well directed, seemed to produce but little effect upon the enemy's works, merely causing the outer face to peel off, without in any respect damaging the masonry; but it certainly prevailed greatly against their fire, which became every hour more and more slack, and more and more unsteady. For some time, indeed, during the 29th, the wind blew so violently, that both parties were compelled to intermit their exertions —we from an apprehension that our ignited wadding might be blown upon the extreme magazines, and the enemy from some motive of which we were ignorant. But our working parties were never for a moment idle, and a trench was drawn, and fresh batteries erected, within 60 yards of the ditch. Whether the inhabitants of the place were alarmed at these rapid approaches, or whether the ordinary prudence of persons in their situation guided them, it were hard to determine; but on the 30th, they endeavoured to open a communication with the English general, for the purpose of effecting their escape. They proposed to abandon the town, carrying with them their treasures and other valuables; indeed, the Shroffs offered to purchase that favour by paying down one-third of their wealth. But the people were peremptorily told, that if they did withdraw, they must do so, leaving their treasures behind; whilst a mulct of one-half was demanded from the Shroffs as the price of their safety. Both parties refused to accept of these terms, and the negotiation was abruptly broken off.

The night of the 30th had now arrived, and as yet no appearance of a breach in embryo could be descried. Our men were meditating, some of them on the prospect before them, others on the turn which the day's discussions had taken, when the fort suddenly opened a fire from all its guns, which lasted, with no abatement, during half an hour. The troops were instantly ordered to get under arms, and move towards the trenches, under the firm persuasion that some desperate attempt would be made. They were in their progress thither, when, as if by the power of enchantment, the whole place became suddenly illuminated, thousands of blue lights being suspended over the ramparts, and thousands of flaming torches reared along the different parapets. It is impossible to conceive any spectacle more striking than that

which the city now presented, though for what purpose it was thus lighted up the most inventive imagination was at a loss to divine. But except by this brilliant illumination, the night of the 30th was not distinguished from other nights; for no sortie was made, nor any great military operation undertaken. The lights, too, after burning for about a quarter of an hour, were all extinguished as suddenly as they had been called into being; and our men, after watching for some space longer, in the expectation of something about to follow, returned to the camp. It was surmised, and probably with truth, that this melodrama was acted with a view to favour the escape of certain persons from the opposite side of the town; though how far the arrangement did or did not answer, we possess not the means of determining.

In this manner the siege was pressed, each successive day giving birth to some fresh undertaking, and the progress, though tardy beyond what any one had anticipated, becoming hourly more and more perceptible. On the 1st of January, for example, the post of Kuddum Khundy was evacuated, because it was too far in the rear; and the European company hitherto stationed there was pushed forward as a covering party to the advanced trench. On the 2d, fresh batteries were thrown up, both on the right and left of the attack; and preparations were made to breach the place, whilst a mine was begun, for the purpose of blowing in the counterscarp, and so laying open the whole of the rampart to the view of our gunners. On the 3d, the fresh batteries opened their fire, and its effect, though not very palpable towards the left attack, soon became apparent enough in the direction of the right. The fact is, that the ramparts on the left, more especially the sides of the embrasures, were thickly studded with large trees, which, being of a peculiarly tough description of timber, resisted our shot with singular pertinacity. The intervals between these logs were ruined in a few rounds; but wherever the logs intervened all our efforts appeared to be thrown away. To do them justice, too, the enemy were not sparing of personal labour. In spite of an unceasing discharge of grape and shells upon the ruins, they built up at night all that we had succeeded in throwing down during the day; and hence we found, on each new morning, that the same task was to be accomplished, and the same difficulties overcome. Nor were they in any degree disheartened by the conflagrations which were now events of almost constant recurrence. During the night of the 3d, for example, the fort was on fire in a variety of places. Yet were the flames as usual subdued; and the garrison seemed as little affected by the risk thus incurred as if it had been a matter of ordinary occurrence in civil life.

Our batteries were by this time advanced so near to the enemy's works, that it was no uncommon event for our people to be wounded by the bursting of their own shells. These fell, indeed, within the walls of the town; but their fragments frequently came back amongst us; and more than one person received severe injuries from them. Between the miners and counterminers, likewise, rencontres sometimes took place. Our men, for instance, when at work during the morning of the 4th, came suddenly upon a party of Bhurtporeans, who were engaged in an undertaking similar to their own, and a sharp conflict ensued; but the enemy were speedily overcome; and, as all retreat in a situation so confined was hopeless, they were to a man either killed or made prisoners. Thus circumstanced, it became necessary to add large reinforcements to the out-picquets; and the men on duty invariably proceeded to their posts, carrying with them cooked provisions adequate to two days' consumption.

Notwithstanding all our exertions, however, the prospect of effecting one or more practicable breaches in these singularly constructed walls, appeared as far distant as ever. It has been already stated, wherever our batteries caused any portion of the parapet to fall by day, it was regularly and firmly built up at night; whilst from the depth and width of the ditch, it was impossible to bring our guns to see lower than one third from the summit of the escarp. Now as the escarp stood full sixty feet from the bottom of the ditch, the breach, should we even effect one, could be attained, only by an escalade of at least forty feet, and that too at a point exposed not only to a heavy fire in front, but to a severe cross fire from two bastions,

one on each flank. It began, therefore, to be surmised, that the assault, if hazarded at all, would be, either by escalade entirely, or deferred, till the slow but certain process of mining, should have enabled us to lay the whole angle of a bastion in ruins. To provide against the former contingency, the European troops were now regularly drilled to scale, as often as they could be spared from duty; whilst the grenadiers learned the art, from which their title is derived, of throwing with effect hand-grenades.

It has been said, that a mine had been for some time at work, with a view to blow in the counterscarp, and to expose the rampart more fully to our fire. The mine in question was sunk under the Gopal Ghur Bastion; and on the 7th of January it exploded. Unfortunately, however, it produced little or no effect, beyond the temporary alarm which it created in the place; for the counterscarp was not ruined, and the wall stood as perfectly sheltered as before. Yet was it very evident that the usurper was beginning to feel his confidence in the impregnable nature of his works diminish, for he this day sent out a flag of truce to propose, that he should give himself up to the mercy of the English, provided the fort and its garrison were spared. The answer vouchsafed to this offer was brief, and to the purpose. Doorgun Sal was informed, that he might come into our camp, and throw himself on our mercy, if he chose; but that the operations against Bhurtpore would not cease till the place should be reduced.

As it was now very evident that the horrors of an assault were at hand, Lord Combermere caused a proclamation to be issued, offering a safe passage through his lines to all such noncombatants as chose to depart from the city. The consequence of this offer was, that multitudes of women and children, all of them in a state of extreme destitution, passed from the gates; and they were conducted, in perfect good faith, through the encampment of General Murray, with permission to go whithersoever they chose. This was yet in progress, when a mine which had been dug under the counterscarp opposite to the right attack, exploded. It was much more successful than the former mine, for it blew in a large portion of the work, and held out fair hopes that our fire, in this quarter at least, would no longer be thrown away. But the satisfaction arising from the result received no inconsiderable damp from the occurrence of an awkward accident, and the destruction, in one of our exposed magazines, of no fewer than 800 rounds of cannon ammunition. The magazine in question had been established for the night behind an old mortar battery, in a corner where it was regarded as perfectly secure from the enemy's fire; yet a stray shot from the fort struck one of the tumbrils, which immediately blew up. The flame communicated of course to every combustible round, by which means not the powder only, but some thousands of fascines, gabions, and scaling ladders were destroyed; whilst 17 men, who chanced to be on duty near, lost their lives. This was the first decided success which the Bhurtporeans had obtained, since the commencement of the siege, and it was not thrown away upon them. The explosion no sooner took place, than they opened upon the spot a tremendous cannonade, with the design, no doubt, of molesting us in our efforts to extinguish the conflagration; whilst their shouts of triumph were distinctly heard in the camp, at every interval in the sound of firing.

Our principal exertions were now directed to the construction of two mines, which were intended to be pushed, the one under the right attack, or Gopal Ghur bastion, the other under the left, or long-necked circular bastion. To forward these, a zig-zag was commenced on the 9th, which, by great labour, was carried, during that day and night, to within 20 yards of the counterscarp. This was not done, however, without many casualties, as well among our people as among the enemy; for the parties being now hardly one hundred yards apart, they could fire with a precision which forbade any shot from missing its mark, provided that mark were at all exposed. On the 11th, again, the work of the preceding days was widened and enlarged, whilst a sap, composed of gabions stuffed with cotton, was run to the very edge of the counterscarp, and placed our advanced people in a situation from which they could throw a stone into the enemy's bastion. The sap was, however, a bad one, for there was no excavation made, and the cotton being scanty, the gabions were in no place musket-proof. The conse-

quence was, that our people hardly endeavoured to maintain themselves there, and only made use of it as a sort of blind, to cover the operations of the miners, who were now sedulously employed in sinking their shaft. This being at length done, two galleries were to be branched off to the right and left, under the long-necked bastion, and the two chambers were commenced, one of which was destined to contain 5000, and the other 4000 pounds of powder.

All this while, the roar both of cannon and musketry was like a ceaseless thunder-peal, and slackened neither by day nor by night. During the day, our artillery fired in breach, or to ruin the defences of the place; whilst regular parties of musketeers took it by turns to lie in the nearest trenches, and to pour a shower of balls into the embrasures, and over the parapets in their front. At night, again, grape, canister, and Shrapnels, swept the breaches, with the design of preventing the workmen from filling them up, or erecting traverses behind them. But it was quite apparent, that if our mines failed us, all the fire of our artillery would avail nothing. Looking down, as we were now enabled to do, into the ditch, it was seen, not only that a quantity of water (whether great or small we knew not) was there, but that a counterscarp of 40 feet in altitude stood in the way of our descent; whilst of the scarp itself full 30 feet stood yet entire. Now, ladders of 30 or 40 feet in height, are of all implements the most unwieldy, and hence, to hazard an assault whilst their application was necessary, would be to incur a greater risk than our peculiar circumstances authorized us to run. But our men had great confidence in the skill and diligence of the miners; they were ably led, and their personal exertions were beyond all praise; so that they looked forward to the issue with as little anxiety as it is possible for persons to experience in their situation.

The 13th of January had now arrived, and our works were making as much progress as, under all circumstances, could have been expected, especially in the direction of the long-necked bastion, under which, in spite of the mouldering nature of the soil, a chamber was actually constructed. They went on, moreover, with little or no loss on the part of our miners; indeed, the only casualty of importance was the wounding of Captain Taylor of the engineers, who, being mistaken by the guard of the trenches for an enemy, was bayoneted in eight or ten places whilst examining the mine. At the same time, our saps received every hour some fresh acquisition to their strength, till at last they were rendered fit for the reception of firing parties, who kept up, from the crest of the counterscarp, an unceasing discharge of musketry upon the Bhurtporean parapets. Nor was it by musketry alone that we strove to shelter our sappers, and to drive the enemy from their guns; grape and round shot flew over the heads of our advanced guards, and carcases were thrown in great numbers within the town, which repeatedly took fire, and was on each occasion with difficulty extinguished.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the 14th, a mine, from the operation of which a good deal had been expected, exploded; but the explosion produced little or no effect. Either the people employed had miscalculated their situation, or the quantity of powder used was insufficient, for it merely tore up a portion of the soil, leaving the counterscarp entire. The enemy no sooner observed this, than they sallied out in considerable numbers, with the design of cutting off our miners from the long-necked bastion. They were met, however, by so heavy a fire from the party stationed in the sap, that, after suffering a good deal, they retreated, causing to us a loss of no more than a sergeant and two privates killed, with a few privates wounded. But affairs more important as well as more perilous were at hand.

The 15th and 16th were days of deep interest and high excitement. On the former of these, a mine, which had been pushed under the long-necked bastion, and to cover the excavation of which a heavy skirmish had been maintained, was charged with upwards of 5000 pounds of powder. This was done in spite of the most strenuous opposition on the part of the garrison, who showered down upon the bearers as they crossed the ditch, flaming bamboos, bundles of burning thatch, and cocoa-nut shells filled with combustibles, not one of which, as great good fortune would have it, took effect. It was in vain that our firing party galled those who hurled them with a discharge of musketry as rapid as could well be thrown. The Bhurtporeans

appeared to set all personal hazard at defiance; nor is it easy to conceive how our pioneers escaped destruction whilst conveying bags of gun-powder through a very storm of living embers. Escape, however, they did; and the mine, which it had cost so much toil and so many lives to complete, was fully armed.

For some time during the 16th, nothing extraordinary occurred. The fire, both from the fort and from our batteries, continued, as it had hitherto done, warm and ceaseless; the enemy assailing us with logs of wood, shot out of mortars, and fragments of our own shells, till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the train was ignited and the mine exploded. It was a tremendous spectacle—and the noise was such as to deafen, for the instant, all who stood near. This was not, like the former explosion, harmless. On the contrary, the counterscarp was thrown down with a terrible crash, and the scarp itself, torn into shivers, fell into the ditch. To our great surprise, however, the fall of this scarp only exposed a fresh one, constructed of stone, which the clay had hitherto concealed; but it was, comparatively speaking, easy of ascent; indeed the breach produced was altogether tolerably inviting. Our men, therefore, looked forward to the explosion of the grand mine with that anxiety which people always experience, who are aware, that the lapse of a few hours will bring them into a situation more trying than almost any other which even soldiers are called upon to fill.

The 17th passed by as the day previous to it had done, amidst the thunder of artillery and small arms; and it was peculiarly distinguished by a gallant recognisance executed by Captain Carmichael of his Majesty's 59th regiment. That officer, putting himself at the head of fifteen grenadiers, descended into the ditch, mounted the ruins, and looked down into the place; and having ascertained that there was no stockade inside, and caused his followers to throw a few hand-grenades into the place, returned again with the loss of only two men killed. There were scaling ladders brought into the trenches, in readiness to be applied when the proper moment came; whilst the miners at the grand mine on the right exerted themselves with such assiduity, that it too became loaded soon after dark. There were in this mine no fewer than 15,000 pounds of powder. It was run under the angular bastion, where the main breach was to be effected; and now its explosion alone was waited for, in order to give the assault. The troops accordingly received instructions to be in the trenches at the hour selected; and the following is the order and arrangement with which they distributed themselves.

About two o'clock in the morning of the 18th, the divisions moved to the front; the first opposite to the right bastion, the second opposite to the left, and took their stations. Heading the left attack, was his Majesty's 59th regiment, its grenadier company forming the storming party; after which came a body of men, belonging to the same corps, armed with crow-bars, hatchets, and other pioneer's tools. These were directed, as soon as they should enter the place, to clear the way for their comrades, by breaking down such gates or palisades as might oppose their progress; but they were positively prohibited from fighting; indeed they carried no arms with which to fight. In rear of the 59th, stood part of the Honourable East India Company's European regiment, a battalion of 500 men, which joined during the siege; then 200 Goorkahs, and then the several native corps, in order of seniority. Similar in all respects were the dispositions made opposite to the right attack. There his Majesty's 14th regiment composed the van; and there the native troops, like those on the left, were directed to follow their more hardy comrades. It was given in charge to those fine battalions, the 14th and 59th, to wheel, as soon as they should have entered their breaches, the one to the right, the other to the left, and pressing round the whole of the ramparts, to drive the enemy before them till they met; whilst the cavalry was distributed opposite to the gates and over the plain, for the purpose of cutting off all such stragglers as should endeavour to escape.

The troops took up their ground, as has been already said, about two o'clock in the morning, with the understanding that the explosion of the great mine should be the signal of assault. Hour after hour passed on, however, without bringing the explosion about; and when day dawned the prospect of an advance appeared as far

removed as ever. From that moment, till about 9 o'clock A.M., the very drums of the men's ears tingled again, with the noise of as heavy and ceaseless a cannonade as ever was heard. From our lines upwards of one hundred pieces of ordnance vomited forth fire, whilst, on the side of the enemy, everything which could be brought to bear, from the huge 84 pounder down to the matchlock, was directed against us. Such was our situation, when Lord Combermere, to whose personal exertions no words can do justice, arrived in the trench. He advanced to the spot where the 14th regiment stood; and, seeing that the mouth of the mine was but a few yards removed from them, he anxiously inquired of the engineer, whether all were safe. The engineer assured him that our men ran no risk, and he went away. But it would appear as if the impression had kept its place in his mind, that the leading companies, at all events, were too far in advance, for he returned again in about a quarter of an hour, and again repeated his question whether the 14th were not too near. He was again answered in the negative, and again retired. What followed we must give in the words of one who was present, because we feel that no language of ours could do it justice.

"The general had departed but a few minutes," says our informant, "and we were all in that state of breathless excitement which our situation was calculated to produce, when a spectacle was presented to us, to which I have never beheld, and probably never shall behold, anything akin. I had fixed my eyes intently upon the angle of the bastion, beneath which I was aware that the mine had been formed, when suddenly the ponderous wall heaved, as if by the power of an earthquake. There was no noise, no explosion, and, as it happened, the very firing had for the instant ceased—but the wall rocked like a ship lifted upon a wave, and then sunk down again. This occurred twice, and then with a sound to which the loudest thunder were soft music, stones, earth, logs of wood, guns, and men, flew into the air. Of more I cannot speak, except that shrieks and groans burst upon the ear, as soon as that tremendous crash was over; giving evidence but too decisive, that the engineer's assurances, as to the safety of our position, were groundless; but as to seeing the objects from whence they came, that was out of the question. A dense cloud of smoke and dust was over us—to breathe, far less to command the sense of sight, in which, was no easy matter."

Through this awful cloud our soldiers rushed, trampling as they went upon upwards of 140 of their comrades, whom the bursting of the mine had either killed or mutilated, and gaining the breach, began in a moment to ascend. The opposition offered to them, though singular for its displays of individual heroism, was neither obstinate nor regular; and the 14th won the summit with a loss perfectly trifling. Finding, however, that the native corps which ought to have supported them were not at hand, our men halted, when a severe and galling fire was opened upon them from the houses and buildings near. But they were in no respect daunted by this. On the contrary, they sprang forward, clearing the walls as they went, and turning to the right, as they had been instructed to do, they drove the enemy, without a check, from bastion to bastion, and from tower to tower. In the meanwhile, the 59th had not been backward. They too carried their breach at a rush, and wheeling off to the left, achieved a series of victories similar both in their details and results to those won by the 14th. They were headed by Captain H. E. Pitman, who, in advance of his men, led up to the muzzle of the enemy's howitzers, sweeping the breach. This gallant officer received seven mortal wounds, and fell at last from a bayonet thrust, inflicted by a gunner, when unable from weakness to defend himself.

The carnage, during this affair, was tremendous, especially among the Bhurtporean Golondayes or artillerymen, who fought like persons determined neither to give nor accept of quarter. But these, as well as the rest of the garrison, fought unconnectedly and in confusion. The consequence was, that they were swept down in whole crowds, by the orderly volleys of our men; and that a few discharges of grape from a couple of six-pounders, which were run up the great breach, caused among them the most desperate slaughter. There was a strong column of Ghauts, opposed to the 59th regiment, likewise, which

took post in a street running at right angles with the rampart, whose valour deserved a better result than that which attended it. These fought till every man had fallen, and there they lay, after the struggle ended, upwards of 400 bodies, each on the spot which he had occupied when alive. But the most horrible fate of all was that which befell such of the Bhurtporean matchlock-men as fell from wounds only. These poor wretches being dressed in coats thickly stuffed with cotton, and having a quantity of slow match fastened about their waists, invariably took fire, and many were burned to death, who, had not this sad accident befallen them, might have survived.

At last the heads of the separate columns, that is to say, the 14th and 59th regiments, after scouring the ramparts to the right and left, met. It was an animating sound, the hearty and cordial cheer with which they greeted one another; for though both had lost many well-known and beloved members, this was not a moment upon which a thought of sorrow could intrude. They felt only that they had triumphed; and that the disgrace of a former repulse—the only repulse of any consequence with which the British arms have ever been tarnished in India—was wiped away. Let justice be done, likewise, to the native troops. If they hung back at first from the horrors of an assault, it was because the explosion which paved the way to it came upon them with a violence as little expected as it was desired. They soon recovered that cool discipline for which they are remarkable; and following the example set them by the Europeans, took ample vengeance for all the cruelties which had been perpetrated by the garrison upon such of their comrades as fell into their hands.

In this manner was the city of Bhurtpore besieged and taken; for the citadel held only out till two o'clock that day, when it also submitted. There fell during this service, on the part of the enemy, 5000 men killed in the assault, with 5000 more killed and wounded during the bombardment—whilst the total loss of the conquerors hardly came up to 1000 men of all ranks. It is true, that among the slain were numbered several officers of high character and lofty promise, particularly Brigadier-General Edwards, who died at the head of the second brigade, pierced by many wounds; but, if the importance of the conquest be considered, and its moral effects throughout India, it will be thought, even after this account has been taken, cheaply won. Bhurtpore, as we need not observe, was universally regarded throughout the East as impregnable; it was, indeed, a common remark among the natives, that India was not subdued because Bhurtpore had not fallen. That boast is now rendered futile for ever; and it must be apparent to every native prince, that against the superior valour and discipline of the English army, neither the number of his followers, nor the strength of his castle, will avail.

Bhurtpore is represented by officers who have visited it, as differing but little, in its interior arrangement, from other native towns. In circumference it measures about eight miles; and its ramparts are composed of masonry, coated every year by fresh layers of clay. These, drying, or rather being baked by the heat of the sun, over the stonework, give to it a solidity and strength quite unusual; and it is to this that the little impression made by our battering guns has been attributed. The Rajah's palace is said to be a mean building; but the fort or citadel is exceedingly respectable, and it is everywhere surrounded by a well-built riveted ditch. The place contained in all 300 pieces of artillery, and its stores in ammunition previous to the siege were very abundant.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that as soon as intelligence of the fall of Bhurtpore spread abroad, the other towns in the principality made haste to offer their submission, and that the war was declared to be at an end. The young Rajah Bulwunt Singh was then conducted in state to the palace of his fathers, where, in the presence of the 14th regiment, he was, by Lord Combermere, seated on the throne; whilst Doorjun Sal, the usurper, who, in an attempt to make his escape, fell into the hands of our cavalry, was conveyed as a state prisoner to the fortress of Allahabad. He still continues to reside there, subsisting on a pension allowed him by the Honourable East India Company. Thus was one of the heaviest clouds which has for many years darkened our Eastern horizon, dispersed.

WAR BETWEEN PERSIA AND RUSSIA.

Do not mistake us, gentle reader—It is not our intention to give a history of this war, nor even to write a "memoire pour servir a l'histoire," &c.—we shall neither encumber you with unnecessary details, nor involve you in a labyrinth of dates; we shall add no appendix of "official dispatches," and subjoin no "returns of killed, wounded, and missing;" we intend merely to give you a short sketch of the operations of the contending parties since the war broke out; and this we do solely from affection to you, because we know that you cannot obtain from any one else the information you have been looking for. We feel, too, that we have ourselves excited in you this wholesome appetite for Asiatic intelligence, and that it is therefore, "in a certain sense," incumbent upon us to allay its cravings.

Before entering on our military operations, however, it may be well to give you some account of the Russian provinces south of the Caucasus, and of the feelings of their population. We have already said,* that, by the treaty of Goolistan, Persia had ceded to Russia the provinces of Georgia, Imeretia, Mingrelia, Derbund, Badkoo, Sheerwan, Shekkee, Ganja, Karabaugh, Moghan, and part of Talish. Of these, the three first are inhabited chiefly by Christians of the Georgian and Armenian churches, but a majority of the population of the others is Mahommedan. Each of these provinces was formerly held by an hereditary chief, who acknowledged allegiance to any prince who was strong enough to exact it, and considered himself entitled again to assert his independence as soon as he thought he had the power to maintain it. Thus they were all subject to the more powerful Shahs of the Suffoveeah dynasty, but did not recognise the authority of the weaker princes of that family. They shortly after submitted to the Turks, and Russia, during the reign of Peter, took possession of Derbund, Badkoo, and part of Sheerwan; but they were all again united to Persia under Nadir Shah. In the confusion which followed the death of that monarch, they once more became independent, but some of them were again subdued by Aga Mahommed Khan. The authority of Persia, in these dependencies, had not, however, been fully re-established at his death; and the interference of Russia in the affairs of Georgia, and her war with Persia arising out of this interference, finally separated them from the possessions of the Shah.†

Russia did not, however, conquer these countries by force of arms. The chiefs, fearing the tyranny of their Persian superiors, and hoping to secure their independence by engaging Russia to support them, made common cause with her against the enemy whose power they most dreaded, and voluntarily admitted her authority, which they vainly hoped might not be permanently exercised. Like all Asiatics, they readily incurred every hazard of distant evil to enable them to shake off a present annoyance, and they have shared the fate of almost all people who seek foreign aid against a domestic enemy. The chiefs were for some time treated with consideration by their new superiors—they retained as much of their hereditary influence and authority as was likely to prove beneficial to their followers—they enjoyed a revenue sufficient to maintain them respectably, if not splendidly, and Russian military rank, and decorations of Christian orders were liberally bestowed upon them. But after the new government was firmly established, the system gradually changed—they were now subjected to the mortification of finding their power undermined, and their authority supplanted by the Russian officers; intrigues were resorted to, and plots concerted to drive some to rebellion, and to induce others to fly from the punishment denounced against them for imaginary offences,‡ till at length all the Mahommedan chieftains were

* Vol. XXI. p. 158. † See Vol. XXI. p. 159.

‡ The history of one of these transactions will serve as a specimen. Mehdee Koolee Khan, hereditary chief of Karabaugh, retained the possessions of his father, who had voluntarily submitted to Russia, and with a view to secure to himself the

driven from their possessions to seek shelter in Persia.

Still the peasantry had perhaps lost nothing by the change, and under a more judicious government, the absence of the chiefs might have been productive of benefit to the lower classes, and even the differences of religious prejudice and observance might have been overlooked in the enjoyment of superior worldly advantages under a good government. But we fear that Russia, with all her boasted toleration in religious matters, is, after all, a bigoted superior, and with all her pretensions to moderation, a harsh master. Her civil servants, of the lower grades at least, are miserably corrupt, and drawn from classes of society in which they are not likely to acquire enlightened views or elevated principles. The service is considered degrading, and respect is reserved for the military. On the other hand, the officers of the army in Georgia, excepting those in the higher ranks, are for the most part, persons of mean birth and no education, and they are generally insolent, overbearing, and tyrannical to those under them. With subordinate officers of such a character, what government can be popular with strangers, or effective over a proud people? The revenue levied from the country was not exorbitant, but the mode of exacting it was oppressive; and while the government affected to respect the feelings and even the prejudices of its subjects, they were continually violated and disregarded by its agents. The chiefs had been removed, but the nobles were still unprovided for. Their power and influence necessarily fell on the accession of a new authority with which theirs was incompatible. Their revenues were dissipated by their extravagance, and they had no means of recruiting them—their pride was wounded by the arrogance and assumed superiority of the Russian officers, and they saw themselves sinking without a hope of redemption into the mass of the common people. It is true, that the Russian service was open to them, and some of them availed themselves of this gracious provision—but the consequence of these men was confined to their native soil, and lived only in the feudal attachment of their dependents. To enter the Russian army was to abandon these, and to do so, they were forced to lay aside their national habits, sometimes even their religious feelings, and to mix with the other officers, on terms inconsistent with the preservation of their peculiar tenets. Even the Georgian and Armenian Christians complained of the rigour with which the Russian authorities exacted a strict compliance with Russian habits, and were mortified to find, that in adhering to their national customs, even in regard to the dress and conduct of their wives and daughters, they gave umbrage to their superiors.

At the same time, the chiefs who had found an asylum in Persia, took advantage of the discontents which the measures of the government or the conduct of its officers had excited, and carried on incessant intrigues with their former adherents, which doubtless tended to foment feelings hostile to the existing state of affairs, and warmed their own hopes while it gratified their revenge.

The defects in the civil administration might possibly, however, have been tolerated, and the rising generation, knowing no better times, and goaded by no recollections of past splendour or exhausted influence, might have grown up in habitual submission

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quiet enjoyment of them during his life, he adopted General Madatoff (the Russian commander of the province) his heir, to the prejudice of his brother and other relations; but the Khan continued to live longer than, from his irregular habits and bad constitution, had been anticipated, and a plot was accordingly devised for getting rid of him. A feud had for some time existed between Mehdee Koolee Khan and Jaffer Koolee Khan, another noble of Karabaugh. The latter, while travelling at night, was fired upon by some men concealed in a thicket by the roadside, and wounded in the hand. Mehdee Koolee Khan was charged with an attempt to make away with Jaffer Koolee, and though he protested his innocence, and offered his aid in apprehending the ruffians, his mind, naturally weak, was so successfully worked upon by his *disinterested* heir, that, *by his advice*, he fled into Persia. Circumstances have since occurred which seem fully to establish Mehdee Koolee Khan's innocence.

to an authority which was obnoxious to their fathers. But there was another evil of greater magnitude. In most of the provinces, the Mahommedans had been the rulers and the Christians their subjects. When the power of Russia was consolidated, the Christians became the favoured people, and domineered over their former rulers with all the senseless insolence of emancipated slaves. In some places, they scoffed at the religious rites of the Mahommedans, and in others, attempted to interrupt their most sacred ceremonies. The Moollahs had lost much of their importance, and with it their revenues had declined. The form of government was opposed to their interests, and they became opposed to the government. No effective measures were adopted to soothe or to restrain them, and as the only means they possessed of recovering their power or preserving what remained to them, they endeavoured to rekindle religious feelings in their flocks. In doing so, it was impossible to avoid casting some degree of odium on the government, which they considered infidel, and consequently infamous. The shame of submitting to the yoke of unbelieving foreigners, became a favourite theme for declamation. Every outrage, and even every incidental disregard of Mahommedan feeling or prejudice, was represented to be a part of a systematic attack on their faith, and there is reason to believe that the conduct of the Russian officers, and of the troops under their command, nay, even of the government itself, was not always well calculated to controvert such an interpretation of their designs. The pilgrims from those countries who resorted to the tombs at Kerbelaee and Nujjif carried thither exaggerated accounts of the evils and dangers to which the disciples of *Islam* were exposed under the Russian yoke, and roused the fears of the spiritual chief of the *Sheeahs*. The almost total extirpation of Mahommedanism from the Crimea became a familiar illustration of their fears, and an evidence that they were well founded. The disputes of Russia with Persia regarding their frontier, the haughty and offensive bearing of the Governor-General of Georgia towards the highest Persian authorities, and the uncourtly and uncompromising manner in which he appeared determined to force a compliance with all his demands in every negotiation for a settlement of his differences with the courts of Tehran and Tabreez, seemed to indicate a desire to drive the Shah to some act of hostility; while the discussions then pending between Russia and the Porte, arising, as they had done, out of the demands of the former, made it easy to impress a belief that the Emperor contemplated the total subversion of Islamism.

Such was the state of men's minds in the Russian provinces, when the discussions between the Shah and his Imperial Majesty began to assume a threatening aspect. The death of the Emperor Alexander and the confusion which followed it, tended to foster hopes, which, till then, few had dared to entertain. Persia, the seat of the Sheeah greatness and power, was able to call to her aid the whole influence of the acknowledged head of the sect, and through him could at all times divide the allegiance of the Georgian Mahommedans with Russia. The refugee chiefs were available instruments in her hands to stir men up to rebellion; and holding these powers, more especially the former, at her disposal, while the government of Georgia was exulting in its strength, and taunting her with reproaches for her weakness, it would have required more than human forbearance not to use them in the negotiations and discussions in which she was engaged. But as the power was great, it was proportionally difficult to control or direct its operation, and we have already shown* how great a share it had in causing the war.

In the month of July 1826, Abbas Meerza, the heir apparent to the throne of Persia, moved from the royal camp at Sooltaneeah, to put himself at the head of his own army, reinforced by a large body of the Shah's troops, which, under the command of Ismael Meerza, a younger son of his Majesty, had been sent in advance a few days before. It was his Royal Highness's intention to cross the Araxes by the bridge called *Pool i khoda afereen*, and push into Karabaugh before General Madatoff, who

* Vol. XXI. p. 164.

was then known to be absent, could have returned to make preparations for the defence of the province, and even, if possible, before the various detachments occupying that line of frontier could have thrown themselves into the fort of Sheesha. It was of the utmost importance that the Persian army should arrive before this fortress previous to its being effectively garrisoned, for some discontented Karabaughees, who composed a majority of the troops stationed there, had opened a communication with their hereditary chief, Mehdee Koolee Khan, then a refugee at the court of Abbas Meerza, and had promised to procure its surrender if his Royal Highness would appear before it.

But the Prince's army had not yet crossed the Arras (Araxes), when the war broke out in another quarter. Meer Hassan Khan, the hereditary chief of Talish, desirous to emancipate himself from the control of Russia, had for some time been in correspondence with Persia, and the Russian commander in Lankeran, finding cause to suspect his fidelity, seized his wife, and ordered her to be detained in the island of Saree as a hostage for the conduct of her husband. This outrage of Mahommedan custom and feeling enabled the Khan to engage his dependents, already disposed to revolt, in an attempt to rescue his wife from the party of soldiers who escorted her. He collected a small body of followers, and attacked the Russian detachment on its march to Lankeran, and though he did not succeed in releasing their prisoner, this act of hostility, which was the first blow struck in the war, irretrievably committed him with the Russian government. He accordingly lost no time in rousing the people of Talish, and immediately solicited support and assistance from the Shah, declaring that he restored the province to his Majesty, and that he only desired to be invested with the government by his lawful sovereign. On the receipt of this intelligence Mahommed Khan Kajar, with a corps consisting of 7000 horse, 3000 foot, and four light field-pieces, hastened to the assistance of the insurgents, who had assembled in considerable force; and the royal camp was shortly after moved in advance from Sooltaneeah to Ardebil, a Persian town and fortress on the frontiers of Talish.

Several members of the hereditary family of this province still, however, adhered to the Russian interests, and Mahommed Hoossein Khan, a young man of some influence, and head of a division of the tribe, who had been on unfriendly terms with Meer Hassan, sought the protection of the Russian commander at Lankeran, and obtained from him a party of a hundred men and two guns, to assist in protecting his country and his followers from the threatened violence of his cousin. Finding, however, that Meer Hassan had been joined by so large a Persian force, and perceiving that he had nothing further to hope from the assistance of Russia, Mahommed Hoossein made overtures to Mahommed Khan, and, as a proof of the sincerity of his professions, offered to deliver up the detachment which had been sent to his assistance. This perfidious proposal was agreed to — the Russian party was surprised and surrounded, and, after a feeble attempt to resist, surrendered to the Persians. Mahommed Khan and Meer Hassan, uniting their forces, now marched upon Lankeran, and blockaded the place on the land-side; but the Russian troops evacuated it on the third or fourth day, and contrived to carry with them, to the island of Saree, their families and property, as well as some members of the Talish family, who, either from fear of Meer Hassan, or hope of future advantage, still took part with Russia. The evacuation of Lankeran liberated the whole province, which was thus abandoned without an attempt to maintain it, and the enemy was scarcely out of sight when Mahommed Khan, acceding to the wishes of Meer Hassan, actuated by a desire to gratify his troops, and, no doubt, hoping to share the spoil, permitted the army to plunder the followers and adherents of Mahommed Hoossein Khan. This atrocious proceeding had the good effect of uniting the whole province under Meer Hassan, and his cousin repaired to the Shah's camp to seek redress, which was readily promised. However barbarous the treatment experienced by Mahommed Hoossein may have been, few sympathized with him in his distress, and even those who had most largely benefited

by his treachery to Russia, looked on the calamity with which he had been visited, as an appropriate punishment for his former perfidy.

In the meantime, Abbas Meerza had crossed the Arras; but instead of pushing rapidly on to Sheesha, which would probably have enabled him to get possession of the fortress, he allowed several days to pass in useless communications with the discontented inhabitants, and detached his eldest son, Mahommed Meerza, with Mehdee Koolce Khan, and a considerable body of troops, to enter Karabaugh by the circuitous route of Nukhshivan and Gerrooss, and thus gave Colonel Riot, who commanded in the absence of General Madatoff, time to call in several detachments, to garrison the fort with Russian troops, and to put himself in a posture of defence.

The corps which had taken the route of Nukhshivan found at Gerrooss a Russian battalion, with two guns, and a few Cossaks, who were preparing to fall back on Sheesha; and, with the assistance of a body of insurgents of the province, succeeded in cutting off its retreat, and in delaying its march till a part of the Prince's army had come up. The Russians defended themselves for some time, but one of their guns having been dismounted, and a tumbril blown up by the fire of the Persian artillery, and being exhausted by the heat of the day, and distressed for want of water, they laid down their arms.

The conduct of this corps was not calculated to impress the Persians with a high sense of the courage or discipline of the Russian army. About a thousand men, with their Lieut.-Colonel, Major, and several inferior officers, had surrendered, while one of their field-pieces remained effective, and the soldiers had from thirty to forty rounds of ammunition in their pouches. It is true that they were surrounded and opposed to a force several times their number; but they were not above ten miles from their cantonments under Sheesha; and though they were no doubt exposed to a heavy fire, they had not been so closely pressed, nor had they yet suffered so severely, as to justify, in well-disciplined troops, the course they adopted.

After this success, Abbas Meerza advanced to Sheesha, and invested it. The intention which had been entertained by the discontented Karabaughees to deliver up the fort to his Royal Highness was frustrated by the precautions of Colonel Riot, and there remained little chance of getting possession of the place unless by a regular siege, which was immediately undertaken.

The advance of Abbas Meerza into Karabaugh was the signal for the occupation of Gokcheh by the troops of Erivan. A Russian detachment, of about two hundred men, which was posted in this district, was attacked by Hoossein Khan, Sirdar, and after a determined resistance, in which one half of its number was killed, and a large proportion of the remainder disabled, its commanding officer wounded, and its ammunition expended, the remnant of that gallant little band laid down their arms. The Sirdar immediately ordered his brother, Hassan Khan, to advance with a considerable force towards Loree, a strong position covering the road to Tiflis, on which General Sewardzameedzoff, who commanded in Pambek, had retired, after abandoning Kara, Kliseah, and Hummumloo, burning the magazines and cantonments, and carrying away the inhabitants. Hassan Khan laid waste the country to the confines of the Russian camp, burnt the standing corn, made prisoners some Armenians who had not taken shelter at Loree; and in a predatory excursion into the Russian territory, carried off from the vicinity of Tiflis an unfortunate German colony which had recently been settled there. On his return from this expedition, he continued to hover about the enemy, and to engage them in occasional skirmishes. He endeavoured to cut off their supplies and interrupt their communications, and though he could make no impression on their position, he succeeded in keeping up a continual alarm.

The Russian officer commanding at Ganja was induced, on the advance of the Persian army to Sheesha, to admit a considerable number of the inhabitants of the town into the fort, and, not suspecting their disaffection, marched with the greater part of the garrison to the assistance of the brigade at Loree, which, as it consisted of only 3000 infantry, with a small body of cavalry and some artillery, was not considered competent to maintain itself, and pro-

tect the Arménians who were collected with it, should Hassan Khan be largely reinforced. But the garrison had no sooner been weakened by the march of this detachment, than the Mahommedans rose upon the remaining Russians, and having mastered them, solicited assistance from Abbas Meerza, who was still before Sheesha. His Royal Highness immediately sent five thousand men, under the command of his son, Mahommed Meerza, with Ameer Khan, Sirdar, and Oogoorloo Khan, hereditary chief of Ganja, to garrison the place, while, with the main body of his army, he continued the siege.

Towards the end of August, the Prince Sheikh Allee Meerza, with a body of horse, joined Mahommed Khan on the frontiers of Talish, and having crossed the river Koor (Cyrus) by a floating bridge, took the Island of Salian, in which there were large magazines of flour, and advanced into Sheerwan, to co-operate with Mustopha Khan, hereditary chief of the province, who had been a refugee in Persia, and on the breaking out of the war had returned to his tribe, and collected a considerable body of men, with whom he was acting against the Russians. The sons of Seleem Khan, too, had returned from their asylum in Turkey, to their hereditary possessions in the adjoining province of Shekkee, and were now in a position to aid the Persian and Sheerwan forces; and the discontented mountaineers of the eastern extremity of the Caucasus, had made a descent into the low countries, driving the Russian detachments that occupied it into the fortified towns of Derbend and Badkoo, in which places they were blockaded by a body of insurgents under Soorkhaee Khan, Lezgee, and Ibrahim Khan, of Badkao, who had emerged from their seclusion in Persia, where they had sought refuge, to take a part against the common enemy. A Russian force which occupied the district of Koobba, had been defeated by the Persian and Sheerwan troops, and obliged to retire upon Tiflis. A direct communication was opened between the Persian armies of Erivan, Karabaugh, and Sheerwan; and this latter province, as well as Shekkee, Talish, Moghan, and Ganja, had been entirely evacuated by the Russians, while in Karabaugh they held only the fort of Sheesha. This fortress Abbas Meerza still continued to besiege, and proposals for its surrender, on certain conditions, were made by the commander. An engagement was even entered into to deliver up the place, if it was not relieved in ten days, and hostages were given by the garrison for the fulfilment of this agreement; but it soon became obvious that Colonel Riot only sought to gain time, and that he had no intention of surrendering the place as long as he could by any means hold it. Much time had been lost by the Persians in fruitless negotiations, without any prospect of their being brought to a favourable result,—the more important duties of the siege had been neglected, and circumstances shortly after occurred which changed the aspect of affairs.

On the first intelligence of the advance of the Persians into the Russian territory, General Yermoloff (Governor-general and Commander-in-chief in Georgia) called in all his more advanced posts, abandoned all his frontier stations, and ordered the several corps which were cantoned in the invaded provinces, to fall back upon Tiflis, where, in the end of August, he had thus collected about fifteen thousand men. It is not for us to question the skill and judgment displayed in adopting such a system of defence, nor do we know the exact nature of the advantages which were balanced against the evils of abandoning the frontier provinces to the enemy, without making an attempt to defend any of them, (for we understand that the defence of Sheesha was contrary to orders,) or to confirm the well-disposed and intimidate the wavering part of the population; nor do we pretend to set up our opinion of the greater benefits likely to have resulted from concentrating on some point in advance, rather than falling back upon the road to Russia, and thus inducing a belief that preparations were making to evacuate Georgia altogether. We have our own theory upon these matters, which we may develop on a more fitting occasion; but this we may safely pronounce, that in Persia the moral effect of these movements was great, and that thousands, who had thought the war a hopeless and a ruinous undertaking, now began to hesitate, and to doubt whether they had not been deceived in estimating so highly as

they had done the military power and talent of Russia. But the delay of the Prince before Sheesha had not only given time for the retreat of the advanced corps, the organisation of a field force at Tiflis, and the arrival of reinforcements, as well as of several officers of distinction, who hurried from St Petersburgh to take a part in the war; but it had also permitted the inhabitants of the country to recover from the consternation into which they had been thrown, to balance the advantages of resistance against those of submission, which in their first panic they had considered inevitable; and, finally, when re-assured by the presence of a considerable force, to come forward in support of the government, and contribute everything in their power to the defence of the country.

Encouraged by this injudicious delay on the part of the Prince, and by the reviving spirits of their Georgian subjects, the Russians prepared to assume the offensive, and a corps, consisting of four thousand infantry, with a proportion of cavalry and artillery, was pushed on to the vicinity of Shamkoor, a village not far from Ganja, on the road to Tiflis, while another corps of three thousand men followed up to support the preceding.

Mahommed Meerza, who commanded in Ganja, having heard of the advance of the first of these forces, moved out to attack it; and an action was fought early in September at Shamkoor, in which the Persians were totally defeated, with the loss of their artillery and baggage, and the greater part of their infantry. Almeer Khan, Sirdar, was killed, and the young Prince narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. The fugitives from the field of battle, flying to Ganja, created a panic in the garrison; and the Persian officer who had been left to defend the place evacuated it the same evening, without even attempting to carry off or destroy his stores or ammunition, of which last there was a considerable quantity.

The Shah had, in the meantime, moved from Ardebil to Aher, in Karabaugh, and on receiving intelligence of the advance of the Russians, detached a considerable body of men under the command of the Ausef ud Dowleh, (prime minister,) to reinforce his Royal Highness, Abbas Meerza, who was still before Sheesha. The Persian army, thus reinforced, amounted to about twenty thousand infantry, and ten thousand cavalry, with twenty pieces of artillery; but the Prince was nevertheless desirous not to hazard a general action. The Russians had occupied Ganja, from whence he could not hope to drive them; and the garrison of Sheesha, now closely pressed, might probably be reduced before the Russians could force him to raise the siege. Were he to advance and bring the enemy to an action near Ganja, they could at all times retire upon the fort, even if defeated. The country afforded no provisions, as all it could supply had been consumed by the Persian army; and if the Russians should advance, they would, in consequence of this deficiency, soon be forced to retire, when they might be advantageously attacked in their retreat. These considerations were, however, over-ruled by the minister, whose confidence was greater than his judgment. The siege of Sheesha was hastily raised—sufficient time was not even allowed to collect and call in the foraging parties which had gone out the day before. A mine, which had been carried under one of the towers of the fort, and had now been completed, was not sprung, and the advance was effected with all the tumultuous confusion of a retreat.

The two Russian corps had, in the meantime, formed a junction, and some reinforcements had come up from the rear. After leaving a sufficient garrison in Ganja, and throwing into it their heavy baggage and stores, the army, under the command of General Paskevitch, advanced to the distance of five miles from Ganja, and having there taken up a position, waited the approach of Abbas Meerza. The force here collected might amount to about seven thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and twenty guns.

On the evening of the —— September, the Persians came in sight of the enemy, and it was determined to attack him next morning; but fearing lest the Russians should make a night attack, the Persian commanders kept their men in motion almost the whole night, and in the morning drew them up in order of battle, fatigued with the continued exertion, and exhausted by want of sleep and of food; for the confusion had been so great during

the night march, that the men were separated from their baggage, and had not been able to procure provisions.

It was intended that the Prince with his own troops should attack the Russians in front, while the Ausef ud Dowleh should make a detour to the left, and follow their right flank; at the same time a body of cavalry was to get into their rear, and cut off their communication with the fort of Ganja. The Persian army was, however, by some misunderstanding, drawn up in one line, extending several miles, by which arrangement, nearly one-half of the troops never came into action. The battle commenced with a cannonade on both sides. The Persian line of infantry marched steadily up to within musket range, and kept up a smart fire for a considerable time. The Russian artillery was rapidly but badly served, and did little execution, while the fire from the Persian guns was much more destructive. The Russian troops were becoming unsteady, and had even abandoned some of their guns, when a disorderly and unauthorized charge made by some of the Persian infantry was repelled, and the whole of the Prince's troops gave way. The division commanded by the Ausef ud Dowleh, seeing the right of the line in confusion, and the men dispersing, fled in disorder. Five hundred of them, whose retreat was cut off, after making a gallant resistance, surrendered to the enemy. The main body of the Persian army retreated to a fortified camp, some miles in the rear, in which its baggage was deposited, and the troops which first reached it, plundered everything they could find, even to the Prince's baggage, and again fled with their booty. The Russian cavalry followed the fugitives for some miles, but was kept in check by two guns of the Prince's artillery, and some men of his regiment of guards, who covered the flight of the army. The panic was, however, so great, that all attempts to arrest the retreat of the troops before they crossed the Arras, were ineffectual, and it was not until the Prince arrived at Oslandooz, that he was able to collect together any considerable number of the fugitives. In this action the Persians lost about 1200 men, most of whom were made prisoners; and the Russians 700, all of whom were either killed or wounded. Of the Persians, however, a great number dispersed on the retreat, and returned to their houses, and by the loss of its baggage, ammunition, and stores, and by the feeling which had been excited, the army was completely disorganized.

A few days after this defeat, the Prince Royal joined the Shah's camp at Aher, and arrangements were made to form a corps of observation on the banks of the Arras, which should also serve to protect the Mahommedan tribes of Karabaugh, who had taken a part against Russia in the war, and now sought refuge in the Persian territory.

The Russians showed no disposition to follow up this victory by any decided movement, and as the season was too far advanced to admit of the formation of a fresh army, the Shah moved before the end of September to Tabreez, preparatory to his return to Tehran for the winter, and Abbas Meerza proceeded, in command of the corps of observation, to the banks of the Arras. About the middle of October a body of Russians crossed the river, and succeeded in carrying off some families of the Karabaugh tribes, who had expressed a desire to return to their own country. The troops under Abbas Meerza made an unsuccessful attempt to recover the families which were thus carried off, and some ineffective skirmishing took place. This may be considered the close of the first campaign. In the beginning of November, the Prince, finding the season too far advanced for active operations, and having learnt that the Russian army was preparing to go into winter cantonments at Akoglan, near the banks of the Arras, made arrangements for the defence of the frontier during the winter, and then returned to Tabreez.

The army, which had till now occupied Sheerwan, retired for the winter, and while recrossing the Koor, was attacked by a small party of Russians, which had followed its movements; the Erivan force fell back from Loree, within the Persian frontier; and thus, at the close of the campaign, Russia had recovered all her provinces except Talish and Moghan.

The approach of winter having produced a suspension of active operations, it was hoped that before the return of spring should enable either party to open another campaign, some

arrangement towards an accommodation of the differences between Persia and Russia might be effected, and the British Envoy, who had remained during the autumn at Tabreez, with a view to avail himself of any opportunity which might present itself to lead the Persian frontier authorities to open a negotiation, repaired to Tehran, for the purpose of inducing the Shah to consult his true interests, rather than yield to the dictates of his pride, and to send a mission to St Petersburgh, with proposals for peace. The Shah could not reconcile his feelings to the propriety of adopting any measure which might, as he thought, have the appearance of humbling himself before Russia, but determined to send Meerza Mahommed Allee, a nephew of his Excellency Meerza Abul Hassan Khan, to Tiflis, to ascertain the views of the Russian government, and to announce the Shah's intention to send his Excellency as ambassador to the court of the Emperor, should he find the Russian authorities disposed to treat. Letters, expressing a desire to restore the pacific and friendly relations which had so long subsisted between the countries, were at the same time addressed to Count Nesserode by the Persian ministers, and in testimony of the sincerity of the Shah's desire to terminate the war, two or three hundred Russian prisoners, (all who were then at the capital,) were directed to accompany Meerza Mahommed Allee, and to be delivered to the Russian commander on the frontier of Erivan, as a gift from the Shah to the Emperor—a gift, too, which it was not doubted but his Imperial Majesty's love for his people would induce him to appreciate more highly than costly presents.

The Meerza left Tehran in December, and on his arrival in the vicinity of Tabreez, was detained for some time, in consequence of the invasion of the Persian territories by a Russian army.

The advance of a body of six thousand infantry, with a proportion of cavalry and artillery, and a long train of waggons, in the depth of winter, seemed to imply, that some enterprise of importance was in contemplation. The point at which it had crossed the Arras, afforded very practicable routes both to Tabreez and to Ardebil; and its first movements seemed to indicate Tabreez as the object of its destination. No attempt of this nature had been anticipated by the Prince Royal; and as the inclemency of the season appeared to preclude all idea of pursuing active military operations, the greater part of the Persian infantry and all the cavalry had been dismissed to their homes. A force sufficient to oppose the enemy could not therefore be collected before several days. Tabreez was imperfectly supplied with provisions; and the inhabitants, unaided by a military garrison, were scarcely prepared to undertake the defence of the town. The sudden and unexpected approach of danger produced the alarm and confusion which usually occur in such cases, and these were augmented by a belief, that unless invited by a disaffected party, the Russian general would scarcely have ventured with so small a force to attack Tabreez, because it was obvious that, if he failed in taking it, his whole army must be destroyed. The powerful tribe of Shaksevuud occupied the province of Miskkeen, which the Russians had entered; and their chief, Atta Khan, who had been blinded by order of the Prince, and who could influence his tribe to take part with the enemy, were he disposed so to do, had waited on the Russian general, and was said to have collected troops to co-operate with him. A considerable magazine of wheat and rice had been captured by the Russians on first entering the province; and the peasants, having received assurances of protection, were neither inclined to incur the resentment of the invaders, by opposing them, nor to abandon their homes in the severity of winter, and destroy or relinquish a great proportion of their property, which they had not the means of transporting. If, therefore, the Russian commander had pushed on rapidly to Tabreez, and taken advantage of the confusion produced by the first alarm, it is very possible, that, by risking much, he might have effected something brilliant. But, in a few days, troops began to arrive from every part of the province. The delay of the Russians gave the inhabitants time to recover their confidence, and they now became desirous that the enemy should make an attempt to carry the city, which they felt could not fail to be disastrous to him.

Had the Russian force directed its march upon Ardebil, there is reason to believe, from what has since transpired, that the fort might not have been defended. The same feelings prevailed there as at Tabreez, and the means of resistance were much smaller. But the Russian commander, having exposed his troops to the greatest hardships, and lost a considerable proportion of his cattle, retired, as he had advanced, without any apparent cause, leaving the object of this extraordinary movement a matter of speculation, which, so far as we are aware, it still continues to be.

As soon as the Russians had re-crossed the Arras, and set themselves quietly down in their winter quarters, to heal their frost-bitten feet and shake off their agues, Meerza Mahommed Allee proceeded with the liberated prisoners towards Tiflis. On his arrival in the capital of Georgia, he communicated with General Yermoloff, who transmitted to St Petersburgh the letters for the Russian minister, of which the Meerza was the bearer; and after much conversation, which led to no result, referred him to General Debytch, who had lately arrived on a special commission from the capital, for information regarding the sentiments of the Emperor. It appeared that Persia was expected to cede Erivan and Nukhshivan, and to indemnify Russia for the expenses of the war. Meerza Mahommed was requested to return to Persia, and told that Count Nesserode's replies to the letters which had been forwarded, should be transmitted to Persia on their arrival; and that until permission to that effect was received from the capital, no mission would be permitted to proceed thither. It was farther hinted, that unless Persia was prepared to accede to the terms alluded to by General Debytch, the mission of an ambassador would be unavailing; and finally, a promise was made, (which, however, has not been performed,) that a number of Persian prisoners, at least equal to that released by his Majesty the Shah, should be set at liberty.

The Meerza returned to Tabreez in the month of March; and not long after, a letter from Count Nesserode to Meerza Abul Hassan Khan, couched, it is said, in terms by no means conciliatory, intimated that, if Persia was inclined to sue for peace, the Governor General of Georgia had received instructions which would enable him to treat with her. In regard to the release of the captives, H. E. was, we are told, informed, that if Russia had not been attacked while unprepared, Persia would not have had any prisoners to return. It was, therefore, obvious that Russia had no desire to renew amicable relations with Persia; and it was concluded, that she intended to put forth her strength in the ensuing campaign. In the following month, (April,) General Yermoloff, and the greater number of the officers who had been employed under him in Georgia, were recalled, and the conduct of the military operations devolved on General Paskevitch, who succeeded to the chief command. Large reinforcements had arrived from beyond the Caucasus—provisions had been thrown into the country from the ports of the Caspian and of the Black sea; and it was understood that Russia would open the campaign with an overwhelming force. In the course of the same month, General Benkendorff moved towards Erivan, with an army consisting of about 7000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and 18 guns, besides mortars and howitzers. He crossed the frontier at Bashaberan, without having been perceived by the Persian picquets, and advanced almost unopposed to Eutchkeleeseah, (the three churches,) where he arrived before the end of April.

On the 2d of May, the army of Karabaugh, which had left its winter quarters a short time before, made an attempt to cross the Arras into Karabaugh, by the bridge called Pool i khoda afereen, of which some of the arches had fallen, and, after several fruitless endeavours to render it passable, were at length driven from it by the fire of the Persians, who occupied the opposite bank of the river. Having been repulsed from the bridge, the Russian commander made an attempt to throw some men across on a raft or floating-bridge, but was again repulsed with some loss, and fell back from the banks of the river.

General Benkendorff, on his arrival at the three churches, put the place in a condition to be defended; pushed a reconnoissance as far as Sirdar Abad (a fort not far from Eutchkeleeseah), and had some trifling affairs of cavalry with the Persian horse

under Hassan Khan. On the 5th May, having established his magazines and hospitals in the convent, he moved towards Erivan, and on the following day, after some skirmishing, took ground before the Fort of Erivan. On the 7th, he proceeded with the investment, when the skirmishing was renewed; and on the 8th, the investment was completed, and some round shot and shells thrown into the fort, but without doing much injury. In the meantime, Hassan Khan continued to hover about the Russian camp with a body of horse, and endeavoured to cut off their communications, and any convoys which might be on the route to join them. He was, however, attacked and defeated by a Russian detachment, and obliged to retire beyond the Arras. The siege of Erivan was therefore pursued without interruption, but without much progress being made.

Early in June, a detachment from the besieging army crossed the Arras and attacked Hassan Khan, who, having received intimation of its advance, had taken up a position on the rising grounds between that river and the foot of Mount Ararat. The Russian cavalry, led by a party of lancers, charged the Persians, but having failed in driving them from the ground they occupied, were in their turn charged in flank, and driven down the slope, where they broke, and fled to the protection of a body of infantry and some guns, which had been kept in reserve. In this affair, the Russians lost a considerable number of men, and retired to their camp before Erivan, without seeking to renew the action.

When the Shah was informed that the Russian forces had crossed the frontier, he prepared to move from Tehran, and directed the troops destined to accompany him to rendezvous at Sooltaneeah; but a general scarcity of provisions, more particularly in the districts lying between Tehran and Tabreez, and an unusual deficiency of pasture and forage, made it difficult to bring any considerable body of men together. Great delay in consequence occurred in collecting a sufficient army, and it was not until about the 20th June that his Majesty arrived at Oojan, an extensive meadow about 35 miles from Tabreez. His Royal Highness Abbas Meerza, having collected a choice body of his best troops, had marched some days before towards the frontier, and was now encamped midway between Khoé and Abbas Abad, at a place called Choors.

In the last days of June, his Majesty moved from Oojan towards Khoé, with the intention of endeavouring to relieve Erivan; but he had not yet made many marches, when, on the 6th July, intelligence was received that General Paskevitch had arrived from Tiflis, and put himself at the head of the army; that after keeping a smart fire from their batteries for some hours, the Russians had suddenly raised the siege, and were now marching towards Nukhshivan. Before his Majesty had arrived at Khoé, the Russian General had invested Abbas Abad; and when the Prince Royal joined his Majesty's camp at the former place, to concert measures for the prosecution of the campaign, the relief of the besieged fortress became the first object to which their efforts were directed.

His Royal Highness Allee Nuckee Meerza, governor of Casveen, had been detached on the 8th July from the royal camp, with about 12,000 men, to reinforce the army of Abbas Meerza, which lay at Choors. The Ausef ud Dowleh, with a large body of chosen troops, followed in a few days from Khoé. Hassan Khan, who had continued to follow and watch the movements of the Russian force after the siege of Erivan was raised, crossed the Arras, and formed a junction with the forces of the Prince and Prime Minister. The Persian army, thus collected in advance, amounted to twenty-five thousand men; and it was determined to offer the Russians battle. The Persian force advanced to the bank of the Arras immediately opposite to Abbas Abad, which occupies the left bank, and Hassan Khan lost no time in attacking a body of Russian cavalry, which was posted on the right bank, and drove them across the river to their camp, which was situated not far from the fortress, but a little further up the stream.

The Russian general, perceiving that large bodies of the enemy were collecting in the ravines beyond the river, crossed a body of cavalry and infantry, with two light guns, under cover of his artillery. Having thus secured the passage of the river, over which he

had previously thrown a floating bridge, he passed five or six battalions of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and about twenty guns; and formed them in two lines on the plain between the Arras and the rising ground on which the Persians had taken up their position. On the right of the Persian line, was the Prince Royal, who, with a small body of infantry and cavalry, and six guns, occupied a hill of considerable elevation. Communicating with his Royal Highness's right, was Hassan Khan, and beyond him the Ausef ud Dowleh, who had stationed himself in a ravine in which he was covered from the fire of the enemy, and even concealed from their view.

The Russians advanced slowly, and the Prince's guns kept up a brisk fire on their line, which, from the position occupied by his Royal Highness, the Russian artillery could not return with effect. Hassan Khan not only maintained his ground, but made several charges with partial success. The troops had been engaged some hours; the Russians were much exhausted by thirst, and by the heat of the day, which was oppressive; the Persians had scarcely lost a man, and it appeared probable that the action would terminate without producing any very decisive result, when the advance of the Russian left opened to it the ravine in which the Prime Minister had posted himself; two or three guns were immediately brought into a position to enfilade it, and the cavalry, crowded into a narrow space, in which they could not act, supported by no infantry or artillery, and exposed to a destructive fire of grape, fell into confusion, and fled in every direction. The Russian cavalry followed them for a short distance, but came up with few of them.

The right of the line having thus given way, the retreat of Abbas Meerza towards his camp at Choors, would speedily have been cut off. His Royal Highness therefore retired, but in good order, and covering with his artillery the flight of the army.

In this action the Persians did not lose above fifty men, and the Russians probably not more. The consequences of the defeat were, however, disastrous to Persia. Of the three thousand men who composed the garrison of Abbas Abad, one-third consisted of the battalion of Nukhshivan, which had been raised almost exclusively from the tribe of Kangerloo, and was commanded by Essan Khan, nephew of its chief, Kerreem Khan. This family had, on several occasions, been detected in carrying on an illicit intercourse with the Russians, and had, in consequence, been subjected to greater evils and more annoyance than almost any family under the Prince's government. For some years Kerreem Khan had been deprived of the command at Nukhshivan and treated with marked indignity; and it was not until the war with Russia made it necessary to conciliate the frontier tribes, that he was again raised to his hereditary station, or favourably noticed by the Prince. When it was proposed to place the Nukhshivan battalion in Abbas Abad, many considered the measure imprudent, and some even openly expressed doubts of the loyalty of the tribe and of its chiefs, which were fully justified by the result. There is reason to believe that, even before the siege of Erivan was raised, some communications had passed between Essan Khan and the Russian general; but, however this may be, the defeat of the Persian army before the place furnished the pretext for surrendering it. Essan Khan and his battalion made their own terms, in concert with Mahommed Reza Khan, a native of Badkoo, who commanded the 2d regiment of Tabreez, which was also in the place. Mahommed Ameen Khan, the governor of the fort, was a weak man, totally helpless under such circumstances, and the remaining part of the garrison, consisting of 1000 men of the Bukhtearee tribe, had no competent head to guide them, had they been disposed to attempt, in conjunction with the greater part of the Tabreez battalion, which was well disposed, the expulsion of the disaffected. As soon as it became known that the fort was to be delivered up, a large proportion of the Tabreezees and Bukhtearees threw themselves into the river and escaped—others, borrowing the dress of the Kangerloos, were permitted to retire unmolested; and of the 2000 men not concerned in the surrender, scarcely 200 were made prisoners. Considerable magazines of provisions and ammunition, with 18 guns, were left in the fort.

The traitorous surrender of Abbas

Abad, following on the defeat of the Prince and Prime Minister, produced a great sensation in the Shah's camp at Khoé; and had General Paskevitch crossed the Arras, and made a demonstration of attacking the Shah, it would more than probably have put a period to the war. But no attempt was made to profit by the occasion, or to draw any advantage from the feelings which his successes and the defection of an important tribe had produced. Indeed, from the commencement of the war, ignorance of the value of time, and of the advantage to be derived from following up success and profiting by moral depression, has been conspicuous in the operations of both parties, and almost to an equal extent. After leaving two thousand men in garrison at Abbas Abad, the Russian general retired to Nukhshivan, and from thence fell back upon his own frontier, with a view to refresh his troops, who were becoming sickly, by a residence of some weeks in the cool atmosphere of that elevated country which lies between Nukhshivan and Karabaugh. The force under General Pankratieff, which continued to occupy this latter province, had made no movement of any consequence since the attempt to cross the Arras in the beginning of May. A Russian corps of about 6000 men, which had intrenched itself at Bashaberan, remained inactive, and the garrisons which had been left in the convent of the three churches, and in Abbas Abad, were too weak to attempt anything beyond the walls of their respective fortifications. The Persian army, too, wanted repose, and was not in a condition to attack the Russian general, whose force was estimated at about twenty thousand men.

As it appeared probable that active operations would not be renewed for some weeks, the time was thought favourable for negotiation, and Meerza Sauleh* was deputed by the Prince Royal to communicate with the Russian general, and endeavour to conclude an armistice which might admit of the mission of an Ambassador to the Russian capital. The Meerza was unable to accomplish his Royal Highness's wishes, but he was accompanied on his return by M. Eribiedoff, a young gentleman who had formerly been employed as secretary to the Russian mission at Tabreez, and who was then favourably known to the Prince. The arrival of this gentleman in the Persian camp, induced many persons to believe that Russia was now more favourably disposed; and as it was known that both the Shah and the Prince Royal were desirous to see peace concluded on any terms which did not compromise the honour of their country, sanguine hopes were entertained that the negotiation which had now been opened, would lead to an accommodation. But the Russian Envoy demanded, as preliminaries to any further arrangement, that the Prince should agree, on the part of Persia, to cede Erivan and Nukhshivan to the Emperor, and to pay the expenses of the war, and stated his inability to enter any further on a negotiation, even for an armistice, until these points should be conceded. If his Royal Highness agreed to these terms, an armistice for six weeks would be granted, and it was considered not impossible that the Emperor might be disposed to conclude a peace on terms more favourable to Persia. But his Royal Highness was aware that Persia had suffered a severe disappointment on a former occasion, by relying too confidently on assurances of the liberality of a former Emperor. The peace of Goolistan had been concluded under an assurance from General Ritischeff, then Governor-General of Georgia, and Plenipotentiary, that the Emperor Alexander would restore some of the territory ceded by Persia in terms of the treaty; and as Russia had distinctly refused to pay any attention to this assurance, although it was given in writing, and urged by Persia, backed by the good offices of England; and as the Russian authorities had not only disregarded this solemn assurance, but had grasped at every foot of land to which they could lay claim on the frontier, it could not be expected that Persia would again place much reliance on the magnanimity of the Russian Government. The attempts,

* Meerza Sauleh was employed by the Prince Royal on a mission to England in 1822 and 1823; and is one of the Persian youths who were educated in London.

therefore, to negotiate even a temporary arrangement were fruitless, and Meerza Sauleh was again sent to General Paskevitch to endeavour to prevail upon his Excellency to grant an armistice, which should not bind Persia to accept ruinous terms. This mission also failed, and preparations were made to renew active operations.

Shortly after the Russian army had retired beyond Nukhshivan, his Majesty the Shah, having left Allee Nuckee Meerza with the Hassah Khan at Choors, moved from Khoé to Marand, and his Royal Highness, Abbas Meerza, after the failure of his negotiations, marched to Erivan, where he was joined by Hoossein Khan, Sirdar, with a considerable body of men who had become disposable after the siege of Erivan was raised. In the meantime, General Paskevitch remained in the high lands at a place called Karababa, where his troops were said to be suffering much from an epidemic which prevailed in his camp—and the Russian troops in the other stations attempted nothing.

The Shah having remained a few days at Marand, moved about the middle of August to the Plain of Mherban. Allee Nuckee Meerza and Hassan Khan were still at Choors watching the movements of General Paskevitch and the Prince Royal; and Hoossein Khan, having entrenched a position on the road from Bashaberan to Eutchkeleeseah, proceeded to invest the latter place.

Towards the end of August, a Russian division, consisting of 4000 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and 20 field-pieces, marched from Aheran to relieve Eutchkeleeseah, which was now closely invested. In the evening they came in contact with the outposts of the Persian position, and finding that it was strongly entrenched, fell back for the night. Next morning they advanced, making a detour to avoid the entrenchment, and the Prince and Sirdar, drawing out their men, attacked them on the line of march. The Russians had formed themselves into four solid squares, connected by lines of infantry, in such a manner as to form one great hollow square, with small solid squares at the angles, which the Persians not unaptly compared to a square fort with a bastion or tower at each corner. The Persian commanders, instead of bringing up their whole force at once, contented themselves with harassing their enemy by desultory attacks, and keeping up an uninterrupted fire of artillery. Two battalions of the Persian regular infantry, as they are called, supported by the guns and by a body of light horse, were first opposed to the Russians, and were warmly engaged for nearly an hour, when they were withdrawn, and replaced by two fresh battalions. In this way, four or five brigades were successively brought into action, and the horsemen who hovered about made frequent attacks, wherever the line appeared to be weak. The action had commenced at sunrise, and continued without intermission till near sunset, when the Russian troops, exhausted by long-continued exertion, and the heat of the weather, and parched with thirst, arrived at a stream. The men, abandoning their ranks, rushed to the water, and the Persian commanders, seeing their advantage, brought up two fresh battalions, who charged without firing a shot. The Russians endeavoured to form and oppose them, but the formation was probably imperfect, and the opposition was certainly ineffectual. Their line was broken, and Persians and Russians mixed up together fought hand to hand. After a desperate struggle of some minutes' duration, the Russians gave way, and the confusion became general. The Persian horse, seeing the impression made by the infantry, charged resolutely. The wearied battalions, which had borne the brunt of the battle in the early part of the day, elated by the success of their comrades, dashed on to their support. The men were now so completely mingled together, that the fire of the artillery on both sides was suspended, and horse and foot, Persian and Russian, enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of dust, rolled on, one wild and roaring mass, towards the convent of the three churches, under the walls of which the Russians sought refuge.

In this action about twelve hundred Russians were left upon the field, and above three hundred were made prisoners. Between three and four thousand stands of arms, and several waggons of ammunition, cloth, and other stores, fell into the hands of the Persians, whose total loss did not exceed three hundred men. The conduct of the Russian troops was spirited, and

tolerably steady, till thirst overcame them. The disparity of numbers was certainly great, as the Persians had about twice as many infantry, and three times as many cavalry, as the Russians, though they did not all take a part in the action. But when it is remembered, that the Persian troops are but half disciplined, that they had no European officers to direct their movements, and that they had no superiority in artillery, it will be readily admitted by those who have been accustomed to see disciplined troops opposed to an irregular army, that this affair reflects the highest credit on the Prince, on the Sirdar, and on the Persian army. The single fact, that two Persian battalions charged an equal number of Russians, and routed them with the bayonet, (even allowing the circumstances to have been favourable,) is conclusive as to their capability and their personal courage. But the avarice of the present rulers of Persia, the distraction produced by the clashing of personal interests, and the want of public spirit and energy in the government, make all the advantages which may be gained by occasional exertions of no avail, and will ultimately force her to submit to the power of an enemy whom she could at all times successfully oppose on her own soil, if her resources were called forth, and the ample means of resistance which she possesses wisely applied.

Early in September, the Shah, having left his prime-minister with a large body of troops in Azerbijan, and made arrangements for the defence of the province, returned to Tehran. About the 20th of the same month, General Paskevitch moved towards Erivan, and the Prince Royal, having thrown some of his best troops into that fortress, and made dispositions for the defence of Sirdar Abad, fell back to Nukhshivan. Russian reinforcements are said to have arrived in Georgia to a considerable amount, and it is reported that General Paskevitch has brought up his battering train. By the latest intelligence the Prince was still at Nukhshivan, and the Russian General in the vicinity of Eutchkeleeseah.

Note.—We intended to have offered some remarks on the proceedings of the belligerents, and we may still be induced to enlighten our narrative with a commentary at some future period; but for the present we have said enough. If we should appear, gentle reader, to have been more desirous to make you acquainted with the proceedings of the Persians than with those of the Russians, it is a charge to which we plead guilty. For, in the first place, the Persians put forth no gazettes, journals, or magazines, and therefore nobody knows anything about them, or their proceedings, except what we may condescend to tell them; and, in the next place, we cannot find room for all the "nouvelles de l'armée de Géorgie," which have appeared in the St Petersburgh gazettes, where "the curious" may find what we have omitted, and learn the names of the Russian officers who have particularly distinguished themselves before Erivan. Amongst these, we are glad to observe several of our friends honourably mentioned, such as Colonel Gourko, and Major Kornieuko, Captains Podlouzky, Tchoubinsky, and Kolpinsky, &c.

SECOND LETTER FROM A WHIG-HATER.

My dear North,

It was a matter of no small self-gratulation to me, that the few gentle remarks which I ventured, in my former letter, to make upon the persons called Whigs, should so soon have been verified by the important events which have since taken place. The indignation of the country at the glaring incompetency of a Ministry, in which Whig principles predominated, became so apparent, that they were, as I supposed they would be, afraid to meet Parliament, and his Majesty felt himself under the necessity of putting into their places men capable of conducting the affairs of the country, which they manifestly were not. It was a great addition to the gratification I felt on this occasion, that the Duke of Wellington was the person chosen by his Majesty to form the new administration, because I had endeavoured in my letter to do some justice to the character of the noble Duke, which it was the fashion at that time, amongst the Whigs, to visit with all the paltry and malignant vituperation with which they are accustomed to assail their superiors. Very far, indeed, did anything which I could say fall short of doing complete justice to a character, so splendid as that which I attempted to describe; but it had at least the effect of showing, however feebly, that of all men I thought him the most fit to be, that which he so soon afterwards was—Prime Minister of Great Britain. I intended to have sent you a letter very shortly after the Whigs were turned adrift, and had even written some pages, expressing, in terms not exactly of the mildest, my satisfaction at that event. In the moment of victory I felt inclined to imitate the British lancers at Waterloo, who dashed over the unhorsed cuirassiers, and pinned them to the earth as they lay sprawling. I was disposed to show you some of the Whigs wriggling in the agonies of death and defeat upon the point of my spear, but I was dissuaded from my purpose by a good-natured remonstrance. I was in mid-career, brandishing aloft my weapon, when my cousin Bob, who comes westward of Charing Cross, I think about four times in the year, did me the honour of a visit. Bob is that kind of man, who is styled, in common parlance, "a d—d sensible fellow," that is, one who thinks twice before he speaks once—a practice, by the bye, of which I am prone to the inversion—who never gets into a scrape, and knows the turn of the market as well as any man on 'Change—that sort of man, in short, who gets quietly into reputation, becomes a Bank Director at fifty-six, and, having retired from business, dies at seventy-two, for want of something else to do, leaving a hundred and fifty thousand in the funds, besides some old houses in the City, a parcel of shares in insurance companies, and a villa at Hackney. As he is some twenty years my senior, and I have my "expectations," I have a very profound respect for his judgment, which I do not fail to show upon every suitable occasion; and as I know he is a stout Tory at bottom, though, in general, he thinks it prudent to steer clear of political opinions, I gave him my flourish over the fallen Whigs to read, while I slashed on to finish the page I was inditing. Bob read on, as steadily as if it were a bill of lading, or a price current he was perusing; and at the conclusion I observed him lay one leg across the other, and rub his hand across the lower part of his face, which with him are always preparatory motions to the saying of something sage. I therefore turned, *erectis auribus*, towards him, to catch the wisdom which he might let fall. "I don't," said he, "that is—in my view of the case—I don't see the use of throwing water upon a drowned rat."

Critics, who are fastidious about elegance of illustration, might perhaps find something to cavil at in this laconic criticism of my cousin; but to me, who am careless about such things, it spoke volumes. Had Brougham made a seven-hours' speech on the subject, it is not likely that he would have said anything half so much to the purpose, as was contained in those few words. For what, indeed, is more like a Whig than a rat—a vicious detestable animal, hateful to the sight of all honest people, whose goods it is perpetually labouring to destroy? or what more like the present condition

of the Whigs than a drowned rat; when its career of mischief is closed, when, in its eagerness to steal some of the prime cheese which lay on the upper shelf, it climbed where it was unable to keep its proper balance, and tumbled down into the tub of water that lay beneath, and was then taken by the tail, and flung out on the dunghill to decay, amongst other outcast filth? The parallel is obvious, and needs not to be prosecuted farther. I shall not trouble you with the courteous speech, in which I admitted the extreme force of my cousin's observation; suffice it to say, that when he was gone, I threw my pages in the fire, muttering, as they consumed before my eyes, "the man spoke like an oracle—it would indeed be superfluous to throw water upon a drowned rat, and I shall not write to my excellent friend North, until I have something else to comment upon than the wretched plight of the Whigs."

It was some time after this before anything occurred which offered any temptation for commentary, politics having been most uninvitingly dull for some time after the formation of the new Ministry, and even after the meeting of Parliament; but for the last three weeks there has been a little more animation, and it may not be an unprofitable task to take a rapid glance at some of the most striking views in the moving panorama of public events during that time. First in order, then, come the "explanations," so called, no doubt, according to the old rule, because nothing was therein explained. It is always an unpleasant thing, when persons, holding stations so high as those of Cabinet Ministers of Great Britain, should find it necessary to enter into a defence, or "explanation," as it has been termed, of their conduct as individuals. We feel, in spite of ourselves, the truth of the French proverb, "qui s'éxcuse s'accuse," and we are forced to dwell upon the exculpation of those, whom we would rather consider not only as above misconduct, but above suspicion. However strong this disagreeable feeling may be under the most favourable circumstances, it is unquestionably much heightened, when we find these defences to consist of long and intricate harangues, of which it is tedious to arrive at the end, and difficult to arrive at the meaning. We fear that something is wrong, where so many words are necessary to explain that all was right. I do not think any one ever dreamt of calling upon such a man as the Duke of Wellington for an "explanation," in the sense in which it has been lately applied; and if such were by possibility asked for, does any one doubt, that in so many words as might be delivered in ten minutes by the House of Lords' clock, he would sweep away all matter of doubt and intricacy from the subject, by a bold straight-forward statement, which would leave neither necessity nor room for further questioning?

Such, certainly, was not the kind of explanation with which the members of the late Cabinet favoured Parliament and the public; nor can it ever come from those, who are either Whigs themselves, or have had the misfortune to be connected with Whigs, who involve everything in such a hodge-podge of petty management, intrigue, and insincerity, that even an honest man cannot make a plain story out of that with which they have had to do.

As to the first speech of "explanation" which was delivered by Mr Huskisson at Liverpool, I have a shrewd suspicion, my worthy friend Christopher, that, notwithstanding the rather hard knocks which you have, with something of Irish kindness, occasionally given to the Colonial Secretary, he had been previously to the delivery of it taking a lesson from you in the art of joke and banter, in which you are, above all men at present on the face of the earth, pre-eminently conspicuous. It is manifest that the speech was nothing but a most superb quiz from beginning to end. And the wonder is that even the Liverpool people should have intellects so cottony as not to have perceived it; for even if they had believed that the tears of the "Continental peasantry" for Mr Canning's death, was but a flourish of genuine rhetorical pathos, and that the honesty and consistency of the Whigs in joining those who professed Lord Liverpool's principles, was, however "strange, yet true," in the right honourable Secretary's opinion; how the deuce could they be so stupid as not to see the joke, when he began to talk about the "cordiality and har-

mony" of the late Cabinet? Why, my dear North, if they had had the least sense of the ridiculous, the universal crowd would have laughed until the sound would have swept across the sea, and was reverberated in a thousand echoes from the rugged shore of the Hill of Houth—Unanimity and cordiality, indeed!—But the thing is too ridiculous to write or speak about; one can only laugh.

There is nothing more like serious truth than irony, when one does not happen to have the key to it; and, as the reporters could only give Mr Huskisson's words, without imparting the joking manner, which, doubtless, would have set the matter right with all but the Liverpool people, a great deal of misapprehension went abroad, and a good many, with more simplicity than νους, actually supposed that he meant something when he spoke about a guarantee. The Duke, however, soon cleared their notions on this head, by opening a point-blank battery of a heavy shot, called negatives, upon this same guarantee, which in the space of three minutes demolished it utterly and for ever.

That really pleasant and clever old gentleman, Mr Tierney, the same who, when lately in the Cabinet, and having no business of his own to mind, went about fidgeting and gossiping in his usual good-natured manner, and setting his colleagues by the ears—he promised to call Mr Huskisson to account, nominally, for his bad behaviour in serving under the Duke, but really, for turning up his nose at the Whigs in Liverpool. When he came to the scratch, however, the gallant old George fought shy, to the very great astonishment of everybody; for no one suspects the veteran's courage, and to this day he is a cleaner and a cleverer hitter than any one of his party. Whatever may have been the cause, the House unexpectedly broke up on the appointed evening, without the challenge having been given; and it was reserved for Lord Normanby, a cleverish, but rather coarse sort of person for a lord, to call for and obtain these much-expected explanations.

All the world that reads the newspapers knows what followed; they received a most edifying history of the "unanimity and cordiality" of the late Cabinet, and, I trust, have been duly thankful to Providence, which has rescued the country from such silly and dangerous guidance.

It is really wonderful that greater misfortunes than did take place should not have happened, when public affairs were in the hands of such a cabinet—When the Master of the Mint goes to the Colonial Secretary to chat with him about the Finance Committee, and the clever hit it would be to gain Lord Althorp's influence in the House of Commons, by making him its chairman—when the same Master of the Mint makes another call upon the Premier, who, good easy man, has no objections, and then forthwith he—still the Master of the Mint, who ought to have been at the Tower coining sixpences—negotiates with, and appoints Lord Althorp chairman, and tells what he has done about the streets in his own good-humoured chatty manner—while all the time the Chancellor of the Exchequer in particular, or the Cabinet in general, knows nothing at all about the matter. When such a thing as this could be done, what is there so absurd or so childish that we might not expect to follow? In this case, the conduct of Mr Herries was such as one might have expected from his knowledge of business, and his feelings as a Tory and a gentleman; it would have been worse than folly in him to have retained his place in a Cabinet where such proceedings were tolerated; and he therefore determined not to remain. Members of both Houses, who were members also of the late Cabinet, have asserted that his resignation, or what amounts to the same thing, a difference which the acceptance of this resignation would have put an end to, was the cause of the dissolution of the late Cabinet—Mr Huskisson implicitly, and Mr Herries expressly and emphatically, says it was not; and the public, or that part of the public which troubles itself about such matters, is left to the painful alternative of choosing between the statements of men who state things apparently contradictory, and yet whom one is bound to believe are incapable of stating anything untruly. Mr Herries, very plainly and simply, and, as it appears to me, very naturally, says, that the contradictory of his statement is incredible. He has asked, what reason can there be that the resignation of a person so unimportant as himself should cause the com-

plete breaking up of the Government? and instead of an answer, he received coarse abuse. Mr Thomas Duncombe (he about whom the Times newspaper has been making such a pompous bother, while all the rest of the world have been laughing) bullied and stammered mighty words. Lords Milton and Normanby threatened and talked big—Sir James Macdonald scolded with all his might, and Mr Brougham *tried* to cross examine Mr Herries, as if he had been a witness at the Old Bailey; but none of them answered his simple question, which he put again and again, with a mildness which was thrown away upon them, for they neither understand nor appreciate the calm and unruffled deportment of a man who is armed so strong in honesty, that their loud threats pass by as idle wind, which he regards not. By the by, these are the men who, but a few months since, talked in so lachrymose a manner about the violent language of the Tories, and even charged them with having murdered a late lamented statesman with coarse scurrility; yet I will venture to say, that if all the severe things which were said by all the Tories in the whole of the last session were put together, it would appear a mild and gentle harangue, when compared with the quantity of coarse abuse which was heaped upon Mr Herries on the evening of the 21st February.

I have lately observed, with great regret, many attempts to try upon the Whigs the efficacy of that which those who have the care of mad people call "the soothing system." All such attempts must be grounded upon great misapprehension. To be sensible of kindness, is the characteristic of a noble nature, and therefore does not at all belong to the nature of the Whigs. The Whig is an animal, that though you should feed him with your own hand every day, and stroke his back as he turns about in his den, yet you cannot at any moment be sure that he will not suddenly snarl and snap at you; it is the unhappy nature of the creature, and there is no use in striving against it. It is passing strange that Mr Peel, in general so remarkable for solid judgment, and to which he adds so much experience, should have ever thought of managing the Whigs in this way. I should think the sample he got of Lord Milton's *courtesy* on the second evening of the discussion on the Corporation and Test Acts, must have shown him that the best method he could pursue would be that mentioned by old Diogenes, in Lucian's pleasant Dialogues, namely, "to show them that it is not in vain he carries a staff." As it is, however, Mr Peel comes down to the House every night, with his eloquence wrapped in a robe of softest velvet, that, while it hits it may not hurt "the gentlemen opposite;" he seems to have determined that

"From his prudent lips shall flow
Words as light as flakes of snow."

But I can assure him that he will only breed himself trouble by this mildness; for his words, that

"Fall as soft as snow on the sea,
Are lost on the Whigs as instantly."

They will think that he is either friendly to them, or afraid of them; which two things are about equally disgraceful; and by and by, when they find out that he is neither, then will he experience all the coarse abuse which is sure to flow when Whigs get into a rage of disappointment.—

"*Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.*"

It is the fate of many things which are very surprising, to be not at all important; but certainly the list of names which Mr Peel placed upon the Finance Committee was both, and caused more astonishment, and less satisfaction, to the country, than perhaps any other act of the Government, of which he was the organ, ever did. In the present situation of the country, the duties of a Finance Committee are of an unusually great and important nature. It is manifest that there is something wrong in our system at present—that the internal affairs of the nation do not prosper as they ought, considering the wonderful benefits wherewith Providence has blessed this country. In the regulations which now govern the immense trade, and manufactures, and agriculture of the country, we have departed from the principles which our ancestors, in their simplicity, thought were best; and we have seen the poor multiplied, and the revenue diminished. It is highly worthy, and indeed imperiously necessary, that these matters,

upon which our revenue depends, should be diligently and deliberately investigated by the very ablest men that can be picked out of the able men of Great Britain. This is no time for petty paltry inquiries about whether thirty-eight clerks would do instead of forty; or whether a man that exists on a hundred pounds a-year, could not be made to starve on ninety. The country does not want men on the Finance Committee who are only fit to "sweep the house, and light a candle, and seek for the piece of silver which is lost;" it wants men who can go to the root of the matter, and examine the impaired sources of our revenue, and shew how it may be built up again with judgment. Does any man in his senses expect this from Sir Henry Parnell, or Mr Maberly, or Mr Hume? Is it not evident that the effect of putting such men on the Committee will be to make it a mere commission of inquiry into the public accounts, and the expenses of certain offices? In the grand question of exploring the financial strength of this nation, these men could give no assistance; and the men who could, will desist from the task while they are encumbered with such auxiliaries.

Our country presents the extraordinary anomaly of financial difficulty, or at least the apprehension of financial difficulty, while it abounds with the materials of almost immeasurable wealth, which lie unemployed and useless. The bowels of the earth teem with the most useful minerals—iron, and copper, and lead, and tin; which require but labour to dig up, and some more labour to fashion into those things which, by the common consent of mankind, are most valuable and costly. Huge tracts of land lie uncultivated and unproductive, which almost seem to cry aloud for the assistance of man's labour, that they may become covered with flocks and herds, or thick with standing corn. Labour is all that is wanted to produce this great riches, and yet there are hundreds and thousands of labourers pining in idleness and poverty, because they can get no employment! Here indeed is matter for politicians of sound and enlarged mind to investigate. Here is the real subject for men of finance to grapple with; for if they can once devise the means by which the profitable employment may be thrown amongst those who now live in penurious idleness for want of it, an immense accession of wealth will immediately follow, of which the Government may, by taxation, take to themselves what is necessary for the public service. I am very much afraid, however, that until men get a good deal further advanced in the contempt which is already pretty generally commencing, for the audacious quackery of political economists, and return once more to the guidance of plain common sense, this most desirable object will not be accomplished. As long as men will be so drunk with mystical theories, as to believe it for their interest to manufacture a small quantity, and exchange it with a foreign agriculturist for a given quantity of corn, while the agriculturist at home must be supported in idleness, rather than manufacture a larger quantity, and by exchanging it for the same portion of home produce, enable the agriculturist to support himself, while the manufacturer's profit, per yard or per pound, is as much on the larger quantity manufactured as on the smaller—as long as political economy Doctors teach this, and men are so besotted as to believe them, little amendment can be expected. But perhaps some pert young disciple of Doctor M'Culloch may say, "It is impossible the profit, per yard or per pound, can be so much, when a *larger* quantity of goods is given to the home agriculturist for the given quantity of corn." Hold a moment, young gentleman, you are conversant only with Dr M'Culloch's books; while the manufacturer's books—his journal and his ledger—are a thousand times better evidence on the subject—look you at the figures.

Let it be supposed that a manufacturer of calico can sell his goods at a shilling a-yard, of which one penny is profit—Well, if he sell to the foreign corn-merchant 1000 yards, and debit his account with L.50, he gets back 20 quarters of wheat at 50s., which balances the account, and his profit is 1000 pence, or L.4, 3s. 4d. But suppose he should deal with farmer Giles at home, not being allowed to import foreign corn at 50s.; in that case, as wheat is then 60s. and the given quantity 20 quarters, he debits Giles

with 1200 yards at 1s.—L.60; and he credits him with 20 quarters wheat at 60s.—L.60. The account stands balanced, and his profit is 1200 pence, or L.5. Now, young gentleman, I defy you to pick a flaw in these figures; and until you can persuade me that the L.5 gained in the home market is less valuable than the L.4, 3s. 4d. gained in the foreign market, I shall maintain that Cocker and I are right, and M'Culloch and you are wrong.

I know that now you will shift your ground, and say, that the manufacturer cannot produce his next 1000 yards as cheaply as the last, because wheat has become 10s. a-quarter dearer. My answer to this is, that while machines which eat no wheat do so much of the work, the difference of 10s. a-quarter in wheat would not increase the cost of producing his cloth one hundredth part of a farthing in the yard; but suppose it did, and more, is he not amply repaid by the superior facility and safety of the market, and by the encouragement he gives to a branch of home industry, which will provide a regular market for him, in peace and in war, in storms and in calms, when the foreign market could not be got at? Pardon, my dear North, this excursion into the dry matters of politics; but when I recollect that the chairman of our Finance Committee is a Whig, and a disciple of that melancholy madman, M'Culloch, I cannot help holding up to your contempt the absurdities which such men imagine they shew their wisdom by supporting.

If I might venture to hazard an opinion upon the best means of restoring our internal prosperity, I should say, that having first properly regulated the misnamed Reciprocity System, a cheaper and more abundant currency would be the most likely means of restoring activity to all branches of our industry. We worked long, and successfully, and gloriously, upon an abundant, yet artificial currency; prodigious public and private engagements were entered into, which sprung from, and were adapted to, that currency; and they still exist, and we are bound to them under a new order of things, which must necessarily contract our means. We carried our load merrily while it was made of light paper, but we are forced to carry the same bulk in almost the heaviest of all the metals, and the weight wellnigh breaks our back. In this respect, your northern portion of the empire is more fortunate. I am fully persuaded, that the celebrated author of the "Letters of Malachi Malagrowther" has not added more to the literary glory of Scotland, than he has to its commercial welfare, by standing forth the invincible champion of its bank-notes; and the Scottish merchant, behind his counter, has almost as much reason to rejoice in the name of that great writer, as the Scottish patriot who feels his heart swell with proud emotion at the thought of those noble works of imagination, which will carry down the scenery and manners of his native country to the remotest period of unborn time, which shall possess any knowledge of English literature.

But to return to the Finance Committee. I am far from supposing, that no good may be done by a rigid inquiry into the administration of the revenue, for even setting aside the consideration of the money, it is wholesome for the state that the business of the public departments should be thoroughly looked into occasionally, lest idleness and abuses should grow up; but even this I would by no means intrust to Mr Hume, or Mr Maberly, or Sir Henry Parnell. Setting Joey Hume to examine a great public department, is like an endeavour to measure the contents of Loch Lomond with a pint stoup—"Il a l'esprit trop borné,"—the man's mind is too little for anything of the kind.

There, however, he sits in all his glory, a greater man, I am sure, than he ever expected to be. Every one, high and low, used to laugh at poor Joseph; but now he is become a very formidable person, and the fear of him extends over the three kingdoms; for it is confidently reported, that he means to institute a strict economy in the supply of brooms and matches to all the public offices of London and elsewhere, and pale terror fleeth to and fro amongst the respectable venders of these articles.

Mortalia corda
Per gentes *Hume*-ilis stravit pavor!

Other members of the Committee are, however, it is said, engaged upon more important matters, and we may

look for some important recommendations of retrenchment.

I had almost forgotten to ask you to laugh with me for a few moments at the Edinburgh Review—you recollect the outrageous political article it put forth last June—how the Whig creature crowed and strutted—how it boasted and blustered, and, in the delirium of its drunken folly, even ventured upon prophecy. Listen to its prediction of what should happen if the Tories returned to power. "There would be fresh laws against the press—the Habeas Corpus act would be suspended—the army increased—the taxes increased—the country would be first beaten till it cried, and then beaten because it cried." What vigorous wit—what manly eloquence in the last sentence! What a clever nursery maid it must have been who wrote that article! But, most excellent Whig, of whatever sex you be, the Tories *have* returned to power. Your friends, whose momentary elevation put you so beside yourself, have been turned off for pure doltishness and hopeless incapacity; and where are all the terrible things which you threatened?

Are you yet ashamed of yourself for the gross and abominable libels which you dared to pour forth upon the people of England? Do you recollect, that in your rash and headlong folly you ascribed a general spirit of republicanism to the middling orders of this kingdom? Have you any remembrance of the extravagant nonsense you talked about their "aversion *for* the fine arts, *for* elegant literature, and *for* the sentiments of chivalry?" and something yet more absurd and unintelligible, about "roundness, and smoothness, and bloom," being "*exsuded?*" Do you bear anything of all this in mind, and have you gone back to school, to be "beaten till you cry," for ignorance of the English language?

As to the "aversion" of the middling orders "for the fine arts," if the school you have gone to give holidays at Easter, I recommend you to come here, and take a squeeze in the Exhibition Rooms at Somerset House, when perhaps your ignorance on that head, and something else, may "exsude" at the same time; and to enlighten you upon the distaste of the people for "sentiments of chivalry," you may inquire at some of the booksellers and libraries, whether they are ever asked for two books, called "Ivanhoe," and "The Tales of the Crusaders." If you do these things, you will go back to the rod and the dictionary much improved.

But I must not forget a few more verses of your prophecies:—"In ten years we are to have all the reformers goaded into revolutionists"—item, "a civil war in Ireland"—item, "hostilities with France"—item, "war with America"—item, "expeditions to Canada and Java"—item, "garrisons to Cape of Good Hope," &c. &c. &c. too tedious to mention. Most marvellous Whig! what a wonderful "prophet of evil" art thou! How fortunate to possess a sage so profound, as to be able to warn us of those impending calamities! Alas! unhappy Whig, the pen is hardly worn out with which, in the paroxysm of your silliness, you indited all this trash, and now you lie crushed and overwhelmed with contempt, derision, and defeat. Impotent blunderer—unthinking scribbler—I leave you, not because I have said enough, but because the scorn I feel is altogether unutterable. Pardon, my dear North, once more, for jumping out of the direct line of my march to cut down the whigling—it was hardly worth while to hack my sabre on his empty pate—but 'tis done, and there's an end on't.

In this same article of the Edinburgh, of which I have mildly attempted to point out some inaccuracies, we are told of the great spread of democratic principles in the manufacturing towns. This opinion, whether true or false, we may suppose to be pretty generally adopted by the Whigs, from the strenuous efforts they are making to transfer to one or two of these towns the elective franchise now possessed by ancient boroughs. The case of East Retford is one on which they seem disposed to try all their force, and, I regret to say, have been allowed to proceed a certain length with a measure which, upon principle, ought to have been stopped upon the very threshold. The history of the case I believe to be this:—East Retford is one of those places where there is a double electioneering influence—that of patronage, and of money; you could not, as in some other places, go

with your money in your hand and be returned quietly, nor could all Lord Fitzwilliam's patronage get you returned, without paying down pretty handsomely also. At the last election Lord Fitzwilliam's two friends came in; but they managed the matter in so slovenly a manner, that, upon a petition, they were at once unseated; and now the Whigs, in revenge, would have the franchise carried away to Birmingham, where they no doubt think they are pretty sure of adding two to their strength on the opposition benches. This scheme, like all others of Whig justice, is synonymous with injustice. I do not mean to say, that to receive forty guineas per burgess for their votes, is, in the East Retford phraseology, "all right," but I will maintain, that totally to disfranchise the entire body of the electors, and not only them, but their successors for all time to come, because *some* of the present electors have taken "a consideration" for their votes, would be a proceeding of very violent injustice. The number of burgesses is 130, of whom some have doubtlessly committed offences, which, having been proved, might reasonably be supposed to justify a measure for preventing those individuals from ever voting again; but the Whig political doctors, instead of amputating a diseased limb, propose forthwith to knock the patient on the head, to take away his possession from his children, and to bestow it on others in a distant land. Here is a sample of what Whigs call "liberality"—they would commit an act of spoliation upon the ancient franchises of the kingdom, for the purpose of being extremely generous to the mob. The scheme is marked with the two standing characteristics of all Whig schemes; hatred to established regulations, and stupidity in the contrivance of new ones to supply their place. Their bill, after assuming that East Retford ought to be disfranchised, and declaring that it is so, goes on to say, that in consequence of the population, wealth, trade, and so forth, of Birmingham, it ought to be permitted to send two members to Parliament. Now, perhaps this is true; at all events I shall not contend that it is not; but true or false, it is no good reason why the rights of East Retford should be bestowed there. If ancient and established franchises are to be broken up, and scattered, to be scrambled for by the greatest and richest crowd, certainly Birmingham would not come first. The city of Glasgow, I should think, would have a claim to priority of consideration; but in truth, if representation were distributed according to the rule which Whigs allege to be so reasonable, it is neither Birmingham nor even Glasgow, but the parish in which I now sit, and its adjoining one, to whom, on their principles, the right should be transferred.

The comparative claims of the two parishes of which the town of Birmingham consists, and the two parishes of St Marylebone, and St Pancras, in the county of Middlesex, and metropolis of London, stand thus. Birmingham by the latest population return, which is not indeed a very recent one, contained 85,000 inhabitants, and the assessment for property tax on the town was on £247,000. By the same returns the population of the two London parishes was 167,000, and the property tax was assessed on £747,000. If the calculations were made now, the proportion would be infinitely more in favour of the latter parishes, as of late years they have increased with prodigious rapidity. But it will be said the freeholders of these parishes are voters in Middlesex—so are the freeholders of Birmingham in Warwickshire. And be it remembered, that whereas the county of Middlesex, including London and Westminster, returns only eight members to Parliament, or (still taking the old population return) one representative for 150,000 persons; Warwickshire sends six members, or one for every 45,730 persons. It is worthy too of being known, that in the great contest between Burdett and Mainwaring for the county of Middlesex, where, to use a rather striking expression of a strong partisan, "they almost raised the dead to vote;" from these two immense parishes of St Marylebone and St Pancras, only 95 persons voted; so limited is the number of *freehold* proprietors. If then the Whigs will have representatives nicely balanced to numbers and property, it is clear that to send the franchise of East Retford to Birmingham is absurd. I am well aware they may plead that

the more absurd it is, the more consistent are they with their general conduct, in supporting it; but I leave them to the full benefit of this defence.

If anything be done to improve the system of our common-law courts, Brougham will doubtless take all the credit to himself and his seven hours' speech, though every one that can spare the time, and will take the trouble to wade through the said speech, must find a quantity of shallowness and extravagance, which demonstrate that the framer of it is utterly unfit to conduct any practical improvement. The Solicitor General, who is quite an admirable fellow in his way, though not much of a politician, showed this clearly and calmly enough, in his reply; and Mr Brougham made this rather strange kind of apology for his seven-hours' speech—that he thought something was necessary to divert the people, who had to listen to such dry details. I suppose he thought this requisite upon the same principle that the opera people relieve the tediousness of a dull piece, by introducing a divertisement between the acts, in which people toss and fling their legs about in all manner of wild contortions. No doubt Mr Brougham did occasionally create a little diversion, and one set of members after another may have stopped an hour or so to witness the exhibition; but they would have done the same had it been that poor man Mazurier, who died the other day, that was playing his monkey tricks amongst the benches. For my part, I think it would have been much more suitable, and much more for the convenient dispatch of public business, if Mr Brougham had talked common sense upon his subject for one hour, in that tone of energetic seriousness, which, Whig though he be, I know he can assume, than to pour upon Parliament and the public as he did, a repulsive mass of prolixity, extravagance, bad principles, and worse jests; and that, too, most probably, for no greater or more worthy purpose, than to make the public wonder at a man that could talk seven hours without stopping.

But it is time that I should conclude this letter, and leave the Whigs for the present. I hope they will consider what has been said, as it has been written for their instruction, and amend their courses accordingly. Much as I hate them, my hatred is not of that unchristian kind which precludes the wish to do them good.

How is your gout, my worthy friend? I hope as the spring advances you will find relief. 'Tis a very gentlemanly complaint, but deuced annoying sometimes. I don't think Whigs ever have the gout—they sometimes get a twinge of rheumatism which they mistake for it, but Whigs have not genuine gout; the cold juices of their system do not generate it.

I believe Sir Francis Burdett has genuine gout sometimes, but he is a misguided English gentleman, and no Whig, as he has expressly declared. To say the truth, I am glad that Whigs do not get the gout, as I would not that they should share even a complaint in common with his Majesty King George the Fourth, whom God long preserve, and Christopher North! whose name if I have placed after the prayer, it is not that I love him less, but that I honour the King more, and he will not the less on that account believe that I am

His most sincerely,

A Whig-Hater.

London, *March* 6, 1828.

ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS.*

THIS little book is evidently the production of a man of genius. The style is singularly neat, terse, concise, and vigorous, far beyond the reach of an ordinary mind; the strain of sentiment is such as does infinite honour to the author's heart; and the observation of human life, by which every page is characterized, speaks a bold, active, and philosophical intellect. As a medical treatise it is excellent—but its merit is as a moral dissertation on the nature, causes, and effects of one of the most deplorable and pernicious vices that can degrade and afflict all the ongoings of social life.

It was not likely, that a work of so much spirit and originality should not very soon attract notice; and accordingly, we are pleased, but not at all surprised, to see that it has already reached a second, and a greatly extended and improved edition. It is perfectly free from all quackery and pretension; the writer does not belong to the solemn and stupid Gold-headed-cane School; he writes with much of the animation and *vivida vis animi* of the late incomparable John Bell; but the character of his style, of his sentiments, and of his opinions, is his own, and his little most entertaining, interesting, and instructive Treatise is stamped from beginning to end with the best of all qualities—originality—of itself enough to hide a multitude of defects, but which is here found allied with uniform sound sense, sagacity, and discretion.

We think, then, that our readers will be obliged to us for an analysis of Mr Macnish's little work, accompanied with some occasional remarks of our own, and with some striking specimens.

"Drunkenness," Dr Macnish observes, "is not like some other vices, peculiar to modern times. It is handed down to us from 'hoar antiquity;' and if the records of the antediluvian era were more complete, we should probably find that it was not unknown to the father of the human race." Driven by sin from Paradise, if drunkenness ever were pardonable in any man, it must have been in Adam. But what liquor could ever have raised his spirits? How dismally in his cups must he have sung "Auld lang syne!" What a hollow hip, hip, hip, hurra! On attempting to rise to propose "The memory of Eden," ghastly must have gloomed the face of our poor progenitor, and his eyes have shut in horror of the sword of the cherubim, guarding those gates for ever, "with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms." Then, how black the future, filled by him with all shapes and sights of wo, endlessly tormenting the whole lost race of man! Noah and Lot had not the same excuses for drenching their senses in oblivion. Original sin! Mortal taste! Dreadful causes they of drunkenness, despair, and death!

Let observation with extensive view survey mankind from China to Peru, and what one single small district of the habitable globe will be found, even on the Sabbath-day, perfectly sober? The possession of unclouded reason to the victims of sin and sorrow would seem to be felt as a curse. Therefore, they extract insanity from flowers and blossoms, bright with the blooms and fresh with the dews of heaven, and drink down their misery into dreamless sleep. True, as Mr Macnish says, "that drunkenness has varied greatly at different times and among different nations;" but, perhaps, take one country with another, though the spirit of the age has varied, the quantum of the vice has been pretty much the same, drunkard has balanced drunkard, and earth herself continued to reel and stagger on her axis.

Drunkenness prevails, we agree with the author, more in a rude than in a civilized state of society. It seems, too, to prevail to a much greater extent in northern than in southern latitudes.

"The nature of the climate renders this inevitable, and gives to the human frame its capabilities of withstanding li-

* The Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Macnish, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. W. R. M'Phun, Glasgow. 1828.

quor; hence, a quantity which scarcely ruffles the frozen current of a Norwegian's blood, would scatter madness and fever into the brain of the Hindoo. Even in Europe, the inhabitants of the south are far less adapted to sustain intoxicating agents than those of the north. Much of this depends upon the coldness of the climate, and much also upon the peculiar physical and moral frame to which that coldness gives rise. The natives of the south are a lively, versatile people; sanguine in their temperaments, and susceptible, to an extraordinary degree, of every impression. Their minds seem to inherit the brilliancy of their climate, and are rich with sparkling thoughts and beautiful imagery. The northern nations are the reverse of all this. With more intensity of purpose, with greater depth of reasoning powers, and superior solidity of judgment, they are in a great measure destitute of that sportive and creative brilliancy which hangs like a rainbow over the spirits of the south, and clothes them in a perpetual sunshine of delight. The one is chiefly led by the heart, the other by the head. The one possesses the beauty of a flower-garden, the other the sternness of the rock, mixed with its severe and naked hardihood. Upon constitutions so differently organized, it cannot be expected that a given portion of stimulus will operate with equal power. The airy inflammable nature of the first is easily roused to excitation, and manifests feelings which the second does not experience till he has partaken much more largely of the stimulating cause. On this account, the one may be inebriated, and the other remain comparatively sober upon a similar quantity. In speaking of this subject, it is always to be remembered that a person is not to be considered a drunkard because he consumes a certain portion of liquor; but because what he does consume produces certain effects upon his system. The Russian, therefore, may take six glasses a-day, and be as temperate as the Italian who takes four, or the Indian who takes two. But even when this is acceded to, the balance of sobriety will be found in favour of the south: the inhabitants there not only drink less, but are, *bona fide*, more seldom intoxicated than the others. Those who have contrasted London and Paris, may easily verify this fact; and those who have done the same to the cities of Moscow and Rome, can bear still stronger testimony. Who ever heard of an Englishman sipping *eau sucrée*, and treating his friends to a glass of lemonade? Yet such things are common in France; and, of all the practices of that country, they are those most thoroughly visited by the contemptuous malisons of John Bull."

Mr Macnish says, "it is a common belief that wine was the only inebriating liquor known to antiquity; but this is a mistake." We never heard of that common belief before, for who does not know, as well as himself, that Tacitus mentions the use of ale or beer as common among the Germans of his time—that the Egyptians swigged malt-liquor in the Delta—that a kind of Bell's Beer deluged the middle ages—that the interior of Africa was ever famous for brewing—that our Saxon ancestors were often drowned in mead—that the worshippers of Odin were drunkards of the first water—whence the songs of the Scandinavian Scalds, and the fuddled Futurity of Valhalla—that ardent spirits were quaffed by the Arabians many many centuries ago—that from time immemorial arrack has been manufactured in the island of Java and the continent of Hindostan—and that, in ancient times, Bacchus, and his companion Silenus, were as household words in the mouths of all, and constitute a most important feature of the Heathen mythology?

Mr Macnish has a chapter on the causes of drunkenness—and it is an excellent one—every sentence in it being concise and vigorous; although we think him in some points rather heterodox.

"There are some persons who will never be drunkards, and others who will be so in spite of all that can be done to prevent them. Some are drunkards by choice, and others by necessity. The former have an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament, of coarse unintellectual minds, and of low and animal propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre, and a flow of animal spirits which other people are without. They delight in the roar and riot of drinking clubs; and with them, in particular, all the miseries of life may be referred to the bottle.

"The drunkard by necessity was never meant by nature to be dissipated. He is perhaps a person of amiable dispositions, whom misfortune has overtaken, and who, instead of bearing up manfully against it, endeavours to drown his sor-

rows in liquor. It is an excess of sensibility, a partial mental weakness, an absolute misery of the heart, which drives him on. Drunkenness, with him, is a consequence of misfortune; it is a solitary dissipation, preying upon him in silence. Such a man frequently dies broken-hearted, even before his excesses have had time to destroy him by their own unassisted agency.

"Some become drunkards from excess of indulgence in youth. There are parents who have a common custom of treating their children to wine, punch, and other intoxicating liquors. This, in reality, is regularly bringing them up in an apprenticeship to drunkenness. Others are taught the vice by frequenting drinking clubs and masonic lodges. These are the genuine academies of tippling. Two-thirds of the drunkards we meet with, have been there initiated in that love of intemperance and boisterous irregularity which distinguish their future lives. Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards, and, in truth, most of them are so, more or less, especially if they have naturally much jovialty or warmth of temperament. A fine voice to such men is a fatal accomplishment."

The distinction here made between choice and necessity, seems to us scarcely justifiable. We never shall believe, that whole classes of men have, beyond their fellow Christians, an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor—still less, that "they will be drunkards in spite of all that can be done to prevent them." On the contrary, keep men "of a sanguineous temperament, coarse and unintellectual minds, and low animal propensities," at good, sound, healthy, wholesome, hard work, with moderate, not extravagant wages, and they will be, though not highly ornamental, yet very useful members of the state, and not grossly addicted either to women or whisky. There are many grades in society, to which such persons are admirably well suited; and if strictly and sternly overlooked, which they ought to be, (for a certain surveillance should guard all the occupations of the lower orders,) they make capital day-labourers, carpenters, masons, slaters, hodmen, and chimney-sweeps. That rigidity of fibre, and that flow of animal spirits, of which the Doctor speaks, will under such a system of things—and it is a natural and right system—keep them from the alehouse and the gin-shop. They can be happy on cheese and bread and small beer—great, big, broad-breasted, round-shouldered, muscular monsters, with red faces, and redder whiskers, whom you see plastering gable ends with trowels, carrying lime up ladders, and riding on the rigging of houses ten stories high. Such fellows delight, we do not doubt it, in the roar and riot of drinking clubs; but they also delight in the genial feeling of natural hunger and thirst coming upon them at morning, mid-day, and evening meal—they will take a screed now and then, but are not—let us do them justice—soakers and sots—nor with them must "all the miseries of life be referred to the bottle."

But suppose that such persons were grossly addicted to liquor, why should Mr Macnish call them drunkards by choice? And those other "persons of amiable dispositions, whom misfortune has overtaken," drunkards by necessity? There is just as much choice, and just as much necessity, in the one case as in the other. Excess of sensibility—partial mental weakness—solitary dissipation—unmanly yielding to misfortune—must they be more gently dealt with than the debauches of the stout, coarse, ruddy Bacchanalian, with rigid fibres and high animal spirits? Ought the one to be sentimentally panegyrised in our pity, and the other unsparingly condemned in our repugnance? By no manner of means. The latter is, in all respects, the more despicable and hateful character of the two; and while, as Mr Macnish says, he frequently "dies broken-hearted," the former contrives to live on with merely an occasional disordered stomach. Be that as it may, they are equally sinners from choice—or rather, we do not hesitate to say, that as the case is put, the excuse of necessity would seem to lie rather on the side of the rosy roysterer than of the pale recluse.

With the opinion expressed in the first part of the concluding paragraph, however, of the above extract, simple as it seems to be, we do most heartily coincide, for the custom there alluded to is equally pernicious and disgusting. What more loathsome than to see a lout and loblolly of a schoolboy, probably booby of his class, standing behind his papa's chair, in eager expectation of the customary rummer of

punch? The old fool asks him for a toast too; and with an apoplectical laugh shakes his sides at the long-conned and oft-repeated extemporaneous effusion of hereditary wit, that, in spite of some suspicious symptoms, assures him that the odious offspring is most legitimate. The younger brats meanwhile keep sucking away at the stoppers of the decanters—till, thank God, in come two flaunting Flanders mares of wet and dry nurses, and carry off the whole bawl.

Of drinking-clubs and mason-lodges we really cannot help thinking that Mr Macnish speaks with somewhat too much seriousness and asperity. What sort of clubs would he have? Would he have people to gather together round one large, long, or round table, or several smaller ones, lean upon their elbows, stare into each other's face, and discuss the Mechanical Forces, the Tides, the Prism, and the Pleasures of Knowledge? And all this, without either pipe or tumbler? There must either be drinking-clubs, or no clubs at all. Now it is too much in a free country to put down all clubs; and therefore we hope that drinking-clubs, that is to say, clubs where the members are allowed, if they choose, to wet their whistle in moderation, may continue to flourish. People are the better of meeting together now and then, after their work. And where then, pray, the harm of a tradesman, or mechanic, or labourer of any sort, spending a sixpence occasionally, or even a shilling, in a pot of porter or a glass of Glenlivet?—There need not be always an excess of a good thing. Prudence is very much a national characteristic of our population; and nothing is more common than to see a worthy artificer come out of the mouth of a close, of an evening, with a fine healthy colour on his cheek, staring sober, and returning after a chary but a cheerful glass, to his wife and family, like a good husband and father as he is, a steady smith, a blameless baker, a carpenter without compare, or a tailor of ten thousand.

"Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards!" Stop, dear sir, we beseech you, and do deal less in such sweeping generalities. Good singers do occasionally go wrong in this way, but not nearly so often as bad ones. We cannot at this blessed moment charge our memory with one first-rate gentleman-singer who is not a perfect paragon of sobriety. We defy a drunkard to sing to any effect "A Bumper at parting," or "The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn," or any truly delightful Scottish, Irish, or Italian melody. To sing well, you must keep sober—every fine singer knows and feels that—indulge in drinking, and the voice is broken, the ear untuned, the soul of music sacrificed at its very source; and instead of the cry of encore, there is disappointed silence, the uplifting of hands and eyes, and many silent soliloquies over the obsequies of those sounds that once set the table in a hush, and dimmed the sparkling of fair eyes with the irresistible beauty of tears.

And then why should such a man as our friend write so unkindly of masonic lodges? They are, generally speaking, the soberest of all possible places—one single weak bottle of cold punch for each brother—some score of unaccountable speeches—pay the men their wages—a clatter of fraternal hoofs—and then away along the Bridges troop the brethren of the Kilwinning, or St Luke's, all a-bed and a-snore before the "sma' hours," and up in the morning without so much as a hair of a headach, to "that eternal pair, dry toast and bread and butter." No masonic lodge that ever we frequented, and we have frequented divers, could with any truth be called "a genuine academy for tippling." Schools rather were they of sobriety—so peaceful that a Quaker would have loved them—nor do we remember a single case of a broken head. But perhaps they manage those things differently in the West, and the Glasgow lodges may deserve the character here drawn of them; for punch is indeed an insidious beverage, and in masonic lodges may, for anything we know to the contrary, have "been initiated the drunkards we meet with there, or that love of intemperance and boisterous irregularity which distinguish their future lives." But from this curse or anathema we insist on excluding the masonic lodges of Edinburgh, which are Temples of Friendship, Fun, and Feeling, and sacred in their sobriety to all the Muses.

Drunkenness, our author remarks truly, exists more in towns than in the country, and more among mechanics than husbandmen. Some fool-

ish attempts have been lately made to turn the tables on the country, and to represent rural life as stained and degraded by all the vices—far beyond that of towns and cities. This outrage on common sense—and on nature—we leave for the present to scorn and contempt—and its perpetrators to continue to consider cotton mills as the very preserves of chastity—the houses of the peasantry as receptacles of all that is profligate and flagitious. This is the base creed of the manufacturing school. Mr Macnish knows better—both from reason and from experience. He might, perhaps, have added, that in smallish, dull, sleepy towns, containing from some five to some twelve thousand inhabitants, most of whom are well to do in the world,—warm and rich,—coarse in manners and habits, of uncultivated intellects, and no turn for knowledge or literature, except, perhaps, so far as to set up a Mechanics' Institution, drunkenness prevails even more than in largest cities. The entire town tipples. There are club-rooms in every lane—the flow of ale is perpetual—perpetual the puffing of pipes. The president is a man of few words—but he can call for a song—and many of the members can roar you like any nightingale. The system of soaking knows no change of the seasons. Men with red eyes, furry mouths, blotched faces, large bellies, and little legs, surround each stage and mail coach as it changes horses, nor separate without a cheerer. One after another—Tom, Jack, Dick, and Harry,—they drop away in what is called the prime of life, while still the apotheosis of each defunct drunkard is celebrated over a new tap. The Schoolmaster, the Curate—perhaps the Vicar, or even the Rector—the Private Saint, the Publican and Sinner, the half-pay Officer, the Annuitant from a public office, Jock-the-Laird's natural Brother, the strange Gentleman boarding at the Bell, the Radical Editor, the Small Bookseller, the Ingenious Person who has taken out a patent for anti-attrition grease, the Rough-Rider, whose brother was hanged for horse-stealing, the Dog-Breaker and Poacher, the Bankrupt Auctioneer who can bawl Tom Bowling, the cidevant Landlord of the Cat and Bagpipes, the Tax-gatherer, the Exciseman, the Sergeant-major of the Local, and an inferior sort of Person who has realized a handsome competence by a caravan of wild beasts and albinoes, preserve a pleasing variety in the social circle. Death chucks an office-bearer under the double or triple chin, on an average once a-month, and to see the members walking at a funeral, is too much for the gravity of any one not of the club. Oh, England! England! we love thee well—but is not that, in spite of the march of intellect, too true a picture of most of thy tenth-rate towns, according to the latest census—and are not their churchyards redolent of gin and ale, where

> "Even in their ashes live their wonted fires!"

Our author then touches on another topic—and a melancholy one it is—yet true.

"Drunkenness appears to be in some measure hereditary. We frequently see it descending from parents to their children. This may undoubtedly often arise from bad example and imitation, but there can be little question that, in many instances at least, it exists as a family predisposition.

"Men of genius are often unfortunately addicted to drinking. Nature, as she has gifted them with greater powers than their fellows, seems also to have mingled with their cup of life more bitterness. There is a melancholy which is apt to come like a cloud over the imaginations of such characters. Their minds possess a susceptibility and a delicacy of structure which unfit them for the gross atmosphere of human nature; wherefore, high talent has ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom. Genius lives in a world of its own: it is the essence of a superior nature—the loftier imaginings of the mind, clothed with a more spiritual and refined verdure. Few men endowed with such faculties enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity. The stream of their lives runs harsh and broken. Melancholy thoughts sweep perpetually across their souls; and if these be heightened by misfortune, they are plunged into the deepest misery."

What degradation and sin for any virtuous woman to marry a drunkard! "If a drunken man," quoth old Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, "gets a child, it will never likely have a good brain."—"It is remarkable," says Darwin, "that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fer-

mented liquors, are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the course be continued, till the family become extinct."

Only think of a drunken bridegroom! a beast that swills during the honey-moon! snoring insensible by the side of a sweet, delicate, loving, aye even loving creature yet in her teens!—An old, useless, barren bachelor may drink till he dies—little harm can he do to anybody but himself, though, to be sure, he may sorely distress his old maiden sister and housekeeper, Shoosy—and break the affectionate and faithful creature's heart. But a married man, and a father of sons and daughters, all smiling, or willing to smile, round his board, to be a drunkard! He deserves that death should come stealthily in, once a-month, like an unseen tiger at midnight, and carry them all off, one by one, to his den, the grave. For Nature will not endure to see her holy gifts so profaned; sooner or later, she will show herself revenger and avenger; and the drunkard will be forced to feel even like a very man at last, when his little Benjamin, the sole survivor of all the many, whose mother died that he might be born, is buried with the rest; and the broken-hearted wretch's town-house and country-house, each with four stories above ground, besides two sunk ones, and commodious garrets, have emptied themselves, dining-room, drawing-room, parlours, libraries, and bedrooms, into the churchyard!

We do not believe that men of genius are more subject to melancholy than their fellows, nor that nature has mingled more bitterness with their cup of life. What does Mr Macnish mean by the "gross atmosphere of human nature?" It is singularly vague phraseology—and most unlike the usual language of his clear conceptions. Genius loves to live in no world of its own—except it be for a short holiday of the imagination. In this world of ours—even this work-day world, genius is delighted to dwell; for with all its sins and sorrows, it is worth all the ideal worlds, all the Utopias that dreaming brains have ever created but to vanish in smoke, "leaving behind them, instead of a sweet savour, a stench." Life and blood passions are the strength of genius; and without holding communion with them, even when they are

"Sightless labourers whistling at their work,"

Genius would wish to die, and would be unable to live. Did Homer live in a world of his own? Not he indeed. But in a world which every boy and every man who has a heart and a soul inhabits, and will inhabit along with him, Blind Melesigenes, till time shall be no more. Did Shakspeare live in a world of his own?—Occasionally, witness the Forest of Ardennes, and the Isle of Prospero and Caliban, and the Airy Kingdom of the Midsummer Night's Dream. But the civil wars of England were no fictions—surely—those bishops, and barons, and princes, and kings, were of the world, for which they fought, and prayed, and hungered, and thirsted, and lived, and died.

They—that is Homer and Shakspeare—and others with Homeric and Shakspearean souls—so far from being unfit for the "gross atmosphere of human nature," breathed in it with lungs of easiest play—gulped it down delighted—soared through it like eagles, tumbled in it like pigeons, intersected it like swallows, serened it like a calm, purified it like a storm, glittered in it like stars, shone over it like a sun, illuminated it like the rise of morning, and darkened it like the fall of midnight.

"High talent has ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom!" No—no—no. Nature works according to better and wiser laws. High talent, well directed, and finding, which it generally does, its right place in the world, flings away from it, scatters to the winds, sadness and gloom, like so much darkness, and so much dust. High talent will not, of itself, guard its possessor from misery, for man was born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards; but it is one of the strongest and stanchest safeguards against all undue despondency and sinking of heart. Conscience and Religion are of a higher order—"celestial ardours;" but intellect is, under them, a great power for the happy guidance of human life; and where they have not been wanting, the highest talent has been found in the happiest men—so generally united are genius, virtue, and enjoyment.

True, that men of genius see far and clear into the melancholy and

mournfulness of human life; and the farther and the clearer, as their genius is high and profound. Into that melancholy and that mournfulness they, like others, will sink at times, whether they will or no; and at times they will even, in dark abandonment, deliver themselves up voluntarily, as if under the influence of some self-born spell, bound, as it were, hands and feet, into the very grasp of grief. But such wild and wayward fits are but of rare occurrence; the retrospective eye shuns them, ashamed; and true it is, as Wordsworth, himself a glorious example of its truth, says joyfully,

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love."

Instances there are, no doubt,—alas! too many,—of men of genius to whom nature has given the temperament of melancholy—nay, of madness. But these are the exceptions; and do not entitle Mr Macnish to affirm generally, "that few men endowed with such faculties enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity." Melancholy thoughts do indeed, as he beautifully says, sweep across the souls of men of genius; but not, as he says, "perpetually;" nor does, to use his own words, "the stream of their lives run harsh and broken." That would be a creed most unconsolatory and forlorn, and it would include Mr Macnish himself—for we have not hesitated to call him a man of genius; whereas, though we have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, we shall not allow ourselves to doubt for a moment that he is a man of a cheerful nature, alike removed from the extremes of too thoughtless mirth, and too thoughtful melancholy—an agreeable companion to himself and others,—and such a spirit as would be most welcome among the mild and amusing mysteries of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, from which no man ever departed of whom it might not truly be said—

"A wiser and a better man
He rose to-morrow's morn."

That men of genius are very often unfortunately addicted to drinking, we cannot take upon ourselves to deny. Men of genius are liable to all the frailties of humanity, just like their less gifted brethren, and are sometimes, from certain peculiarities both of character and condition, exposed to many trying temptations. We have known them drunkards: but for one such, we have known twenty—fifty—sober, sedate, free from vice, good citizens, Tories without a stain, church-and-king men, who cared little whether the bowl or the bottle before them were full or empty, water or Glenlivet; for their genius poured into it, at will, an innocent and celestial spirit, of which all might drink deep draughts, till, if they saw double, it was but twice as much of the beauty and the glory of life and nature, heaven and earth, as was revealed to ordinary vision. But gin is one thing, and genius is another; and there is an essential difference between the inspiration of the Mews and the Muses.

"The consequences of drunkenness are dreadful, but the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly ecstatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind, and Elysium, with all its glories, descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker.

"Some authors have spoken of the pleasure of being completely drunk: this, however, is not the most exquisite period. The time is when a person is neither 'drunken nor sober, but neighbour to both,' as Bishop Andrews says in his 'Ex—ale—tation of Ale.' The moment is when the ethereal emanations begin to float around the brain—when the soul is commencing to expand its wings and rise from earth—when the tongue feels itself somewhat loosened in the mouth, and breaks the previous taciturnity, if any such existed.

"What are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with a placid satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems, to himself, to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the finest mist, passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance and appear double. A gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded, and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born, as it were, within him.

"Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world. He thinks no more of misery: it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This

is the acme of the fit—the ecstacy is now perfect. As yet, the sensorium is in tolerable order: it is only shaken, but the capability of thinking with accuracy still remains. About this time, the drunkard pours out all the secrets of his soul. His qualities, good or bad, come forth without reserve; and now, if at any time, the human heart may be seen into. In a short period, he is seized with a most inordinate propensity to talk nonsense, though he is perfectly conscious of doing so. He also commits many foolish things, knowing them to be foolish. The power of volition, that faculty which keeps the will subordinate to the judgment, seems totally weakened. The most delightful time seems to be that immediately before becoming very talkative. When this takes place, a man turns ridiculous, and his mirth, though more boisterous, is not so exquisite. At first the intoxication partakes of sentiment, but, latterly, it becomes merely animal.

"After this the scene thickens. The drunkard's imagination gets disordered with the most grotesque conceptions. Instead of moderating his drink, he pours it down more rapidly than ever: glass follows glass with reckless energy. His head becomes perfectly giddy. The candles burn blue, or green, or yellow; and where there are perhaps only three on the table, he sees a dozen. According to his temperament, he is amorous, or musical, or quarrelsome. Many possess a most extraordinary wit; and a great flow of spirits is a general attendant. In the latter stages, the speech is thick, and the use of the tongue in a great measure lost. His mouth is half open, and idiotic in the expression; while his eyes are glazed, wavering, and watery. He is apt to fancy that he has offended some one of the company, and is ridiculously profuse with his apologies. Frequently he mistakes one person for another, and imagines some of those before him are individuals who are in reality absent, or even dead. The muscular powers are all along much affected; this indeed happens before any great change takes place in the mind, and goes on progressively increasing. He can no longer walk with steadiness, but totters from side to side. The limbs become powerless, and inadequate to sustain his weight. He is, however, not always sensible of any deficiency in this respect; and, while exciting mirth by his eccentric motions, imagines that he walks with the most perfect steadiness. In attempting to run, he conceives that he passes over the ground with astonishing rapidity. The last stage of drunkenness is total insensibility. The man tumbles perhaps beneath the table, and is carried away in a state of stupor to his couch. In this condition he is said to be *dead drunk.*

"When the drunkard is put to bed, let us suppose that his faculties are not totally absorbed in apoplectic stupor; let us suppose that he still possesses consciousness and feeling, though these are both disordered; then begins 'the tug of war;' then comes the misery which is doomed to succeed his previous raptures. No sooner is his head laid upon the pillow than it is seized with the strangest throbbing. His heart beats quick and hard against the ribs. A noise like the distant fall of a cascade, or rushing of a river, is heard in his ears: sough—sough—sough, goes the sound. His senses now become more drowned and stupified. A dim recollection of his carousals, like a shadowy and indistinct dream, passes before the mind. He still hears, as in echo, the cries and laughter of his companions. Wild fantastic fancies accumulate thickly around the brain. His giddiness is greater than ever; and he feels as if in a ship tossed upon a heaving sea. At last he drops insensibly into a profound slumber.

"In the morning he awakes in a high fever. The whole body is parched; the palms of the hands, in particular, are like leather. His head is often violently painful. He feels excessive thirst; while his tongue is white, dry, and stiff. The whole inside of the mouth is likewise hot and constricted, and the throat often sore. Then look at his eyes, how sickly, dull, and languid! The fire, which first lighted them up the evening before, is all gone. A stupor, like that of the last stage of drunkenness, still clings about them, and they are disagreeably affected by the light. The complexion sustains as great a change; it is no longer flushed with gaiety and excitation, but pale and wayworn, indicating a profound mental and bodily exhaustion. There is probably sickness, and the appetite is totally gone. Even yet the delirium of intoxication has not left him, for his head still rings, his heart still throbs violently; and if he attempts getting up, he stumbles with giddiness. The mind also is sadly depressed, and the proceedings of the previous night are painfully remembered. He is sorry for his conduct, promises solemnly never again so to commit himself, and calls impatiently for something to quench his thirst. Such are the usual phenomena of a fit of drunkenness."

All this is most admirable; nor do

we know anywhere any more vivid and breathing picture. Justice is done to the subject, both on its fairer and darker side, and Truth has guided the pen or pencil at every touch. No moral is drawn,—but a moral is there, nevertheless,—and amidst all the airy mirth so well described, it sounds like a small, chiming, melancholy knell, foreboding woe and death. What follows is also most excellent.

"During a paroxysm of drunkenness, the body is much less sensible to external stimuli than at other times: it is particularly capable of resisting cold. Seamen, when absent on shore, are prone to get intoxicated; and they will frequently lie for hours on the highway, even in the depth of winter, without any bad consequences. A drunk man seldom shivers from cold. His frame seems steeled against it, and he holds out with an apathy which is astonishing. The body is, in like manner, insensible to injuries, such as cuts, bruises, &c. He frequently receives, in fighting, the most severe blows, without seemingly feeling them, and without, in fact, being aware of the matter till sobered. Persons in intoxication have been known to chop off their fingers, and otherwise disfigure themselves, laughing all the while at the action. But when the paroxysm is off, and the frame weakened, things are changed. External agents are then withstood with little vigour, with even less than in the natural state of the body. The person shivers on the slightest chill, and is more than usually subject to fevers and all sorts of contagion.

"External stimuli frequently break the fit. Men have been instantly sobered by having a bucket of cold water thrown upon them, or by falling into a stream. Strong emotions of the mind produce the same effect, such as a sense of danger, or a piece of good or bad news, suddenly communicated.

"There are particular situations and circumstances in which a man can stand liquor better than in others. In the close atmosphere of a large town, he is soon overpowered; and it is here that the genuine drunkard is to be met with in the greatest perfection. In the country, especially in a mountainous district, or on the sea-shore, where the air is cold and piercing, a great quantity may be taken with impunity. The Highlanders drink largely of ardent spirits, and they are often intoxicated, yet, among them, there are comparatively few who can be called habitual drunkards. A keen air seems to deaden its effects, and it soon evaporates from their constitutions. Sailors and soldiers, who are hard wrought, also consume enormous quantities without injury: porters and all sorts of labourers do the same. With these men exercise is a corrective; but in towns, where no counteracting agency is employed, it acts with irresistible power upon the frame, and soon proves destructive."

We once saw a man under sentence of death, (he was to be, and was, executed next morning,) under the influence of an enormous quantity of ardent spirits. He had got it smuggled into prison by his wife. He had swallowed about two bottles of rum that day,—but though dismal, he was not drunk. Fear and horror kept him sober. His senses were in some measure what in Scotland we call *dazed*, but his soul was alive in its agony, and his groans were the ghastliest ever heard out of or in a condemned cell. Among all the confusion of the thoughts within him, one thought was ever uppermost; and he knew in all the dreadful distinctness of reality, always so different from a dream, that he was to be hanged next morning at eight o'clock, and his body given to dissection. He staggered up and down in his chains, and then, ever and anon, sat down on the edge of his iron bed, and stared on vacancy with blood-shot eyes, as if he saw the hangman or Satan. The liquor had lost its power over the "heart of the man oppressed with care," and all that it did seemed to be, to bring the gallows nearer to him in the gloom,—to dangle the rope nearer to his throat and eyes,—and to show him, like a reality on the stone-floor, his own shell or coffin. His prayers were muttered angrily, like curses; no deluding hope of reprieve or respite rose from the rum fumes sickening his stomach and clouding his brain,—no minister of religion, much needed as he was, would then have been welcome. There was an obscure and dim mistaking in his tortured spirit, of his sentence as the mere judgment of men, instead of the doom of the Eternal, whose great law he had violated,—he denied, demon-like, the righteousness of the fiat, "blood for blood;" and in the blackness of his face, you read wrath against wrath, that of a wicked worm against that of the Holy of Holies, wickedness struggling with conscience,

and crime, fear-stricken, and appalled, yet loath to give way to penitence, though preyed on by remorse, while all his body trembled and shook as at the noise of a devouring fire.—A long deep sleep fell upon him,—he awoke another being,—stood, when the time was come, without a shiver on the scaffold, and died with decency and firmness, a willing and unreluctant victim.

Mr Macnish does well to declare the Highlanders a sober people. They are so. Never saw we in the Highlands,—and we know every nook of them as well as our own parlour—an habitual and confirmed drunkard, except in circumstances that, if they did not excuse, accounted for the vice. The Highlanders have no horror of the effects of whisky. Hector Macneil, in his Will and Jean, described such evils only as they were seen in the Lowlands. Whisky is found, by experience, to be, on the whole, a blessing in so very misty and mountainous a country. It destroys disease —and banishes death. Without some such stimulant the people would die of cold. You will see a fine old Gael of ninety or a hundred, turn up his little finger to a calker with an air of patriarchal solemnity altogether scriptural; his great-grand children eyeing him with the most respectful affection, and the youngest of them toddling across the floor, to take the quech from his huge, withered, and hairy hand, which he lays on the amiable Joseph's sleek craniology, with a blessing heartier through the Glenlivet, and with all the earnestness of religion. There is no disgrace in getting drunk—in the Highlands—not even if you are of the above standing—for where the people are so poor, such a state is but of rare occurrence, while it is felt all over the land of sleet and snow, that a "drap o' the creatur" is a very necessary of life, and that but for its "dew" the mountains would be uninhabitable. At fairs, and funerals, and marriages, and such-like merry meetings, sobriety is sent to look after the sheep; but, except on charitable occasions of that kind, sobriety stays at home among the peat-reek, and is contented with crowdy. Who that ever stooped his head beneath the lintel of a Highland hut would grudge a few gallons of Glenlivet to its poor but unrepining inmates? The seldomer they get drunk the better—and it is but seldom they do so—but let the rich man—the monied moralist, who bewails and begrudges the Gael a modicum of the liquor of life, remember the doom of a certain Dives, who, in a certain place, that shall now be nameless, cried, but cried in vain, for a drop of water. Lord bless the Highlanders, say we—for the most harmless, hospitable, peaceable, brave people that ever despised breeches, blew pibrochs, took Invincible standards, and believed in the authenticity of Ossian's Poems. In that pure and lofty region ignorance is not, as elsewhere, the mother of vice—penury cannot repress the noble rage of the mountaineer as "he sings aloud old songs, the music of the heart," while Superstition herself has an elevating influence, and will be suffered, even by Religion, to show her shadowy shape and mutter her wild voice through the gloom that lies on the heads of the remote glens, and among the thousand caves of Echo in her iron-bound coasts, dashed on for ever,—night and day—summer and winter—by those sleepless seas, who have no sooner laid their heads upon the pillow than up they start with a howl that cleaves the Orcades, and away off in search of shipwrecks round the corner of Cape Wrath.

But let us return to our friend the Doctor:—

"The mind exercises a considerable effect upon drunkenness, and may often control it powerfully. When in the company of a superior whom we respect, or of a female, in whose presence it would be indelicate to get intoxicated, a much greater portion of liquor may be withstood than in societies where no such restraints operate.

"Some drunkards retain their senses after the physical powers are quite exhausted. Others, even when the mind is wrought to a pitch leading to the most absurd actions, preserve a degree of cunning and observation which enables them to elude the tricks which their companions are preparing to play upon them. In such cases, they display great address, and take the first opportunity of retaliating; or, if such does not occur, of slipping out of the room unobserved, and getting away. Some, while the whole mind seems locked up in the stupor of forgetfulness, hear all that is going on. No one should ever presume on the intoxicated state of another, to talk of him

detractingly in his presence. While apparently deprived of all sensation, he may be an attentive listener; and whatever is said, though unheeded at the moment, is not forgotten afterwards, but treasured carefully up in the memory. Much discord and ill-will frequently arise from such imprudence.

"There are persons who are exceedingly profuse, and fond of giving away their money, watches, rings, &c. to the company. This peculiarity will never, I believe, be found in a miser. Avarice is a passion strong under every circumstance. Drinking does not loosen the grasp of the covetous man, or open his heart. He is for ever the same.

"The generality of people are apt to talk of their private affairs when intoxicated. They then reveal the most deeply hidden secrets to their companions. Others have their minds so happily constituted that nothing escapes them. They are, even in their most unguarded moments, secret and close as the grave.

"The natural disposition may be better discovered in drunkenness than at any other time. In modern society, life is all a disguise. Every man walks in masquerade, and his most intimate friend very often does not know his real character. Many wear smiles constantly upon their cheeks, whose hearts are unprincipled and treacherous. Many, with violent tempers, have all the external calm and softness of charity itself. Some speak always with sympathy, who, at soul, are full of gall and bitterness. Intoxication tears off the veil, and sets each in his true light, whatever that may be. The combative man will quarrel, the sensualist will love, the detractor will abuse his neighbour. I have known exceptions, but they are few in number. At one time they seemed more numerous; but closer observation convinced me, that most of those whom I thought drunkenness had libelled, inherited, at bottom, the genuine dispositions which it brought forth."

Upon this text we could, if we chose, preach a sermon; but the reader need not send for his nightcap, for we are not going to be prosy overmuch. We agree with Mr Macnish, that the mind does exercise a considerable effect upon drunkenness, and may often control it powerfully. But it is safest, we think, and most prudent,—to say nothing of propriety,—"in company of a superior, or of a female, in whose presence it would be indelicate to get intoxicated," not to imbibe a great portion of liquor. If you do, you may not perhaps get absolutely drunk, for your respect for the lord, and your love for the lady, may keep you sober as a judge on the bench, yet all the while you will feel like a prisoner at the bar; and it is not possible for you to imagine the absurd face which you will put on in that predicament or dilemma. For staring wild, a goshawk will be a joke to you; for one so silent, you are by much too red in the face, seeing that a bubblyjock has no right to be speechless. Your very laugh will have something about it much too convulsive for select society; and if called upon suddenly to contribute your quota of a remark, you will open your mouth like an oyster, or a barn-door, without uttering a syllable, although formerly esteemed the most fluent in the Juridical or Speculative, and with a mouth to Parliament. Take our advice, then, and "in the company of a superior whom you respect, or of a female, in whose presence it would be indelicate to get intoxicated," keep within the bottle of claret, and turn a deaf ear to the chiming of the silver ladle on the rim of the China punch-bowl,—music difficult to be resisted, even if, like Ulysses of old, afraid of the Syrens, you were to tie yourself by the towel to the back of your chair.

Mr Macnish's remarks on misers in their drunkenness, are, we believe, equally striking and just;—and we have observed that when a miser is drunk he always sits with his hands in his breeches pockets. He does so, even if there is nothing in his fobs; and when he ventures to take out his hands, they are always shut as if holding fast a farthing. Beyond that dear diminutive of a coin he never bets, even were you to offer ten to one; and he prefers an even wager, the odds always looking dangerous to his distempered fancy, were the stakes on his part but a doit. You may without difficulty fuddle a miser; but 'tis not every man who can make him drunk. Like a West Country Beau keeping himself sober, by a strong mental "exertion, under the largest liquor, in the presence of a female, before whom it would be indelicate to get intoxicated," the miser can swill deeply without falling over on his side, especially in company with a stranger, who, for anything he knows to the contrary, may be a pick-pocket or a tax-ga-

therer. On all other subjects but that nearest and dearest to his heart, he will be open and unreserved—his dead wife, his natural child, his ass or his pig. He will even, when maudlin, put his arm round your neck, and talk to you about the salvation of your immortal soul. He will weep for Dawty, who died in the year of the French Revolution, and at whose funeral he allowed but two bottles of currant wine to fifty people from a distance, and half-a-dozen rusk-biscuits. But he would not subscribe a penny to an Infirmary, or Blind Asylum, or Madhouse, to save the human race from insanity. He will take his chance of Satan and the lawyers; yet, if you rub him not against the purse, in his cups he has a strong sense of religion, and would have no objection, not he indeed, to see the Heathen Christianized *gratis*. Speak to him about an augmentation of his minister's stipend, and he gets so black in the face that you begin to loosen his neckcloth. When you call the shot, into what a profound reverie is he plunged! He shams the last stage of drunkenness—and to save sixpence suffers himself to be hurled home in a state of assumed insensibility in a wheel-barrow! But he insists, in his dull, dogged, dead drunkenness, real or pretended, to sleep in his breeches; for empty as the pockets are, with the exception of a bad penny and a doubtful farthing, he has too much sense, under the circumstances, to let them lie below his bolster. Should he have been led to his own door blind-fou', by a brat half in fun and half for a farthing, he puts the urchin off with a promise or a threat, nor would he pay to be lifted up from the gutter in which he lay face downward, and about to snort his last in filth and mire. A pretty and a pleasant person over a punch-bowl!

We have never been able to bring ourselves to think, as Mr Macnish thinks, that the natural disposition may be better discovered in drunkenness than at any other time. How should it? How can it? Does not drunkenness confessedly distort and disorder the physical, intellectual, and moral powers? Is the mind—the heart—the soul—then in a natural state? Quite the reverse. What faith then can be put either in words or in deeds, as truly revealing the nature of the man? Drunkenness often utterly prostrates the intellect of the ablest men. Nay, a little drink often does so, changing them, painfully, into idiots. What nonsense then drivels from their lips! Does their natural disposition reveal itself during that mental eclipse? Say it not. The intellect is as much part of a man as the feeling—and shall the "natural disposition" remain unchanged during intoxication, when the other faculties are stupified or rendered imbecile? All is chaos—everything is reversed—turned topsy-turvy—and the man is himself no more—and cruel would it be to judge him by the maunderings or ravings of that counterfeit or changeling. The characters of men must be seen in their sane, not in their insane state—in health, not in disease. Brain-fever is a liar of the first magnitude—and let no man judge his brother after the first bottle—or the second punch-bowl.

If, as Mr Macnish asserts, in modern life all be disguise, drunkenness might and often would tear it off, and shew the mind of the man in *puris naturalibus*. But, with certain prudent and dignified reserves, which every gentleman owes to himself, out of the society of his very dearest friends, who wears any disguise? When warmed with wine, or any other cause of excitation, people do indeed lay aside restraint, and become somewhat more communicative than on milk and water; but, when unfortunately they so far forget themselves as to get drunk, they are themselves no more, but caricatures and libels of themselves, and would, were themselves to be suddenly restored to their senses, be by themselves flung out of the window, or kicked down stairs. The man who is a perpetual hypocrite when sober, may indeed stand confessed in his true character when drunk. But he who when sober has nothing he wishes to conceal, and is open and free as the morning or mid-day, that man, confused and distracted by liquor, is himself no more—his conduct is a lie—and to see him as he is, you must wait till he has awoke from sleep, or rather risen from the dead.

What do you mean by "natural disposition?" That we hold to be a man's real character to which he is true, in all the greater and less conduct of daily life, when master of himself,

and with an unclouded mind. In drunkenness, that character is often seen sadly perverted—perverted, surely not truly revealed to our eyes, that had previously been cheated by the delusions practised on them by a hypocrite. "His natural disposition" is that which impels and guides him when he is in his senses—not that which drives him headlong and misguides him when he is out of them; and as well might we judge a man's natural disposition from the actings of the sleep-walker, or the mutterings of the distempered dreamer, lying on his back with a stomach surcharged with a heavy supper, as from his behaviour under the influence of intoxication. Besides, the effects of intoxication vary on the same individual, according to the state of his stomach, or general health and strength, and still more according to the nature of the intoxicating liquor, as Mr Macnish has admirably illustrated. All speaking differently, can they all speak the truth? And what is the native character, the natural disposition, of that man, who under brandy is bold, under wine timid, under cyder communicative, and under ale close as the grave?

We have talked away, even at the risk of being tedious, upon this theme, because if there be indeed "*in vino veritas*," we are such lovers of truth, that we cannot be haters of drunkenness. But if drunkenness destroy all truth, all faith, all sense, all reason, and all feeling, even in the most true, the most leal, the most rational, and the most humane, then and therefore is it the most hideous and fatal of vices—changing angels into demons, and men into beasts. The shame, horror, penitence, and dreadful remorse that men have felt for words said and deeds done in drink, prove that drink can inspire thoughts into men's hearts most alien from their nature, and drive them to the commission of acts, of which, as long as they were in their sober senses, no trial, no temptation, could ever have made them guilty, or even form to themselves a thought fleeting as a shadow. But they had put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains, and thence sometimes rape, robbery, and murder, followed by swift retribution and lamentable doom.

Mr Macnish speaks, somewhere else in his Treatise, of the law considering drunkenness as no palliation, but rather an aggravation of any criminal act. And he says that this is right, because if drunkenness were held to palliate or excuse crimes, people would pretend drunkenness, commit crimes, and escape with impunity. But this, it is to be hoped and indeed believed, is not the spirit or reason of the law. As well might insanity be held to be an aggravation, and no palliation of crime; because wicked men might simulate insanity, that they might rob or murder without reach of punishment. The law in this is but an expression of the austere judgment of the incorruptible conscience. Drunkenness is a voluntary act; and its evil consequences to the senses and to the brain, are known to all men. Therefore, whatever horrors may come to be accumulated on the senseless act of a drunkard, they are all attributable to the free-will of a moral agent. If he murders, he must be executed. Yet, even here, as in all other actions of men, there are plain, obvious, and broad distinctions, which the law itself, obliged as it is to deal, in theory, with general rules, would regard in practice.

The criminal act of an unprincipled and reckless drunkard, done in drunkenness, would probably in passing of sentence, and certainly in execution of it, be regarded in a different light from the hasty and unhappy deed of a sober man, intoxicated under chance circumstances, over which it might truly be said he had scarcely any control. He might have been betrayed into a state to which, in all his habits, his nature was repugnant; and in that state he might have committed a rueful crime. Need we say, that whatever might, in that case, be ordered by the letter of the law, in a Christian country, where religion and philosophy reigned, the guilt of such an act of such a man, would be felt by all to be palliated by drunkenness, and on that account would, beyond all doubt, be less severely punished. The judgments of the tribunals of men erected in courts of law, cannot always be coincident with those of that tribunal erected in every single heart—conscience. Those of the latter, are the voice of God, whose vicegerent conscience is; but those of the former seek to be guided by that same voice, although they must often punish the action, apart from the intention; and,

in judging of the intention, must give rude guesses; and, if there be evil there, pronounce and execute sentence, in spite of the many circumstances of palliation which, in the Court of Conscience, would be admitted to be pleaded in behalf of the guilty. Just as, on the other hand, many things would, in the Court of Conscience, be argued against the criminal, and overwhelm him to the dust, which, in the Circuit Court at Glasgow, Dumfries, or Ayr, would never pass the lips of the Depute-Advocate. But all this Mr Macnish knows as well as we do; and we verily believe, that the erroneous opinion on which we have been animadverting, was but one of those mere slips or oversights, of which nobody is more frequently guilty than ourselves.

Drunkard, stand forward, that we may have a look at you, and draw your picture. There he stands! The mouth of the drunkard, you may observe, contracts a singularly sensitive appearance—seemingly red and rawish; and he is perpetually licking or smacking his lips, as if his palate were dry and adust. His is a thirst that water will not quench. He might as well drink air. His whole being burns for a dram. The whole world is contracted into a calker. He would sell his soul, in such extremity, were the black bottle denied him, for a gulp of Glenlivet. Not to save his soul from eternal fire, would he, or rather could he, if left alone with it, refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destruction. What a snout he turns up to the morning air, inflamed, pimpled, snubby, and snorty, and with a nob at the end on't, like one carved out of a stick by the knife of a schoolboy—rough and hot to the very eye,—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit even to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cough harasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectoration. How his hand trembles! It is an effort even to sign his name; one of his sides is certainly not by any means as sound as the other; there has been a touch of palsy there; and the next hint will draw down his chin to his collar bone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slavering idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn, for any length of time, his hand, his heart, or his head. He cannot angle—for his fingers refuse to tie a knot, much more to busk a fly. The glimmer and the glow of the stream would make his brain dizzy—to wet his feet now would, he fears, be death. Yet he thinks that he will go out—during that sunny blink of a showery day—and try the well-known pool in which he used to bathe in boyhood, with the long, matted, green, trailing water-plants depending on the slippery rocks, and the water-ouzel gliding from beneath the arch that hides her "procreant cradle," and then sinking like a stone suddenly in the limpid stream. He sits down on the bank, and fumbling in his pouch for his pocket-book, brings out, instead, a pocket-pistol. Turning his fiery face towards the mild, blue, vernal sky, he pours the gurgling brandy down his throat—first one dose, and then another—till, in an hour, stupified and dazed, he sees not the silvery crimson-spotted trouts, shooting, and leaping, and tumbling, and plunging in deep and shallow; a day on which, with one of Captain Colley's March-Browns, in an hour, we could fill a pannier. Or, if it be autumn or winter, he calls, perhaps, with a voice at once gruff and feeble, on old Ponto, and will take a pluff at the partridges. In former days, down they used to go, right and left, in potatoe or turnip-field, broomy brae or stubble—but now his sight is dim and wavering, and his touch trembles on the trigger. The covey whirrs off, unharmed in a single feather—and poor Ponto, remembering better days, cannot conceal his melancholy, falls in at his master's heel, and will hunt no more. Out, as usual, comes the brandy-bottle—he is still a good shot when his mouth is the mark—and having emptied the fatal flask, he staggers homewards, with the muzzles of his double-barrel frequently pointed to his ear, both being on full-cock, and his brains not blown out only by a miracle. He tries to read the newspaper—just arrived—but cannot find his spectacles. Then, by way of variety, he attempts a tune on the fiddle—but the bridge is broken, and her side cracked, and the bass-string snapped—and she is restored to her peg among the cobwebs. In comes a red-headed, stockingless lass, with her carrots in papers, and lays the cloth for dinner—salt beef

and greens. But the Major's stomach scunners at the Skye-stot—his eyes roll eagerly for the hot-water—and in a couple of hours he is dead-drunk in his chair, or stoitering and staggering, in aimless dalliance with the scullion, among the pots and pans of an ever-disorderly and dirty kitchen. Mean people, in shabby sporting velveteen dresses, rise up, as he enters, from the dresser covered with cans, jugs, and quechs, and take off their rusty and greasy napless hats to the Major—and to conclude the day worthily and consistently, he squelches himself down among the reprobate crew, takes his turn at smutty jest and smuttier song, which drive even the prostitutes out of the kitchen—falls back insensible, exposed to gross and indecent practical jokes from the vilest of the unhanged—and finally is carried to bed on a hand-barrow, with hanging head and heels, like a calf across a butcher's cart, and, with glazed eyes and lolling tongue, is tumbled upon the quilt—if ever to awake it is extremely doubtful;—but if awake he do, it is to the same wretched round of brutal degradation—a career, of which the inevitable close is an unfriended deathbed and a pauper's grave. O hero! six feet high, and with a brawn once like Hercules—in the prime of life, too—well born and well bred—once bearing with honour the king's commission; and on that glorious morn, now forgotten, or bitterly remembered, undaunted leader of the forlorn-hope that mounted the breach at Badajos—is that a death worthy of a man—a soldier—and a Christian? A dram-drinker! Faugh! faugh! Look over—lean over that stile, where a pig lies wallowing in mire—and a voice, faint, and feeble, and far off, as if it came from some dim and remote world within your lost soul will cry, that of the two beasts, that bristly one, agrunt in sensual sleep, with its snout snoring across the husk-trough, is, as a physical, moral, and intellectual being, superior to you, late Major in his Majesty's —— regiment of foot, now dram-drinker, drunkard, and dotard, and self-doomed to a disgraceful and disgusting death ere you shall have completed your thirtieth year. What a changed thing since that day when you carried the colours, and were found, the bravest of the brave, and the most beautiful of the beautiful, with the glorious tatters wrapped round your body all drenched in blood, your hand grasping the broken sabre, and two grim Frenchmen lying hacked and hewed at your feet! Your father and your mother saw your name in the "Great Lord's" Dispatch; and it was as much as he could do to keep her from falling on the floor, for "her joy was like a deep affright!" Both are dead now; and better so, for the sight of that blotched face and those glazed eyes, now and then glittering in fitful frenzy, would have killed them both, nor, after such a spectacle, could their old bones have rested in the grave.

Let any one who has had much experience of life, look back upon the ranks of his friends, companions, acquaintances, and persons whom he knew but by name—or not even by name—although he had become informed of something of their habits and history. How many drunkards among them have drunk themselves to death, and, before their natural term, disappeared—first into disgraceful retirement in some far-off hut, with a poor peasant for keeper—and then into some kirk-yard, apart from the bones of kindred! The scholar of bright parts, perhaps, but unsettled principles, who had committed the fatal error of attaching himself to no one profession or pursuit, but who preferred hanging loose on the world, till the world, weary of him, blew him rudely off; and who then, losing year after year, at first unconsciously, and at last with the bitterest consciousness, portion after portion of his dignity and independence, became, in the very prime of life, and with all his misdirected abilities, a pauper and a reprobate, whom it were pitiful, almost disgraceful, to shake by the clammy hand; and whom, partly from his own fault, and partly from a kind of fatality, it had become utterly impossible essentially to befriend! You heard nothing of him for a year—he had gone, none knew whither—till you were told that he was dead. Then how many young men, intended for the church, the sons of poor but decent parents, who had hoped to see them "shaking their heads ower a poopit," become dissipated in obscure haunts—till, with their characters entirely blown upon and blasted, they emerge into open day pro-

fessed profligates—scoff at religion and its ministers—go about the country from house to house, disgracing themselves, and disgusting their longest-enduring friends by their drunkenness—or vices more flagitious still—degenerate into dancing-masters, or excisemen, or inferior game-keepers employed to exterminate vermin—and though sometimes pretty sober, never perfectly steady, sink gradually lower and lower in condition, till you see them blacking shoes at inn doors at watering-places, or rubbing down stage-coach horses, or, all too feeble for such labour, knapping stones for Macadamized high-ways, and with downcast looks half-imploring charity from the passing traveller. Or perhaps you may remember more than one—ay half a dozen medical students—as they were called—who after spending in the slips of theatres, and the boxes of taverns, and worse haunts, the means furnished for their education by parents who had meanwhile denied themselves even the necessaries of life—vanished from the streets, as they said either truly or falsely, for berths on board Whalers. Home-returning in poverty, they got unsettled in small rural villages, unable to support a howdie—were seen lingering for ever about change-houses—constant attendants, for no apparent purpose, at fairs—and never more than half sober at funerals, of which, under Providence, they were the chief cause, till discovered forgery made them fly the country,—or some shocking immorality excommunicated them from fire and water—or they were found drowned in pits or pools—or smothered in barley-mows—or suffocated in ditches—or found suspended by their "braces" on trees—but whatever their doom, the root of the evil was still Drunkenness, Drunkenness! although, in happy and healthy boyhood, their drink had been from the brook or well—and ever, ere they lay down on their chaff-beds, they knelt devoutly with their little clasped hands in prayer, till the hearts of both their parents overflowed with joy!

But these are not, bad as they are, after all, by any means the worst cases. Scotland—ay, well-educated, moral, religious Scotland, can show, in the bosom of her bonny banks and braes, cases worse than these; at which, if there be tears in heaven, "the angels weep." Look at that grey-headed man, of threescore and upwards, sitting by the way-side! He was once an Elder of the Kirk, and a pious man he was, if ever piety adorned the temples,—"the lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare," of a Scottish peasant. What eye beheld the many hundred steps, that, one by one, with imperceptible gradation, led him down—down—down to the lowest depths of shame, suffering, and ruin? For years before it was bruited abroad through the parish, that Gabriel Mason was addicted to drink, his wife used to sit weeping alone in the spence, when her sons and daughters were out at their work in the fields, and the infatuated man, fierce in the excitement of raw ardent spirits, kept causelessly raging and storming through every nook of that once so peaceful tenement, which for many happy years had never been disturbed by the loud voice of anger or reproach. His eyes were seldom turned on his unhappy wife, except with a sullen scowl, or fiery wrath; but when they did look on her with kindness, there was also a rueful self-upbraiding in the expression of his eyes, on account of his cruelty; and at sight of such transitory tenderness, her heart overflowed with forgiving affection, and her sunk eyes with unendurable tears. But neither domestic sin nor domestic sorrow will conceal from the eyes and the ears of men; and at last Gabriel Mason's name was a byword in the mouth of the scoffer. One Sabbath he entered the kirk, in a state of miserable abandonment, and from that day he was no longer an elder. To regain his character seemed to him, in his desperation, beyond the power of man, and against the decree of God. So, he delivered himself up, like a slave, to that one appetite, and in a few years his whole household had gone to destruction. His wife was a matron, almost in the prime of life, when she died; but as she kept wearing away to the other world, her face told that she felt her years had been too many in this. Her eldest son, unable, in pride and shame, to lift up his eyes at kirk or market, went away to the city, and enlisted into a regiment about to embark on foreign service. His two sisters went to take farewell of him, but never returned; one, it is said, having died of a fever in the Infirmary, just as if

she had been a pauper; and the other —for the sight of sin, and sorrow, and shame, and suffering, is ruinous to the soul—gave herself up, in her beauty, an easy prey to a destroyer, and doubtless has run her course of agonies, and is now at peace. The rest of the family dropt down, one by one, out of sight, into inferior situations in far-off places; but there was a curse, it was thought, hanging over the family, and of none of them did ever a favourable report come to their native parish; while he, the infatuated sinner, whose vice seemed to have worked all the woe, remained in the chains of his tyrannical passion, nor seemed ever, for more than the short term of a day, to cease hugging them to his heart. Semblance of all that is most venerable in the character of Scotland's peasantry! Image of a perfect patriarch, walking out to meditate at even-tide! What a noble forehead! Features how high, dignified, and composed! There, sitting in the shade of that old way-side tree, he seems some religious Missionary, travelling to and fro over the face of the earth, seeking out sin and sorrow, that he may tame them under the word of God, and change their very being into piety and peace. Call him not a hoary hypocrite, for he cannot help that noble—that venerable—that apostolic aspect—that dignified figure, as if bent gently by Time loath to touch it with too heavy a hand—that holy sprinkling over his furrowed temples, of the silver-soft, and the snow-white hair—these are the gifts of gracious Nature all—and Nature will not reclaim them, but in the tomb. That is Gabriel Mason—the Drunkard! And in an hour you may, if your eyes can bear the sight, see and hear him staggering up and down the village, cursing, swearing, preaching, praying,—stoned by blackguard boys and girls, who hound all the dogs and curs at his heels, till, taking refuge in the smithy or the pot-house, he becomes the sport of grown clowns, and after much idiot laughter, ruefully mingled with sighs, and groans, and tears, he is suffered to mount upon a table, and urged, perhaps, by reckless folly to give out a text from the Bible, which is nearly all engraven on his memory, —so much and so many other things effaced for ever—and there, like a wild Itinerant, he stammers forth unintentional blasphemy, till the liquor he has been allowed or instigated to swallow, smites him suddenly senseless, and, falling down, he is huddled off into a corner of some lumber-room, and left to sleep,—better far, for one so pitiably miserable, were it to everlasting death!

From such imperfect pictures we return with satisfaction to the Treatise. Would that we had room for the chapter "On the Pathology of Drunkenness!" It is one of the most striking in this singularly able work; and our article would be incomplete without an analysis, abstract, or abridgement of it. One of the most common consequences of drunkenness is acute inflammation, chiefly of the brain, the stomach, and the liver, and in a great majority of cases it is chronic. The liver, in confirmed topers, never escapes, and stands disease better than any other vital part, except perhaps the spleen. Sometimes by a slow chronic action, it is enlarged to double its usual size, and totally disorganized; the person suffers comparatively little, but his days are numbered. For the bile, in consequence, is not secreted in due quantity or quality, and digestion is defective. The bowels become torpid —the patient becomes jaundiced—and very often dropsy disposes of the drunkard. In dram-drinkers, dropsy arising from the general debility of the system, there is a general anasarca throughout the body. So much for the liver, and the consequences of its disease. The stomach of the drunkard is in an equally unhappy condition. It gets indurated, and often thickened to half an inch, or even an inch; and its different tunics so matted together that they cannot be separated. The pyloric orifice becomes in many cases contracted; so may the cardiac, and so the æsophagus. When the stomach is much thickened, it may sometimes be felt like a hard ball below the left ribs. That must be pleasant! Indigestion and spasm are constant attendants of such organic derangement of the stomach. Hence, nausea, sickness, and vomiting, heartburn, obstinacy in the bowels, and corporeal emaciation. In the latter stages of the drunkard's life, though he has still the relish for liquor as strongly as ever, he no longer enjoys his former power of withstanding it. He gets intoxicated more easily, and he then vomits whatever he

has swallowed, through total and general debility of the system. No appetite has he ever now; and in the medium of ardent spirits, he has recourse to bitters. But in bitters there is a narcotic principle which utterly destroys the remaining sensibility of the stomach, determines to the head, and disposes to apoplexy and to palsy. So much for the liver and stomach—now for the drunkard's brain. It gets diseased—the diameter of the vessels being diminished, while their coats are thickened. They often swell out, and assume a varicose appearance. The organ itself has no longer the same delicate and elastic texture, but becomes either unusually hard, or of a morbid softness. Slight effusions in the various cavities are apt to take place—hence apoplexy—mental debasement—loss of memory—and gradual extinction of all the intellectual powers. How is the drunkard's blood?—You may guess. It is dark, and approaches to the character of venous. The ruddy tint of those carbuncles which are apt to form upon the face, is no proof to the contrary, as the blood which supplies them is crimsoned by exposure to the air. The blood of a malt-liquor drunkard is always too thick and sizy. How is the drunkard's breath?—Of the breath of all drunkards, the less that is said the better. It is enough to sicken a horse. Perspiration?—Mr Macnish has met with two instances—the one in a claret, the other in a port drinker—in which the moisture that exuded from their bodies had a ruddy complexion, similar to that of the wine on which they had committed their debauch. How are his eyes? Affected almost always with acute or chronic inflammation, red and watery, and with a peculiar expression, not to be mistaken. His lips? No firmness about the lips, which are loose, gross, and sensual, betraying at once the toper. His nose? Most drunkards have a constant tenderness and redness of the nostrils. This arises probably from the state of the stomach and æsophagus. The same membrane which lines them, is prolonged upwards to the nose and mouth, and carries thus far its irritability. Mr Macnish delights in painting the drunkard's nose. There is no organ, he well says, that so rapidly betrays the Bacchanalian propensities of its owner as the nose. It not only becomes red and fiery, like that of Bardolph, but acquires a general increase of size, displaying upon its surface various small pimples, either wholly of a deep crimson hue, or tipped with yellow, in consequence of an accumulation of viscid matter within them. The rest of the face often presents the same carbuncled appearance. To return to his body. Pleurisy, inflammation of the intestines, kidneys, and bladder—rheumatism and gout, all torment the drunkard, by turns, or in a *levy en masse*. Then a general tremor attends the drunkard. It amounts to a species of palsy, affecting the whole frame and face. On awaking from sleep, he frequently feels it so strongly as to seem in the cold fit of an ague, being neither able to walk steadily, nor articulate distinctly. The very cause of the distemper is employed for its cure. He must have a hair of the dog that bit him, and swallows a dram. This adds fuel to the fire by which he is consumed. There is a constant palpitation at the drunkard's heart. Thence, bad enough in itself, difficulty in breathing—determination to the head—giddiness—vertigo. Falling sickness or epilepsy strike the drunkard, howling and convulsed, into the dirt of the street, or dust of the floor. Ulcers often break out on the bodies of drunkards. A cut or a bruise which, in health, would have healed in a few days, frequently degenerates into a foul sloughy sore; scrofula, scurvy, and other cutaneous diseases, mark him for their own. What is Delirium Tremens? You shall hear. Delirium tremens comes on with lassitude, loss of appetite, and frequent exacerbations of cold. The pulse is weak and quick, and the body covered with a chilly moisture. The countenance is pale, there are usually tremors of the limbs, anxiety, and a total disrelish for the common amusements of life. Then succeed retching, vomiting, and much oppression at the pit of the stomach. When the person sleeps, which is but seldom, he frequently starts in the utmost terror, having his imagination haunted by frightful dreams. To the first coldness glows of heat succeed, and the slightest renewed agitation of body or mind, sends out a profuse perspiration. The tongue is dry and furred—every object appears unnatural and hideous. There is a

constant dread of being haunted by spectres. Black or luminous bodies seem to float before the vision; he conceives that vermin and all sorts of impure things are crawling upon him, and is constantly endeavouring to pick them off. His ideas are wholly confined to himself and his own affairs, of which he entertains the most disordered notions. He imagines that he is away from home, forgets those who are around him, and is irritated beyond measure by the slightest contradiction. But Delirium Tremens may be cured—there are other evils, altogether incurable, that beset the drunkard—such as Madness! Sometimes he becomes fierce and intractable, and requires a strait-jacket to keep him in order. He never gets drunk without being insanely outrageous—he attacks without distinction all who come in his way—foams at the mouth—and loses all sense alike of danger, punishment, and crime. This fit goes off in a few hours, or degenerates into lunacy. More generally, however, the madness of intoxication is of another character, partaking of the nature of idiotism, into which state the mind resolves itself, in consequence of a long-continued falling off in the intellectual powers. Finally, Bedlam, St Luke's, Private Madhouses, and that melancholy Isle of Loch-Lomond!

The article is done; so we bid Mr Macnish farewell, with sincere admiration of his talents. To those who stand in need of advice and warning, this Treatise is worth a hundred sermons. As a literary composition, its merits are very high—and we hope soon again to meet the most ingenious and able author either in the same, or some other department.

THE CALM SEA.

The gentle breeze that curl'd the sea had slowly died away,
And stretch'd in glassy stillness now, the wide blue waters lay,
The sea bird's cry was heard no more, and soft as infant's sleep
Was the holy calm that lay upon the bosom of the deep.

But yesterday the storm had raged, and shook the mighty ocean,
That dash'd aloft its foamy waves, and heaved in wild commotion;
To-day you might have thought no storm had ever touch'd its breast,
As it lay a mighty emblem of mild majesty and rest.

Is there such calm for mortal breasts when storms have once been there,
When passion wild has swept along, and heart corroding care?
When guilt has once disturbed the soul, and mark'd it with its stain,
Can tranquil softness of the heart be ever ours again?

Yes—But it is not of this world, the peace that must be sought,
And with the soul's repentant tears it can alone be bought;
Then, as it meekly bows to kiss affliction's chastening rod,
The broken and the contrite heart shall feel the peace of God.

W. J.

TO A CHILD.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth—
Thy locks of waving gold—
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free,
Thou uttered'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

LINES, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. EDWARD WILLIAM BARNARD.

His saltem accumulem donis.

FAREWELL, blest shade! nor deem, though mute the lyre,
No tears are shed for thee, no hopes aspire
To follow where thou lead'st the glorious way!
Great griefs conceal what lighter woes display.
Deep is thy memory seated in this heart,
Nor thence shall ever—save with life—depart.

Oh! could, like thine, my fingers sweep the shell!
When Time shall cast o'er me his soothing spell,
And dry the sorrows that now flood mine eyes,
As soft remembrances within me rise—
Thy genius should not want its equal fame;
Praise, deathless praise, should tend upon thy name:
In each bright verse—were such rare talent mine—
Should glow the Fair, the Good—for those were thine:
Thy wit, taste, fancy, should be hymn'd in turn;
Thy thoughts that kindle, and thy "words that burn:"
As in thine own Flaminio, learn'd and sweet,
The Pure and Pious in chaste bond should meet:
With lyric grace, or elegiac woe—
Thine were both arts—th' alternate strain should flow;
And the light world, lesson'd for once by me,
Should feel and mourn what it has lost in thee.

—It may not be—too weak the faltering song
To match thy worth, might haply do thee wrong:
Panting to see thee girt with glory's ray,
I would not mar it by my tear-dimm'd lay.
Time's hastening hand shall stamp thy sure renown,
And for thy temples weave his greenest crown;
While, as around thy fame proud echoes swell,
Our tender thoughts shall on thy virtues dwell,
And pleased to mark these earthly honours given,
With holier rapture hail the wreath thou wear'st in heaven.

FRS. WRANGHAM.

Chester, Jan. 1828.

BLUE STOCKINGS OVER THE BORDER.

READ, quickly read, for your honours, ye Oxford men!
Why don't you read Greek and Latin in order?
Pass o'er the Ass's Bridge, sons of the Cambridge Fen!
All the Blue Stockings are crossing the Border!
Their banner is flying,
They're "Victory" crying,
They'll solve ev'ry Problem in Euclid before ye—
Come from the rowing match,
Glee-club, and merry catch,
Read for a Class and the old College glory!
Ye Dons and Professors arise from your slumbers,
Open your books—put your studies in order—
The danger is pressing, in spite of your numbers,
For the Blue Stockings are crossing the Border!

Descend from your Tilburies, Gents of the long Robe,
Read Briefs—for their steps to the Woolsack they bend;
The depths of your science, ye Doctors, they'll soon probe,
With old Esculapius the *Blues* would contend!
Their clack is resounding,
With hard words abounding;
Steam-guns are their weapons, which cause great disorder.
By Gas they're enlighten'd—
By nothing they're frighten'd,
The dauntless Blue Stockings who pass o'er the Border!
Read for your honours, then, Oxford and Cambridge men!
Look, lawyers, look! Are your Green Bags in order?
Oh! Sons of Galen, you will not escape the ken
Of the Blue Stockings who pass o'er the Border!

Look well to your counsels, ye sage Politicians,—
They'll change all your projects and plans for the State;
Examine your arguments, Metaphysicians,—
In every department the Blues are first-rate.
Famed Craniologists!
Learned Phrenologists!
You'll find, though each bump in their skulls is in order,
The organ of Prying,
All others defying,
Stands first in the Blues who are crossing the Border:
Strain ev'ry nerve, then, all ye who have place and sway,
From Wellington down to the City Recorder,
Ye'll be found bunglers, in office unfit to stay,
If the Blue Stockings come over the Border!

Stand to your posts, ye adepts in Astronomy,
A comet they'll see whilst your glass ye arrange,—
Find out some fault in Dame Nature's economy—
Spots in the moon, which betoken a change.
Quake, ye Geologists!
Tremble, Conchologists!
Put Retorts and Crucibles, Chemists, in order!
Beware, Antiquarians,
They're Disciplinarians,
These *talented* Blues who are passing the Border!
Put on your spectacles, star-gazing gentlemen—
Steam-boat inventors, avoid all disorder—
If there's a blunder committed by Englishmen,
Each Blue will see it who passes the Border!

'Tis said they've discover'd perpetual motion,
Attach'd to *their tongues* 'twill be henceforth their own;
And, this job completed, some folks have a notion
They're all seeking now the Philosopher's stone.
An enemy slanders
Their ablest commanders,
Their heads vacuum engines he calls, ('tis a joke,)
Says Watt's Steamer teaches
The plan of their speeches,
Beginning in noise, and concluding in smoke.
Believe not, my countrymen, this foolish story—
Come when they will, let them find you in order—
Delay not, I pray, till each Blue, crown'd with glory,
By paper kites drawn, shall pass o'er the Border.

SIX SONNETS BY DELTA.

THE ANCIENT KIRK.

How like an image of repose it looks,
That ancient, holy, and sequester'd pile!
Silence abides in each tree-shaded aisle,
And on the grey spire caw the hermit rooks;
So absent is the stamp of modern days,
That, in the quaint carved oak, and oriel stain'd
With saintly legend, to Reflection's gaze
The Star of Eld seems not yet to have waned.—
At pensive eventide, when streams the West
On moss-green'd pediment, and tombstone grey,
And spectral Silence pointeth to Decay,
How preacheth Wisdom to the conscious breast,
Saying, "Each foot that roameth here shall rest;"
To God and Heaven, Death's is the only way.

TO THE MOON.

Pure silvery orb, that, through the deep blue sky
—While Silence rules this breeze-unshaken grove,
Mid whose embower'd recesses lone I rove—
Hold'st on thy way unclouded, to mine eye
An emblem of the deep serenity,
Which consecrates the sinless realms above:—
What varied scenes of hatred and of love,
Of discord and of peace, beneath thee lie!
Here eyes beam gladness, tongues are tuned to mirth;
There Disappointment pines with hollow cheek;
And Misery, with a voice no longer meek,
Curses the evil-omen'd hour of birth.
Alas! that most should fail in what all seek—
Happiness!—then blow on, wild winds of Earth!

RURAL SCENERY.

Receded hills afar of soften'd blue,
Tall bowering trees, through which the sunbeams shoot
Down to the waveless lake, birds never mute;
And wild-flowers all around of every hue.
Sure 'tis a lovely scene: There, knee-deep, stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadow'd kine,
And, to the left, where cultured fields expand,
Mid tufts of scented thorn, the sheep recline:—
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please—
Oh, how inviting to the wanderer's eye
Ye rise on yonder uplands, mid your trees
Of shade and shelter! Every sound from these
Is eloquent of peace, of earth, and sky,
And pastoral beauty, and Arcadian ease.

TO THE MUSE OF MILTON.

Far from this visible diurnal sphere,
Immortal Spirit, it was thine to stray,
And, bending towards the sun thy proud career,
Dip thy white plumage in the font of Day;
Time, marvelling at thy course, beheld thee leave
His confines—overlook, with steadfast eye,
The ungirdled regions of Eternity—
And through the waste and wide Empyrean cleave—
Darting with sheer descent the caves amid
Of Night chaotic, downwards to the abyss
Of Death and Darkness, where the furies hiss,
And Hope from wretched souls is ever hid;—
Heaven, Hell, and Earth thy theme,—a scene of bliss,
The last, ere Sin the Elysian charm undid.

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

Forget thee?—then hath Beauty lost her charms
To captivate, and Tenderness grown cold,
As the perennial snows of mountains old;
And Hope forsook her throne, and Love his arms.
At morn thou art mine earliest thought, at night
Sweet dreams of thee across my soul are driven.
Almost thou comest between my heart and heaven,
With thy rich voice, and floating eyes of light.—
Forget thee? Hast thou then a doubt of me,
To whom thou art like sunshine to the spring?
Forget thee?—Never!! Let the April tree
Forget to bud—Autumn ripe fruits to bring—
The clouds to fertilize—the birds to sing—
But never while it beats, this bosom thee!

SUMMER MOON.

'Tis a bright Summer moon; along the shore
Float the white sea-mews rapturously; the grove,
Responsive to the small birds' song of love,
Is murmurous with sweet sound. But ah! no more
Come bright skies to me, as they came of yore,
When youth's Elysian cestus girdled all
The visible world, and every object bore
The trace of what Earth was before Man's fall.
Yet pleasant is the green-sward; bright the day;
And musical hoar Ocean, as he raves
With a majestic voice among his caves.
But Memory heedeth not; and far away
Turns to calm sunshine sleeping on the graves
Of Joys that perish'd in life's morning ray.

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THE CAUSES OF THE LATE CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

We have little wish to triumph over a fallen foe. Since death, however, has verified all our predictions concerning the late Government, it is not altogether idle to inquire, why it fell to pieces, entirely of its own accord, without receiving its death-blow by the ruder hands of Parliament.

Lord Goderich, who first undertook to explain the causes of his political demise, feeling, doubtless, sundry compunctions, in regard to the misdoings of his Whig associates, and grieved, as he well may be, at having become their dupe, without benefit to either party, shrank, with characteristic timidity, from an avowal of *all* his political misfortunes. He endeavoured, therefore, to shift the responsibility from himself upon others; and gave a detailed account of Mr Herries's official conduct in regard to the Finance Committee; ending, as we all know, in that gentleman's resignation. Still the assigned cause was obviously insufficient for the effect produced; and the factious journalists, abetted by Whig clubbists, endeavoured to persuade our credulous friends south of the Tweed that a higher power had actuated the conduct of one Minister, in order to dissolve a Ministry, which one word might have scattered, as it has since been scattered, to all the winds of Heaven.

It was worthy of the party, whose whole career has been marked by the basest and most scurrilous invectives against their Sovereign, from Brougham, the leader, down to Mr Thomas Moore—it was, we say, worthy of such men as these, to impute to other breasts the insincerity and cunning of which they themselves felt conscious. These imputations have been rejected, with all the scorn which their false malignity can merit; but the denial, however superfluous in one point of view, has not been wholly useless in another. It has forced out an acknowledgment of circumstances which might otherwise, perhaps, have been left to pass for ever *sub silentio*. It has produced declarations of the existence of other causes independent of the Finance Committee, which were adequate to the effect ostensibly occasioned by that particular incident; and although, in the true spirit of their party, the Outs all pretended absolute ignorance of them, the forbearance of our ministerial representatives in Parliament shall not prevent us from putting on record our opinions of those now dead, who, when living, were objects of mingled contempt and indignation. Our opposition to the late Government was principally grounded on a sense of its inherent weakness—a weakness unfitting it ever to become an instrument of good, but inevitably tending to render it an instrument of evil in the hands of designing men. We knew that its fundamental principle, thanks to our gracious Monarch, was a Tory principle. The persons of the Whigs he tolerated, but their principles he rejected from the beginning; and, after Mr Canning's demise, Lord Goderich, an avowed Tory, was commissioned to form a Government, upon the principle of Lord Liverpool's Government.

The ancient and tried servants of the Crown, the worthy successors of William Pitt, held aloof from such a Government, because they doubted, as we ourselves did, its power to maintain its fundamental principle. Lord Goderich, they thought, may be willing in spirit, but his flesh is weak: and if he allowed the Broughams and Tierneys of the true Whig school to influence him, how unavailing would become the counter directions of those Tories, who, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, might constitute a part of his Cabinet. When, therefore, Lords Bexley, Anglesey, and Lyndhurst, and Mr Herries, with Lord Goderich himself, were quoted to us, as proofs that his Majesty's gracious intentions would be carried into full effect, and that the principle of Lord Liverpool's Government would be held inviolate, we shook our heads mournfully and in silence. The men, we thought, who have sacrificed their principles once, are never trustworthy. They may appear to bow down before Lord Goderich, but in reality they will rule him with a rod of iron. In the King, and the King only, do we place our trust. The Tory Ministers, whom he has placed as our safeguards against Whig ascendency, must, we thought, ere long, be either driven

into retirement, or by compromising their honest opinions, they, too, will share in the political degradation of the Whigs. The event has satisfied us of the justness of our distrust in such a coalition. The moment the consequences of Mr Canning's Greek Treaty became felt, after the untoward fight at Navarino, that moment the late Cabinet is known to have been divided into a peace and war party—which preponderated, our readers may easily imagine.

There, was one cause mainly productive of ruin to that Cabinet.

The internal disgust entertained against an unjust war, by all Tories, if Tories there were among its members, was aggravated by the state of public opinion out of doors. Our foreign policy became as unpopular as it had been impolitic.

There, then, was another cause.

The force of public opinion, even when erroneous, is always formidable. How much more so, if founded upon right, and guided by practical wisdom. That the Legislature would be influenced by the feelings universally entertained throughout the country, no one could doubt; and as the period for meeting Parliament drew near, a consciousness of their inability to obtain its support, was forced upon the minds of Ministers. The most respectable Whig families, had honestly refused, like Lord Grey, *to put their principles into abeyance*,* by supporting a Tory Government. The Tories of the old school withheld all confidence from a Government whose members were really opposed in principle, though united together in name, and pointed to the Greek Treaty, as a proof how little the true Tory principle had possessed its due preponderance—A treaty of which the secret article was published in the Times newspaper the day after its ratification, and the immediate consequence of which was the battle of Navarino—a battle which his instructions had rendered unavoidable on the part of the Admiral, but which, on the part of the Government, had never been anticipated. Such a result had not entered into their calculation forsooth! they thought the Turks would submit to be deprived of their lawful territory, with as much readiness as the West Indians, because their Government was a bad government, and we, in our abundant goodness, desired to legislate for them. "It is all for your own good," said Admiral Codrington, when he desired them to obey his instructions, or be blown to powder. Oh the charity of Whig legislators!

Here, however, was a proof, to return to our main argument, that Whig principles, although suppressed, had not been altogether stifled, and the Tories, therefore, of the old school would never, by their support, become responsible for the measures of such a Government. Thus distrusted by the most influential leaders of the two great parties in the State, Lord Goderich himself distrusted his own strength, and felt very naturally that the Administration required additional support.

The woman who doubts is lost; how much more the Minister!

Here, again, was another cause for the dissolution of his Government.

Under these circumstances, what did Lord Goderich do? Who were his confidential advisers?

The most natural course would have been to consult first, if consultation had been necessary, with those who really desired to maintain the principles upon which his Administration had been founded. The true straightforward course, therefore, would have been to submit a proposition to the Cabinet, and let his colleagues openly discuss its merits. To find another Tory Minister would, we believe, have been impossible, and an honest Whig, of the Grey school, would, on the other side, have been almost equally unattainable. A bold and resolute leader, a Canning or a Huskisson perhaps, would in such a dilemma have proposed a junction with the discontented Whigs upon new terms. His Tory colleagues would then have been obliged either to acquiesce or to retire, and the experiment of a mixed Administration having failed, a regular Whig Administration might have succeeded to it.

Fortunately for England, she possesses a King whose every principle runs in direct opposition to the current of Whig policy. Lord Goderich

* Vide Mr Huskisson's Liverpool speech.

must therefore have felt, that the retirement of his Tory Ministers, if forced upon them by cabinet discussions respecting the proposed changes in the Government, would have been more likely to produce his own dismissal along with the Whigs, than his continuance in office over them. He wished, therefore, to retain the Tories, and to strengthen his Administration notwithstanding. The grand desideratum was, to procure a decided preponderance of Whiggism; that done, the Tories might afterwards retire, or be driven out *ad libitum*. They would not be missed so soon as Whig ascendency became complete.

Instead then of consulting with his Tory friends, which a faithful successor of Lord Liverpool would have done, what did Lord Goderich do?

He consulted with Mr Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, and other Whigs; but the Tories *he did not consult at all.* We speak this authoritatively and positively.

Now, in any Administration, partial confidence in affairs of such great moment would be dangerous; in a mixed Administration their tendency could not be otherwise than fatal.

Here, then, we possess another cause of its dissolution. The next question is, what was the result of Lord Goderich's consultations?

Our readers are doubtless well aware that Lord Holland's admission into the Cabinet had long been a darling object with the Whigs—why, it is indeed difficult for any person, not a Whig, to imagine; for setting aside his peculiar obnoxiousness to all the crowned heads in Europe, there is not a man in England, with one single exception, for whom his Majesty entertains so rooted a repugnance. In that coarseness and profane vulgarity of political tone, which, to a Monarch, whose breast is the well-known fountain of every noble and lofty sentiment, is signally disgusting, he has but one prototype in the Lower, and none, we are proud to feel, in the Upper House. In the very last session of Parliament he declared his adherence to his old principles, and his determination, at every hazard, to carry them into effect. But what is infinitely more striking than all, this very same Lord Holland had been rejected by the King in anger, despite of his Whig councillors, in August last.

In an evil hour Lord Goderich consented to make this worse than indelicate proposition to his Sovereign. No wonder he refrained from informing his Tory colleagues, whose loyal, as well as political feelings would have been immediately opposed to it. To us, who know what Lord Holland really is, it looks like the folly of men whom their evil Genius is hurrying to destruction; and our only solution of it is, to suppose that Mr Brougham intended his Lordship to pave the way for his own reception at Court. Be that as it may, Lord Holland's introduction into the Cabinet, conjointly with a superannuated nobleman, Lord Wellesley, was the plan resorted to by Lord Goderich for *strengthening* his Administration!

This plan was never discussed in the cabinet. It was never made known to his Tory colleagues until after its failure.

Such concealment was another cause for the dissolution of that Cabinet.

On the 11th December, Lord Goderich wrote to inform the King how indispensable such an arrangement had become for the maintenance of his Government. The Minister's retirement ensued, and on the 16th, (Sunday,) Lord Harrowby was honoured with an audience at Windsor. That nobleman having declined the proffered dignity, Lord Goderich returned to the Cabinet on the 19th, with his Majesty's permission to continue to discharge the functions of Prime Minister. Meantime the Government had been shaken to its foundation by so many changes; and the causes of its dissolution, already in progress, had approximated nearer and nearer to their accomplishment. What passed in the Cabinet on the 19th, none but its members can reveal, and we pretend to no knowledge of state secrets; but we can assure our readers of what did not pass, and unequivocally affirm, that Lord Holland's admission was a subject never once mooted therein. The Tories, whose sentiments concerning that nobleman had been elicited in the course of the late proceedings, and who likewise knew the sentiments of their Sovereign, must obviously have concluded that such a measure had now been abandoned. How far they may or not have already remonstrated with Lord Goderich, upon his previous concealment of it

from them, his Lordship can best tell; but we again affirm, that in the Cabinet the measure was never mentioned as in contemplation, far less as settled. Of the Ministers who agreed to serve, as before, under Lord Goderich, on that day, some knew the fact, *others did not know it.*

The first concealment had been bad enough, but that further concealment should be persisted in, who could ever have imagined possible?

Such, however, we solemnly affirm to be the truth.

Need we after this point out other causes for the downfall of the Goderich Administration?

When, however, did the discovery of this important fact take place, and why was it not followed by an immediate surrender of their offices on the part of those who disapproved of it, our readers may now ask? On this we are not competent to pronounce an authoritative opinion. We assert the fact, and its consequences are notorious. Why they did not ensue earlier, or on what exact day they were first known to be inevitable, it is needless to inquire. Enough that Lord Goderich knew them to be so, at the time when, instead of allowing Mr Herries's proffered resignation on account of the Finance Committee to facilitate the execution of his projected measures, he laid down the Government, *because the discovery of that measure had rendered its dismemberment inevitable and irreparable.*

That Mr Herries, when he wrote his letter of the 21st December, was aware of the design entertained by the Whigs of strengthening their part of the Government, and that he looked upon Lord Althorpe's nomination as one link in their chain, is evident, both from his letter and his speech. The perusal of Mr Huskisson's speech confirms us in that belief, for he avows his honest opinion of the noble Lord's financial ignorance, or, as Mr Canning called it in plain English, dulness. Whether the fact, already stated, concerning Lord Holland, had then been discovered, is of little signification; Mr Herries was bound in duty to maintain his official character, so long as he held the seals of office; and in a matter where he so clearly was in the right, when even Mr Tierney avows, that "he himself, perhaps, was in the wrong,"* he had no alternative but to make a stand. If Whig machinery had not been at work in other quarters, Mr Huskisson might have given way, but, perceiving that the letter betokened a spirit of resistance to Whig domination, and being, at the same time, a party to their other measure in regard to Lord Holland, he tells us candidly that he felt his honour concerned in the result.

The tenacity of Mr Herries in a matter of minor import, had, moreover, convinced Mr Huskisson that all hope of his acquiescence in Lord Holland's appointment, must, if ever foolishly entertained, be now completely at an end. Mr Huskisson, therefore, being, as he tells us, sensible that the Public Service could no longer be conducted in the spirit of confidence and concord —which means, that he foresaw the difficulties that stood in the way of Lord Holland's admission to power—Mr Huskisson, we say, availed himself of the occasion to tender an unconditional resignation. Had the Government been broken up on account of Lord Holland, which, if the Finance Committee had not intervened, it must ere long have been, all those who had been parties to that proceeding would have participated in the consequences. Hence, Mr Huskisson, the moment he became convinced of the anti-whig spirit that was abroad, seems to have displayed what might be thought an extraordinary degree of alacrity in resigning. He wished even to anticipate Mr Herries; but it so happened, that Don Miguel, by his arrival, rendered it necessary to keep up the semblance of a Government for a little time longer, so Cabinet-dinners and Councils were provided as before, but Mr Huskisson conscientiously abstained from taking any part in them.

It was owing, no doubt, to the same cause, that upon the discovery of Lord Goderich's engagements with Lord Holland, those members of the Cabinet who had either not been parties, or who repented of ever having been made parties to it, were induced to suspend any public disclosure of their real sentiments; and so soon as the

* Parliamentary Mirror, Part IV. p. 227, l. 36 from bottom.

turn the Finance Committee had taken became known, they naturally paused, in order to allow that matter to be first determined.

What the sentiments of some, however, were, Mr Huskisson has authoritatively informed us, when he related, in his speech on the 18th February, that "two persons of high eminence had intimated plainly, that the embarrassments of Government were become so evident, that some decided measures ought to be taken, and that they were disposed to address the King on the subject."

We believe the Lord Chancellor and Lord Anglesey to have been the persons here alluded to; and whether the embarrassments in question referred to Lord Holland only, or to the acknowledged hostility in the House of Peers to Lord Goderich's Government, it is plain, that these embarrassments had left on his mind no doubt of its approaching dissolution. But for those embarrassments, Mr Herries's individual resignation on account of the Finance Committee, would undoubtedly have been accepted, as, according to Mr Huskisson, certain of his Whig friends, Lord Lansdowne, for instance, thought it safely might be. They wanted, in fact, a thorough Whig Government; but Lord Goderich, who had already gone too far for his own sake, although not far enough for theirs, failed in courage at the hour of need. Be it fear, or be it virtue, he repented at the eleventh hour, and by going to the King with Mr Herries's resignation, but without any proposals for a successor, on the 8th January, *he released himself at once from the necessity of fulfilling his engagements with Lord Holland. Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Hence the ill-concealed distress and mortification of the Whigs.

They relied, like fools, upon a broken reed, a weeping willow, which bent and trembled, and finally gave way beneath the storm Lord Holland and his makeway, Mr Brougham, had created. Instead of sharing the Government under a new form with Mr Huskisson, or uniting him and the Canning party in opposition to the Tories, they have been abandoned, cheerless, placeless, and powerless, without one single ray of hope or consolation. No wonder Mr Tierney complains that they have been ill-treated by Mr Canning's friends, and that he no more cares for them than for passengers in the streets. No wonder Mr Huskisson disowns the Whigs as friends, and declares, in his turn, that they were but chance acquaintance, who, while they travelled the same road, were charming, delightful people, but who, when his interest led him a separate way, might be cut and abandoned at pleasure.

For our own parts, we rejoice unfeignedly at the result; and now that Mr Huskisson is reduced to his proper level, not only in the Cabinet, but in Parliament, and in the Country, we see no reason why his official talents should not still be made available. We will not believe that even he could again commit himself with the Whigs; and although in terms which make the modest Lord Lansdowne blush, he has pronounced their panegyric, we can look upon it in no other light than as a funeral oration, whose ruling sentiment is known to be, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Last year Lord Grey accounted them dead as a party; this year Mr Huskisson accounts them dead as a Ministry. All we need say, therefore, is, God grant that they may never rise again!

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

CLASS IX.

Fairies, Deils, and Witches.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

THERE was once a young man, a native of Traquair, in the county of Peebles, whose name was Colin Hyslop, and who suffered more by witchcraft, and the intervention of supernatural beings, than any man I ever heard of. But the tale is a very old one, and sorry am I to say that I cannot vouch for the truth of it, which I have hitherto, for the most part, been accustomed to do, and which I feel greatly disposed to do at all times, provided the tale bears the marks of authenticity impressed on the leading events, whether I know of a verity that every individual incident related *did* happen or not.

Traquair was a terrible place then! There was a witch almost in every hamlet, and a warlock here and there besides. There were no fewer than twelve witches in one straggling hamlet, called Taniel-Burn, and five in Kirk-Row. What a desperate place Traquair had been in those days! But there is no person who is so apt to overshoot his mark as the Devil. He must be a great fool in the main; for, with all his high-flying and democratic principles, he often runs himself into the most confounded blunders that ever the leader of an opposition got into the midst of. Throughout all the annals of the human race, it is manifest, that whenever he was aiming to do the most evil, he was uniformly bringing about the most good; and it seems to have been so in the age to which my tale refers.

The truth is, that Popery was then on its last legs, and the Devil, finding it (as then exercised) a very convenient and profitable sort of religion, exerted himself beyond measure to give its motley hues a little more variety; and the plan of making witches and warlocks, and of holding nocturnal revels with them, where every sort of devilry was exercised, was at that time with him a favourite measure. It was also favourably received by the meaner sort of the populace. Witches gloried in their power, and warlocks in their foreknowledge of events, and the energies of their master. Women, beyond a certain age, when the pleasures and hopes of youth delighted no more, flew to it as an excitement of a higher and more terrible nature; and men, whose tempers had been soured by disappointment and ill usage, betook themselves to the Prince of the Power of the Air, enlisting under his banner, in hopes of obtaining revenge on their oppressors. However extravagant this may appear, there is no doubt of the fact, that, in those days, the hopes of attaining some energies beyond the reach of mere human capability, inflamed the ignorant and wicked to attempts and acts of the most diabolical nature; for hundreds acknowledged their principles, and gloried in them, before the tribunals that adjudged them to the stake.

"I am now fairly under the power of witchcraft," said Colin Hyslop, as he sat on the side of the Feathen Hill, with his plaid drawn over his head, the tears running down his brown manly cheek, and a paper marked with uncouth lines and figures in his hand, —"I am now fairly under the power of witchcraft, and must submit to my fate; I am entangled, enchained, enslaved; and the fault is all my own, for I have committed that degree of sin which my sainted and dying father assured me would subject me to the snares of my hellish neighbours and sworn adversaries. My pickle sheep have a' been bewitched, and a great part o' them have died dancing hornpipes an' French curtillions. I have been changed, and ower again changed, into shapes and forms that I darena think of, far less name; and a' through account of my ain sin. Hech! but it is a queer thing that sin! It has sae mony inroads to the heart, and outlets by the senses, that we seem to live and breathe in it. And I canna trow that the Deil is the wyte of a' our sins neither. Na, na; black as he is, he canna be the cause and the mover of a' our transgressions, for I find

them often engendering and breeding in my heart as fast as maggots on tainted carrion, and then it is out o' the power of man to keep them down. My father tauld me, that if I aince let the Deil get his little finger into *ane* o' my transactions, he wad soon hae his haill hand into them a'. Now, I hae found it in effect, but not in belief; for, from a' that I can borrow frae Rob Kirkwood, the warlock, and my aunty Nans, the wickedest witch in Christendye, the Deil appears to me to be a gayan obliging chap. That he is wayward and fond o' sin, I hae nae doubt; but in that he has mony neighbours. And then his great power over the senses and conditions of men, over the winds, the waters, and the element of flame, is to me incomprehensible, and shows him to be rather a sort of vicegerent over the outskirts and unruly parts of nature, than an opponent to its lawful lord.—What then shall I do with this?" looking at the scroll; "shall I subscribe to the conditions, and enlist under his banner, or shall I not? O love, love! were it not for thee, all the torments that old Mahoun and his followers could inflict should not induce me to quit the plain path of Christianity. But that disdainful, cruel, and lovely Barbara! I must and will have her, though my repentance should be without measure and without end. So then it is settled! Here I will draw blood from my arm—blot out the sign of the cross with it, and form that of the crescent, and these other things, the meaning of which I do not know.—Hillea! What's that? Two beautiful deers, as I am a sinner, and one of them lame. What a prey for poor ruined Colin! and fairly off the royal bounds, too. Now for it, Bawty, my fine dog! now for a clean chase! A' the links o' the Feathenwood winna hide them from your infallible nose, billy Bawty. Halloo! off you go, sir! and now for the bow and the broad arrow at the head slap! —What! ye winna hunt a foot-length after them, will ye no? Then, Bawty, there's some mair mischief in the wind for me! I see what your frighted looks tell me. That they dinna leave the scent of other deers on their track, but ane that terrifies you, and makes your blood creep. It is hardly possible, ane wad think, that witches could assume the shapes of these bonny harmless creatures; but their power has come to sic a height hereabouts, that nae man alive can tell what they can do. There's my aunty Nans has already turned me into a goat, then to a gander, and last of a' into a three-legged stool.

"I am a ruined man, Bawty! your master is a ruined man, and a lost man, that's far waur. He has sold himself for love to one beautiful creature, the comeliest of all the human race. And yet that beautiful creature must be a witch, else how could a' the witches o' Traquair gie me possession o' her?

"Let me consider and calculate. Now, suppose they are deceiving me —for that's their character; and suppose they can never put me in possession of her, then I hae brought myself into a fine habble. How terrible a thought this is! Let me see; is all over? Is this scroll signed and sealed; and am I wholly given up to this unknown and untried destiny?" (Opens his scroll with trembling agitation, and looks over it.) "No, thanks to the Lord of the universe, I am yet a Christian. The cross stands uncancelled, and there is neither sign nor superscription in my blood. How did this happen? I had the blood drawn—the pen filled—and the scroll laid out. Let me consider what it was that prevented me? The deers? It was, indeed, the two comely deers. What a strange intervention this is! Ah! these were no witches! but some good angels, or happy fays, or guardian spirits of the wild, sent to snatch an abused youth from destruction. Now, thanks be to Heaven, though poor and reduced to the last extremity, I am yet a free man, and in my Maker's hand. My resolution is changed—my promise is broken, and here I give this mystic scroll to the winds of the glen.

"Alas, alas! to what a state sin has reduced me! Now shall I be tortured by night, and persecuted by day; changed into monstrous shapes, torn by cats, pricked by invisible bodkins, my heart racked by insufferable pangs of love, until I either lose my reason, and yield to the dreadful conditions held out to me, or lose all hope of earthly happiness, and yield up my life. Oh, that I were as free of sin as that day my father gave me his last blessing! then might I withstand all their charms and enchantments.

But that I will never be. So as I have brewed so must I drink. These were his last words to me, which I may weel remember :—' You will have many enemies of your soul to contend with, my son ; for your nearest relations are in compact with the devil ; and as they have hated and persecuted me, so will they hate and persecute you ; and it will only be by repeating your prayers evening and morning, and keeping a conscience void of all offence towards God and towards man, that you can hope to escape the snares that will be laid for you. But the good angels from the presence of the Almighty will, perhaps, guard my poor orphan boy, and protect him from the counsels of the wicked.'

"Now, in the first place, I have never prayed at all ; and, in the second place, I have sinned so much, that I have long ago subjected myself to their snares, and given myself up for lost. What will become of me? flight is in vain, for they can fly through the air, and follow me to Flanders. And then, Barbara,—O that lovely and bewitching creature ! in leaving her I would leave life and saul behind !"

After this long and troubled soliloquy, poor Colin burst into tears, and wished himself a dove, or a sparrow-hawk, or an eagle, to fly away and be seen no more ; but, in either case, to have bonny Barbara for his mate. At this instant Bawtie began to cock up his ears, and turn his head first to the one side and then to the other ; and, on Colin looking up, he beheld two hares cowering away from a bush behind him. There was nothing that Colin was so fond of as a hunt. He sprung up, pursued the hares, and shouted, Halloo, halloo ! to Bawty. No, Bawty would not pursue them a foot, but whenever he came to the place where he had seen them, and put his nose to the ground, ran back, hanging his tail, and uttering short barks, as he was wont to do when attacked by witches in the night. Colin's hair rose up on his head, for he instantly suspected that the two hares were Robin Kirkwood and his aunt Nans, watching his motions, and the fulfilment of his promise to them. Colin was horrified, and knew not what to do. He did not try to pray, for he could not ; but he wished, in his heart, that his father's dying-prayer for him had been heard.

He rose, and hastened away in the direction contrary to that the hares had taken, as may well be supposed ; and as he jogged along, in melancholy mood, he was aware of two damsels, who approached him slowly and respectfully. They were clothed in white, with garlands on their heads ; and, on their near approach, Colin perceived that the one of them was lame, and the other supported her by the hand. The two comely hinds that had come upon him so suddenly and unexpectedly, and had prevented him, at the very decisive moment, from selling his salvation for sensual enjoyment, instantly came over Colin's awakened recollection, and he was struck with indescribable awe. Bawty was affected somewhat in the same manner with his master. He did not manifest the same sort of dismay as when attacked by witches and warlocks, but crept close to the ground, and turning his face half away from the radiant objects, uttered a sort of stifled murmur, as if moved both by respect and fear. Colin perceived, from these infallible symptoms, that the beings with whom he was now coming in contact were not the subjects of the Power of Darkness.

Colin, throwing his plaid over his shoulder in the true shepherd-style, took his staff below his left arm, so that his right hand might be at liberty to lift his bonnet when the fair damsels accosted him, and, not choosing to run straight on them, face to face, he paused at a respectful distance, straight in their path. When they came within a few paces of him, they turned gently from the path, as if to pass him on the left side, but all the while kept their bright eyes fixed on him, and whispered to each other. Colin was grieved that so much comeliness should pass by without saluting him, and kept his regretful eyes steadily on them. At length they paused, and one of them called, in a sweet but solemn voice, "Ah, Colin Hyslop, Colin Hyslop ! you are on the braid way for destruction."

"How do ye ken that, madam ?" returned Colin. "Do you ca' the road up the Kirk-rigg the braid way to destruction ?"

"Ay, up the rigg or down the rigg, cross the rigg or round the rigg, all is the same for you, Colin. You are a lost man ; and it is a great pity. One

single step farther on the path you are now treading, and all is over."

"What wad ye hae me to do, sweet madam? Wad ye hae me to stand still an' starve here on the crown o' the Kirk-rigg?"

"Better starve in a dungeon than take the steps you are about to take. You were at a witch and warlock meeting yestreen."

"It looks like as gin you had been there too, madam, that you ken sae weel."

"Yes, I *was* there, but under concealment, and not for the purpose of making any such vows and promises as you made. O wretched Colin Hyslop, what is to become of you!"

"I did naething, madam, but what I couldna help; and my heart is sair for it the day."

"Can you lay your hand on that heart and say so?"

"Yes, I can, dear madam, and swear to it too."

"Then follow us down to this little green knowe, and recount to us the circumstances of your life, and I will inform you of a secret I heard yestreen."

"Aha, madam, but yon is a fairy ring, and I hae gotten sae mony cheats wi' changelings, that I hae muckle need to be on my guard. However, things can hardly be waur wi' me. Lead on, and I shall e'en follow."

The two female figures walked before him to a fairy knowe, on the top of the Feathen-hill, and sat down, with their faces towards him, till he recounted the incidents of his life, which were of a horrible kind, and not to be set down. The outline was thus:—His father was a sincere adherent of the Reformers, and a good Christian; but poor Colin was born at Taniel-Burn, in the midst of Papists and witches; and the nearest relation he had, a maternal aunt, was the leading witch of the whole neighbourhood. Consequently, Colin was nurtured in sin, and inured to iniquity, until all the kindly and humane principles of his nature were erased, or so much distorted, as to appear like their very opposites; and when this was accomplished, his wicked aunt and her associate hags, judging him fairly gained, without the pale of redemption, began to exercise cantrips, the most comical, and, at the same time, the most refined in cruelty, at his expense; and at length, on being assured of every earthly enjoyment, he engaged to join their hellish community, only craving three days to study their mysteries, bleed himself, and, with the blood extracted from his veins, extinguish the sign of the cross, thereby renouncing his hope in mercy, and likewise make some hieroglyphics of strange shapes and mysterious efficacy, and finally subscribe his name to the whole.

When the relation was finished, one of the lovely auditors said,—"You are a wicked and abandoned person, Colin Hyslop. But you were reared up in iniquity, and know no better; and the mercy of Heaven is most readily extended to such. You have, besides, some good points in your character still; for you have told us the truth, however much to your own disadvantage."

"Aha, madam! How do you ken sae weel that I hae been telling you a' the truth?"

"I know all concerning you better than you do yourself. There is little, very little, of a redeeming nature in your own history; but you had an upright and devout father, and the seed of the just may not perish for ever. I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the good man forsaken, nor his children cast out as vagabonds in the land of their fathers."

"Ah, na, na, madam! ye canna be auld. It is impossible! But goodness kens! there are sad changelings now-a-days. I hae seen an auld wrinkled wife blooming o'er night like a cherub."

"Colin, you are a fool! And folly in youth leads to misery in old age. But I am your friend, and you have not another on earth this night but myself and sister here, and one more. Pray, will you keep this little vial, and drink it for my sake?"

"Will it no change me, madam?"

"Yes, it will."

"Then I thank you; but keep it. I have had enow of these kind o' drinks in my life."

"But suppose it change you for the better? Suppose it change you to a new creature?"

"Weel, suppose it should, what will that creature be? Tell me that first. Will it no be a fox, nor a gainder, nor a bearded gait, nor a three-fitted stool?"

"Ah, Colin, Colin!" exclaimed she, smiling through tears, "your own wickedness and unbelief gave the agents of perdition power over you. It is that power which I wish to counteract. But I will tell you nothing more. If you will not take this little vial, and drink it, for my sake; why, then, leave it, and follow on your course."

"O, dear madam! ye ken little thing about me. I was only joking wi' you for the sake o' hearing your sweet answers. For were that bit glass fu' o' rank poison, and were it to turn me intil a taed or a worm, I wad drink it aff at your behest. I hae been sae little accustomed to hear aught serious or friendly, that my very heart clings to you as it wad do to an angel coming down frae heaven to save me. Ay, and ye said something kind and respecfu' about my auld father too. That's what I hae been as little used to. Ah, but he was a douce man! Wasna he, mem? Drink that bit bottle o' liquor for your sake! Od, I wish it were fu' to the brim, and that's no what it is by twa thirds."

"Ay, but it has this property, Colin, that drinking will never exhaust it; and the langer you drink it, the sweeter it will become."

"Say you sae? Then here's till ye. We'll see whether drinking winna exhaust it or no."

Colin set the vial to his lips, with intent of draining it; but the first portion that he swallowed made him change his countenance, and shudder from head to heel.

"Ah! sweeter did you say, madam? by the faith of my heart, it has muckle need; for sickan a potion for bitterness never entered the mouth of mortal man. Oh, I am ruined, poisoned, and undone!"

With that poor Colin drew his plaid over his head, fell flat on his face, and wept bitterly, while his two comely visitants withdrew, smiling at the success of their mission. As they went down by the side of the Feathen-wood, the one said to the other, "Did you not perceive two of that infatuated community haunting this poor hapless youth to destruction? Let us go and hear their schemes, that we may the better counteract them."

They skimmed over the lea fields, and, in a thicket of brambles, briers, and nettles, they found—not two hares, but the identical Rob Kirkwood, the warlock, and auntie Nans, in close and unholy consultation. This bush has often been pointed out to me as the scene of that memorable meeting. It perhaps still remains at the side of a little hollow, nigh to the east corner of the Feathen arable fields, and the spots occupied by the witch and warlock, without a green shrub on them, are still as visible as on the day they left them. The two sisters, having chosen a disguise that completely concealed them, heard the following dialogue, from beginning to end.

"Kimmer, I trow the prize is won. I saw his arm bared; the red blood streaming; the scroll in the one hand, and the pen in the other."

"He's ours! he's ours!"

"He's nae mair yours."

"We'll ower the kirkstyle an' away wi' him."

"I liked not the appearance of yon two pale hinds at such a moment. I wish the fruit of all our pains be not stolen from us when ready for our lord and master's board. How he will storm and misuse us if this has befallen!"

"What of the two hinds? What of them, I say? I like to see blood. It is a beautiful thing blood."

"Thou art as gross as flesh and blood itself, and hast nothing in thee of the true sublimity of a supernatural being. I love to scale the thunder-cloud; to ride on the topmost billow of the storm; to roost by the cataract, or croon the anthem of hell at the gate of heaven. But *thou* delightest to see blood,—rank, reeking, and baleful Christian blood. What is in that, dotard?"

"Humph! I like to see Christian blood, howsomever. It bodes luck, kimmer—it bodes luck."

"It bodes that thou art a mere block, Rob Kirkwood; but it is needless to upbraid thee, senseless as thou art. Listen then to me:—It has been our master's charge to us these seven years to gain that goodly stripling, my nephew; and you know that you and I engaged to accomplish it; if we break that engagement, woe unto us. Our master bore a grudge at his father; but he particularly desires the son, because he knows that, could we gain him, all the pretty girls of the parish would flock to our standard.—But, Robin Kirkwood, I say, Robin Kirkwood, what two white birds are these

always hopping around us? I dinna like their looks unco weel. See, the one of them is lame too; and they seem to have a language of their own to one another. Let us leave this place, Robin; my heart is quaking like an aspin."

"Let them hap on. What can wee bits o' birdies do till us? Come, let us try some o' yon cantrips the deil learned us. Grand sport yon, Nans."

"Robin, did not you see that the birds hopped three times round us? I am afraid we are charmed to the spot."

"Never mind, auld fool! It's a very good spot.—Some of our cantrips! some of our cantrips!"

What cantrips they performed is not known; but, on that day fortnight, the two were found still sitting in the middle of the bush, the two most miserable and disgusting figures that ever shocked humanity. Their cronies came with a hurdle to take them home; but Nans expired by the way, uttering wild gibberish and blasphemy, and Rob Kirkwood died soon after he got home. The last words he uttered were, "Plenty o' Christian blood soon! It will be running in streams!—in streams!—in streams!"

We now return to Colin, who, freed of his two greatest adversaries, now spent his time in a state bordering on happiness, compared with the life he had formerly led. He wept much, staid on the hill by himself, and pondered deeply on something nobody knew what, and it was believed he did not know well himself. He was in love —over head and ears in love; which may account for anything in man, however ridiculous. He was in love with Barbara Stewart, an angel in loveliness as well as virtue; but she had hitherto shunned a young man so dissolute and unfortunate in connexions. To this was attributed Colin's melancholy and retirement from society; and it might be partly the case, but there were other matters that troubled his inmost soul.

Ever since he had been visited by the two mysterious dames, he had kept the vial close in his bosom, and had drunk of the bitter potion again and again. He felt a change within him, a certain renovation of his nature, and a new train of thoughts, to which he was an utter stranger; yet he cherished them, tasting oftener and oftener his vial of bitterness, and always, as he drank, the liquor increased in quantity.

While in this half-resigned, half-desponding state, he ventured once more to visit Barbara. He thought to himself that he would go and see her, if but to take farewell of her; for he resolved not to harass so dear a creature with a suit which was displeasing to her. But, to his utter surprise, Barbara received him kindly. His humbled look made a deep impression on her; and, on taking leave, he found that she had treated him with as much respect as any virtuous maiden could treat a favourite lover.

He therefore went home rather too much uplifted in spirit, which his old adversaries, the witches, perceived, and having laid all their snares open to intrap him, they in part prevailed, and he returned, in the moment of temptation, to his old courses. The day after, as he went out to the hill, he whistled and sung,—for he durst not think,—till, behold, at a distance, he saw his two lovely monitors approaching. He was confounded and afraid, for he found his heart was not right for the encounter; so he ran away with all his might, and hid himself in the Feathen-wood.

As soon as he was alone, he took the vial from his bosom, and, wondering, beheld that the bitter liquid was dried up all to a few drops, although the glass was nearly full when he last deposited it in his bosom. He set it eagerly to his lips, lest the last remnant should have escaped him; but never was it so bitter as now; his very heart and spirit failed him, and, trembling, he lay down and wept. He tried again to drain out the dregs of his cup of bitterness; but still, as he drank, it increased in quantity, and became more and more palatable; and he now continued the task so eagerly, that in a few days it was nearly full.

The two lovely strangers coming now often in his mind, he regretted running from them, and wearied once more to see them. So, going out, he sat down within the fairy ring, on the top of the Feathen Hill, with a sort of presentiment that they would appear to him. Accordingly, it was not long till they made their appearance, but still at a distance, as if travelling along the kirk-road. Colin, perceiving that they were going to pass, without looking his way, thought it

his duty now to wait on them. He hasted across the moor, and met them; nor did they now shun him. The one that halted now addressed him, while she who had formerly accosted him, and presented him with the vial, looked shy, and kept a marked distance, which Colin was exceedingly sorry for, as he loved her best. The other examined him sharply concerning all his transactions since they last met. He acknowledged everything candidly—the great folly of which he had been guilty, and likewise the great terror he was in of being changed into some horrible bestial creature, by the bitter drug they had given him. "For d'ye ken, madam," said he, "I fand the change beginning within, at the very core o' the heart, and spreading aye outward and outward, and I lookit aye every minute when my hands and my feet wad change into clutes; for I expeckit nae less than to have another turn o' the gait, or some waur thing, kenning how weel I deserved it. And when I saw that I keepit my right proportions, I grat for my ain wickedness, that had before subjected me to such unhallowed influence."

The two sisters now looked to each other, and a heavenly benevolence shone through the smiles with which that look was accompanied. The lame one said, "Did I not say, sister, that there was some hope?" She then asked a sight of his vial, which he took from his bosom, and put into her hands; and when she had viewed it carefully, she returned it, without any injunction; but taking from her own bosom a medal of pure gold, which seemed to have been dipped in blood, she fastened it round his neck with a chain of steel. "As long as you keep that vial and use it," said she, "the other will never be taken from you, and with these two you may defy all the Powers of Darkness."

As soon as Colin was alone, he surveyed his purple medal with great earnestness, but could make nothing of it; there was a mystery in the character and figures of which he had no comprehension; yet he kept all in close concealment, and walked softly.

The witches now found that he was lost to their community, and, enraged beyond measure at the loss of such a prize, which they had judged fairly their own, and of which their master was so desirous, they now laid a plan to destroy him.

He went down to the castle one night to see Barbara Stewart, who talked to him much of religion and of the Bible; but of these things Colin knew very little. He engaged, however, to go with her to the house of prayer—not to the Popish chapel, where he had once been a most irreverent auditor, but to the Reformed church, which then began to divide the parish, and the pastor of which was a devout man.

On taking leave of Barbara, and promising to attend her on the following Sabbath, a burst of eldrich laughter arose close by, and a voice, with a hoarse and giggling sound, exclaimed, "No sae fast, canny lad—no sae fast. There will maybe be a whipping o' cripples afore that play be played."

Barbara consigned them both to the care of the Almighty with great fervency, wondering how they could have been watched and overheard in such a place. Colin trembled from head to foot, for he knew the laugh too well to be that of Maude Stott, the leading witch of the Traquair gang, now that his aunt was removed. He had no sooner crossed the Quair, than, at the junction of a little streamlet, called to this day *the Satyr Sike*, he was set upon by a countless number of cats, which surrounded him, making the most infernal noises, and putting themselves into the most threatening attitudes. For a good while they did not touch him, but leaped around him, often as high as his throat, screaming most furiously; but at length his faith failed him, and he cried out in utter despair. At that moment, they all closed upon him, some round his neck, some round his legs, and some endeavouring to tear out his heart and bowels. At length one or two that came in contact with the medal in his bosom fled away, howling most fearfully, and did not return. Still he was in great jeopardy of being instantly torn to pieces; on which he flung himself flat on his face in the midst of his devouring enemies, and invoked a sacred name. That moment he felt partial relief, as if some one were driving them off one by one, and on raising his head, he beheld his lovely lame visitant of the mountains, driving these infernals off with a white wand, and

mocking their threatening looks and vain attempts to return. "Off with you, poor infatuated wretches!" cried she: "Minions of perdition, off to your abodes of misery and despair! Where now is your boasted whipping of cripples? See if one poor cripple cannot whip you all."

By this time the monsters had all taken their flight, save one, that had fastened its talons in Colin's left side, and was making a last and desperate effort to reach his vitals; but he, being now freed from the rest, lent it a blow with such good-will, as made it speedily desist, and fly tumbling and mewing down the brae. He shrewdly guessed who this inveterate assailant was. Nor was he mistaken; for next day Maude Stott was lying powerless on account of a broken back, and several of her cronies were in great torment, having been struck by the white rod of the Lady of the Moor.

But the great Master Fiend, seeing now that his emissaries were all baffled and outdone, was enraged beyond bounds, and set himself, with all his wit, and with all his power, to be revenged on poor Colin. As to his power, no one disputed it; but his wit and ingenuity appear always to me to be very equivocal. He tried to assault Colin's humble dwelling that same night, in sundry terrific shapes; but many of the villagers perceived a slender form, clothed in white, that kept watch at his door until the morning twilight. The next day, he haunted him on the hill in the form of a great shaggy bloodhound, infected with madness; but finding his utter inability to touch him, he uttered a howl that made all the hills quake, and, like a flash of lightning, darted into Glendean's Banks.

He now set himself, with his noted sapience, to procure Colin's punishment by other means, namely, by the hands of Christian men, the only way now left for him. He accordingly engaged his emissaries to inform against him to holy Mother Church, as a warlock and necromancer. The crown and the church had at that time joined in appointing judges of these difficult and interesting questions. The quorum consisted of seven, including the King's Advocate, being an equal number of priests and laymen, all of them in opposition to the principles of the Reformation, it being at that time obnoxious at court. Colin was seized, arraigned, and lodged in prison at Peebles; and never was there such a stir of clamour and discontent in Strath-quair. The young women wept, and tore their hair, for the goodliest lad in the valley; their mothers scolded; and the old men scratched their grey polls, bit the lip, and remained quiescent, but were at length compelled to join the combination.

Colin's trial came on, and his accusers being summoned as witnesses against him, it may well be supposed how little chance he had of escaping, especially as the noted David Beaton sat that day as judge, a severe and bigoted Papist. There were many things proven against poor Colin,—as much as would have brought all the youth of Traquair to the stake; but the stories of the deponents were so monstrous, and so far out of the course of nature, that the judges were like to fall from their seats with laughing.

For instance, three sportsmen swore, that they had started a large he-fox in the Feathen-wood, and, after pursuing him all the way to Glenrathhope, with horses and hounds, on coming up they found Colin Hyslop lying panting in the midst of the hounds, and caressing and endeavouring to pacify them. It was deponed, that he had been discovered in the shape of a huge gander sitting on eggs; in the shape of a three-legged stool, which had groaned, and given other symptoms of animation, by which its identity with Colin Hyslop was discovered, on being tossed about and overturned, as three-legged stools are apt to be.

But when they came to the story of a he-goat, which had proceeded to attend the service in the chapel of St John the Evangelist, and which said he-goat proved to be the unhappy delinquent, Beaton growled with rage and indignation, and said, that such a dog deserved to suffer death by a thousand tortures, and to be excluded from the power of repentance by the instant infliction of them. The most of the judges were not, however, satisfied of the authenticity of this monstrous story, and insisted on examining a great number of witnesses, both young and old, many of whom happened to be quite unconnected with the horrid community of the Traquair witches. Among the rest, a girl named Tibby Frater was examined about

that, as well as the three-legged stool, and her examination may here be copied verbatim. The querist, who was a cunning man, began as follows:—

"Were you in St John's Chapel, Isabel, on the Sunday after Easter?"

"Yes."

"And did you there see a man metamorphosed into a he-goat?"

"I saw a gait in the chapel that day."

"And did he, as has been declared, seem intent on disturbing divine worship?"

"He was playing some pranks. But what else could you expect of a gait?"

"Please to describe what you saw."

"Oo, he was just rampauging about, an' dinging folk ower. The clerk and the sacristan baith ran to attack him, but he soon laid them baith prostrate. Mess John prayed against him, in Latin, they said, and tried to lay him, as if he had been a deil; but he never heedit that, and just rampit on."

"Did he ever come near or molest you in the chapel?"

"Ay, he did that."

"What did he do to you?—describe it all."

"Oo, he didna do that muckle ill, after a'; but if it was the poor young man that was changed, I'll warrant he had nae hand in it, for dearly he paid the kane. Ere long there were fifty staves raised against him, and he was beaten till there was hardly life left in him."

"And what were the people's reasons for believing that this he-goat and the prisoner were the same?"

"He was found a' wounded and bruised the next day. But, in truth, I believe he never denied these changes wrought on him to his intimate friends; but we a' ken weel wha it was that effected them. Od help you! ye little ken how we are plaguit and harassed down yonder-abouts, and what loss the country suffers by the emissaries o' Satan! If there be any amang you that ken the true marks o' the beast, you will discern plenty o' them hereabout, some that hae been witnessing against this poor abused and unfortunate young man."

The members of the community of Satan were now greatly astounded. Their eyes gleamed with vengeance, and they gnashed their teeth on the maiden. But the buzz ran through the assembly against them, and execrations were poured from every corner of the crowded court. Cries of—"Plenty o' proof o' what Tibby has said."—"Let the saddle be laid on the right horse."—"Down wi' the plagues o' the land," and many such exclamations were sent forth from the mouths of the good people of Traquair. They durst not meddle with the witches at home, because, when anything was done to disoblige them, the sheep and cattle were seized with new and frightful distempers, the corn and barley were shaken, and the honest people themselves quaked under agues, sweatings, and great horrors of mind. But now that they had them all collected in a court of justice, and were all assembled themselves, and holy men present, they hoped to bring the aggressors to due punishment at last. Beaton, however, seemed absolutely bent on the destruction of Colin, alleging, that the depravity of his heart was manifest in every one of his actions during the times of his metamorphoses, even although he had no share himself in effecting these metamorphoses; he therefore sought a verdict against the prisoner, as did also the King's Advocate. Sir James Stuart of Traquair, however, rose up, and spoke with great eloquence and energy in favour of his vassal, and insisted on having his accusers tried face to face with him, when, he had no doubt, it would be seen on which side the sorcery had been exercised. "For I appeal to your honourable judgments," continued he, "if any man would transform himself into a fox, for the sake of being hunted to death, and torn into pieces by hounds? Neither, I think, would any person choose to translate himself into a gander, for the purpose of bringing out a few worthless goslings. But, above all, I am morally certain, that no living woman or man would turn himself into a three-legged stool, for no other purpose but to be kicked into the mire, as the evidence shows this stool to have been. And as for a very handsome youth turning himself into a he-goat, in order to exhibit his prowess in outbraving and beating the men of the whole congregation, that would be a supposition equally absurd. But as we have a thousand instances of honest men being affected and injured by spells and enchant-

ments, I give it as my firm opinion, that this young man has been abused grievously in this manner, and that these his accusers, afraid of exposure through his agency, are trying in this way to put him down."

Sir James's speech was received with murmurs of applause through the whole crowded court; but the principal judge continued obstinate, and made a speech in reply. Being a man of a most austere temperament, and as bloody-minded as obstinate, he made no objections to the seizing of the youth's accusers, and called to the officers to guard the door; on which the old sacristan of Traquair remarked aloud, "By my faith in the holy Apostle John, my lord governor, you must be quick in your seizures; for an ye gie but the witches o' Traquair ten minutes, ye will hae naething o' them but moorfowls an' patricks blattering about the rigging o' the kirk; and a' the offishers ye hae will neither catch nor keep them."

They were, however, seized and incarcerated. The trials lasted for three days, at which the most amazing crowds attended; for the evidence was of the most extraordinary nature ever elicited, displaying such a system of diablerie, malevolence, and unheard-of wickedness, as never came to light in a Christian land. Seven women and two men were found guilty, and condemned to be burnt at the stake; and several more would have shared the same fate, had the private marks, which were then thoroughly and perfectly known, coincided with the evidence produced. This not having been the case, they were banished out of the Scottish dominions, any man being at liberty to shoot them, if found there under any shape whatever, after sixty-one hours from that date.

There being wise men who attended the courts in those days, called Searchers or Triers, they were ordered to take Colin into the vestry, (the trials having taken place in a church,) and examine him strictly for the diabolical marks. They could find none; but in the course of their investigation they found the vial in his bosom, as well as the medal that wore the hue of blood, and which was locked to his neck, so that the hands of man could not remove it. They returned to the judge, bearing the vial in triumph, and saying they had found no private mark, as proof of the master he served, but that here was an unguent, which they had no doubt was proof sufficient, and would, if they judged aright, when accompanied by proper incantations, transform a human being into any beast or monster intended. It was handed to the judge, who shook his head, and acquiesced with the searchers. It was then handed around, and Mr Wiseheart, or Wishart, a learned man, deciphered these words on it, in a sacred language,—"The Vial of Repentance."

The judges looked at one another when they heard these ominous words so unlooked for; and Wiseheart remarked, with a solemn assurance, that neither the term nor the cup of bitterness were calculated for the slaves of Satan, nor the bounden drudges of the land of perdition.

The searchers now begged the Court to suspend their judgment for a space, as the prisoner wore a charm of a bloody hue, which was locked to his body with steel, so that no hands could loose it, and which they judged of far more ominous import than all the proofs of these whole trials put together. Colin was then brought into the Court once more, and the medal examined carefully; and lo! on the one side were engraved, in the same character, two words, the signification of which was decided to be, "Forgiveness" above, and "Acceptance" below. On the other side was a representation of the Crucifixion, and these words in another language, *Cruci, dum spiro, fido;* which words I do not understand, but they struck the judges with great amazement. They forthwith ordered the bonds to be taken off the prisoner, and commanded him to speak for himself, and tell, without fear and dread, how he came by these precious and holy bequests.

Colin, who was noted for sincerity and simplicity, began and related the circumstances of his life, his temptations, his follies, and his disregard of all the duties of religion, which had subjected him in no common degree to the charms and enchantments of his hellish neighbours, whose principal efforts and energies seemed to be aimed at his destruction. But when he came to the vision of the fair virgins on the hill, and of their gracious

bequests, that had preserved him thenceforward, both from the devil in person, and from the vengeance of all his emissaries combined, so well did this suit the strenuous efforts then making to obtain popularity for a falling system of faith, that the judges instantly claimed the miracle to their own side, and were clamorous with approbation of his modesty, and cravings of forgiveness for the insults and contumely which they had heaped upon this favourite of Heaven. Barbara Stewart was at this time sitting on the bench close behind Colin, weeping for joy at this favourable turn of affairs, having, for several days previous to that, given up all hopes of his life, when Mr David Beaton, pointing to the image of the Holy Virgin, asked if the fair dame who bestowed these invaluable and heavenly relics bore any resemblance to that divine figure. Colin, with his accustomed blunt honesty, was just about to answer in the negative, when Barbara exclaimed in a whisper behind him, "Ah! how like!"

"How do you ken, dearest Barbara?" said he, softly, over his shoulder.

"Because I saw her watching your door once when surrounded by fiends —Ah! how like!"

"Ah, how like!" exclaimed Colin, by way of response to one whose opinion was to him as a thing sacred, and not to be disputed. How much hung on that moment! A denial would still have subjected him to obloquy, bonds, and death, but an anxious maiden's ready expedient saved him; and now it was with difficulty that Mr Wiseheart could prevent the Catholic part of the throng from falling down and worshipping him, whom they had so lately reviled and accused of the blackest crimes.

Times were now altered with Colin Hyslop. David Beaton, the governor of the land, appointed by the court of France, took him to Edinburgh in his chariot, and presented him to the Queen Regent, who put a ring on his right hand, a chain of gold about his neck, and loaded him with her bounty. All the Catholic nobles of the court presented him with valuable gifts, and then he was caused to make the tour of all the rich abbeys of Fife and the Border; so that, without ever having one more question asked him about his tenets, he returned home the richest man of all Traquair, even richer, as men supposed, than Sir James Stuart himself. He married Barbara Stewart, and purchased the Plora from the female heirs of Alexander Murray, where he built a mansion, planted a vineyard, and lived in retirement and happiness till the day of his death.

I have thus recorded the leading events of this tale, although many of the incidents, as handed down by tradition, are of so heinous a nature as not to bear recital. It has always appeared to me to have been moulded on the bones of some ancient religious allegory, and by being thus transformed into a nursery tale, rendered unintelligible. It would be in vain now to endeavour to restore its original structure, in the same way as Mr Blore can delineate an ancient abbey from the smallest remnant, but I should like exceedingly to understand properly what was represented by the two lovely and mysterious sisters, one of whom was lame. It is most probable that they were supposed apparitions of renowned female saints; or perhaps Faith and Charity. This, however, is manifest, that it is a Reformer's tale, founded on a Catholic allegory. Of the witches of Traquair there are many traditions extant, as well as many authentic records, and so far the tale accords with the history of the times. That they were tried and suffered there is no doubt; and the Devil lost all his popularity in that district ever after, being despised by his friends for his shallow and rash politics, and hooted and held up to ridicule by his enemies. I still maintain, that there has been no great personage since the world was framed, so apt to commit a manifest blunder, and to overshoot his mark, as he is.

Mount Benger, March 10, 1828.

PUBLIC MEN AND PARTIES.

PUBLIC men no longer speak of the universal popularity of their "liberal and enlightened principles." No—the gorgeous bubble has burst, and the enchanting dream has departed; the miseries of the real have swept away the ecstacies of the fictitious; and the country at length looks at truth and common reason. Such men are now compelled to acknowledge that however triumphant they may be in Parliament, there is a powerful party opposed to them out of it; they are constrained to own that in respect of creed, there are two parties in existence—that a formidable party has being, which has severed itself from them all, which pins not its faith to either Ministry or Legislature, and which, in utter disregard of whom it may offend or oppose, adheres inflexibly to principle. While they laud their own principles in the most outrageous manner, they blacken those of this hostile party in a manner equally outrageous.

We propose, therefore, to vindicate this party from the aspersions they cast upon it, and to place its principles and grounds of opposition to them fairly before the nation. It is admitted that the community is divided into two parties, and without caring for names we shall endeavour to describe honestly their creeds, views, character, and points of difference. The country is weary of unmeaning panegyric and abuse; it is sickened with the terms "liberal and enlightened," "illiberal and bigoted;" it wants information touching nature, tendency, and consequence, and this want we shall endeavour to supply.

Commencing with foreign policy, we need not say what principles the Liverpool Ministry acted upon until the conclusion of the war. Their character, and the fact that they were the principles of Mr Pitt, are not yet forgotten. They were adhered to by the country and its Ministry with the unconquerable fidelity deserved by their truth, and to both they gave a splendid reward. They placed the one in glory, potency, and grandeur, at the head of the world; and they bestowed on the other a reputation for ability, wisdom, philanthropy, and virtue, alike brilliant and imperishable.

When the war ceased, two great objects demanded the especial attention of the leading European governments, viz. the perpetuation of peace, and the preservation of the balance of power. Their vast and transcendent importance had been long shewn by every variety of terrible and desolating proof. They were not more important to the ruler than to the subject; and they were alike important to every government and people in Europe. The knowledge of this was not confined to the few, for all had been scourged by suffering into the full possession of it. The miseries which war and the destruction of the balance of power produced had been felt by every country; and, whatever governments had suffered from them, the people had suffered infinitely more.

The great system of Europe which Bonaparte reduced to ruins, had just been reconstructed through sacrifices of the most costly and gigantic character. Kingdoms had been remodelled; rulers and institutions had been changed; the work had barely reached its completion, and it had acquired no cohesion and solidity. The revolutionary spirit, from which the war and its accompanying horrors had sprung, was still in many parts in formidable existence; in France, from the change of dynasty and other causes, it was so powerful, that there was scarcely any hope of keeping it down save by external force. The example of France had generated a faction in various states, anxious to accomplish revolution, not from patriotism or the disinterested impulses of erring enthusiasm, but merely to benefit its own base, guilty personal interests. It had converted revolution into a dirty trade; and it was the more to be dreaded, because its strength lay amidst soldiery, and its tendencies were evidently towards military despotism. Europe was in such circumstances, that it was morally certain nothing but the combined efforts of the great powers could prevent such revolutions as would establish governments, paying no regard to treaties and national rights, like that which had so long been its curse—undo all that had been done—rekindle general war, and produce a repetition of the bloodshed, miseries,

and tyranny which the peace had terminated.

We will put the interests of governments wholly out of sight, and say, the interests of the people in every country imperiously demanded that such revolutions should be prevented. It was essential that nothing should be hazarded; that error should be on the side of safety; that improvements and ameliorations should be made subordinate to the paramount question of tranquillity; and that the establishment of constitutional freedom should be deferred, if it involved a danger of producing war and its attendant calamities. Governments were not more deeply interested in all this than subjects. The government and people of this country were as deeply interested in it as those of any other. War could scarcely take place on the continent without embroiling Britain in war, and destroying the balance of power; and the acquisition of an undue portion of power by those states to which it is practicable, would have the most injurious effects on her interest. What we say will not be dissented from by any man of common sense.

The great powers were neither blind to their duty, nor negligent in the discharge of it. They did not separate, and leave peace and the balance of power at the mercy of any profligate faction or traitorous army which might think good to destroy them. Determined to preserve what they had won by the proper means, they decided that the principles from which the past war and its terrible consequences had flowed were at variance with the best interests of mankind,—and that the political sect which professed these principles was unworthy of being intrusted with national government; they assumed this to have been rendered incontrovertible by experience; and they decided further, that they would array themselves against revolutions which should be made on these principles by this sect. This decision was in perfect accordance with the principles on which Mr Pitt commenced the war, and it was cordially joined in by the Liverpool Ministry. How far it was called for by everything dear to Europe may be judged of by the proofs which have since appeared, that if it had not been taken, peace and the balance of power would scarcely have endured two years; France would have regained a lawless military government, and what had been experienced during the war would have been again experienced.

While the great powers thus resorted to the only effectual means for preserving peace and the balance of power, they cautiously favoured the growth of rational constitutional freedom. The scurrilities which have been heaped upon them are sufficiently refuted by these notorious facts. When France was at their mercy, they gave her a representative form of government, and as much liberty as she could be safely intrusted with. When Spain was at their mercy, they employed their influence to give her the same, and were only prevented by the popular will. They suffered free institutions to be established in some other countries, and each employed itself in making reforms, and ameliorating the condition of its subjects. When we look at the state the continental nations were in at the close of the war, and remember that only thirteen years have since elapsed, during several of which almost every nation was convulsed with most dangerous doctrines, and some were the theatre of anarchy and war—when we do this, and then look at the great progress which reforms, good institutions, personal liberty, and real, solid, enduring constitutional freedom, have made on the Continent in so short a period, we are astonished. Looking at the history of France for the last forty years, at the character of her population, and at her geographical situation, we think the establishment in her, of the constitution and freedom she possesses, is the most splendid triumph which liberty ever achieved. All this has been gained, not by revolution, but in spite of it. It is all owing to the policy pursued by the great powers. Had they, instead of adopting this policy, suffered revolution to prevail, the Continent at this time would have been in a more deplorable condition than it was in when the war ceased. Had it not been for revolution, liberty and general improvement would have made infinitely swifter progress than they have made.

The Liverpool Ministry, we say, cordially joined in this policy. It was bound to do this, by the Pitt princi-

ples, and by the principles on which it professed to act in the latter years of the war. The foreign policy of this Ministry, for some time after the war ceased, was this:—To preserve peace and the balance of power, as a matter essential not only for preserving the Continent and the British empire from the most fearful evils, but likewise for promoting the spread of constitutional freedom, and supplying the means of improving the general condition of mankind:—As the only effectual means of preserving both, to throw the weight of this country into the scale against revolutions, calculated to produce civil war, anarchy, and despotism; and, of course, to oppose the principles which were the sure parents of such revolutions:—To draw the line between beneficial creeds and parties, and pernicious ones, and support the former:—To cautiously favour all sober, rational, practical measures, for improving the state of society, and establishing free institutions; but, in this, to make everything subordinate to the preservation of peace, and the balance of power:—To assume such preservation to be the only sure basis on which general improvement of every kind could stand; and to act accordingly.

This was, for some time after the close of the war, the policy of the Liverpool Ministry; and it was worthy of the discriminating, calculating, profound, masculine wisdom, which had emancipated Europe.

The foreign policy of this country was then conducted by the late Marquis of Londonderry, a Minister whose century is not yet completed, and whose talents and services have been disparaged and blackened to an extent never exceeded in the most profligate and corrupt community that ever existed. But it was his fate to live in times when the most depraved faction that ever polluted the soil, and dishonoured the name, of Britain, made it a system to slander ability and service, in proportion to the benefits they rendered the empire; and the faction naturally singled him out as the especial victim of its atrocities. It laboured not in vain, and it was not alone in his fair fame that it smote him. He conducted the country, in its foreign interests, through difficulties, alike complicated and gigantic, to the most glorious issue; he had the chief share in guiding it in safety through domestic perils rarely surpassed in magnitude; and then his proud, and, alas! broken spirit, bowed itself to the dust. It was his to brave the fury of the tempest, but not to taste the enjoyments of the calm—to fight the battle, but not to wear the trophies of the victory. What he sowed, another reaped; what he won, another appropriated. Yet he fell not until the clouds were broken, and the winds were hushed—until the foreign foe and the domestic traitor were struck to the earth before him—until the dawn of the prosperity and harmony which his toils and sacrifices had prepared, appeared in the horizon. His death was not bewailed by faction—profligate newspapers strewed no panegyrics on his ashes—the tears of the traitor did not accompany him to the grave—the sorrows of his bereaved kindred were not soothed with dignities and emoluments—and no party subscription begged and extorted its pence and its pounds to purchase for him the monumental marble. Yet he died not unwept, and he sunk not into the tomb without honour. The wise and the good mourned his loss, as that of an inflexible patriot, a virtuous and able statesman, an intrepid champion of the constitution, and a Minister who had rendered services to his country which transcended reward. He needed no monument from the hands of the hireling sculptor; a different one, prepared by himself, and more worthy of him, already existed. It consisted of the records of his toils—of the negotiations and treaties which concluded the war. These stand in naked and stately grandeur—an indignant contrast to the Reciprocity and Intervention Treaties, which, since his death, have sacrificed the interests and honour of the nation, and imprinted an indelible stain on British diplomacy—an imperishable monument of his ability and public services—and, alas! a memorial of the ingratitude of his country. Justice will, however, yet be done him. His name is engraven on the pillars of British supremacy; it is written in the most splendid pages of British history; on the trophies of war, and the blessings of peace; on all that was won, and all that was preserved, it appears; and the hour is at hand when the country will not exult over

her treasures and happiness, her glory and greatness, without classing him with the most illustrious of her benefactors and worthies. Aliens are they to all the lofty and ennobling feelings of the British spirit, who can survey this proud empire, and yet revere not the memory of him who so powerfully contributed to save it in the peril, and to extend and adorn it in the triumph! Renegades are they from the principles of Pitt, who affect to hold them, and yet testify not to the fame of him who adhered to them so faithfully, who applied them so gloriously, who defended them so successfully, and who, for his devotion to them, died a martyr!*

Mr Canning became his successor, and a great change was soon made in the policy of this country. In our opinion, this change resulted much less from settled principle, than from the infirmities of Mr Canning's mind and temper. He was a man of great and shining powers, but he ranked much below a statesman of the first class, and he laboured under deficiencies, which amounted almost to disqualification, for being the leader of a party and a system. He possessed the susceptibility, irritability, pride, and passion of genius, without its originality, courage, perseverance, consistency, and scorn of personal interest. Assuming that there is a distinction between genius and talent, what he possessed of the former was tempered with a very inadequate portion of the latter. Nothing is better calculated to give a correct estimate of his powers, than a comparison between him and Mr Pitt, touching *kind* of ability. The one delighted and excelled the most in those departments of the science of government, in which the other delighted and excelled the least. Mr Canning was so far from being qualified to lead a party and a creed, that when he had no master mind to restrain and direct him,—when he was free to choose his path,—he wandered about after any Will-o'-the-Wisp that met his vision. Sometimes he was led by personal animosity, sometimes by the fear of opponents, sometimes by the shouts of the rabble; but guide it was necessary for him to have, other than the unerring compass of original thought and unbending principle, or not a step could he advance. The truth of this is abundantly proved by the eccentricities and inconsistencies which marked the whole of his political life. A quarrel with an individual or a party could make him swerve from a creed or a system. An attack in a periodical, or parliamentary speech, could make him turn his arms against what he had, through life, defended. He would deviate from his course to the very verge of apostacy, not from conviction of error, but to avoid the shock of a powerful enemy, or to escape the odium of unpopularity, or to win the blandishments of opponents, or even to gratify personal anger and revenge. Saying nothing of other evidence, we will merely point to the conduct he exhibited during the proceedings against the late Queen—to his coalition with the low Whigs and Radicals—and to his furious attack on the House of Lords. Sensible that his frailty could not be concealed, he laboured to give it the features of merit; he made a boast of compromise and concession, as things which evinced his discernment and wisdom. His friends were aware that this was insufficient, and they laboured, with his cordial consent, to add the cloak of noble ambition. Every one, however, could see, that his transgressions sprung from influences which are never obeyed by great and honourable men; and

* It is our duty to notice the censures which, in some quarters, have been cast on this eminent statesman; because, in the treaties which concluded the war, he did not stipulate for commercial advantages for this country. The fact, that on this point nothing was left to his discretion, is a sufficient reply. The Whigs protested against mixing up any such claims with the complex negotiations; the Ministry did the same; and it was unanimously decided that no such claims should be advanced. But if he did not conclude any temporary commercial treaties, he did what was better; he secured to trade and manufactures the portals to valuable markets in perpetuity. If the possessions which he secured for ever to this country have not been converted into the means of benefiting trade and manufactures largely, the blame rests on the false and blundering commercial policy which has been pursued since his death; and it sullies not his memory.

that what was called in him noble ambition, was a gross, vulgar, impure, unscrupulous lust of aggrandisement.

How differently the Marquis of Londonderry and Mr Canning lived! In what different circumstances they left the country, and how differently they have been treated! The one, for nearly the whole time he was a leader in the Cabinet, had to grapple with the most gigantic and appalling difficulties, which he triumphantly surmounted; and, when he died, the country was beginning to reap a splendid harvest of prosperity and happiness, for which it was mainly indebted to his exertions and firmness. Yet his memory was embalmed in no public honours; and while one side has loaded it with all that calumny could utter, the other side has been silent. For nearly the whole time the other held the same dignity, all was ease, and sunshine, and popularity, produced in reality by his predecessor. Having no difficulties to contend with, he employed himself in creating them; and, when he died, the country was reaping a fearful harvest of loss, penury, misery, and danger, which had been chiefly produced by his wild and fatal policy. Yet public honours, lamentations, and panegyrics were poured upon his grave, as though he had been the saviour of the empire. Such, alas! is the tribunal of popular truth and justice! History, however, will not be guided by the blind passions, prejudices, and delusions of the present generation; she will spurn from her alike the unmerited slander, and the unmerited eulogy;—she will decide the claim, and apportion the reward, with stern impartiality.

It was soon obvious, that Mr Canning's leadership had wholly changed the character of the Cabinet. The Liverpool Ministry became ignorant, cowardly, and helpless. It could no longer find within itself the means of action, and it could no longer act against an enemy. It was continually making signals for counsel from opponents, watching the veerings of the wind, deprecating hostility, and offering to follow any guides who would feed it, think for it, and lead it from warfare. Its constant cry in the House of Commons was, "We are obeying you in everything, pray don't oppose us!" On receiving a few gentle thumps from the Whigs and Radicals, it solemnly proclaimed them to be the Country, and placed itself at their mercy; in return, they compassionately condescended to supply it with opinion and scheme, and to fight its battles. Then followed an exhibition wholly without example. The Ministry of this great empire openly confessed that it was the instrument of others;—it openly confessed, that it no longer took truth, principle, and public good for its rules of action; but that instead, its measures were dictated to it by what it called the Popular Will—the Spirit of the Age—Liberality!—and that it had no alternative to servile obedience. The Opposition, and the rabble, exercised the more important functions of the Ministry, and they had the latter so completely under their command, that it could not keep itself in being without them. Public affairs were under the control of the petty, worthless, minority; while the overwhelming majority was so blinded, fettered, gagged, and confounded, that it could neither speak nor move.

In our judgment, this will form to posterity one of the most curious and incomprehensible chapters in British history. If thirteen years ago any man had been told that the time was at hand, when, in this country, the Government would justify its measures on the ground of their being "liberal," and principles and laws would be cast to the winds on the plea of its being "liberal" so to treat them—and public measures would be discussed, with reference, not to fitness, right, truth, justice, and experience, but to "liberality" and the "spirit of the age;" his reply would have been, "No! you may as well tell me the Peak of Teneriffe will wing its way over the ocean, and perch itself on Westminster Abbey! Never can national madness reach this, even in the worst of its paroxysms!" Yet it has actually happened. What a spectacle did that which we have described produce in the House of Commons! There the political deaf and dumb gained hearing and speech—political babes at the breast uttered apothegms, and prophesied—political idiots blazed out into sages—political females bore down all before them with slander, gossip, egotism, fashion, screeches, and laughter—and "bearded men," who had previously enjoyed reputation, lost their senses. The

mere utterance of the words "liberal and enlightened," was sufficient for gaining magnificent celebrity—for proving any man, cobbler or noble, a statesman of the first water; and, such was the inscrutable decree of fate, they could be uttered by all save the wise and the knowing.

What followed to the Country? The destruction of prosperity, the banishment of harmony; loss, bankruptcy, distress, pauperism, crime, embarrassments and dangers of almost all descriptions. What else could follow, when the laws of nature, and the relations between cause and effect, remained unaltered?

For a short time after Mr Canning's accession to the Foreign office, he declared that he strictly followed the principles which had been acted on by his predecessor. This proved that he then saw no necessity for change. He, however, soon discovered that, without one, the Whigs could not be "conciliated." The dissent of this country from the invasion of Spain by France, was resolved on before the death of the Marquis of Londonderry; but the Whigs insisted that this "enlightened change," emanated from Mr Canning. The latter refused the compliment, but they still forced it upon him. Acted on by their blandishments on one side, and their hostility on the other, he "compromised," and took a wide stride to meet them. Then they protested that a "liberal" change was distinctly visible; and this was repaid with another wide stride. Then on looking behind him, his wrath was excited by the cold looks of the Tories, and in consequence, he took another stride. Then the puff—puff—puff of the Whigs was so vociferous, that he advanced almost near enough to shake hands with them. Then the Tories opened their batteries upon him, whereupon he fled into the rear of the Whigs, and the change was finished. In the latter speeches of Mr Canning, and particularly in that on the expedition to Portugal, he in substance repeated the leading principles of the Whigs in respect of foreign policy.

And now, what are the new, or liberal principles of foreign policy, in so far as they can be discovered from the deeds and sentiments of their parents and eulogists?

Soon after Mr Canning became the Foreign Secretary, he stated in substance, that this country had lost her influence on the Continent, and thenceforward would have to "move in her own orbit." His worshippers assert, that he detached her from, and opposed her to, the Holy Alliance. It may therefore be taken as principle the first, that this country ought not generally to interest herself in continental affairs; and that she ought to throw her weight into the scale against the leading continental governments, in so far as they may endeavour to preserve peace and the balance of power in the manner we have described.

Mr Canning's eulogists assert, that, in favour and moral influence, he placed this country at the head of the continental liberals—that it was his policy to protect them in their schemes of revolution—and that he wished to revolutionize the whole Continent on their principles. This is asserted,—whether truly or not, is little to the purpose,—by those who profess to admire and expound his policy. While he held the Foreign office, it was always practically laid down by himself and Parliament, that no continental nation had a right to interfere with the internal affairs of another—that, no matter what changes any such nation might make in its government in respect of shape, principles, and persons, its neighbours had no right to interfere with it. In his speech on the expedition to Portugal, his observations touching the great power of this country, letting slip the dogs of war, &c. could have had no other meaning, than that, in case of war, this country had a right to stir up and aid rebellion in other states.

It may therefore be taken as principle the second, that this country ought to patronize and protect all foreign rebels and traitors, without any reference to their character and creed—even though they be democrats and infidels, and seek to establish governments, incapable of enduring, unworthy of being trusted, and sure to light up general war. That she ought to promote the overthrow of all the existing continental governments, regardless of what they may be replaced with. That if any of the continental states take up arms against changes of government made by their neighbours, as their only means of preserving themselves from

revolution and civil war; she ought to go to war with them for it, and that in such war she would have a right to destroy new governments by means of rebellion.

In the Intervention Treaty respecting Turkey and Greece, it is practically laid down as principle the third, that this country, in combination with others, has a right to dismember other states, on the pretext of establishing liberty, or on the most petty causes of war.

During the prevalence of this new policy, the balance of power and British interests have scarcely ever been mentioned; if they have been casually called to remembrance, they have been spoken of as things of no moment. If the preservation of general peace have been accidentally named, it has been treated as a secondary matter, and as something which ought to be readily sacrificed, in acting on the three principles we have described.

It may, therefore, be taken as principle the fourth, that the balance of power, British interests, and general peace, are things of minor importance to this country; and that she ought always to make them subordinate to the promotion of revolution on the Continent.

Whenever the Reciprocity Treaties and the general new system of commercial policy have been spoken of, it has always been maintained that this country ought to endeavour to benefit foreign ones; and that changes ought to be persevered in, which confessedly injure her own trade and power, provided they enlarge those of other states.

It may, therefore, be taken as principle the fifth, that this country ought to make her own good a secondary matter to the good of foreign countries; and that in her endeavours to benefit the trade, wealth, and power of such nations, she ought to sacrifice her own.

These principles comprehend the essentials of the new liberal system of foreign policy: they comprise the material changes. The recognition of the South American republics involved no new principle. Every one who has paid due attention to the words and deeds of the followers of this system will testify that we have misrepresented nothing, and that we have faithfully stated in plain English the principles which such words and deeds have again and again promulgated. These, then, are the present liberal principles of foreign policy professed by the mob of public men.

People of the old school, who imagine that the liberal character of a principle is no evidence that it is either true or wise, will expect from us no comment. They know what the new system really is. But there are other people to whom a few observations may be of service.

To prove that this country ought to separate herself from continental affairs, and "move in her own orbit," it ought to be proved that her interests cannot be affected by whatever may take place on the Continent. Such proof will be tendered by no one. It is matter of demonstration to all, that continental affairs bear vitally upon British interests—that war on the Continent is pretty sure to drag Britain into war, or at any rate to injure her greatly—that changes there may easily derange the balance of power, and give to one state or another a preponderance sufficient to enable it to dictate to the others, to bring upon her grievous evils, and to place her as an empire in danger of dismemberment.

This is notorious truth, which doubt cannot touch. It irresistibly follows, that this country is commanded by all that is dear to herself to take constantly a deep concern in continental affairs—that as a member of the great European family of nations, the interests of which must always be greatly affected by what is done by the other members, it is her duty to take a leading share in keeping in order the affairs of the whole.

Having proved that this duty exists, we must pass to the manner of discharging it. Were we addressing ourselves to boys and females, or to those who think nicknames proofs, and abuse arguments; or to those, to whom the falsehoods of faction are the only truths the world contains, we should perhaps be deterred from even alluding to the Holy Alliance by the tremendous mass of Billingsgate which has been heaped upon it. But we speak to different people, to wit, to those who think not the worse of truth and wisdom, when these are hooted and pelted by the rabble, and who are not led by the nose by mere asser-

tions; therefore, we suppress nothing from timidity. We may observe, that this alliance was for some time sanctioned by the Liverpool Ministry, and by, not only other members, but the Head of the Wellington Ministry.

The mere treaty of alliance we may throw overboard at once, as a formality which has practically had no consequences. It left the members severally full liberty to deliberate and choose their line of conduct on every question; and it led them to do nothing, which they would not have done, had no such treaty ever been thought of. It cannot be doubted, that, if the great continental powers had been wholly free from treaty, they still, on the affairs of France, and the revolutions of Spain, Naples, &c. would have deliberated and acted in concert as they did, with perhaps this difference:—Instead of meeting in Congress, by which the different Sovereigns and their Ministers were brought into personal communication, the smaller powers were enabled to obtain a hearing, the most correct information was gained, and general discussion and opinion were brought to bear effectually upon them; they would have concerted their measures by means of couriers, in silence and darkness, on defective knowledge, and in the greatest freedom from checks. The difference is wholly in favour of the alliance.

Looking then at acts alone, what have the members of the Holy Alliance done? We have already, in a great degree, answered the question. If a revolution had taken place in France, what would have been the consequence? Her government would have become, in composition and spirit, partly what it was in the days of the republic, and partly what it was in those of Bonaparte. It would have been under the control of a military faction eager for war as a trade, while the national spirit would have been inflamed with a desire to regain valuable territories just torn from her. War would have been inevitable. It was of the first importance to all Europe that revolution should be prevented in France; and how was it to be prevented? She was in such an unsettled state, that revolution could easily have been produced in her by her own factions, or by revolution in the neighbouring countries. The Continent was in such circumstances, that revolution in a petty state was calculated to wrap the whole in flames, and undo all that had been done at such vast sacrifices. The truth of this rests on other authority besides our own. The most bitter enemies of the Holy Alliance proclaimed, that the revolution in Naples would revolutionize all Italy, that the Spanish revolution would revolutionize France and expel the Bourbons, and that revolution would speedily overthrow every existing government. To prevent war, and its attendant calamities, it was essential to keep down revolution in France; and to keep down revolution in France, it was essential to keep it down in other countries. This the great powers did, and, saying nothing of other reasons, they were compelled to do it by the principle of self-preservation.

Further—Had the continental nations been without governments, the question would have been—what kind of government ought each to have? But every one had an established government; and they were all under a system which had just been reconstructed by common consent, at immense cost and labour: the question therefore was—Shall the existing governments and system, faulty though they be, stand; or shall they be destroyed for others evidently more faulty, and calculated to fill all Europe with anarchy and suffering? The revolutionists, as all the world knows, were not the people in any country; they were a sect, scattered through all countries, and belonging to none. Their principles were, in a great degree, those of the French revolution—anti-religious, anti-social, and hostile to the best interests of mankind; and the mass of the population everywhere was against them. From these, and other causes, nothing could be expected from them but governments which could not stand, and which, in their transient existence, would produce the most bitter evils. It was rendered morally certain by what had taken place in the preceding thirty years, that if they succeeded in destroying the existing governments, they would establish others infinitely more faulty and pernicious. The great powers were, therefore, commanded to do what they did by the best interests of their subjects. What these powers have done is this—They have opposed

themselves to revolutions which were calculated to cause war, derange the balance of power, and produce anarchy and misery—they have combated principles which had filled Europe with calamity—and they have promoted the establishment of constitutional freedom where it could be done on good principles and with safety.

Had this Country no interest in co-operating with them? Was it a matter of no consequence to her whether France was, or was not, revolutionized—whether the Continent was in peace and order, or in war and anarchy—whether that state of things, which she had not only made an incalculable expenditure of blood and treasure, but had risked her existence to establish, remained, or was reversed? We put the questions to men who are exalted above the vulgar, foggy, dark, and guilty regions of factious politics; and their reply will be, she had as deep an interest in such co-operation as any continental state. They will say, by opposing herself to such policy, she opposed herself to her own interests—the interests of all Europe—and the interests of the people as well as of the rulers.

This brings us to the doctrine of non-interference for the sake of preservation, involved in the new principles. If a man build his house in a solitary field, he may build it as he pleases, and then set fire to it; and no one has a right to interfere with him. But if he build in a crowded city, he is bound to specified regulations, and prohibited from building and using his house in a way to injure the dwellings of his neighbours. The case is similar with nations. Each state in that city of states which Europe forms, must conform to certain regulations which bind all, for the good of all: in demolishing and rebuilding its government, it is bound in both time and manner from doing what will injure the others. To argue that a faction in France has a right to overturn the government, although this is sure to involve other nations in war; or that a rebellious army in Spain, or any other country, has a right to overturn the government, though it is sure to revolutionize France, and fill Europe with calamity, is to scoff at every principle of justice and common reason. It is, in truth, to argue that no lessons ought to be drawn from experience, and that no measures ought to be taken to prevent destructive evils. It wholly destroys the rights of self-preservation. If a nation in changing its government act upon principles and select rulers that cannot be fairly excepted to, other nations have no right to interfere. But if it act upon principles which experience has proved to be destructive to the best interests of society; and if it select its rulers from a sect which has been proved by experience to be regardless of public law, and incapable of being bound by treaty, the right of other nations to interfere is unquestionable. It is as competent for the community of nations, as it is for the community of men, to interdict pernicious principles, and to restrict the members of a pernicious sect from enjoying authority. We speak what has been laid down by eminent civilians, maintained by some of the greatest of our statesmen, and frequently acted on by this country.

We must now look at the policy of constituting this Country the abettor and protector of the continental revolutionists. If the government of one nation incite the subjects of another to rebellion, it does what is a violation of public law, and a sufficient cause of war. We may here point to the reprobation which Mr Pitt and his colleagues cast on the revolutionary government of France, for using language towards other states which divided the subject from the ruler, and was calculated to produce rebellion; it shows what the Pitt principles are on the question. This conduct in the government we have named, has been in late years servilely copied by a portion of Parliament; and the newspaper reports of Mr Canning's speech on the Portuguese question, contained matter which ought to have been loudly protested against by every continental government, as grossly at variance with national law.

Passing from right to consequences, what has Britain to gain from this policy? If it be retorted upon her, can it do her no injury? If, in the exercise of this new and liberal right she has created, the continental powers stir up and aid rebellion amidst her Catholic subjects in Ireland, or her British Radicals, or her Indian or American subjects, will this bring upon her no evil? She is not to in-

quire what principles the foreign revolutionists profess, or what kind of government they intend to establish; she is to make no distinction in these matters: she is not to look at their composition and character, or to take a single thought touching the consequences which may flow from their success. The mere circumstance, that they wish to overthrow, or have overthrown, their respective governments, is to be sufficient for gaining them her countenance and protection. They may act on the most false and destructive principles—they may wish to sweep away religion and royalty—they may be anxious to set up lawless, military governments—they may be a body of profligate adventurers, whose success would light up general war, destroy the balance of power, and bring every imaginable evil on the population of Europe; nevertheless she is to encourage and assist them, from no earthly reason, than because they wish to produce, or have produced revolution, under the pretext of establishing liberty. That such policy is outrageously at variance with common sense, must be obvious to all; but granting that outrageous madness may by chance be profitable, what can she by any possibility gain from it? Its eulogists dare not say it will benefit her; they only aver, she ought to follow it for the good of other nations. All she can gain from it is —war, the destruction of the balance of power, loss of trade, taxation, convulsion, revolution, and dismemberment.

Looking at the plea of the eulogists of this policy, what is it calculated to yield to other nations—to the people, saying nothing of rulers? Every conceivable injury and ill.

And now, what were the principles of Mr Pitt on such matters? The war which Mr Pitt began was one against principles; it was at its commencement a war against the principles of the French revolution, and then it became one against those of the Bonapartean military despotism. In Mr Pitt's speech in 1793, on the conduct of the revolutionary rulers of France, he thus spoke: "Let us not deprive this nation of the benefit that may be derived from reflecting on some of the dreadful effects of those principles which are entertained and propagated with so much care and industry by a neighbouring country. We see, in this one instance, (the murder of the French king,) concentrated together the effect of principles, which originally rest upon grounds that dissolve whatever has hitherto received the best sanctions of human legislation, which are contrary to every principle of law, human and divine. Presumptuously relying on their deceitful and destructive theories, they have rejected every benefit which the world has hitherto received from the effect either of reason, experience, or even revelation itself. I hold it to be a proper subject of reflection, to fix our minds on the effects of those principles which have been thus dreadfully attested, before we proceed to consider of the measures which it becomes this country to adopt, in order to avert their contagion, and to prevent their growth and progress in Europe."

It is not necessary for us to multiply quotations from Mr Pitt's speeches, to prove what no one can deny. The Pitt principles and system had for their great object, to prevent "the growth and progress of the principles of the French revolution." The principles and system on which his successors carried on war against the lawless government of Bonaparte—extinguished the Bonapartean dynasty—restored old laws and institutions on the Continent—and placed the revolutionary sect under the ban of Europe, were called those of Mr Pitt. These comprehended the essentials, in respect of foreign policy, of what bore amidst all parties the name of the Pitt principles and system. It is notorious to all, that the principles which these were directed against, are in essentials the principles of the existing revolutionary sect of the Continent. How Mr Canning, when he practically took this sect under his protection, defended its creed, and allied himself with its champions and members, could have the incredible hardihood to call himself an idolizer of Mr Pitt, and a follower of the Pitt principles, we cannot imagine. His policy was the reverse of Mr Pitt's policy.

We will now glance at the *new*, liberal principle, on which the Intervention Treaty for spoiling Turkey has been concluded.

According to what was lately said in Parliament by the Duke of Wellington, the Congress of Vienna decided it to be

essential for the preservation of the balance of power, that Turkey should retain what she possessed. The correctness of this decision needs no illustration, and no one can need informing, that this country has a vital interest in preventing it from being in any degree departed from. Ever since the war ceased, the influence of Russia has amounted almost to dictation amidst the continental governments; and it has been not more powerful than active. By her own means, and the control she possesses over certain other states, Russia is already too heavy in the balance; and without any increase of territory, her preponderance is likely to increase so as to be soon highly mischievous. In all questions affecting more exclusively the interest of this country, her weight is in the scale against us, while that of Turkey is with us. Any increase of positive or negative power which she may obtain at the expense of Turkey, must be so much subtracted from the weight and security of the British empire. How dangerous and uncontrollable Russia has become, is sufficiently shewn by the fact, that the late Ministry justified the treaty in a great measure on this ground—If the treaty had not been entered into she would have invaded Turkey, and settled the Greek question in disregard of the rest of Europe. It is shewn still more decisively by the conduct she is at present exhibiting, in utter contempt of the treaty.

In the face of all this, Britain is now assisting in robbing Turkey of her possessions, with the certainty before her, that the fruits of the robbery will in effect pass under the influence of Russia. She is doing it, with the full conviction that it will add greatly to the weight of the latter, and deeply injure her own interests. The plea, that Turkey is to retain a nominal sovereignty over Greece, is worthless. The decision of the Congress intended possession to be not only nominal but real; the nominal sovereignty makes matters worse, in respect of the balance of power, than they would be should Greece be made absolutely independent.

This Country is thus manifestly warring against her own interests, and likewise against those of all Europe. She is assisting to give one power a preponderance over the others, when all history proves that such preponderance never was possessed without being made a curse, both to the nation possessing it, and to Europe generally. Now, what are her reasons? The war has been carried on by the Turks and Greeks in a cruel manner. Is this a sufficient reason? Then the Greeks have been guilty of wholesale piracy. Is this a sufficient reason? Then Russia threatened to make war on Turkey, and render the Greeks independent. Is this a sufficient reason? Do these jointly form a sufficient reason? Could not the cruelty be mitigated, the piracy be stopped, and the interference of Russia be prevented, by peaceful mediation, or anything short of such a tremendous sacrifice of common interest? We speak to statesmen, and to those who know that a farthing is not worth a guinea, and that to cut off the head is a very improper mode of curing the toothach.

These reasons are in truth beneath ridicule; and they are equally so, when looked at as a justification for interfering with the affairs of Turkey. Are we to believe that cruelty, which distinguished both sides alike—that piracy, which Turkey could not prevent—and that a threat, for which Turkey was not accountable, justify Britain, France, and Russia, in stripping Turkey of her possessions for ever? If we believe this, we must of necessity believe that the inhabitants of Ireland, Canada, &c., have only to rebel, to carry on the war of rebellion in the most savage manner, and to plunder and maltreat the ships of all countries, in order to supply a cause and justification to any combination of nations for rendering them independent by force of arms. But if, in rebelling, they wage war according to the rules of civilized warfare, and commit no piracies, the law of nations will not suffer foreign states to interfere in their favour. Alas! for the fame of the Greeks of old, when it is proclaimed that their degenerate sons have gained independence, through—not their valour—but their barbarities—not their victories over the Turks, but their robberies of unoffending nations—not their virtues, but their crimes!

As to the policy of sacrificing British interests, for the purpose of benefiting foreign nations, it requires from us no comment.

Need we detail the general fruits of

the new foreign policy? Need we show that it has impeded the consolidation of peace—produced disorder—fomented divisions—obstructed the progress of freedom—covered Britain with jealousy and hatred—injured her trade, power, and influence—and rendered general war almost inevitable? It is not necessary. Loss, suffering, and danger, have at length brought the country to its senses.

And now, what are the principles of foreign policy—of those who are so largely abused as "illiberals?" The preservation of peace, and the balance of power, as the only solid foundation on which improvements at home and abroad—on which schemes for extending freedom, and promoting the general benefit of mankind—can rest:—To cultivate a good understanding with the leading Continental powers, and act in concert with them in favour of this great object:—To draw the line abroad, as at home, between pernicious creeds, parties, and changes, and beneficial ones; and range this country in favour of the latter:—To discountenance revolutions on false and ruinous principles:—To religiously respect the law of nations:—To promote on the Continent the slow and sure progress of good institutions, knowledge, and liberty; in so far as this can be done on rational practical principles, without endangering peace and the balance of power:—To hold sacred the just rights and claims of foreign nations, but not to sacrifice to them the trade, wealth, and power of this Country:—To protect vigilantly British interests, and to leave to other nations the duty of protecting theirs.

In proceeding to principles of domestic policy, we will, in the first place, say something of the determination of the Liverpool Ministry to revise the general laws of the empire.

The Englishman had been taught to value his laws and institutions as the perfection of human wisdom. He had been taught this by those who were reputed to be the best instructors; especially by his rulers, and, above all, by Mr Pitt. His reverence of them did not flow wholly from his grosser interests—it was engrafted on all his nobler feelings; he revered them, not only as instruments of personal benefit to himself, but as a monument of the wisdom of his fathers, and a source of prosperity, happiness, and greatness to his country. To disparage them, was to defame his illustrious ancestors, to affront his patriotism, and to wound his pride, as well as to incense his selfishness. Was he in all this the dupe of ignorance and prejudice? No! He knew that, under these laws and institutions, his country had enjoyed happiness and prosperity, wholly without parallel—had made the most rapid advance in trade, wealth, knowledge, science, power, greatness; in a word, everything that can benefit and ennoble a people. He had ample evidence before him, that they afforded her everything essential for developing man's faculties, and improving his condition to the utmost; and he had, moreover, ample evidence before him, that she was in the enjoyment of harmony and prosperity,—so healthy, abundant, and progressive, as to be incapable of reaping anything from change but injury.

The revision of the laws involved far more than the union and pecuniary interests of the community. The laws necessarily constitute the essence of the constitution. Granting that Ministers had no intention to change those which give shape and function to its component parts, no certainty existed that they would not be compelled to make such change; on the contrary, it was probable that they would be brought under such compulsion. If constitutional law remain unaltered, changes of commercial law can make great practical changes in the constitution; they can strengthen one estate of the realm, and degrade and weaken another; they can destroy the equipoise; and they can change the spirit and working of the House of Commons. If the revision was not intended to make any direct changes in the constitution, it was intended to do what could not fail of making great indirect ones, in respect of balance and operation. It was calculated to make effectual resistance to those who were clamouring for certain vital direct changes almost impossible.

The principle of wholesale revision, with a view to speculative improvement—a principle which practically condemned, or invited the community to condemn, all existing laws in the mass—was new to the Englishman, and altogether foreign to his genius

and habits. The whole system, political and judicial, of his country, was one, in form and practice, of fact, proof, detail, jealous caution, protracted deliberation, and gradual, systematic execution: abhorrence of grouping, lumping and generalizing—of galloping on assumption and theory, to undiscriminating and comprehensive conclusions—entered very largely into its essence. This system had made it a part of his nature, to hold the principle we have named in contempt and detestation.

These, and other causes, led the enlightened, independent, patriotic, and cautious part of the community, to regard the determination of the Ministry with a feeling of dislike and distrust. A wise Ministry would have respected this feeling, for the sake of its origin; and have even cherished it as a source of discussion, a valuable check upon itself, and a means of restraining its supporters, in case they should attempt to push it beyond its wishes.

A portion of the Ministers, however, did not do this; but, instead, they cast every odious imputation on all who doubted the wisdom of their conduct. By them and their supporters, the principles of those who differed from them have been misrepresented in the most indefensible manner.

Their determination embraced several objects perfectly distinct in their nature.

One was, the consolidation of the laws. There was in this nothing new or speculative; and it was warmly approved of in every quarter.

Another was, the amending and purifying of the laws. This was to supply deficiencies, and remove defects; to simplify and improve the laws as far as possible, without altering their principle and object. There was nothing new in it, and it was sanctioned by all parties.

A third was the abolition of laws and systems in favour of others, founded on directly opposite principles. This comprehended the essentials of the new system of domestic policy; and to it has been confined the opposition.

This new system relates chiefly to matters of trade; and after what we have said on former occasions, we need only briefly state the principles on which it rests, and those of its opponents.

The Illiberals, as they are called, wish to give all possible freedom to the importing of such articles as this empire does not produce; and they wish to give all possible freedom to the importing of such articles, as this empire does not produce in sufficient quantity, compatible with the just interests of the British producer. The Liberals do the same. Thus far there is no material difference.

The Illiberals wish to give all possible freedom to the exporting of all articles of British produce and manufacture, with this exception: they wish to prohibit the exporting of articles like machinery, because they conceive it would greatly injure the exporting of manufactures, and thereby greatly injure the aggregate of exports. The Liberals wish to give all possible freedom to the exporting of everything—machinery not excepted—regardless of the consequences.

The grand difference is here. The Illiberals wish to prohibit the importing of all such articles as this empire can produce in abundance. They do this from the belief that the admission of such articles will greatly fetter and injure the general trade of the empire. The Liberals wish all such articles to be admitted.

Some of the Ministers have declared, that the new system of trade is only a continuation of what Mr Pitt commenced; and that it is in perfect accordance with his principles. They have even appealed to his Commercial Treaty with France in proof of it. Now, on what principles did he conclude this treaty? In his speech on it, Feb. 12, 1787, he thus states them:—

"France had the advantage in the gift of soil and climate, and in the amount of her natural produce. On the contrary, Great Britain was on her part as confessedly superior in her manufactures and artificial productions. . . . This then was the relative condition, and this the precise ground, on which it was imagined that a valuable correspondence and connexion between the two might be established. Having each its own and distinct staple—having each that which the other wanted—and not clashing in the great and leading lines of their respective riches, they were like two

great traders in different branches,—they might enter into a traffic which would prove mutually beneficial to them."

These are precisely the principles of the opponents of free trade. Here is real reciprocity. This country was to take from France such articles as she did not produce, and in exchange France was to take her manufactures.

Mr Pitt then argued, that the treaty would admit no French manufactures of moment into this country, while it would gain us an immense market for our own manufactures. He said—"Viewing the relative circumstances of the two countries, then, in this way, he saw no objection to the principle of the exchange of their respective commodities. He saw no objection to this, because he perceived and felt that our superiority in the tariff was manifest." In reference to this point, he said farther—"Though it might be true, that a commercial intercourse, founded on the treaty of Utrecht, would have been injurious, it did not follow that this would prove the same; for at that time manufactures, in which we now excelled, had hardly existence, but were on the side of France, instead of being against her. The tariff did not then, as now, comprehend all the articles in which we comparatively excelled; but in addition to the produce of France, which at all times must be the same, she had the balance of manufactures also in her favour."

Do these principles assert, that this country ought to make no distinction in admitting foreign goods into her market—that she ought to admit such produce and manufactures as rank amidst her own staples—that she ought to place foreign ships on an equality with her own—that she ought to open her home and colonial markets for every article of foreign produce and manufactures—and that she ought to do all this without receiving or asking for an equivalent? Every one must see, that the Pitt principles of trade are flatly opposed to the new principles; and incredible must be the ignorance, or assurance, which can assert the latter to be the same as the former.

The question, whether the free-trade people, or their opponents, be in the right, has not now to be decided by arguments; it has been already decided by something more conclusive. Not only have loss, poverty, pauperism, and crime, proved the new principles to be false, but this has been proved by the conduct of the advocates of these principles. The Liverpool Ministry commenced the free-trade system, on the principle of imposing only such a protecting duty on foreign goods, as would place the British producer, in expenses, &c. on an equality with the foreign one. This principle has been abandoned for that of duties almost prohibitory. Most of the leading free-trade measures, after being tried, have been partially abandoned in favour of the old system. Duties have been raised—and even prohibitions have been restored.

It was a great object with Mr Pitt to give wealth and prosperity to Ireland. The good Earl of Liverpool, it was said, had this object much at heart. If—which we deny—the principles of free trade had been true in the abstract, it still would have been pernicious policy to apply them, when the circumstances of Ireland were what they were. Free trade was calculated to have the most injurious effects on all Ireland's staples, and, of course, to defeat the object we have mentioned.

On the currency, it is only necessary for us to say, that Mr Canning confessed that the new principles were opposed to those of Mr Pitt. The evils which the change has produced are before the eyes of all.

Having looked at the leading principles of policy which are boasted of as *new* ones, we will now say a word of other *new* principles, which are acted on without being named.

That virtuous and able Minister, Lord Liverpool, knew the distinction between a responsible adviser of the Crown, and the Crown's instrument; and he acted upon it. This has been made matter of grave charge against him, by the eulogists of Mr Canning and Lord Goderich; and the two latter have been panegyrised for obeying the will of the Crown in everything. The new doctrines have been of late the rage in both profession and practice, that in all matters of State policy, the Ministers are to be the mere menials of the Crown. In addition to this, it has been openly confessed that Mr Canning wished to invest the Crown with nearly all the patronage in the State.

He practically gave it the patronage of the Church, and that of the Navy, and he wished to give it that of the Army. It was laid down as a principle, that all this patronage ought to be vested, not in the Crown acting under constitutional advice, but rather in the Royal Family in its private character. What is the inevitable tendency of all this? It is to make the Crown independent of constitutional and responsible advisers; it is to give the Crown the majority in Parliament, no matter whom it may select for Ministers. These doctrines comprehend the essence of despotism, and they are subversive of the constitution.

On another essential point the Canning and Goderich Ministry differed wholly in principle from the Liverpool one. Every one knows how scrupulously jealous the Earl of Liverpool was in conferring the dignity of a Peerage. With him the English coronet was a sacred national jewel, only to be acquired by merit—only to be bestowed as a reward. With the late Ministry, it was converted into a dirty instrument of party and faction; in some cases it was bestowed as a mark of private friendship of the Minister; in others, it was given to those who had done great disservice to the State, or who had displayed every disqualification. If it should continue to be bestowed in the same manner, it would soon be below the acceptance of honourable men.

What principles will be in future followed, we cannot tell, but we hope for amendment. We heartily wish that Parliament, in its passion for "improvement," may display a little more wisdom. Granting that the laws, and the construction of the law-courts, need "improving," there are other matters in which "improvement" is far more necessary. The Agriculturists are suffering great losses—the Shipping Interest is in great distress—the Irish population is in deep misery—and a large portion of the British population is enduring great privations. Here is the field for "improvers"—here is the system which calls aloud for immediate "improvement." The evils which flow from the laws and the law-courts, may be borne with a little longer; therefore let Parliament turn from them to make "improvements" of a more important and pressing character. Let it give work to the idle, bread to the hungry, and clothes to the naked—let it restore national prosperity and happiness—and then it may "improve" in petty matters to its heart's content.

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PART I.

LETTERS FROM THE PENINSULA.

No. IV.

Battle of Salamanca.

Captain Spencer Moggridge,

To his Aunt,

Mrs Dorothea Moggridge.

Salamanca, 25th July, 1812.

I know, my dear aunt, the many fears and anxieties which the sight of my name in the list of the wounded will excite in your kind heart, and I hasten to relieve them. I am indeed wounded, but not severely, at least not dangerously. The shot struck my arm and severed the bone, but the fracture, I am happy to say, is a simple, not a compound one. The limb is now encased in splints, and in order to prevent any attempt at motion, which might prove injurious, is bandaged to my side, so that I already enjoy one half the pleasures of a strait waistcoat. On this matter the doctor is facetious, and talks of the pickle in which I now find myself in a strain of jocularity really quite refreshing, for no jokes are half so welcome as those of his medical attendant to an anxious and apprehensive patient. I am promised, in short, to be once more restored to the army in a month, and in another fortnight I have obtained permission to take exercise on horseback. In the meanwhile I find myself in a tolerable billet, and have really very few privations to complain of.

Having given you this preliminary information—quite sufficient, I hope, to allay all your fears on my account, I shall proceed to give you some details of the very brilliant operations in which the army has lately been engaged. The consequence of these has been the battle of Salamanca, in which the British army has achieved a victory as signal as any by which her annals have ever been illustrated.

The primary object of Lord Wellington in the campaign which has already been productive of so glorious a result, was to oppose every possible obstacle to the junction of the armies of Soult and Marmont. The forces of the allies were barely equal to those of the latter, and had he been reinforced by Soult, the disparity of numbers must have become so overwhelm-

ing and enormous as to have produced an entire change in the projects and operations of the British general. While the main body of the army, therefore, yet occupied their cantonments on the Agueda, the division of Sir Rowland Hill was directed to attack the bridge of boats at Almaraz, which afforded the only speedy and direct communication between the armies on the south and north of the Tagus. The importance of maintaining this communication unobstructed, was fully appreciated by the enemy. They had erected works on both sides of the river for its defence, and besides very formidable entrenchments, the approach to the bridge was guarded by several casemated towers, which added materially to the strength of the position. In pursuance of his orders, Sir Rowland Hill broke up from his cantonments on the 12th of May, and advanced against the enemy. The operation was crowned with the most perfect success. Almaraz was attacked and carried, and the French general, after an unsuccessful defence, retreated in confusion to Talavera, leaving all his stores, artillery, and a large body of prisoners, in the hands of the British.

This preliminary operation being thus felicitously terminated, the main body of the army, which had hitherto remained in quarters, now prepared to take the field. The capture of Almaraz, by preventing the possibility of a speedy junction between the southern and northern armies, had enabled Lord Wellington to engage in operations of greater scope and vigour, than he might otherwise have thought it prudent to undertake. Leaving the corps of Sir Rowland Hill, therefore, to watch the operations of Soult, he himself advanced against Marmont, whose army lay encamped in the neighbourhood of Salamanca. It was against this city that the first operations of the army were directed. It was known that the enemy had collected in it their principal depot of military stores, and to Lord Wellington it became from this circumstance the first and most natural object of attack. For the defence of a post in all respects so important, the enemy had neglected no precaution which skill or vigilance could supply. The passage of the river was commanded by very formidable works, and towers of strong masonry had been erected, which, in the opinion of the engineers, were impregnable to a *coup-de-main*, and could only be reduced by an attack conducted *selon les regles*. Under these circumstances the further progress of the army was for a time delayed, and it was accordingly halted in position on the heights of St Christoval, about a league to the northward of the city.

A day stirring to the spirit, my dear aunt, was that on which we passed Salamanca. The inhabitants came forth in thousands to meet us on our march, and greet us as their deliverers. "Viva los Ingleses"—"Viva los amigos de Espana," and a thousand other expressions of gratitude and good-will, were on that day faltered from the lips of age, lisped by the puling organs of childhood, and sent sonorously forth in the full volume of loud and vigorous intonation, by those of powerful and primy manhood. The day was beautifully mild; calm, yet not bright. The breeze was too gentle to stir the tri-color flag which surmounted the forts, and hung drooping from its staff. The air, as we inhaled it in our progress, seemed impregnated with blessings; the soldiers, though tired with their march, trode with firmer and more elastic step, and there was no one on that day who did not feel proud of his country, and resolute to support her cause even by the outpouring of his blood, should such libation be required of him.

We lay at St Christoval, and the siege of the forts, which was intrusted to the division of General Clinton, went on briskly. In two days there was a breach made, and it was determined to carry the forts by immediate assault. It is probable that this determination may have been somewhat imprudently accelerated by the approach of Marmont, who had collected his forces on the Douro, and was advancing to the relief of Salamanca. It was on the 19th of June that this intelligence reached us. On the 20th, orders were given for the removal of the sick and wounded, and all such stores as were not immediately necessary for the supply of the army.

On the same day, Marmont arrived in front of our position, and made a strong demonstration with his cavalry. A pretty warm skirmish was the consequence. They were gallantly char-

ged by the 12th Light Dragoons, commanded by Colonel Ponsonby; and Captain Bull's troop of Horse-Artillery annoyed them considerably from an advantageous position to which it had been advanced. The enemy at length retired, leaving twelve horses on the field.

On the 21st, the French showed themselves in great force on the plain in front of St Christoval. On this occasion they displayed a body of not less than 15,000 men, cavalry and infantry, as if to tempt the British General to descend from his vantage ground, and try the fortune of a battle. This Lord Wellington declined; though it was publicly understood by the army, against the opinion of Graham, Picton, Leith, Cotton, and Pakenham; all of whom were urgent for an immediate attack.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

An attempt was made to carry one of the forts by escalade, on the evening of the 23d, which terminated unsuccessfully. In this attack, General Bowes and 120 men perished. Of the life of General Bowes, having never been under his command, I know personally nothing; of his death, I do know that it was glorious. I remember, too, on that evening, beholding the 6th division assemble and go forth to the attack. The sun had just descended behind the extensive plains by which Salamanca is surrounded, and the grey and filmy veil of advancing twilight had scarcely mellowed into deeper and less dazzling tints the parting shower of radiance which he shook from him on his departure, when the drum beat for the 6th division to prepare for the attack. You may believe it was with no vacant eye, no callous and uninterested heart, that I gazed on the preparations then passing before me. Brave hearts were then beating, which would soon be still for ever. There were young eyes fulgent with the hope of victory and distinction, which, in the lapse of another hour, would be fixed, lustreless, and glassy. Bright and golden locks, that would be soiled in the dust; strong arms, that would soon be more feeble than those of the puniest infant in its mother's arms.

I watched the departing column, as it advanced to the attack of the forts, till hid by the depth of the descending darkness from my view. It was determined to attempt an escalade; and, with this view, the light companies of the division under the immediate command of General Bowes led the way with scaling ladders. The fire from the enemy's entrenchments soon told that the struggle had begun; and I stood like a blind man, endeavouring to trace auguries of the fortune of the contest from the increased or diminished volume of sound which momentarily rung on the ear. In a short time General Bowes, who commanded the advanced brigade, was brought back wounded, supported by two soldiers; his wound, which was not dangerous, was immediately dressed by the surgeons, and he returned to the scene of struggle, which was yet undecided. Within the space of half an hour, I saw him carried past me—a corpse. His face was calm to look upon, and of that ashy whiteness which death produces, only when accompanied by great loss of blood. On the following day, General Bowes was buried with military honours; he was a brave man, and till the sound of the ethereal trumpet shall rouse him from his slumber, may the sleep of the grave be to him dreamless and profound!

The attack failed. It was found impossible to surmount the obstacles to successful ingress; and, about ten o'clock, the troops returned to their trenches. While these events were passing, Marshal Marmont still remained in front of St Christoval. His reconnoissance of our position, however, did not lead to any conclusive result; and, having occupied his ground for several days, he quitted it on the night of the 23d, and made demonstration of passing a large force across the Tormes, above Santa Martha, thus threatening to interrupt our line of supply. Early on the morning of the 24th, accordingly, we were all under arms. A brigade of cavalry crossed the river, in order to keep watch on the motions of the enemy; and the army halted in a new position, with the village and ford of Santa Martha on our right. On the night following, Marmont crossed the Tormes in good earnest, at Huerta, and as a check to this movement of his adversary, Lord Wellington immediately ordered Sir

Thomas Graham, with two divisions of infantry, and another brigade of cavalry, to cross the river at Santa Martha, and placed the remainder of his army in a new position, extending from Morisco to Cabrerizos, while his advanced guard still remained as before at Aldea Longua.

The evident object of the enemy's manœuvres being to relieve the forts, operations, during the last few days, had been carried on against them with increased vigour. Fresh supplies of ammunition had been received; and the battering train had been brought into full and vigorous action. Red-hot shot were poured plentifully into the forts, and, on the evening of the 26th, the convent, garrisoned by the French, took fire, and continued burning through the night. Never did I behold a more magnificent spectacle than the vast volume of brilliant flame which it sent up amid the surrounding darkness. Fires, my dear aunt, you may have seen,—fine, splendid, and beautiful fires, if you will. You may have seen a theatre reduced to ashes, or the premises of an oilman or sugar-baker illumining the welkin with a full and majestic blaze of glorious flame. You may have gazed on the element of fire triumphing, as it were, like a giant in his might, and going forth in his beauty and his terror, like an avenging angel, conquering and to conquer. But it is the pure element of fire alone that you have beheld, unheightened and unennobled by extrinsic sublimity of association. War! In that dread word alone, how much of terrible grandeur is concentrated! Of what a multitude of solemn thoughts is not this combination of three simple and unmeaning letters the parent! How vast is the variety of pictures which it raises in the imagination! How innumerable is the host of stern,—tender,—terrible,—but ever solemn feelings, which it at once sends pouring into the heart! In short, my good aunt, what I mean to say is this,—Your London, Bristol, or Birmingham fires, may, I have no doubt, if considered in the light of mere abstract and accidental conflagrations, be held equal, if not superior, in point of volume and brilliance of flame, to that which I beheld burning in Salamanca; but when you throw in the sublime and multitudinous associations of war and battle, with which the latter is inseparably connected, you must be inclined, I think, notwithstanding all your John-Bullish prejudices, to own, that in point of moral and striking influence on the feelings of the spectator, they must necessarily have been a thousand degrees inferior.

On the morning of the 27th, orders were issued for the assault of the enemy's works, in which practicable breaches had been already made. The garrison had been summoned to an immediate surrender, and the French Commander had demanded an armistice of three hours to deliberate on the proposal. This was declined. The army of Marmont was too near to render any unnecessary delay either prudent or advisable, and might have been informed, by signal, of the condition to which the forts had been reduced. The troops, therefore, were instantly ordered to advance to the assault, and the works were carried at the point of the bayonet, with little resistance from the enemy, who were evidently intimidated by this vigorous and decided proceeding of the British General.

The rejoicings in Salamanca, on beholding their city again freed from the presence of an enemy, were loud and general. At night the city was illuminated, and a ball was given to the officers, at which I had the honour of exhibiting myself, with a pretty little *Signorita*, in a Bolero. With what grace I conducted myself on this occasion, it is not for me to say; for I own I was but little versed in the mysteries of this national dance; but, from an obscure desire subsequently expressed by my partner, that I would join her in a Fandango, I presume I acquitted myself to her satisfaction. This latter honour, however, I begged leave gratefully to decline, and thought it more prudent, for the remainder of the evening, to confine my performances to the more familiar mazes of the waltz and country dance.

On the 29th, we marched to La Orbada, a petty village about four leagues distant from Salamanca, where we bivouacked for the night. We were again in motion on the following morning, and moved towards Fuente de la Pena, in which were the head-quarters of the army. The first of July found us again on the march towards Alægos, the inhabitants of which received us with every demon-

stration of cordial greeting. The place had been evacuated by the enemy but a few hours before, and moving onwards, we encamped near a considerable village called Nave del Rey. The occasion of these movements was, that Marmont, on learning the capture of the forts, had again thought proper to retire towards the Douro. In this retreat, he was closely followed by Lord Wellington; and, on the 2d of July, our cavalry succeeded in coming up with the rear-guard of the enemy, which they instantly attacked and drove with confusion across the Douro. On that night, the hostile armies halted in position on opposite sides of the river. That of Marmont occupied a ridge of heights extending in a transverse direction between Tordesillas and Valladolid, and the headquarters of the British were stationed at Rueda, with a line extending nearly parallel to the river. Here we remained in uninterrupted tranquillity for some time; and I may take advantage of the opportunity which this interval affords me, to give you somewhat of a more general elucidation of the objects of both generals, than the particular details to which I have hitherto confined my narrative may afford. Listen, then, while I proceed to demonstrate that the chaos of marches and countermarches in which I have involved you, were the emanations of consummate tactical skill; and though to you the operations of both armies may have appeared a mighty maze, that they certainly were not without a plan.

In the first place, it was the object of Marmont, if possible, to relieve Salamanca, and by forcing the Allies to retreat, to regain possession of the country which the advance of the British had compelled him unwillingly to evacuate. By narrowing the scope of his operations, Lord Wellington had likewise narrowed his means of supply. It is not—it has never been any part of the military policy of the French under Napoleon, to provide for the subsistence of their armies, by forming large stores or magazines of provisions; and to this circumstance, in no inconsiderable degree, may many of the failures they have encountered be attributed. For a prominent instance of this, I may recall to your recollection the campaign of Massena in 1810, when, by wintering his army in a country inadequate for its supply, he suffered losses far greater in amount than could have resulted from any battle, however unsuccessful, and was compelled at length to have recourse to a disastrous retreat. The advance of Lord Wellington, therefore, in the early part of the present campaign, must, beyond doubt, have considerably contracted the resources on which the army of Marmont was dependent, and the hostility of the natives must have contributed in no trifling degree to enhance the difficulties by which, in other respects, he was surrounded. It had not, however, been hitherto the policy of Marmont to fight, unless under very favourable circumstances. He was in possession of all the fords and bridges of the Douro; and he showed throughout all his manœuvres, that he was fully aware of the advantages which this circumstance afforded him. From the power thus possessed by the enemy of crossing the river at what point he chose, Lord Wellington could never be certain of the quarter from which he might expect to be attacked. He might be deluded by a false demonstration at one point, while the chief energies of the enemy were successfully directed towards another. By a single unskilful movement, Lord Wellington was continually liable to be cut off from the line of his supplies, by the French army being suddenly thrown across the Douro, at some of the numerous salient points occasioned by the windings of the river, which encircled two sides of the scene of operations. On the other hand, the French, when pressed by the British, had always a secure retreat open to them by recrossing the Douro.

In the contest of manœuvres, therefore, which took place between the opposing armies, it will be evident to you, my dear aunt, that the advantages were all on the side of the enemy; and with every inclination on the part of Lord Wellington to bring the French General to an engagement, he was compelled, by the situation in which he was placed, to be guided in all his movements by a caution which might be, and probably was, construed by the enemy, as a desire on his part to act only on the defensive. To counterbalance the disadvantages I have already enumerated, and many others, with which I imagine it would

be unnecessary to trouble you, Lord Wellington could only rely on his own skill, promptitude, and fertility of resource, and on that unparalleled sagacity, which enables him at a glance, to take in, undeceived by any fallacious demonstrations, the real scope and object of his enemies' manœuvres. On these internal resources of his mind, fortunately for England, fortunately for Spain, fortunately for the world, he did rely with that confidence which became him; and of the general result of that reliance you are not ignorant.

The advance of Marmont to the neighbourhood of the British position of St Christoval, of which this letter already contains an account, was made with the double view of relieving the forts, which he was aware could not hold out much longer without assistance, and of taking the chances of forcing Lord Wellington to retire, in case, under present circumstances, he should think it prudent to decline coming to a general engagement. With regard to fighting, Marmont had no difficulty in feeling the pulse of the British General. The firmness with which he remained in his position, the steady and resolute front with which he waited his approach, must have soon satisfied Marmont, that an offer of battle was one which his opponent was by no means anxious to decline. It was not the policy of the French commander, however, thus to precipitate the *denouement* of the campaign. He was in daily expectation of being joined by large reinforcements; and on the fall of the forts of Salamanca, he again retired behind the Douro. The reinforcements he expected, he received. His army was augmented by the arrival of General Bonnet, followed by two brigades of the army of Galicia. The numerical superiority of the enemy being now decided, the manœuvres of Marmont became proportionably bolder.

While the armies lay thus encamped in the neighbourhood of each other, and separated only by the Douro, a sort of pacific and even friendly intercourse had sprung up between them. The piquets of both were stationed on the banks of the river—which was not, I should think, much above half the breadth of the Thames at Richmond—in order to protect the ford of Pottos, the only place in the neighbourhood at which a passage was practicable. Being thus within *talking* distance, much idle conversation between the soldiers was the consequence, and this gradually led to intimacy of a yet closer and more friendly character. The waters of the Douro were considered common property, and respected by both parties as forming the limit of their hostilities. Our men and those of the enemy, without the smallest apprehension of danger, might be daily seen bathing, fishing, and watering their horses together. An exchange of rations, too, frequently took place; the English soldier being always glad of an opportunity to exchange his more solid fare for the brandy of his opponent.

This sort of intercourse was dangerous enough; and when it reached the knowledge of the General, was soon put a stop to; but it carried with it something pleasing and grateful to the imagination, from the proof it afforded, that even among men trained to war, and by long habit rendered callous and reckless of its atrocities, the human sympathies of their common nature, though they might have slumbered long, were not dead.

About four o'clock on the 11th, we were roused by the intelligence, that a large body of the enemy had crossed the river, and driven in the piquets of the cavalry and light division. The well-known signal of "The General," was loudly rung forth by drum and bugle, and preparations were instantly made to repel the expected attack. We remained in consequence under arms, for about two hours, when intelligence was received that the enemy, on perceiving the preparations made for his reception, had retired. From this time, however, almost daily demonstrations were made by the French, which were of course followed by corresponding movements on our part. Nothing of importance, however, took place on either side till the 15th, when Marmont passed downward the main body of his army to Toro, where he crossed a large portion of his army, and took up a position. In consequence of this movement, we were put in motion on the morning of the 16th, and in the evening the army halted in the neighbourhood of the villages of Nave del Rey, Fuente la Pena, and Trabancos. On the 16th, all the different divisions

of the allied forces were on the march towards Toro, at which place it was still believed that the enemy were crossing.

By examining the map, you will perceive of what vital consequence it was, that a check should be given instantly to this movement of the French Marshal. Toro, you will see, is on the direct road to Salamanca; and you will understand the imminent danger of having the communication with that city cut off, which it required the utmost promptitude and rapidity of movement on the part of Lord Wellington to avert. The danger, however, was averted, and Marmont, finding his project of surprising the British General to have been unattended by success, on the following night recrossed the Douro; and having blown up the bridge, marched about nine leagues up the river to Tordesillas. Here, in the course of the day, Marmont threw his whole army across the Douro, and during the night following, made a forced march on Rueda, Trabancos, and Nave del Rey, of which places they took possession on the morning of the 18th, a few hours after their evacuation by our troops.

This able manœuvre of the French General—for it is but justice to confess that his operations hitherto have been consistent with the soundest principles of strategy,—was probably not anticipated by Lord Wellington. At all events, it was not unattended by a good deal of bustle and confusion in our army. On the night of the 17th, after a considerable deal of fatigue during the day, in marching and countermarching beneath the full influence of as burning a sun as ever blazed between the tropics, I had retired to rest, and had just got into the middle of a fine dream, and what you may perhaps be inclined to call my *first* sleep—though, to say the truth, in such circumstances I seldom have *two*,—when the drum beat to arms,—the tents were ordered to be immediately struck, and in the course of half an hour, I found myself marching along in a state of unsatisfied somnolency, towards Canizal, about a league in rear of which our division halted. During this march we saw nothing of the French; but the right of the army, consisting of General Cole's, and the light division, were, for some time, I believe, in a state of very imminent peril. The enemy attempted to cut off their communication with the centre and the left, and it was only by a very resolute and successful charge that they were at length extricated from their difficulties.

The position of the British army now extended along the banks of the Guarena, a stream tributary to the Douro, which, near Canizal, separates into four branches, and again unites about a league below it. By its occupation Lord Wellington kept his communication with the rear open and unbroken, and, in case of attack, the advantages of ground were decidedly in his favour. The army of Marmont followed closely on our retreating movements, and likewise halted in position on the opposite bank of the Guarena. There was now every appearance of an immediate battle. The recent demonstrations of the enemy had been those of a General anxious only for a favourable opportunity of attack, while those of his opponent indicated no desire to shrink from such a consummation.

All the movements of Marmont were at this time characterized by boldness and decision, and he did not remain long in his new position without assuming the offensive. A column was accordingly pushed across the Guarena, below the junction of the streams which I have just mentioned, which attempted to turn our left, and gain possession of the valley of Canizal, by which it would have been enabled to command the Salamanca road. This attempt was repulsed by the cavalry, and General Cole's division, which succeeded in throwing the enemy into confusion, and compelling them to retreat. Our loss in killed and wounded in this affair amounted to about 500; and a French General, two pieces of artillery, and about 400 men, captured in the engagement, remained as trophies of our success. In these operations, however, our brigade bore no part, the enemy having begun their retreat before our arrival.

The check which Marmont received on the 18th, appears to have somewhat moderated his ardour for an immediate engagement; and declining any farther to press our position, on the following day he moved his whole army by our right towards the Tormes. No sooner was this perceived than we were instantly under arms

and in motion, in a direction nearly parallel to that of the enemy. During this and the succeeding day, the two armies continued manœuvring and marching in presence of each other, but without coming into actual collision, and we at length encamped for the night between Vallesa and La Orbada. On the 20th, the French were observed still marching to their left, along the heights of the Guarena, which they crossed without opposition on our part, and moved onward to Huerta, on the Tormes, while Lord Wellington, who closely followed their motions, established his head-quarters at Cabrerizos, and the cavalry and light divisions were sent forward to Aldea Longua.

On the night of the 20th, therefore, the two armies lay encamped about a mile distant from each other, and the bugles of the enemy's advance were distinctly heard by us. For the last ten days, with every reason to expect a general engagement, we had been disappointed. I had never, during that period, beheld the sun go down without a strong expectation that his morning radiance would light us on to victory; yet, day after day had dawned—night after night had spread its dark curtain all around and above us—the glories of the rising sun had dried the dew-drop from the petals of the flower—and his descending splendours had been the harbinger of rest and refreshment to the exhausted soldier, and the work of slaughter was yet uncommenced. Battle, therefore, notwithstanding the continued proximity of the armies, had become to us a thing rather of dim and distant expectation, than of glowing and immediate hope. We looked forward to it as an inevitable consequence indeed, but as one which, in the unread chapter of future events, might be almost indefinitely delayed; and the pulses of young hearts, which had beat strong and high in prospect of an immediate occasion for all their slumbering energies, were now influenced by a less vehement and more tranquil action. Their dreams—I can at least speak of my own—were less of glory than of home; less frequently of breach and battle than of the smiling faces and the happy hearths of that dear country, to which it was uncertain whether they were ever destined to return.

Such, I remember, was the state of our feelings at the period to which I have now brought my narrative. The two days which followed the 21st and 22d of July, are days which I shall ever consider among the most memorable of my life. The dawn of morning showed the two armies drawn up in order of battle, and equally prepared to give immediate battle, or continue the contest of manœuvres, in which only they had hitherto been engaged. Never was there a finer or more imposing sight. A calmness which was in perfect harmony with the deep feelings that were naturally excited by the scene, reigned all around. Not a single report of musket or cannon-shot was heard; as I rode along, the low tumultuous hum of suppressed voices came no longer from the ranks, and the silence of the most remote and solitary mountain-glen was not more deep and unbroken.

At length the French army were observed to be in motion, and our march immediately commenced. Their course was directed towards Huerta, by the fords between which place and Alba de Tormes they crossed the river, leaving only a small body in occupation of the heights of Babilafuente. During the greater part of the day, the route of the two armies lay in lines parallel to each other, and within the range of cannon-shot. Nothing—no, nothing—to a military eye, could be more beautiful. Nothing, I think, to any eye, could be more strikingly impressive, than the sight of two gallant armies thus marching in immediate proximity to each other, through a country which opposed at any moment no impediment to an immediate engagement. The knowledge that their motions were the subject of observation to a hostile force, seemed to act as a novel stimulus to both; and nothing could be finer than the exact order and regularity with which the masses of either army moved and manœuvred. During this period, no absolute collision took place between them; but as the nature and character of the country through which they passed, gave accidental and successive advantages to either party, it was taken immediate advantage of by the artillery, which opened fire from every favourable position. Such demonstrations of hostility, however, were, I believe, attended on either side with little serious loss.

Marmont, having crossed the Tormes, directed his march to the left, with the view of gaining possession of the road to Ciudad Rodrigo. On perceiving this intention, Lord Wellington immediately directed the march of his army on the bridge of Salamanca, by which they crossed the Tormes in the evening, with the exception of one division, and the Portuguese cavalry under General D'Urban, which were left to observe the motions of the body of the enemy, which still remained at Babilafuente. We halted that night near Cabrerizos.

The weather for the last fortnight had been sultry and oppressive in a degree which the natives assured us was almost unprecedented. Generally during our marches the air was still and breezeless, and we were exposed to the full action of a sun as hot as ever poured its rays on the burning plains of Hindostan. Our sufferings from this cause were really dreadful. Thousands of men lay panting and overpowered on the roads, unable to proceed till the cool dews of evening had again shed restorative freshness on their wearied limbs. Sickness had broken out among us in an unwonted degree. The hospitals were filled, many officers had become unfit for duty, and even Picton, with his iron frame, had sunk under the exertion which the circumstances of the service rendered necessary. Not a drop of rain had fallen for months; the whole country was parched and arid—the rivers had shrunk in their beds—all grass and herbage was burnt up, and the very foliage of the trees had become yellow and exsiceated.

On the 21st a sudden and tremendous change took place. Towards evening, the clouds, which during the day had variegated, but not obscured the face of the horizon, were observed to be collecting into vast and dark masses, which, as the sun went down, were tinged with a sombre splendour of colouring, and gave magnificent portent of the coming storm. No sooner, however, was his disk hid from our view, than the vast mountains of vermilion, which in all fantastic shapes rose towering into the sky, became suddenly black as Erebus, and the face of nature was in a moment veiled in night. You remember the magnificent lines of the "Ancient Mariner,"

"The sun's rim dipp'd, the stars rush'd out,
At one stride came the dark;"

and you may believe me, no truer picture was ever given—with the exception of the rushing out of the stars, for not one was visible in the whole compass of the sky—of the appearances which in my own feeble words I have attempted to describe. About seven o'clock a breeze sprung up, cold and chilling as if it had just travelled from the regions of "thick ribbed" ice that encircle the pole. To frames exhausted and relaxed by long exposure to extreme heat, the change of temperature which it brought with it was too sudden to be borne with safety, and wrapping ourselves up in blankets or boat-cloaks, we made all the preparations in our power, by driving in additional tent-pegs, to enable our canvass coverings to ride out the approaching storm. Such precautions were not unnecessary. Towards midnight the commotion of the elements increased to a tremendous degree, the rain descended positively not in drops but cataracts; the wind blew with the fury of the fiercest hurricane; the thunder roared aloft, while the lightning, both forked and sheeted, shed around a fitful and a terrible radiance. In short

Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder—
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard.

The commotion which the storm caused in the camp, though somewhat ludicrous in relation, added not a little to the hurly-burly of the scene. Many of the mules and horses, scared by the fearful strife of the elements, broke loose in the agonies of their terror and fled, galloping over tents or whatever other obstruction they happened to encounter in their way. To this was added the confusion of human voices, scarcely audible amid the louder roaring of the tempest. Tents were carried off, and all their contents, such as trunks, portmanteaus, and canteens, sent rolling about the camp, not without detriment to the limbs of those whom they chanced to encounter in their erratic course. Here might be seen a jacket carried on with the velocity of a meteor, there a pair of—I will spare you the name—tempest-

borne, and floating far away into the empyrean. Everything, in short, within and around the encampment, seemed confusion worse confounded. All moral and physical elements seemed at once set loose from the compulsory laws which had hitherto regulated their motions, and chaos was come again.

Thus passed the night—water nearly a foot deep lay on the ground, and even those of us whose tents had weathered the storm, were drenched to the skin. The morning of the 22d of July dawned in hurricane and tempest. No sleep had visited my eyes, and I lay expecting every moment that the fate of so many of my companions would be mine, and that my tent and baggage, like theirs, would become the sport of the raging elements. This however, did not happen; but I spent several hours holding fast by the tent pole, which swung about like a pendulum of Captain Kater, in order to afford such additional security as the utmost efforts of my own strength could supply. Never did

The jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night,
And with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves,

display, methought, less velocity of motion than on that occasion. The deep darkness had lent to the workings of the tempest much of its awe and of its fearful sublimity. My imagination in the solitude of my tent had become excited in an altogether painful degree, and I looked for daylight not merely with longing and anxiety, but with an ardour of passionate expectation which I feel it would be impossible to describe.

Daylight came. As the sun rose, the clouds gradually dispersed—the roaring of the wind became less vehement and loud, and when the drum beat for the division to stand to their arms, never had I beheld the face of nature more beautifully tranquil and serene. On that morning, I remember the condition of the best of us was uncomfortable, and even ludicrous enough; and never was there any parade of disciplined troops at which less exactness of costume was expected or required. The damages of the night, however, were repaired as well and as speedily as possible, and orders having been received for an immediate junction with the main body of the army, we crossed the Tormes and took up a position near the village of Aldea Tejada. The hostile armies now directly fronted each other drawn up in order of battle; and of the ground they occupied I shall give you as intelligible, and at the same time as brief a description, as possible.

The position of the allies extended from the river Tormes to two steep and rocky heights, which, from their similarity, the natives generally distinguish by the name of the sister Arapiles. That of the French was covered by a wood, which lay immediately in our front, and embraced the heights of La Pena, and the hamlets of Calvarasa de Ariba, and Calvarasa de Abaxo. I do not know whether these villages are in the map; if they are, you will perceive that our army, in the position I have described, lay directly between the enemy and Salamanca, and that it likewise covered the Ciudad Rodrigo road, the two objects to which the efforts of Marmont were obviously directed. In the morning a good deal of skirmishing had taken place. Detachments from both armies had attempted to seize possession of the Arapiles, and the French had succeeded in remaining masters of the external and more distant one. This movement had at once removed all doubt from the mind of Lord Wellington of the intention of Marmont to give battle, and in these circumstances no time had been lost in moving forward our division and the cavalry of General D'Urban to the support of the army.

The occupation of one of the Arapiles by the enemy had rendered a change of our position necessary, in order to counteract operations on that flank of the army. The fourth division, commanded by General Cole, was therefore sent forward to occupy the heights in rear of the village of Arapiles, of which latter they likewise assumed possession. Before our arrival a short struggle had likewise taken place, in which the height of La Pena had been the object of contest. This, however, had been gallantly carried by the brigade of General Pack, and remained subsequently in the occupation of the British.

Notwithstanding the evident intention of the enemy to press back the Allies from their position, it was not till late in the day that he adopted any effective measures for this purpose. The morning passed in a series

of manœuvres on the part of Marmont, from which no conclusion could be drawn with regard to the nature of his ultimate intentions. Under these circumstances Lord Wellington contented himself with keeping an accurate observation on all the movements of his adversary, ready to take advantage of any opening which might be afforded him of assuming the aggressive, and equally so, should sound policy require it, to retreat.

There can be no doubt that Lord Wellington contemplated this latter alternative as by far the more probable, and every preparation had been made to carry it into effect. The baggage and commissariat had quitted Salamanca, and even some portions of the army had begun a retrogressive movement. By working round the flanks of the allies, their position unquestionably would have been rendered untenable; and, in anticipating such a scheme of operations on the part of Marmont, it now appears that Lord Wellington gave his enemy credit for greater military talent than he possessed.

About two o'clock, a sudden and decisive change took place in the character of the enemy's demonstrations. Under cover of a heavy cannonade, and of a skirmish along the whole front of his line, Marmont advanced his centre, making at the same time a movement to his left, as if at once intending to outflank and encircle the position of the British. In doing this, which, had his numerical superiority been greater, would have been perfectly compatible with the most recondite strategy, there can be no doubt that Marmont was guilty of a capital error. By being unduly extended, his line was necessarily weakened, and the favourable opportunity thus afforded of penetrating and dividing his position was immediately seized by Lord Wellington.

I will here give you a somewhat curious anecdote, on the truth of which you may rely. Stimulated by that curiosity which is rather a striking feature of my idiosyncrasy, I rode up to a neighbouring eminence to observe the motions of our own army, which had already commenced retiring, as well as those of the enemy, who, from the occasional pushing forward of their skirmishers, seemed intent on some further operations. On this height were several officers, one of whom was seated, while his horse was held by an orderly dragoon, and the others standing around him. I had approached within a few yards of them before I observed that the principal object in the group was Lord Wellington. In a moment my attention was arrested. He was at luncheon, and in the act of adding mustard to a slice of meat which had just been deposited on his plate, when the following colloquy took place.

"The enemy are moving, my lord," said one of the staff officers to his commander, already busily engaged in the office of mastication.

"Very well," replied his lordship; "take the glass, Somerset, and tell me what they seem to be about;" at the same time continuing his meal with every appearance of *nonchalance*. The officer did so for about a minute.

"I think they are extending to their left, my lord."

"The devil they are!" exclaimed Lord Wellington, springing in an instant to his feet; "give me the glass quickly."

He took it, and for a short space continued observing the motions of the enemy. "Come, I think this will do at last!" he exclaimed. "Ride off instantly, and tell Clinton and Leith to return as quickly as possible to their former ground."

In a moment all his staff were in motion, Lord Wellington mounted his horse, and I returned to my regiment, which, as our division was intended to form the rear of the retreat, had not yet begun to move. Such was the promptitude and rapidity with which a decision affecting the fate of nations was formed by the master mind of our great commander.

Another moment's pause, if you please, before I lead you into the brunt of the approaching battle, that I may make you quite *au fait* with regard to the situation of the armies at the moment of attack. The alignment of the British was in the form of the segment of a circle, the centre being somewhat in advance, and the flanks thrown back. The intention of Marmont, therefore, was to form his army in an area of larger circumference, by which the smaller would be at once circumvallated and inclosed. By the execution of this manœuvre, had his force been of proportionate magnitude, he would not only have gained possession of the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, but have compelled Lord Wellington either to an immediate retreat, or to fight under circumstances almost as adverse as any to which a general can be

exposed. As it was, neither of these consequences was produced by this manœuvre of Marmont. Lord Wellington saw at once the opportunity it afforded him of breaking the line of his adversary by a strong and decisive attack, and took instant measures for its execution. From the left flank of the allies being bounded by the Tormes, that portion of the position was comparatively secure, and he therefore did not hesitate to withdraw the 5th division, under General Leith, to give greater strength and efficacy to the important operations he was about to commence on the right.

About three o'clock our division was ordered to advance. By the absence of Sir Thomas Picton, the command had devolved on General Pakenham, and it is paying only a merited tribute to that officer to say, that on that day of trial, his vicarious duties were discharged with a zeal, promptitude, and talent, impossible to be surpassed. General Pakenham had just returned from a short conference with Lord Wellington, whom I observed on a neighbouring eminence, when the word was given, and with resolute though beating hearts, we found ourselves approaching the enemy. Almost at the same time the fourth and fifth divisions moved forward on our left, and a column of cavalry, under General D'Urban, accompanied our advance on the right. The ground through which our route lay was low, and sheltered from observation by the neighbouring heights, and we passed on unobstructed and unobserved by the enemy. In this manner had we marched on for a considerable distance, when, emerging into ground higher and more open, we suddenly became exposed to a heavy fire of artillery, which occasioned considerable loss in the ranks.

This, however, did not interrupt our march, and, proceeding onward, I remember we turned somewhat unexpectedly to the right, and entered a narrow valley which ran in a direction nearly at right angles with the course we had hitherto pursued. Having continued our advance in this manner for some time, we halted for a few minutes, and having formed in separate columns of regiments, we were ordered to advance up the heights by which the valley was bounded to the left. While the preliminaries of attack were thus arranging, General Pakenham rode along the division, addressing, as he passed, a short but inspiriting speech to each battalion. Nothing could be more full of ardour and gallantry than his whole air and expression, while neither betrayed the smallest want of that calmness and self-composure, that deliberate exercise and concentration of all the faculties, by which the most powerful enthusiasm may at once be modified and subdued, and made subservient to noble purposes. From that hour I have never thought of General Pakenham without admiration.

The ridge of heights up which we were about to advance, was of considerable altitude, yet not steep, and we proceeded without obstacle or obstruction, till within about 50 yards of the summit, when a body of German riflemen, belonging to a battalion of the 60th, who had been advanced to the front, and had already crowned the height, came running back at full speed, exclaiming, "Der Deivel, dere are de French horse coming!" On receiving this intelligence, Colonel Campbell of the 94th, who commanded the brigade, immediately ordered the regiment on the right to throw back its flank; and this was no sooner done than the enemy's cavalry came sweeping on like a hurricane along the brow of the hill, but after receiving a smart volley, which convinced them of the failure of their hope of taking us in flank, they speedily retreated.

Most fortunate, indeed, was the precaution of Colonel Campbell; for had the enemy's cavalry succeeded in turning our right, there can be little doubt that the issue of the battle would have been very different, and that the name of Salamanca would never have been added to the record of British victories. Upon such slender casualties does the fate of battles often depend. It was at this time that poor Osborne, the assistant quarter-master-general to the division, was killed. You know his father, and may tell him from me that his son died like a hero. He was riding at full speed, with orders for the immediate advance of the cavalry under General D'Urban, when a shot struck him in the heart, and he fell headlong from his horse, which, terrified by the firing, still continued his career onward to the ranks of the enemy.

Having successfully repulsed this attack, we formed line and immediately crowned the height, when we found ourselves at once in presence of the enemy. The ground we now oc-

cupied was on the extreme left of his line, and not a moment was lost in forming across his flank, and advancing to the charge. The 4th and 5th divisions were already engaged in a powerful attack on the front of the left and centre, and our appearance was at once decisive of the fate of the battle in that quarter. Our service, in truth, had become one, comparatively at least, rather of glory than of danger, and we continued charging onward with the bayonet, driving the enemy before us, and exposed to little firing but that of artillery, which certainly did considerable execution in our ranks.

Do not suppose, however, that I mean to say the French were entirely *culbutés*, or, in consequence of the vigour and perseverance of our attack, were at once terror-stricken and overthrown. Far from it. They fought well, and fought bravely; and though the advantage of the position we had assumed, was such as to necessitate a retreat, the front which, on every favourable spot of ground, they continued to show to their victorious and pursuing enemy, was highly honourable at once to their discipline and courage. Every moment, however, the situation of Marmont and his army was becoming more difficult and precarious. The cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, made a most gallant and decisive charge on a brigade of French infantry, which they completely overthrew, and immediately extending themselves on our flank, continued to follow up their success, by charging the enemy on every height, where he attempted to make a stand.

While the events I have just narrated, were passing on the right of the army, the tide of success had not flowed with equal rapidity on the left and centre. An attack had been made by the Portuguese brigade of General Pack, on the Arapiles' height occupied by the enemy, in which he was repulsed with considerable loss. On the retreat of the Portuguese, the body which had successfully contended for the reoccupation of the Arapiles, suddenly advanced on the left flank of the 4th division commanded by General Cole, on which it made a gallant and very vehement attack. This was at least partially successful. General Cole had been already wounded, and his division, disconcerted by these operations on their flank, was, after a brave resistance, obliged to retire. The progress of the enemy, however, was immediately checked by the advance of a brigade of the 5th division, which fell on the flank of the enemy, and by subjecting them to a cross fire, forced them in turn instantly to retreat. The 4th and 5th divisions then continued their advance uninterrupted by any further reverse, and gradually gained ground on their opponents.

In the meanwhile, the Arapiles' height had been carried by General Clinton, and our division had been advancing from the right all along the centre of the French position, as if conquering and to conquer. The halting of the enemy had become the instant signal for a charge, and every charge had been attended with success. Marshal Marmont had been wounded, and the command of the army devolved on General Clausel, who, with a degree of military skill, far superior to that displayed by his predecessor, now endeavoured to rally his defeated forces in a new position, and retrieve the fortunes of the day. Under cover of the left, which had suffered comparatively little, Gen. Clausel re-formed his right and centre, and took up a new position, running nearly at right angles with that in which the action had commenced. The ground was admirably chosen. It consisted of a range of heights of considerable eminence, steep, yet by no means so much so as to be inaccessible to cavalry. Either flank of the position was supported by masses of cavalry, and the whole body of the artillery was so placed, as not only to sweep the whole face of the height, but to command the whole ground in the vicinity, and to act with full efficacy on the allies during every step of their advance.

For about an hour and a half, a cessation of hostilities seemed to have taken place, and we lay idle and inactive, gazing on the new and formidable position in which the enemy had sought temporary refuge. To say the truth, elevated as we were with victory, the prospect before us was by no means an inviting one, to men, by no means deficient in courage, yet not indisposed, if possible, to repose quietly on the laurels they had already acquired, and who, uninfluenced by any morbid anxiety to encounter new dangers, were satisfied with indulging in complacent reflection on those they had already braved and overcome.

Though demonstrations of hostility, however, had apparently ceased on our part during this interval of inac-

tion, they had by no means done so on the part of the enemy. We lay extended on the ground, and, though at a considerable distance, the shot of the enemy's artillery, which they kept continually pouring down on us, told with destructive effect. I assure you there was quite enough of death among us to prevent the most somnolent individual of the division from falling asleep. The probability of one's repose being disturbed by the unwelcome salute of a cannon ball is, you may believe me, a much more efficacious antidote to slumber, than even gunpowder tea. Strong coffee is a mere joke to it.

At length, an aide-de-camp of Lord Wellington,—who, during this interval, had been engaged in reconnoitring the new position of the French,—came riding up at full speed, with orders to General Pakenham. These were,—for I heard them delivered,—that the 6th division, commanded by General Clinton, were to lead the attack on the front of the heights occupied by the enemy, and that the 3d division were to support them. "I shall do so with pleasure," rejoined General Pakenham; "but tell Lord Wellington that my decided opinion is in favour of a flank movement. To storm that height," he continued, his voice becoming more elevated and his eye more sparkling as he spoke, "is nothing less than an inhuman sacrifice of life. Everything can be gained by operating on the flank."

"General," replied the aide-de-camp, "it is not for me to judge of such matters. It is my duty merely to deliver the orders with which I am intrusted."

"I know, I know," rejoined Pakenham; "but, nevertheless, tell my Lord Wellington what I say. Tell him my opinion is decidedly in favour of taking them in flank—to do otherwise, is taking the bull by the horns." The aide-de-camp bowed and rode off, and so ended this extraordinary colloquy.

During the period of our inactivity our loss had been severe,—far more severe, indeed, than what we had suffered in the earlier and more brilliant part of the action. We now stood again with shouldered arms, prepared once more to advance against the enemy. According to orders, the 6th division took the lead, and advanced in line. We brought up the rear of this perilous procession. The French artillery, which was, as I have stated, admirably posted, sent whole showers of shot and shell upon us as we advanced, and with such deadly accuracy were their guns pointed, that few of their bullets either fell short of, or overshot the mark. But this was nothing to what we suffered on reaching the hill, of which it was our object to gain possession. There the artillery took us in flank and quarter, and was followed by redoubled mortality. At the same time a heavy fire of musketry opened from the brow of the hill; and seldom, I believe, has death reaped a more plentiful harvest than on that occasion. Here it was that I was wounded, but I did not fall, and still accompanied my regiment in its progress.

It would, I conceive, have been no imputation on the bravest troops to say, that, under such a fire as I have described, with all advantages of ground against them, they had shrunk from the contest. You will understand, therefore, the extent of the compliment to which our gallant soldiers are entitled, when I tell you they did *not* shrink. They advanced under these trying circumstances and disadvantages—calmly and deliberately I will not say, but—steadily, and without more confusion, than was perhaps inevitable from the increasing mortality which was every moment taking place in the ranks. During all this time, too, the fire of the enemy was wholly unreturned. Not a shot was fired by a British musket during the whole of our advance; and the 6th division at length crowning the heights, they at once charged the enemy with the bayonet, and the day was our own. When we reached the summit of the hill, the enemy were already driven from it in confusion, and our cavalry in full pursuit.

While this most gallant attack was making on the enemy in front, the division of General Cole had been employed in turning their flank; and unable, as I confess myself, to form an opinion of any value on such matters, I cannot help agreeing with General Pakenham, that this attack alone, especially if made in greater force, would have been found amply sufficient for the dislodgement of the enemy. But of such matters I have at present neither time nor inclination to write. Suffice it for the present, that the French, covered by the darkness which came on shortly after the conclusion of the battle, continued

their flight, and crossed the Tormes at Alba during the night. Not a great deal was done by the cavalry and light divisions in pursuit; but on the next day, having passed the Tormes, they came up with the rear-guard of the enemy, which was immediately charged by the heavy cavalry, under General Bock, with the most brilliant success. About 900 men were made prisoners, and the rest only escaped by throwing away their arms, and flying, scattered and panic-struck, across the country. Since that event I have heard nothing of the army, and only know generally, that they are pursuing the enemy, and following up their success, by driving them towards the Pyrenees.

With regard to myself, shortly after we halted for the night, which we did nearly on the field of battle, I had my wound dressed by the regimental surgeon, and on the following day was conveyed on a spring-waggon to Salamanca, where, as you know, I at present am. Do not, I pray you, be uneasy about me. I once more repeat, everything is going well with me; and my next letter, you may depend on it, will carry accounts of my complete recovery. In the meantime, I am tired of my letter, which has literally been my sole occupation for two days. Regard it, I request of you, as a proof of my undiminished attachment; and begging kind love to Mrs Jones—who, I hope by the by, does not intend next time to have twins,

Believe me ever,
My dear Aunt,
Your ever-affectionate Nephew,
SPENCER MOGGRIDGE.

THE BRIDAL-DAY.

On a Monument, in a Venetian Church, is an Epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are those of a noble Lady, who expired suddenly while standing as a Bride at the Altar.

> We bear her Home! we bear her Home!
> Over the murmuring salt-sea's foam;
> One who has fled from the War of Life,
> From sorrow-pains and the fever-strife.
>
> BARRY CORNWALL.

Bride! upon thy marriage-day,
When thy gems in rich array
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
Midst thy braids of sunny hair;
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,
Mellow'd all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright;
Did the fluttering of thy breath,
Speak of joy or woe beneath?
And the hue that went and came
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,
Or the gladness of thy breast?
—Who shall tell us?—from thy bower
Brightly didst thou pass that hour;
With the many-glancing oar,
And the cheer along the shore,
And the wealth of summer-flowers
On thy fair head cast in showers,
And the breath of song and flute,
And the clarion's glad salute,
Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide
Wert thou borne in pomp, young Bride!
Mirth and music, sun and sky,
Welcomed thee triumphantly!
—Yet perchance a chastening thought
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering, as untold it blent
With the sounds of merriment,

—" From the Home of Childhood's glee,
From the Days of Laughter free,
From the Love of many Years,
Thou art gone to cares and fears,
To another path and guide,
To a bosom yet untried!
Bright one! oh! there well may be
Trembling midst our joy for thee!"

Bride! when through the stately fane,
Circled with thy nuptial train,
Midst the banners hung on high
By thy warlike ancestry,
Midst thy mighty fathers dead,
In soft beauty thou wert led;
When before the shrine thy form
Quiver'd to some bosom-storm;
When, like harp-strings with a sigh,
Breaking in mid-harmony,
On thy lip the murmurs low
Died with Love's unfinished vow,
When, like scatter'd rose-leaves, fled
From thy cheek each tint of red;
And the light forsook thine eye,
And thy head sank heavily;
Was that drooping but th' excess
Of thy spirit's blessedness?
Or did some deep feeling's might,
Folded in thy heart from sight,
With a sudden tempest shower
Earthward bear thy life's young flower?
—Who shall tell us?—on thy tongue
Silence, and for ever, hung!
Never to thy lip and cheek
Rush'd again the crimson streak,
Never to thine eye return'd
That which there had beam'd and burn'd,
With the secret none might know,
With thy rapture or thy woe,
With thy marriage-robe and wreath,
Thou wert fled—young Bride of Death!
One, one lightning-moment there,
Struck down Triumph to Despair,
Beauty, Splendour, Hope and Trust,
Into Darkness, Terror—Dust!

There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,
Bride! as forth thy kindred bore thee,
Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,
Deaf to that wild funeral wail.
—Yet perchance a chastening thought
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering, while the stern sad knell
On the air's bright stillness fell,
—" From the power of chill and change,
Souls to sever and estrange;
From Love's wane—a death in life,
But to watch a mortal strife;
From the secret fevers, known
To the burden'd heart alone;
Thou art fled—afar—away,
Where those blights no more have sway!
Bright one! oh! there well may be
Comfort midst our tears for thee!"

F. H.

REVIEW OF MORDAUNT'S Εἰρήνη OF ARISTOPHANES.*

The plays of the witty, but gross Athenian dramatist, have been much in the hands of polite scholars, since their attention was again directed to them a few years back, by a translation of select parts of the Comedy of the Frogs, by the Right Hon. J. Hookham Frere. His version, which consisted of a very few sheets, was at first merely shewn to friends, but was afterwards permitted to appear in this Magazine. It was executed with great spirit, and it conveyed to the English reader a very perfect and lively notion of the original. Mr Mitchell followed soon after. It was his object to exhibit a view of a few complete dramas, and specimens of individual scenes, that both the general plan, and the style and humour of the Greek poet, might be fairly understood. His volume is a valuable addition to the library of every classical scholar. The author of the thin octavo now before us, has selected the comedy entitled "Peace;" and he very naturally dedicates his attempt to his friend and schoolfellow, Mr J. Hookham Frere, whom he follows in whimsicality and pleasantry, although he may be far behind him in spirit and neatness of execution. Of this we will presently enable the reader to judge. That the essay has pleased, would appear from the readiness with which the impression has been sold; and as many of our readers may not have seen the work, and, indeed, we believe a copy of it is not now to be had, we shall indulge more largely in extracts from it, than we should have considered necessary had it been to be found on the counter of every bookseller.

The scheme of the original drama is this: Trygæus, an Attic farmer, impatient of the distress brought upon his country by the long continuance of the Peloponnesian war, determines to ascend to Jupiter, to bring down Peace again, who had quitted the earth. For this purpose he feeds an enormous beetle, which, when arrived to a proper size and degree of strength to carry him, mounts up with Trygæus on his back. Mercury there informs him, upon his arrival, that Peace lies concealed in a deep cavern, upon which Mars has heaped a pile of stones, which he will scarcely be able to remove. By the aid, however, of some peasants and artizans, Peace is relieved from the superincumbent load. He descends, taking her and her two companions, Harvest and Theoria—the *panem et Circenses* of the Romans. He sacrifices to Peace, excluding the advocates for War from a participation of the banquet. The armourers and accoutrement-makers in despair offer their weapons for sale at any price, while the countrymen are in high spirits, from their implements being again in request, and having risen in value. Trygæus places *Theoria* under the protection of the Senate, marries her companion, and retires with her to the country.

In the original there is much that defies translation, and, we must say, much that does not deserve it. Some parts would be uninteresting, and many more would be disgusting to a modern reader. Mr Mordaunt has avoided a part of the difficulty, by adopting the plan of imitation, and substituting the past follies of his own times for Athenian politics and personalities.

Instead of the disgusting process of feeding the Scarabæus, with which the Greek play opens, Mr Mordaunt introduces two apprentices of Mr Bubble, a speculator, filling a balloon, with which he proposes to ascend to the Lunar Regions in search of silver-mines, in which he has already issued shares, which bear a premium. Upon his arrival in the Moon, he learns that the silver-mines in that planet are all worked out; but that Peace's "*hale and tidy niece, Cheap-Living*," is concealed there in a cave, which War has encumbered with a load of debts and taxes. He disengages her from her abode, and descends with her and her two female companions, *Harvest Home* and *O. P.*—O. P. proves

* Peace; a comedy, by Aristophanes, freely imitated in English verse. By H. Mordaunt, Esq. M. A. Pp. 180, 8vo, 1827.

to be rather a noisy lady, and fond of finery, but he recommends her as a suitable match to the Chairman of the London Forum. He becomes enamoured of Harvest Home, and marries her; whereupon, tired of his mining projects, he sets off for the country with his bride, to devote himself for the future to agriculture, and to recompense himself for his other disappointments by the profits of an experimental farm.

But we will no longer detain the reader from a specimen of the contents of this volume. We have only to warn the classical scholar, that he will do well to have Kuster's, or at least Brunck's, edition of Aristophanes open before him, that he may compare these extracts with the Greek, and thence observe how far Mr Mordaunt has adhered to the sense of the original.

The play opens with a dialogue between two apprentices of Mr Bubble, engaged in filling their master's balloon, one of whom complains exceedingly of the offensiveness of the operation. By the ingenious expedient which the imitator has adopted, (and he has often taken the liberty of diverging widely from the text of the Greek author,) he has surmounted a difficulty at starting, which seemed to render an unobjectionable version of this drama impossible. It must, however, be admitted, that when the translator thus enlarges, he generally dilates upon some individual expression, or single word in the text, which suggests the extraneous topics.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A. More vitriol and filings, boy! be quick.
B. Here have we plenty.
A. Give this great balloon
Enough of hydrogen.
B. Aye, that I will.
A. Yet, ply it faster.
B. Now is all received:
It mounts aloft, and the air, inflammable,
Circles within, and swells the silken globe.
A. Yet, slow's the process:—oh! that it were full.
Ye men in Westminster, who ply your trade
By the Horseferry Road, and who retail
Gas portable, by quarts and pennyworths,
Contribute a supply,—else, shall I burst
With expectation—here,—bear a hand;
Pail after pail, 'till every sinew ache
With handing it.
B. Nay, hand it then yourself,
For I am weary, and I fain would know,
(Good Master, can you tell me,) where a nose
Not bored with nostrils may be found? I vow,
I never was employed upon a job,
Than this more nauseous, insupportable.
A. I wish, you villain, you were doom'd to work
In the gasometer,—then would you say indeed,
Tis filthy work:—but hold—I'll ascertain
Whether we have plied enough:—'tis full to bursting.
See how it rolls its head and mighty sides—
A beauteous orb, 'though foul with gas within.
B. It rolls indeed, like some conceited chap
Big with his own importance, and as round
As paunch of Alderman, well turtle-lined.
'Tis well no spark electric from a cloud,
Can penetrate—'twould make a noble bonfire!

In the lines that follow, a humorous reference to the transactions in the city money market, is substituted for the personal attack upon the Athenian

Demagogue Cleon, and the text is pretty closely adhered to. The original soon falls off in point of interest, and the imitator, very allowably, leaves many lines untouched.

> *A.* I doubt not but the crowd, inquisitive,
> Will ask, what's this for? why this apparatus?
> To them some stock-jobber may shrewdly say—
> "My ver coot friendsh, it is von great plom-cake,
> Which Mr Moshes, of the Stock Exchange,
> Means, as a loan to offer, and in shares,
> Which soon will bear a premium, in classes,
> For babiesh who have cut their first young teeth,
> For boysh at school, young masters, and grown men,
> Peers, commoners, and ministers, and those
> Who, of male sex, are yet old women deem'd."
> And true it is, our master, who projected
> This huge but light machine, looks to the moon
> Incessantly, and raves of silver mines,
> Pearl fisheries, and gold expected there.
> O, silver moon, how dost thou turn the heads
> Of cits, transforming them to bulls and bears—
> Confounding all things east of Temple Bar!

We find the dramatic poet and his imitator stepping out together at the line δεῦρο, δεῦρ', ὦ γείτονες. Some necessary *lacunæ* are supplied with sarcastic reflections upon certain combinations, which received their first check from our late upright Chancellor Eldon, and some abuses which yet require a remedy, but are still suffered to exist, to the disgrace of the metropolis.

> *A.* Good people, lo!—my master, in the car,
> Takes a short flight—a first experiment.
> *Bubble* (*sings.*) Gently at first swimming, here will I lie,
> Then will I soar away, cheerily, cheerily,—
> And mounting like a rocket, will I rise,
> And wing my course to the moon and upper skies.
> O! my balloon, may thy valve remain sure and fast—
> O! may I sniff not thy gas from the first to last!
> *A.* Good master, tell us plainly, to what height,
> At the utmost, hope you to ascend?
> *Bubble.* To the Moon:
> There to derive from sources unexplored,
> Mines never work'd, and oceans yet unfathom'd,
> Wealth, which I'll scatter o'er my native land,
> With surer aim than *Law*, yet not less boldly.
> Do you applaud my project, and invite
> Folks to subscribe in Joint-Stock Companies,
> Who, once combined, may, with strong grasp, invade
> The profits of Plebeian industry;
> And, with overwhelming capital, may merge
> All trades,—steam-washing, fish and errand carts,
> Milk, bread, gas, bricks, in one monopoly.
> Enlarge with buildings an o'erpeopled city—
> Encourage gin-shops,—thus improve men's morals,—
> That more may love Old Tom than love him now;
> Or multiply gasometers, and dolphins
> Placed near the public drains, that either element,
> Water and air, may thus be tender'd cheap
> To lips and noses of the fools subscribing.
> Mark ye;—our Managers, in close Committee,
> Must keep the secret, nor the sums reveal,
> Snugly applied to law-fees, and our pensions.

The unworthy treatment which the Greek nation received from the monied speculators in this country, is properly lashed, and the lines

——————— γράψομαι
Μηδοσιν αὐτὸν προδιδόναι τὴν Ἑλλάδα,

have been deservedly enlarged upon.

A. What if your projects fail, good Mr Bubble?
Bubble. Why, then, I'll sell my shares before they fall,
Whate'er the premium; and, no longer partner,
I'll swear the cause of Liberty and Greece
Is sacrificed to jobbers in the Alley,
Who the Greek Loan expended, half in law,
And half in rotten ships, which, t'other side
The Atlantic, bought by some half-pay dragoon,
Were sure to founder e'er they reach'd Piræus.

The tender expostulation of the children of Trygæus has been preserved, but much that follows his answer to them, has been suppressed as uninteresting. The Anapæsts, which describe the flight of Trygæus, were designed as a coarse satire upon the choruses of Euripides, whom Aristophanes delighted to ridicule. The imitator has substituted for this ribaldry some hints from the journal of an aërial voyager, whose observations were very humorously described in a letter of some length, which appeared in a London newspaper after his descent, several years ago. They will probably be fresh in the memory of most of our readers.

B. Dear children of my master, how it grieves me,
That Mr Bubble, mounting to the moon,
Will leave you destitute!
Children. O father, father!
And can it be so?—Can you bear to leave us?
Bubble. Children, I fear so. Could you know my anguish,
How my heart bleeds, oft as you ask for bread,
With tenderest appellations moving me,
I conscious all the while I've not the means
To appease your hunger, you'd not judge me harshly.
But if my voyage prosper, you shall lack
Nor bread and butter, nor sweet cakes in plenty;
These will I give, and gently rap your knuckles.
Child. Dear father, how I tremble for your fate.
O! should you tumble from your giddy height,
And plunge into the sea!
Bubble. Be that my care.
My car is suited to both air and water;
'Twill bound aloft, or cut the briny wave,
Boat-shaped and keel'd.
Child. Dear father, so was Arnold's.
He fell on land; and through St George's Fields
The ballad-singers mourn'd his wretched fate.
Bubble. Now indeed I mount up, my heart beats, my hair bristles.
The sun throws its light on my sparkling balloon,
And as I move onward, oh, how the wind whistles,
How rattle the cords as I sail to the Moon!
Below me are fields, cities, water, and woods;
Light and darkness distinguish the land from the floods.
A gooseberry bush Epping Forest appears;
Ah me! should I fall there—away, ye vain fears!
I mark the deep ruts—like black ants are the men.
How busy they move!—But already I ken
More distinct the pale orb—Russell's map I find true,
And the Man in the Moon stands there full in my view.

Upon the arrival of Trygæus at the abode of Jupiter, (in the original,) he knocks at the door, whereupon Mercury appears, and after a desultory conversation, informs the Athenian that the Gods, disgusted with the warfare in which the Greeks are still engaged, to prevent their being troubled with further supplications, had all gone from home the day before, leaving Mercury to take care of their household vessels and effects. The reader will probably be disposed to think the disappointment of Trygæus is equalled by that of the hero of the imitator's drama. The satire that follows is sufficiently severe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene lies in the Moon.

Man in the Moon. What monster have we here?—Away, Tellurian!
Bubble. Good Mr Lunatic, nay, make me welcome:
I have brought you a rich present:—Fifty shares
In mines I wish to broach in your fair planet,
Already are they up at seventy;
They'll yield nice pickings, if you sell them soon.
Man in the Moon. Mines, you great baf—we once had mines of silver;
They're all work'd out. Our miners are gone packing.
I stay to watch their tools, crows, axes, barrows.
Bubble. And tell me, whence of ore this great consumption,
And whither did your folks export their bullion?
Man in the Moon. We sent it out in silver beams, in moonshine,
And you Tellurians drain'd us. I'm well pleased
That your supply has ceased, that in your alley,
Falsehoods and gambling, forgeries and bubbles,
Will never more be known; scrip, nor false loans,
Nor war, for war you loved, on war you fatten'd.
For if the foe prevail'd, you rubb'd your hands,
And join'd to fleece the state; but if that prosper'd,
'Twas then you sold at par, and fleeced your neighbours.
Your country's pawn'd to usurers; from them
Springs your distress. Peace you indeed may have,
But not her hale and tidy niece, *Cheap-living*.
Bubble. Good Mr Lunatic, that country lass
Whom you've just named, I seek most earnestly.
She has left our planet—Is she lodged in yours?
Man in the Moon. Stranger, we have her here; for in our Moon
Are warehoused all your follies and your losses;
But in that cavern, many fathoms deep,
She lies conceal'd. I doubt you'll never raise her.
For envious War has heap'd on her abode
Loads that you'll scarce remove, of debts and taxes,
Bank stock, consols, and fives reduced to fours.

The figurative occupation of Mars pounding the different cities of Greece in a huge mortar, furnishes a fresh opportunity to the imitator for dealing out his satire. He accordingly touches upon some of the consequences of the long-continued war with republican and imperial France in our times. The reference, in the original, to the vulgar demagogue, Cleon, is matched by an allusion to the French *Sans-culottes*, while the death of Brasidas, one of the bravest and noblest of the Spartan generals, who had recently fallen in Macedonia, whither he had been sent in aid of the second Perdiccas, to enable that sovereign to cope with the Athenians, who had planted colonies on his coasts, gives the imitator an opportunity of paying a compliment to the victor at Waterloo.

In the exclamation of the speculator, the giants at St Dunstan's have been made to do duty for the Dioscuri.

Bubble. And is he quiet now?
Man in the Moon. The contrary.
'Twas only yesterday that he provided
A most capacious mortar and a pestle,
Wherewith he means to bruise, with plants and drugs,
The fruits he gather'd in some twenty years.
Bubble. I hear his thunder—now the work's begun—
And, between friends,—I just take leave to mention,
I d rather slip away, sir—lest he seize me,
And mince me small, or grind my bones to powder.
Man in the Moon. Sir, you may stay, for you have felt the pestle.
'Tis Gallic liberty he bruises now,
Mixt up with bark of Jesuits, to render
The compound more astringent; Spanish hopes
Of light he'll dash with poppy-juice and hemlock.
Plain German honesty, but somewhat spoilt,
With Jacobinic sepia he mixes.
Lombardic martial spirit he has broken
For food, to nourish a black two-necked vulture.
Greek bravery he'll mix with Turkish opium;
And Javanese fidelity with sprouts
Of Juniper, for Dutchmen to distil.
Once, on the triple crown his iron-mace
Fell with just aim, and Superstition's pride,
Her beads and relics, like the mouldering seat
Of mummy, yielding to Belzoni's weight,
In Upper Egypt's crypt, rose in a cloud
Of suffocating dust. With this he blinds
Luther's degenerate sons. This, mixt with tears,
For those who hold the truth in Righteousness,
He moulds again, a bitter, bitter pill!
War. My young page, Tumult, haste! another pestle;
Bring me, or bludgeon of French *Sans-culottes,*
Or *baton* of imperial France, for both
Have served my purpose.
Tumult. Mighty Mars,
None of the first are now discoverable;
The last was lost at Waterloo, and the hero
Who won it there in your despite, will keep it.
Bubble. Long may he so, by the giants at St Dunstan's!
War. Then I'll desist awhile; by power of steam,
Congreve or Shrapnell will with ease supply me.

We come now to the efforts of Bubble and his assistants for the liberation of the imprisoned females. Mr M. passes over the joy of the countrymen, whom Trygæus cannot prevail upon to desist from dancing, and the soothing and bribing Mercury to allow the work to proceed. To remove a heap of stones was anciently deemed a kind of sacrilege, for they were generally piled up as cairns over bodies entombed beneath them; and they were, therefore, sacred to Mercury as the messenger to Hades, and the conductor of the dead. Hence the promise made to him in the original, of other than the usual sacrifices and festivals, in acknowledgment for this permission. By the different degrees of willingness and exertion, or the contrary, evinced by the peasants in uncovering the cave, Aristophanes shows the part taken by different states of Greece in the war. Thus the Bœotians are backward, and contribute little. The Argives did but laugh at the mishaps of others. These, as merchants, for whom a parallel might be found in later times, did not scruple to supply both allies and enemies alike with stores. The inhabitants of Megara were too much exhausted to be of any service. The Spartans only acted manfully. The Athenians did nothing but litigate and jangle. The Greek poet is for sending these on shipboard, to be brought to their senses, no doubt, by discipline at the gangway.

Mr M. has also taken a satirical view of the physical powers of his labourers, and has evidently shown to which side his wishes lean, on the much-agitated Corn question.

Bubble. Now could I dance and sing from very joy.
Here! all who guide the plough, or ply the loom,
Who labour at the forge, or hoist the sail,
To spread our winged commerce o'er the globe.
Strangers, and colonists, and countrymen,
All who desire good fare at little cost,
Assist, and hand our tackle, and the levers.
(*Chorus.*)—That will we all with heart and hand,—whatever be the labour.
You'll find us stout and teachable,—be you our master workman;
But fill a foaming cann and drink,—Success to our endeavours.
May he that wields a crow-bar now,—ne'er need to toss the musket,
Nor on a quarter-deck at sea,—be call'd to work the capstan;
But snug in cot, with wife and child,—pass all his days in quiet;
His bread unmix'd with mouldy grain,—his ale, too, free from malt-tax.
May this day work our country's good,—and all who think to leave it,
For better fare in other lands,—be choked with frogs and garlic.
Bubble. Cash plenty then, my shares will rise,—the rich, the fair, will take them.
Now pull away.
Chorus. Yo, yo! yo, yo! yo, yo!
Bubble. Nay, some here are who flinch,—once more together.
That merchant seaman flags, and I suspect
He's out of practice. Plague on the folks who encourage
Strange carriers, and falsely liberal
Neglect our own. Now, pull away, my hearties
Chorus. Yo, yo! yo, yo! yo, yo!
Bubble. That husbandman
Works not, as erst I have seen him. His arm's stiff.
I fear his plough stands still,—while that pale weaver,
Bribed by high wages, shows alacrity.
And well he may: the cobwebs that he spins
Feed him with Baltic corn, while native soil,
For aught he cares, may henceforth lie untill'd,
And native sinew, moral, health, may pine.
Villains, you waste your time with bickering:
Make for the coast; there learn to pull and hawl;
Leave me these honest countrymen; they're tractable.
She whom we would fain recover, shall be theirs.
Bubble. Now put forth all your strength, my boys.
Chorus. Yo, yo!
Yo, yo! huzza! our object is accomplish'd.

Trygæus's address to the females, and the subsequent dialogue, contain many pleasing allusions to a country life, which Aristophanes is frequently very happy in depicting.

Bubble. Fair mistress of rich Cheshire and October,
O, that in terms home-brew'd, yet suitable,
I had power to address thee! Then would I greet thee, fair one,
In generous language—twenty to the hogshead.
With thee, too, would I greet thy boon companions,
Plain Harvest-Home, and richly-attired O. P.
Auth'ress of Plenty this to country lads,
And that, by play-going citizens admired.
O. P. thou breath'st of Orange the perfume:
Though mix'd with odour of the Linkboy's torch,
It still is grateful. It suggests the pleasure
The furlough'd soldier tastes, who casts away

His knapsack, and enjoys at easy price
In gallery seat, the shows of Drury-Lane.
First Countryman. May every camp-worn hero now forget
The loathsome smell of haversack, ill lined
With mouldy bread and onions, and regale
O'er smoking farmhouse fare, or hear in playhouse
The orchestra's crash, and Shakspeare's moving strain.
Second Countryman. Be it mine, good ladies, underneath the oak,
That crowns my thatch, to count my bleating sheep,
While foreign wool is tax'd, my wife in hurry,
Rising half-dress'd, to draw our new-baked bread;
And if, when malt is cheap, a tipsy servant
O'erturn the working beer, I'll check my anger.
Man in the Moon. Stranger, you call'd a motley crew to help you,
And those whom you dismiss'd ere the last pull
Look very blue, and envious of your rustics.
Bubble. Why, yes, since country life's again in fashion,
Sword-cutlers cannot well be pleased, that blacksmiths
Should sell their ploughshares, when none call for blades.
Man in the Moon. Bid them disperse.
Bubble. Away, my lads—Well speed the plough!—Be merry.
Third Countryman. O happy day, to all who virtue love,
Who love their country! Now will I seek my orchards,
And the brown *beurrés* which my boyish hand
First planted, which repay my riper years.
Bubble. First, my good fellows, pay your grateful vows
To that beneficence by which your load
Of taxes has been lighten'd; then to your homes,
And feed on better fare than *gude salt herrings.*
Man in the Moon. Your ploughmen, sir, are stout, they scarcely need
A warmer glow from beef and humming ale.
Bubble. Yes, Mr Lunatic, it does me good
To see them march—their mattocks in the sun.
They walk in even rows, like dibbled beans,
Or wheat straight-furrow'd by a Norfolk drill.
They make me languish for the plough; and sure,
When I return, I'll quit my mining projects,
And thrive on some *Experimental Farm.*

Happy swains, ye well remember
How this lass would erst regale
Honest souls in deep December,
With turkies roast and sparkling ale.

How, after toil in summer-field,
On violet bank, by some cold spring,
On curds, or what the farm would yield,
Gaily would you feast and sing.

Chorus of Countrymen.
Blest Cheap-living, how we greet you!
Years have we but toil'd in vain,
It repays us that we meet you,—
Welcome to our fields again.

The Athenian comic poet now recapitulates, through the medium of Hermes, the origin of the Peloponnesian war, the cause of all their distresses. Aristophanes charges the sculptor Phidias with having been generally guilty of malpractices, πράξας κακῶς. But the scholiast informs

us, that he had wilfully rendered a false account of the gold and ivory employed by him in the statue of Minerva, placed in the Parthenon. This incident gave occasion to the finest work he ever executed; for it caused his banishment to Elis, where he sculptured the statue of Jupiter at Olympia. Pericles, who had patronised the artist (as some reported), feared to be called to account, either for the corrupt conduct of his protegé, or for any share that he might have had in the transaction. To divert the attention of the public to another subject, he blew up the war of the Peloponnese.

The imitator here adverts to the late republican encroachments on the French monarchy, and the consequent sanguinary revolutionary war on the continent of Europe.

Man in the Moon. Tellurian, would you know, with what displeased,
This damsel left you and your countrymen,
Hear me. Long time ago, some wild republicans
Had from their master's royal robe purloin'd
Some lily flowers of gold; and their abettors,
Fearing exposure, pick'd a mighty quarrel,
Which set whole states and nations by the ears,
Drain'd their exchequers, and their subjects beggar'd,
Crazed them with Rights of Man, and kindled fires
Which burnt their neighbours' houses and their own.
Vines were cut up for fuel; in their cellars
Their wine and oil-jars were so rudely shaken,
Each smash'd its neighbour: all was topsy-turvy.
Forced loans, conscriptions, contributions;
These were the plagues of foreign states. To escape them,
Yours they implored; your keen-eyed citizens
Mark'd the rich opportunity, and lent
Their cash for 50, to be paid 100.
Hence armies ate your corn, and crowded fleets
Your pastures thinn'd.
Countryman. Then were my walnut-trees
Cut down for gun-stocks.
Bubble. And, howe'er capacious,
The mighty tun at Heidelberg was drain'd.
Man in the Moon. Hence many a mouth was stopt, and many a tongue
Dropp'd its rough speech, and smoothly spake, appeased
By golden contract.
Bubble. Hold, Mr Lunatic,
Enough! Your exposition tends to prove,
That our dull planet and your paler orb
Have sure exchanged inhabitants. Do you
Claim of just right the authors of these mischiefs.

We come now to that anxious part of the drama, in which the hero is to be plunged into difficulties apparently insurmountable, from which the ingenuity of the poet is to extricate him, while his liberation is a first step to the developement of the plot.

Man in the Moon Now, sir, you're free to go—I wish you well;
And may you sometimes think of me.
Bubble. But, sir,
Order, I pray you, my balloon and car.
Man in the Moon. 'Tis useless, sir—imperfectly secured,
The gas has all escaped, nor have we here
Wherewith you can again distend it.
Bubble. Then—
Then—am I dish'd;—How shall I e'er descend?
Man in the Moon. Sir, with these ladies, in a parachute,
You'll downward safely glide, I warrant you.

The Parabasis, which generally appears an impertinent part of the Greek drama, having about the same degree of connexion with the Fable, as an article in one of our popular Quarterly Reviews has with the publication which is professed to be criticised in it, is occupied by a vindication of the author of the drama. It may be not inaptly termed a prologue out of its proper place. A resemblance to it may be found in the homely colloquies of servants and waiting-maids in some of our old plays; as in the tragedy of Isabella, where the deep impression of the previous melancholy scenes is attempted to be enlivened by an ill-timed jocularity, the low style of which must always be offensive to an audience possessed of good taste or feeling. Mr Mordaunt has imitated the metre of the original, which is written in anapæstic catalectic tetrameters. These, however new to an English reader, Mr M. maintains are, to the full, as beautiful as the German hexameters, so much admired on the Continent, and the favourite vehicle of German Epic poetry. He has, however, suggested a method of rendering this kind of verse intelligible to all, by adopting the notion of a learned German Antiquary. It is far from impossible, says M. Böttiger, in his Kunstmythologie, that the Greek hexameter verse, invented by the Pythonissa at Delphi, was uttered to the sound of a trumpet, in order to mark the metre. Mr M. therefore adds, that if the manager of either of the Winter or the Summer theatres, should be disposed to get up this drama, he engages to have inquiry made at Cambridge for the original machinery constructed for it by Dr Dee,* of astrological memory, which he feels assured must be still preserved in some lumber-closet attached to the University library; and he would recommend, that the Parabasis be spoken with a trumpet accompaniment, the notes of which might be thus rendered:—

| ∪ ∪ —, — — | — —, ∪ ∪ — | — —, ∪ ∪ — | ∪ ∪ —, — |

"For I would have you know, that vagabonds oft lurk on the stage, and behind it."

This, he observes, availing himself of a happy quotation, by Mr Böttiger, from Ennius, could not fail to have the finest effect—

"Cum Tuba terrifico sonitu *Taratantara* dixit."

THE PARABASIS.

Fare ye well, Aëronauts—now, my friends, will we restore to the prompter,
Or to the property man, these crowbars, these cords, and this apparatus,
For I would have you know, that vagabonds oft lurk on the stage and behind it.
These put away then safe. I'll step forward, bow to the pit and the boxes,
And to the gentlefolks account for this, my master's imitation.
Sirs, need I say a Reviewer—very well deserves to be scourged with his own whip,
If he permit any lame Translator—to speak in his own commendation?
Yet may we dare (his understrappers) to say a word in his favour:
First, hath he fairly put out many coarse jokes—of the favourite Greek comic author,
Much of the filth in the First Act—and much of politics uttered by Hermes;
Much of vulgarity, which I doubt not—would be scorn'd by fine footmen in our days.
These having laid aside wholly—in lofty tone, and round words hath he spoken.
Him, marching with majestic step,—nor stench of Billingsgate oysters,
Nor of hides in Leadenhall-market,—piled up in waggons for the tanpits,
Could retard indignant;—but short of Branscomb's Lottery lantern,
And where, their dividends received—tired citizens eat turtle at Birch's,
With force Herculean he belabour'd—hungry Bulls and Bears in the Alley,
And bubbles numberless he broke—'twixt Change and Finsbury Turnpike;
For which he well deserves the thanks—of the rich, and the poor, and the simple.

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* Andrews's History of Great Britain, Vol. II. p. 89, 8vo.

We shall give but one extract more from this entertaining imitation, referring the reader to the original, should a copy of the publication come in his way. We shall then have selected the parts best worth notice. It is the description of the Speculator's aërial journey, and an account of what he observed in the course of it. The original was intended to reprove certain *namby-pamby* Athenian poets, who wrote what were termed Dithyrambics. They dealt much in Sylphs, and aërial figures fantastically conceived. Mr Mordaunt has hence taken an opportunity of adverting to a similar bad taste in certain artists of our own country, who have delighted in designing such floating figures, which Aristophanes has termed ἐνδιαεριανερινηχέτους. They may be seen twisted, with more ingenuity than correctness or elegance, round the margin of a folio edition of Blair's poem of the Grave. This distorted, or conceited style, has infected many respectable artists of our school; and Banks, the sculptor, and even Flaxman, were not exempt from it. The Morning Star is evidently a compliment to Howard, R.A. Who may be the artist, or whether any one in particular be alluded to in the concluding lines, we cannot say. They were probably designed merely as a general criticism upon art, and, as such, they may be usefully borne in mind, both by Painters, and by those who desire to be accounted *Virtuosi*. With these we conclude our review of this satire.

Mr Bubble *and his Two Apprentices.*

Bubble. Much doth he risk who mounts with a balloon!
A giddy enterprise!—I scarcely breathe.
And, oh, ye great ones, ye on earth who swagger,
How small ye thence appear! Your follies, though,
Are still observable—*there* large enough,
But here on earth how greatly magnified!
A. Master, you're welcome down.
Bubble. All bid me welcome.
A. And how've you fared?
Bubble. Why, as I said before,
Frozen and pinch'd, almost asthmatical.
A. Well! tell me now.
Bubble. What would you have of me?
B. Didst meet with any other on the journey,
As daring as yourself, roaming in air?
Bubble. Yes, a few chosen spirits; such as Blake,
And others of his school, who spin out figures
As writing-masters flourish, at a length,
Suspending them, and most fantastically.
A. And is it true, that some men after death
Are grouped in constellations?
Bubble. Very true.
A. And who shines brightest in that firmament?
Bubble. Why He, whose fine imagination drew
Aurora and the Pleiades, and sweetly
Depicted them, though floating, as if Blake
Had still possess'd him—hence has he been named,
And that deservedly, the *Morning Star*.
A. And tell me next, what are those stars which shoot,
And scatter, as they fall, a thousand sparks?
Bubble. They are they who've banqueted on rich applause
Of Virtuosi, and who, somewhat pamper'd,
Rise from the feast no longer what they were,
But, disregarding unity of subject,
Fritter a composition into parts,
Countless and unimportant, and disdaining
Sober chiaro-scuro, mass of shade,
With breadth of light contrasted, dazzle us
With sparkling points, and endless coruscations.
We turn from these, and languish for repose.

TALES OF THE WEDDING.

No. IV.

A Wedding at School.

What a pity that a story,—an old soldier's especially,—should ever require a beginning!—that it could not, like some general actions—and those not the least important I have been engaged in—be irregularly brought on by a random shot from some unknown quarter, or some chance-medley sort of encounter between raw troops,—and thus the hero, heroine, and all the *corps d'armée*, comfortably enveloped in one cloud of smoke—whether from powder or cigars, signifies little,—be brought at once into close quarters with each other, and the reader!

I never disliked fighting. I believe no Briton in his heart does; at least while he is about it, whatever cooler reflection may dictate when the heat of action is over: but next to the chill discomfort of standing under arms for hours of grey twilight, waiting for an enemy, too wise or too wary to give you an opportunity of doing anything,—is the nervous feeling of sitting on a rainy day, when nothing in earth or sky seems dry but one's own brain—with a formidable quire of paper drawn up before one—meditating a beginning to a Tale.

I got over that part of the business, thank my stars, before I sat down; so now I have only to beg the reader to suppose me, first a spoilt urchin of an only boy—next a roguish, unlucky school-boy, with just *nous* enough to keep him from being a dunce, and idleness in abundance to keep him from being a scholar,—then a raw ensign, in love with nothing but his own coat and feathers,—then, for a long period, a busy, war-worn soldier, with no leisure for any mistress but Glory, (and a devilish coy one she was to British wooers, till, all at once, like other coquettes, she opened her arms the wider for her previous disdain,)—and, lastly, for my story I promised begins in the middle—a major of some four-and-thirty years' experience in the world, with a few scattered grey hairs on his temples, and, for the first time in his life, leisure as well as inclination to be in love.

I suppose it was this very leisure and opportunity that, with the usual waywardness of man, prevented my availing myself of either. I was quartered in a succession of gay, bustling towns, full of beauty and fashion, and all the et cæteras of the newspaper vocabulary. In vain I attended balls—nay, danced, though I confess neither with the spirit or good grace of an absolute volunteer—flirted—for what Irishman could live in an atmosphere of youth and beauty, without indulging in that species of lively chit-chat, which a good-natured world styles flirtation?—but it would not all do. I remained like a perfect salamander, if not unsinged, at least unconsumed, and began to fancy my heart had been changed like the babes of an Irish nursery tale, by some fairy, and a cannon ball substituted in its place. Yet it went thump-thumping as usual when I saw any dashing affair in the Gazette, and grew soft as a frosted potatoe when any old soldier's wife came whining with a cock-and-bull story of distress; but in love I could not manage to be, and it was very provoking to one who literally had nothing else to do.

Had the same favourable combination of circumstances occurred ten years sooner, there would, I daresay, have been no difficulty; but a man past thirty has his wits terribly about him; and, as the most fluent writer has sometimes all his ideas put to flight by the sound of the postman's bill,—the sight of a stray grey hair, with its "now or never" memento, flurries a man too much to allow him to make up his mind.

I began to fancy myself a lieutenant-general on the staff, with no soul near me but a cross housekeeper, and a fifteenth cousin—deaf and blind,—and with a mind narrowed to the compass of a regulation shoe-tie. I envied every married man I saw; fancied all their shrews or dowdies angels incarnate,

and wondered why there were no such girls in the market now.

I tried change of air and scene. Some people go to the country for prospects, some for partridges, some for foxes; but I went in quest of young ladies. Town girls, I thought, looked all silly and affected; Nature and simplicity must be found in a country-house; so I made the round of the county of N—, saw at least half a score of very nice, pleasing girls, from the beautiful, accomplished syrens at Castle B—, to the unsophisticated daughters of my friend Tom S— at his hospitable cottage. I admired them all, more or less—thought all or any of them would make admirable wives for any man (Jack Donovan excepted)—but as to ever feeling inclined to drop on one knee, (the other was out of the question, a bullet having gone clean through it at Q—,) or even tendering my hand on a sheet of gilt paper to any of them, I should as soon have thought of making speeches to my sergeant-major, or writing *billets-doux* to the Horse-guards. What made my case harder and more distressing, was, that I daresay many, if not most of the fair creatures, either were, or at least could have been, in love with me. A coxcomb, especially at five-and-thirty, must be a fool—but really disengaged, good-humoured girls, are apt to have a natural predilection for sensible, good-looking men in red coats, who look as if they did not wear them for nothing, and as if they had hearts to give in return.

This, to be sure, in my case, was a sad delusion; and I could have almost echoed the cry of a poor mad-woman, I remembered, when a boy, in Dublin, pathetically exclaiming, "You have all hearts but me." It was only lucky that I seldom staid long enough in one place to have it found out, or endanger my passing for a swindler.

I went, as a last resource, to various races—not to look at the horses, or lose my money, but to look for a wife, and lose my heart. Somehow or other, it would not be made over; and I lost more gloves than would have served for wedding favours, without losing or gaining anything else.

My steeple-chase after a wife was interrupted, by receiving notice of my promotion to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in a regiment in the West Indies, and orders to join in a month, or six weeks at farthest. This obliged me to go immediately to London, and, happening to pass, on the day after my arrival, the fashionable school in —— Place, where my sister was a parlour boarder, I could not—hurried as I was—resist calling, from the feeling that we might so soon be separated, probably for years.

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and received by one of the stately, and somewhat awful ladies, at the head of the establishment; whose portly figure, and showy style of dress, presented the utmost imaginable contrast with those of a fair, sylph-like, young creature, in deep mourning, who sat drawing in the bow-window of the apartment.

There was something about this elegant interesting creature, which riveted my attention, in spite of myself. I felt half sorry she should be so very young—(apparently not above seventeen)—and ashamed to be so caught by one little beyond childhood. There is no fool like an old fool! thought I to myself. I have seen many prettier faces in my time, and why should I think twice about a school girl?

I did think about her though—and look at her too; and as Miss T——, apparently from some scruple of propriety, in remaining *tête-à-tête* with a smart officer, evidently discouraged her efforts to escape, I had full leisure to gaze on the sweetest and most regular of profiles. Long dark lashes, fringing a cheek, pale, but not wan—lips, whose expression was that of one of Raphael's angels—and a lovely polished forehead, round which luxuriant auburn curls defied the confinement of a little cap—which, I concluded, she must wear from slight indisposition, and which, from contrast with her young cherub face, only made her more interesting. Her black dress only enhanced the transparency of her skin, and the delicacy of her figure; in short, the *tout ensemble*, dress, figure, and face, were, in my opinion, perfect. There are few women, as every one knows who has been abroad, who do not look angels from behind a convent grate—and, to an Englishman, a boarding-school is very apt to

convey the same impression. I had never been within one before, so that my feeling on the subject was quite fresh; and as I had never dreamt of losing my heart there, it was perhaps the more natural place for me to find out that I had one.

My sister, good girl! kept me waiting, as sisters will do—(for she was quite unaware of our probable approaching separation)—so that conversation between Miss T—— and I began to flag. I could not talk to her on the only subject I cared sixpence about—nor could she have answered me, if I had—so, not being able to speak *of* the young lady in the window, we spoke *to* her. Miss T—— asked me if I was fond of drawings, and I had no more hesitation in answering "yes!" than if it had been true. Indeed, so it was, for I found myself suddenly inoculated with a passion for the Fine Arts, which prompted me to rise, and beg leave to admire more nearly what had enchanted me at a distance. Whether this was the drawing or the artist, I was of course not bound to declare.

The subject was a pair of beautiful twin children, evidently from nature or memory, for she had no model before her. "Your brother and sister, I presume?" said I; "for you seem to have them completely in your mind's eye."

She sighed, as she answered, with a slight blush, "I am not so fortunate as to have either."

"Near relations, then, I am sure?" said I, trying to fancy a resemblance.

"Not relations," answered Miss T——, for her fair pupil; "only connected,—the children of a very dear friend." The pencil trembled in the young painter's hand. She became so evidently uneasy and desirous to escape, that Miss T——'s prudery gave way to her good-nature; and softly saying, "My dear Mrs Montolieu, will you be kind enough to hasten Miss Donovan? her brother's time is limited;" she opened the door, and the beautiful vision vanished.

"My dear Mrs Montolieu!" repeated I, mentally. "Did I hear aright? Mrs!! to this girl of sixteen—this girl with whom I was already half in love?"—So, according to an inconceivable fatality, I was again doomed to find a paragon in a married woman,—one probably left, on account of extreme youth, and a husband's absence, to finish her imperfect education! Miss T—— read my ungovernable curiosity in my face, and was about to gratify it, when my sister entered; and the worthy governess, concluding I should be better pleased with Sophy's elucidations than her own, sailed majestically out of the room.

"Sophy! my dear girl!" cried I, after our first hearty greeting, "who is that beautiful little creature, whom Miss T—— has absolutely petrified me, by calling Mrs? How came she to be a wife at her years, and left at school with her charms? Her husband is either much to be blamed, or pitied!"

"He is to be lamented, poor fellow!" said Sophy, looking very grave. "He is dead! and Alexina, at eighteen, has been nearly two years a widow!" I could not for my life even pretend to be sorry, but I was shocked, and sobered. There was something so very romantic and unusual in the whole affair, that if romance and mystery be the food of love, (and a diet on which I think it thrive marvellously,) mine had wherewithal to make it grow like a mushroom. "A widow!" I exclaimed, mechanically—thinking whether the two cherub children could by any possibility be her own. "A widow! then why does she live here?"

"For a very simple reason, brother John—that she has no other place of abode. Poor Alexina!—hers is a strange, yet soon told history. She was placed here in infancy, by an eminent foreign merchant, who duly paid, in the handsomest manner, for her education, till, about three years ago, on his sudden death, the disorder of his affairs put a stop to the supplies,—nor among his papers could a trace be found of the history or connexions of his *protégée*. That she was foreign, was evident, from her speaking only French when brought hither; but that France is not her country, is equally so, from her infant recollections, imperfect as they necessarily were at three years old."

"But her marriage?" said I, impatiently. "Her widowhood?"

"It is a dismal thing, dear John, to have not a friend in the world,—not even a brother to cling to,—in a worse than orphan condition. I

thought poor Alexina would have sunk under the sense of desolation, which, in spite of the kindness of Miss T——, preyed on her gentle heart and delicate feelings. She was apparently hastening into a decline, when an amiable girl, her favourite companion, invited her, with affectionate earnestness, on leaving school, to accompany her for the winter into Devonshire. This was not a proposal to be declined by one so forlorn and friendless; but had the poor drooping lily foreseen the suffering that well-meant kindness was to entail on her, she would have shrunk from it with dismay. Her friend was all she could fondly wish; and her parents, though cold, selfish, and unconciliating, were too fond of their indulged daughter, to blame, while they wondered at, her Quixotic affection for a nameless orphan.

"Health soon reanimated the poor girl's frame, and mantled on her blooming cheeks; and her beauty, whose bud had been chilled and repressed by incipient illness, expanded into rare perfection. The very harsh old people at Sidbury felt its influence, and grew kinder to the creature, whom every one else loved and admired; and Alexina fancied herself too happy! Her friend Lucy, whose every feeling she shared with sisterly sympathy, was revelling in all the luxury of a permitted and requited attachment—and was ere long to be married to the object of her early affection, Captain Willoughby, a young but distinguished officer.

"The wedding would have wanted its dearest, as well as brightest ornament, had Alexina not remained to act the part of bride's-maid. It received an unexpected guest, in Lucy's only brother, an amiable and accomplished young man, whom parental jealousy and tyranny had driven to seek independence in India, but who, an early sufferer from its climate, had been reluctantly sent home, with a constitution severely shattered, but it was hoped, not irremediably injured. His parents, softened by the helpless weakness of their only son, hailed his return with joy and kindness; and cheered by this reception, and invigorated by his native breeze, he seemed daily, though slowly, to recover.

"There was perhaps an unconscious balm in the smiles of Lucy's friend, which acted as a charm on his harassed spirits; for he uniformly revived under her presence, and drooped when she was out of his sight. You, Jack, who seem even now to have been fascinated by the faded relics of her dazzling beauty, need hardly be told how soon, or how deeply Edmund Montolieu loved! You know the world too—selfish, callous, mercenary as it is—and can fancy the indignant reception the avowal of his attachment met with from his ambitious parents. With the dignified frankness of one, whom, by driving him from them, they had taught to act for himself, he calmly announced to them, before making the proposal, his unalterable determination to ask the hand of Alexina. Their unbridled and impolitic resentment drove the poor girl to seek refuge at her friend Lucy's—whose recent marriage afforded her a temporary home—and there, it was long ere the united eloquence of love and friendship could prevail on this high-spirited (and I am confident, high-born) young creature, to enter, not clandestinely indeed, but unsanctioned by parental authority, a family so undeserving of her.

"There were powerful motives to compliance. On the one hand, an amiable and disinterested lover, present competence at least, and future affluence; on the other, absolute destitution, or a home either the boon of charity, or purchased by the most cruel of sacrifices, that of quiet, leisure, and independence. How few at sixteen would long have hesitated? and yet Alexina did so—for, with all her gratitude and esteem for Edmund, she had no irresistible passion to blind her judgment—and it was only when, at the end of a long and alarming relapse of illness, even his unfeeling parents ungraciously consented to the match, that she yielded to such generous and persevering affection, and became, surrounded by his barely civil relations, without one connexion of her own to countenance the trembling interloper, the wife of the transported Edmund.

"The lovely timid creature had scarce time to cling, with all the devotedness of now genuine and unrepressed attachment, to the only being (save her

Lucy) in all the glittering circle, who would not have repulsed her in disdain, when the fragile reed on which her young hopes rested, withered from beneath her grasp! Exhausted by conflicting emotions, and long an unsuspected prey to that disease of the heart, which suddenly arrests the springs of life, and freezes in a moment the fount of consciousness and joy, Edmund Montolieu was carried from the altar to the grave! and that sumptuous wedding feast, which empty state and hollow congratulation had provided, was untasted—but by the sorrowing poor, who viewed in awe-struck silence the ominous dole.

"The poor young widow felt like one whose frame and faculties a thunderbolt has nearly annihilated, and when the first few days of speechless woe were past, the unfeeling parents, like too many, smarting under the reproaches of conscience, instead of deploring the harsh severity which had first expatriated and then harassed their son, sought to transfer the cause of his early death to a passion, which, had it been less thwarted, might perhaps have prolonged his feeble existence.

"Poor Alexina, with the generosity and recklessness of youth, had instructed Edmund not to irritate his parents by urging any settlements on one so utterly portionless, to which he at length consented, more from the impression of its being an unavailing effort, than from acquiescence in her disinterested prayers. She was, therefore, on his death, with the exception of a small sum left by him in India, wholly unprovided for—and it was a destitution in which she could almost at first rejoice; since all other connexion between them seeming likely to expire with her poor husband, it would have been bitter indeed, to owe to his proud relations an extorted provision, to which they might think a couple of hours' union with their heir but an insufficient title.

"Lucy's unvarying sympathy and affection was again her first resource; but the regiment of Captain Willoughby being under orders for the West Indies, Alexina, feeling that her longer residence might estrange her friend from her bereaved parents, and prevent her passing under their roof her last months in England, steadily insisted on returning to the protection of her maternal friend, Miss T——. From her she experienced such a reception as her strong claims on esteem and compassion ensured; and while the young widow imagined that her slender pittance might prevent her from being a burden to her governess, she forbore, out of respect for the prejudices of her husband's family, as well as from the hopeless languor of sorrow, attempting to exercise her own talents in that line. But 'woes,' says the poet, 'love a train!' and there came accounts from India of the wreck of her little all, in one of those extensive failures so common in the East; and Alexina, now as pennyless as before her inauspicious marriage, insisted on testifying at once her gratitude and independence, by devoting to Miss T——'s assistance the talents she owed to her care."

"And the children?" asked I, awaking on the cessation of Sophy's narrative, from the deep reverie into which its strange tenor had thrown me.

"The children are Lucy's—born just before her quitting England, and resigned, with all the deep reluctance of a young and sorely divided heart, to the care of a sister of her husband's—the voyage, the climate, and their tender age, presenting insuperable obstacles to their going out to Barbadoes."

"I am under orders for Barbadoes myself," exclaimed I, "my dear Sophy! I quite forgot to tell you, that it was this which brought me here today. I have got a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in a regiment stationed there—probably Captain Willoughby's—and must join in the course of a month or six weeks.—But," added I, scarce noticing poor Sophy's blank looks, and exclamations about yellow fever—"I must really see something more of your fair friend! how shall I manage it? Could not I offer to carry out the picture of the children, and letters to their parents! A capital thought. But then this would hardly entitle me to call more than once, just at the last, to get my dispatches—and at a school too—really, Sophy, these Protestant nunneries of yours are almost as difficult of access as foreign ones."

"But," said Sophy, after a moment's thought, "the picture is very

far from being finished; and the little creatures cannot come here to sit, for they are only recovering from the hooping-cough. Suppose I should advise Mrs Montolieu to go and stay a few days in Baker Street, where she is a great favourite, to finish her drawing comfortably? You might go there in the character of Willoughby's new Colonel, without much suspicion."

"Blessings on you for the thought, my dear Sophy!" exclaimed I; "for invention, one school girl is worth a score of field officers. Do get this accomplished—and I will put you down in my book for the best husband in my own regiment, or any ten in the service!" So saying, I gave her a hearty kiss, and ran off to the War-Office.

The move was dexterously and unsuspiciously effected. The widow's anxiety to send her Lucy a faithful portrait of her dear babes, nearly equalled mine to see more of the fair artist; and, under cover of a proper introduction to the amiable sister of Captain Willoughby, and her good honest fellow of a husband, I spent more than one whole day, and various precious mornings in Baker Street. At first, I was to the whole family only Frank's new Colonel, a very stupid, good sort of man, who talked little and ate less, and seemed famous for nothing but fondness for children and drawings.

The lovely widow exerted herself to bespeak my friendship and good-will for the absent objects of her affection—and I was half pleased, half mortified, to observe with what unsuspecting *bonhomie* she laid herself out to entertain me. It was chiefly of course by speaking of Lucy and her husband—and it was with a warmth and sincerity of devotion, which made me transfer to brothers and sisters-in-law my former envy and uncharitableness towards married men.

In about three weeks, during which I put to the full test the hospitality of my new friends, I began to perceive on my entrance, a slight suppressed smile on their good-humoured faces, and an increase of pensive gravity on that of their fair guest. The picture was quite finished—and I received unequivocal hints that it and the letters now only awaited my farewell visit. In a couple of days Alexina was to retire to her nunnery, and as she now studiously avoided our earlier *tête à tête*, I had no resource but to write her a letter, explaining the state of my heart, and urging the soldier's plea of necessity for my precipitation—and requesting to be permitted to receive my answer in person on the morrow. I cannot pretend to remember what was in the letter—I only know that the paper was not gilt, and the lines by no means particularly even.

On the following morning I sallied from my hotel, far earlier than decency warranted for paying a visit in Baker Street—so I determined to divert the intolerable suspense by transacting some business about Charing Cross. This occupied me so much longer than I expected, that I was flying in all the agonies of impatience along the Haymarket, when I ran against a young Lieutenant of my late regiment, a very fine lad, for whom I had always had a great fancy, and who, being equally partial to me, had, I knew, been moving heaven and earth to raise the needful, to purchase a step in the regiment I was now about to command.

"Percival, my dear fellow!" said I, "how goes it? I have not a moment to spare—urgent business, a thousand miles off, at the very west end of the town." I saw his countenance fall, poor lad, and could not help observing he looked pale and vexed. "Is anything the matter, Henry?" asked I, still in a great hurry.

"Oh, not much, Colonel," said he. "I see you are in haste—only—only—" and here he hesitated.

"Speak out, Harry: do; there's a good fellow."

"Only some little difficulty, then, about the money for my step. I fear I shall not be able to get out with you——"

"Oh! is that all?—Come to me to-morrow about it, and I will see what can be done."

"But," said the young man, modestly, "the money should have been lodged some days ago; and Greenwood says he can wait no longer."

I looked at the lad, and saw his whole soul was in the affair. I remembered a story about a pretty West Indian girl he had flirted with at Canterbury, and thinking my own suit would not prosper the less for lending him a lift, I performed one of the few actions I call heroic, and turning back with the best grace I could muster,

put my arm in his, and went into Drummond's.

While I was waiting to speak to one of the partners about an immediate advance of the needful to poor Harry, I saw a clerk twisting in every possible light, and trying to decipher one of those nondescript foreign letters, which are to well-grown, well-folded English ones, what mishapen dwarfs are to men. This one was as broad as it was long, and had its hump-back all covered with characters, which might have been Runic inscriptions, for any resemblance they bore to a Christian A, B, C. The man, seeing a curious idler lounging near him in a military surtout, handed it up to me, saying, "Perhaps, sir, you might be able, from your knowledge of foreign hands, to throw some light on this direction." There was an outer envelope, on which might be plainly enough read, in a cramped *chevaux de frise*-like French hand, this somewhat primitive address,—

à Monsieur Monsieur Drummond,
Banquier très rénommé, à Londres.

So far all was well; and the renowned banker being about as well known in London as Dr Boerhaave in the world, both letters had found their appointed destination. But within the envelope was a sealed billet, scribbled all over, as aforesaid, with characters which, from their dissimilarity to any European scrawl I had ever seen, I immediately set down for Tartar hieroglyphics from Russia, which mighty empire having pertinaciously retained a *style* of its own, chooses to have an alphabet also.

The *words* expressed by these hyperborean symbols, I began to perceive were French; and gathering erudition as I proceeded, like many a sage decipherer, I distinctly traced, "à son Excellence Mademoiselle;"—but beyond this rather anomalous union of titles, all was involved in the hopeless darkness that attends guessers at proper names. I had lately, however, seen some Russian coins, bought by a brother officer of a French soldier returned from Moscow, and the characters composing the word "Alexander" happened to be fresh in my memory. With this clew, I put together pot-hook after pot-hook, and found, with no small emotion, the result to be—Alexina! The name might be, nay, was, a common one in Russia, especially of late years,—yet I could not spell and put it together without feeling a revulsion in my whole frame, and as if it could belong but to one being in the world. How did I labour to apply my scanty stock of Russian lore to this unspeakably important surname which succeeded! but in vain! That it began with F was all I could satisfactorily ascertain; but the clerk and I between us, were enabled, by his naming over various eminent Russia merchants, to hazard a shrewd guess at the one to whose care the inner letter had been so mystically addressed.

This gentleman, the clerk told me, was no more, and had died deeply involved in circumstances exactly coinciding with Sophy's account of Alexina's guardian. The case now became terribly critical, and I was just about to suggest what I knew on the subject, when a partner came in, accompanied by a feeble tottering old man, with the air of one of those respectable, almost dignified-looking valets, or Maitre d'-Hotels, belonging to the old *regime*; his hair queued and powdered, and his dress scrupulously adhering to a fashion unknown in England for the last half century.

"Mr B——," said the banker, addressing himself to the clerk, "has anything been made out about that letter which came some weeks ago from abroad? This person is just arrived in England, and looks to us for a clew to discover a young lady, to whom, he says, his previous letter was addressed."

"Sir," said the clerk, in some confusion, "the letter was unfortunately laid aside till this morning, when, with the assistance of this gentleman, I have just succeeded in ascertaining the name of the house to whose care the billet is addressed. It is to be feared, however, that this will not greatly advance matters, as Mr Livingstone, you are aware, died some years ago, and his establishment is entirely broken up."

"That is very unlucky," said the banker to the clerk; while the old man, only gathering from the blank looks of both a result unfavourable to his hopes, cast up his eyes to Heaven, with an affecting mixture of sorrow and resignation. "My poor master!" ejaculated he, in French, and turned away to hide a tear.

"But, sir," said the clerk, "we have made out the young lady's christian name, and this gentleman seems to think——"

"And is the surname all that puzzles you?" asked Mr D. "Surely that can be at once supplied by this good old man."

The question was put in French, and promptly answered—"Fedoroff—only daughter of my master, Count Fedoroff, and an English lady, his late wife."

What a revolution did these few words make in my relative situation with Alexina! I felt as if all was for ever at an end between us—but, I hope, not the less disposed to forward the inquiries of a sorrowing parent, and restore her to his arms. I briefly, and, I am sure, very incoherently, stated what I knew of her history and residence; and while the transported old steward flew on the wings of duty and affection to cheer his master's heart with the tidings, I set off, summoning all the courage and disinterestedness I could muster, to prepare the mind of his daughter for so overwhelming a discovery—to build up—I feared, on the ruins of my own baseless fabric of happiness—the superstructure of hers.

This daughter, the long-lost and wept-for heiress of Count Fedoroff, to marry a moderately endowed English soldier! to go to the West Indies, or elsewhere, and, as the old song has it, "lie in a barrack!" Impossible!—Once I was selfish enough to wish the knot had been already tied—but I was soon myself again, and could rejoice that no answer had yet in any degree committed her, to unite her fate with mine—and, on the word of an honest man, by the time I knocked at the door in Baker Street, I felt only the delight of conferring happiness, where I had so fondly anticipated receiving it.

My air of conscious exultation when first ushered into the room, where sat Alexina with her friend, Mrs F——, must, I am sure, have appeared to the last degree coxcombical and absurd. It soon gave place to more selfish and bitter feelings, on beholding again, (and with no symptoms of severity on her lovely countenance,) the creature I was about tacitly to relinquish for life. Mrs F. rose to leave the room; and, though fearful the emotion I should excite might render her presence desirable, I could not, for the life of me, interfere to detain her.

"I fear, Mrs Montolieu," said I, in great agitation, "I am much later than you might justly have had reason to expect, but the business which detained me was of a nature——"

"Oh! no apology is necessary, Colonel Donovan," said she, with the unaffected modesty and gentleness which characterized her whole deportment. "I must have little confidence indeed in the flattering sentiments expressed in your letter of yesterday, to suppose you would voluntarily defer ascertaining mine. I can only assure you——"

"Assure me of nothing, my dear madam," interrupted I, "if you would have me keep my senses, and go through my duty as a man of honour should do. Forget that anything has passed between us—that I ever had the presumption to aspire to your hand."

I really believe this humble, long-depressed child of misfortune, thought me suddenly deranged, so like bitter mockery did my expressions appear.

"I am not mad, indeed," said I, reading her thoughts, "though I have had much to make me so this morning; but only the bewildered herald of a very astonishing, and, let me add, delightful discovery, relative to yourself—"

"To me!" she repeated with an accent of unbounded surprise—"I thought, till yesterday, nothing could occur to break the tenor of my monotonous existence."—Here a soft blush tinged her pale cheek—and it went to my very heart to see, that the sweet soul was mortified by my want of curiosity to know how she had felt yesterday, and was feeling to-day.

"Alexina!" said I, for the first time in my life feeling the brotherly right so to call her—"if I could avail myself of your unsuspecting innocence, I should be a villain. Yesterday you thought yourself, and I thought you, alone in the world; and on that supposition, what we might both have done is now as if it had never been. You are no longer—thanks be to a merciful Providence!—a friendless orphan. You have a father, the sole comfort of whose declining age is the vague, and, till this day, almost relinquished hope of folding you once more in his arms."

She grew very pale—trembled vio-

lently, but, to my infinite relief, did not faint quite away. There was water on the table beside her drawings—I sprinkled some of it on her face, and she soon revived; for the swoon of joy carries its own cordial with it.

When the pious effusions of a full heart to the Father of the fatherless, had given place to less sacred emotions, her first words were, "You will assist me in making up to this dear father, for our long, long separation, will you not?—But, perhaps," added she, more gravely—the pride of women taking alarm at my continued silence—"perhaps there is something in my father's character or circumstances, which may have produced a change in your intentions—If so—" and her blush was no longer one of conscious timidity.

"There is, indeed, everything in your father's situation to make me retract my rash proposal of yesterday! When it was made, I felt a lover's exquisite sympathy for beauty in misfortune; and a Briton's pride in placing competence at least within her reach. You are the daughter and heiress of a proud Russian noble; and Jack Donovan has only to say, 'God bless you both together!' and try to forget his short dream of happiness amid a life of duty and vicissitude."

"I, too, have duties, Colonel Donovan," answered she, her calm serenity not in the least impaired by the brilliant prospect I had set before her; "that, to my father, I trust I shall never forget; and oh! what delightful arrears of love I shall have to bestow on (I fear from your sad silence) my sole remaining parent! But circumstances, melancholy enough, God knows! have given me early independence; and I should deserve to be spurned by my new-found parent, could his rank or fortune for one moment make me forget your conduct when I had neither. Read that note, which, in distrust of my nerves for a personal interview, I wrote last night, to be delivered to you this morning. The sentiments it contains might have gathered added strength and energy from what I have now heard of our relative position; but I wish you to see them as they emanated from the unconscious fulness of a grateful heart. Take them as my unalterable answer. Were my father capable of sacrificing his child's honour and happiness to pride or ambition, I might tearfully request you to lend her to him for the remnant of a closing existence; but it would be to return, strengthened by filial duty, to other, and perhaps dearer ties. Donovan! I am yours irrevocably,—bear me witness, my vows are sealed before their confirmation can possibly expose me to the charge of disobedience!"

I had only time for incoherent expressions of admiration for this noble girl, and resolution to abide by her father's determination, when, as I had arranged with Nicolai the old steward, a carriage drove up to the door, out of which I saw him step first, and proffer his assistance to a fine noble-looking wreck of a man, who, enfeebled by infirmity and emotion, could scarcely ascend the staircase. I went to detain him a moment below, while I in two words explained the matter to Mrs F——, and to my sister Sophy, who, burning to know the result of my proposals, had invited herself to spend the day in Baker Street.

Their sudden acquaintance with these delightful tidings gave to both of them an appearance of such equal agitation with their fair friend's, that nothing short of parental instinct could have enabled him to distinguish her. When the fine old man entered, his white hair flowing on either side of his woe-worn countenance, all involuntarily rose. He seemed bewildered by the presence of so many females, and in danger of sinking under the scene. Sophy, who happened to be nearest the door, having made a hasty movement to save him from falling, he gazed for a moment steadfastly in her face, then shook his head, and, pushing her not ungently aside, made another step or two forward. It was to receive in his arms and heart, his own Alexina, whom, in the first transports of recognition, he called by the name of her long-lost English mother. We left the parent and child to their own unutterable emotions, and indemnified ourselves by sharing the transports of old Nicolai, who, after kissing with passionate devotion the hand of his master's daughter, withdrew, and gave us the details of their long separation and its cause.

They were much too long and complicated to be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that the capricious tyranny of Paul, and his wayward antipathy

to everything even remotely connected with England, involved Count Fedoroff in sudden and apparently hopeless disgrace,—and a banishment to Siberia; amid the first shock of which, the unfortunate mother, before accompanying her husband, embraced with avidity the opportunity afforded by the hurried flight of her countrymen from Petersburgh, to send her only child, a puny, tender infant, wholly unfit for the horror of a Siberian journey, to seek an asylum in England. An ample supply of money and jewels, sufficient to defray her education for years, accompanied the infant; but as the whole transaction (the affair of a few brief feverish moments of maternal alarm) was conducted by Madame Federoff after her husband's arrest, and while deprived of communication with him, the distressing circumstances of their reunion prevented his being immediately informed of the name of the merchant to whom his child was to be consigned—and before he roused himself to make the, alas! indispensable inquiry, his poor wife's reason had given way under the united evils of exile and bereavement. For years after his recall from banishment, did Count Federoff wander with his harmless and interesting maniac, in vain quest alike of restored intellect, and tidings of their child. Not the slightest clew or trace could ever be elicited from the poor Countess, till, on her death-bed, a few months ago, she had, in such a lucid interval as frequently precedes dissolution, distinctly pronounced, in the hearing of Nicolai, the name of Livingstone, connecting it, though incoherently, with that of Alexina.

The judicious old man, fearing to raise, on such slender ground, false hopes in his aged and grief-worn master, wrote, without communicating his intentions to any one, the mysterious billet which it was my fate to decipher; but after waiting for some time its result, in intolerable suspense, he heard with delight the poor Count resolve on a voyage to England, and felt renewed hope in the purpose of personal investigations.

Their result has been already mentioned, and it only remains for me to tell, in a few words, the brief sequel of my soldier's tale. Count Federoff had seen too much of the power of sorrow to rob the eye of meaning, and the cheek of bloom, to allow its worm to prey twice upon a daughter's heart. Had a peasant gained her affection in her days of friendless obscurity, I verily believe the chastened spirit of the good old man would have hailed him with grateful approbation. He was not, therefore, disposed to exclude from his heart, a soldier of ancient family and unblemished reputation. When I next saw Alexina's letter of acceptance, which, precious as it was, I had insisted on replacing, before her father's entrance, in her almost insensible hand, it bore, in addition to her dear signature, the trembling ratification of a parent.

What a contrast between Alexina's former nuptials, with their extorted consent, and half-reluctant celebration, their "cold marriage tables," and "funeral-baked meats," so strangely interwoven, and our blissful union some months after, surrounded by friends, purchased and endeared by years of dignified suffering!

There was the old Count, his frame invigorated, and his affections renovated—his faithful domestic reflecting his master's every feeling, and partaking his every joy. F. and his kind-hearted wife—my darling Sophy—and last, not least, Lucy and her husband—for, as the picture could no longer go to the West Indies, (at least under my auspices,) the mountain came to Mahomet. I managed Harry Percival's exchange into Willoughby's place, and while he was wooing and winning his West India flame, while "all Barbadoes bells did ring"—those of St George's, Hanover Square, rung out their merriest peal, in honour of Jack Donovan and his little Russian widow.

Count Fedoroff ended his life in Britain; and his daughter made, with the nearest male-heir, an arrangement, by which she exchanged slaves and snow at the Pole for cash and comfort in England.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R.A.,

Professor of Painting, and Keeper to the Royal Academy, &c. &c.

The late Mr Fuseli was one of those remarkable personages whom it is exceedingly difficult to estimate, according to the common rules by which we usually appreciate the more ordinary classes of human beings; for he was a man of unquestionable genius, abounding in the peculiarities incident to characters of this description, though in no respect partaking of those affected singularities, too often mistaken for the true criterion of genius, where that first of human qualities may be absolutely wanting. Genius, Taste, Talent, and Originality—all these he possessed in a most eminent degree, joined to a brilliancy of fancy, a rapid association of ideas, and a caustic, though somewhat playful, vein of wit, not often found united even in the most distinguished characters.

Mr Fuseli was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, of respectable parents, and of an ancient family. The exact period of his birth, there is reason to believe, has not been very clearly ascertained, as, like many other persons advanced in life, he always appeared to have some repugnance to disclosing his real age; and the probability is, that he was born some years prior to the period which has been hitherto supposed; so that it is not unlikely, that at the time of his death his years amounted to more than eighty-six, the number recently allotted him.

In speaking of this extraordinary man, it will probably be best, in the first instance, to consider him in his literary rather than in his professional capacity; not from any particular preference, but because his progress in literature greatly preceded his acquaintance with art, not being originally destined to painting, though he discovered some early marks of genius for that profession. He began his career in life as a literary character merely, and in that capacity was noted at the age of twenty among several continental nations, and was in such repute at that early period, even for his classical acquirements, as to be selected as tutor to a young nobleman, whom he afterwards accompanied to England,—an event that subsequently led to his embracing a profession, which, though it eventually greatly added to his reputation, at no time considerably benefited his pecuniary circumstances. But of this more hereafter.

It is a remarkable, though by no means a singular instance, eminent as he was at the early age already named for classical and general knowledge, yet, that in his more youthful days he felt incapable of acquiring languages, and perhaps other branches of learning, through the accustomed medium of school education. In fact, at that period of his life, he was ignorant of many things of which boys of ordinary talents are generally masters; and it was not till time had somewhat matured his understanding, and a strong sense of shame had impelled him to action, that he chalked out for himself a mode of study, suited to the peculiar construction of his mind, which lent him wings in the pursuit, and enabled him rapidly to outstrip his competitors, who, with inferior abilities, but with more methodical perseverance, had regarded him hitherto, not indeed in the light of one devoid of capacity, but as one whose apparently indolent habits, and fanciful speculations, would prove an insuperable bar to his advance and improvement. It appears, however, in the sequel, that in this expectation they were mistaken, though in far the larger proportion of instances such an experiment will turn out extremely dangerous, it being very easy and convenient for the weak and self-sufficient to affect contempt for the beaten roads to knowledge, and thus endeavour to shield themselves from the just charge of want of application, and of original capacity; but in these cases, the bubble, bursting sooner or later, must ultimately consign its senseless votaries to disappointment and merited oblivion. Indeed, it may be after all doubtful, whether Mr Fuseli, with all his talents and genius, really shortened his path to eminence by rejecting the established rules of education, which, though it may be the fashion to decry them as the fetters of genius, rarely prove so to any but to

men of no genius. The want of early and methodical study has not unfrequently been experienced and lamented by men of the most distinguished natural ability; and in one respect at least, forming too the principal occupation of his life, the subject of this memoir, as will be shown hereafter, had much cause to regret his original deficiency in mechanical practice and technical acquirement. How far similar deficiencies in *other* pursuits might have retarded his progress, would at this time be extremely difficult to determine, certain as it is that, by whatever process he obtained his knowledge, he ranked very high as a scholar, and as a man of general literature; and in his instance at least, we ought not perhaps to look too nicely into the means by which he arrived at distinction. His great natural capacity, joined to a memory, retentive almost beyond example, enabled him, whenever he fairly put his shoulder to the wheel, to overcome all obstacles that impeded his progress, with a rapidity and an ease which admit of few parallels. Strictly speaking, he was never an idle man. In early life even, he had picked up a vast store of desultory knowledge, and his great danger at that period arose from frittering away his force without attaching himself to any one important and determinate object. Necessity, and possibly the native vigour of his mind, remedied the evil before it became incurable, and it was then that he methodized, and arranged, and brought into full play that mass of undigested information, which he had before only casually, and by piecemeal, acquired. Among the various pursuits of his early life, he was particularly addicted to the study of that part of natural history which treats of the habits and instincts, and peculiar changes in existence, observable in the moth, the butterfly, and other insects of a similar class. The beautiful fictions and analogies which have been founded, in almost all ages, on the history of this curious and elegant part of the creation, seem to have taken early possession of his fanciful and contemplative mind, and never to have lost their hold on his imagination through the long range of a protracted and eventful life. In his later years even, he was fond of dwelling on subjects of this nature, and not unfrequently of introducing into his pictures various species of this description of insects, to denote the hour, or elucidate some other circumstance of his design. On these occasions, it was curious to observe the amazing facility with which he appeared to stamp them on his canvass, amusing the spectator in the course of his progress with an account of each species, its propensities and habits, and explaining the different fables and allegories which had sprung from its source.

The foregoing instance has been selected from among the number of his acquirements, chiefly because to those only superficially acquainted with his real disposition and character, it might probably appear one of the very last to which he was likely to have directed his attention; but it may be said of him with truth, that, speaking generally, scarcely any subject in art, literature, or science, escaped the extensive range of his intellect, and the profound research of his inquiry. His mind, indeed, seemed formed on that simple and rare construction, which enabled its possessor to draw at once from the very source of knowledge, and to seize, almost intuitively, the essential principles of nature. This quality of simplifying whatever appears to be intricate, and which forms the sure touchstone of real genius, assisted by his never-failing memory, gave him considerable advantage in conversation over most opponents. He seldom, in argument, allowed his attention to be diverted from the main road; and if at any time he permitted himself to be seduced into the labyrinth of less direct paths, his wit and ingenuity were commonly at hand to cover his retreat, and elude the anticipated triumph of his adversary. A curious instance of this description occurred at the house of Mr Johnson, where Fuseli was frequently in the habit of meeting, at dinner, a number of literary and other characters. On the occasion alluded to, from his first entrance he did not appear to be in one of his most amiable moods, and a good deal of sparring took place between him and several of the party, till at length he came in contact with a gentleman no less remarkable for the boldness of his philosophical speculations, than for the singular suavity and coolness with which he ad-

vocates his opinions. From the beginning of the argument Fuseli was decidedly in the wrong, and his antagonist was getting almost painfully the better of him, when, by ill luck, the philosopher, in the nervousness of the moment, happened to take up one of the table-spoons, which he kept thrusting backwards and forwards up the sleeve of his coat. Fuseli, who was hardly pressed, instantly taking advantage of the occurrence, exclaimed, "That is not your spoon, Mr ——, it is Mr Johnson's." The tone of voice, the look, the manner in which this short sentence was uttered, was quite irresistible. The whole party burst into an involuntary shout of laughter, good-humour was restored, and the argument banished for the remainder of the evening. It was by no means, however, a practice with Fuseli to abuse his great colloquial powers, by displaying them knowingly on the wrong side of the question. He was a formidable, but rarely an unfair opponent, and seldom employed his talent for ridicule, but when flippancy, or presumptuous ignorance, demanded castigation. Coxcombs, and pretenders of all sorts, he detested; and was equally averse from the impropriety and bad taste in which some individuals indulge, in making the most serious subjects the topics of ordinary and frivolous discourse, and the vehicle for calumny and impotent sarcasm. To these thoughtless delinquents he showed no mercy; and on one occasion, it is said, when chance had thrown him into company with a young man of the above description, though in many respects possessed of real genius, he handled him so roughly, and attacked his impertinence with such tremendous energy, as quickly to reduce him to a state of silence, and almost of annihilation. The lesson, however, which he received from his highly gifted antagonist, appears, from subsequent events, to have produced, unfortunately, no other effect than that of sharpening the asperities of a mortified and unforgiving spirit.

That Mr Fuseli was himself a man of impetuous passions, and of a warm and quick temper, no one intimately acquainted with his character can deny, or that they sometimes betrayed him into a species of childish petulance, which might have proved almost amusing, if regret for the weakness had not checked every feeling to mirthful propensity; but if, at times, he thus displayed the petulance of a child, he was likewise a child in the simplicity of his disposition, and in the kindly feelings of his nature. The light cloud blown over, his character again broke forth in all its original lustre, and dispersed every speck from the horizon. Setting aside this occasional infirmity of temper, few men possessed a warmer or more affectionate heart. Frank, generous, humane, and forgiving, it was impossible for those admitted to his intimacy to harbour resentment against him, while smarting under the lash of his satirical sallies; for when the mood had passed away, and he began to find himself in error, or to feel that he had gone farther than the occasion required, it was no unusual habit with him to apologize for his hastiness, and by some well-turned compliment, put his opponent in good-humour, and dissipate any unpleasant feeling that might otherwise have been excited. "Coom, coom," he would say, in his foreign accent, "what's the matter? give me your hand, and don't mind my nonsense." Such, however, was the fascination of his conversation, that, even had he been less amiable and candid, few probably would have foregone the intellectual treat, from the dread of incurring the penalty occasionally attached to the indulgence. One of the leading features of Mr Fuseli's discourse, and which distinguished it from that of most other men, was the inherent power it possessed, of infusing into the listener a portion of that energy and enthusiasm with which he was himself so richly endowed. No individual, probably, ever quitted his society, without feeling his mind expanded and enlightened by the influence of his example; and the writer of this memoir, in thus bearing testimony to the memory of departed eminence, deeply deplores the loss of advantages he can now no longer enjoy.

The classical acquirements of Mr Fuseli were generally believed to have been of no vulgar description; but the recorded opinion of Cowper, and the verbal sanction of Parr, in the absence of all other proof, would be alone sufficient to establish his great claims to this species of fame. Among his own literary productions, his Aphorisms, his Notes upon Pilkington, and his Lectures upon Painting, are most com-

monly known; but it is far from improbable, that Lavater, in his work on Physiognomy, was as considerably indebted to the assistance of his pen, as he certainly was to the efforts of his pencil. From hints which occasionally fell from him in conversation, it has also been conjectured, that he has left behind him some singular manuscripts, in particular a species of Dramatic Romance, many passages of which he was in the habit of quoting to his intimates, and from which he designed a series of his most remarkable compositions. He used to give out, that it was a Fragment written by some northern poet in the darker ages, of which he had fortunately obtained possession, and sometimes thought of publishing; but it was more than suspected by several of his nearest friends, that he was himself the author of the work. How far this supposition may have been correct, time will probably discover; his affairs being left to the disposal and care of two old and zealous friends, who will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them, of presenting the public with every genuine circumstance and document that can tend to enhance the fame and elucidate the character of this eminent and extraordinary man.

In the preceding observations, the attention of the reader has been directed chiefly to subjects unconnected with the object of Mr Fuseli's principal pursuit, but it is now time to consider him in his professional capacity.

From his earliest years, Mr Fuseli appears to have been endowed by nature with almost every quality necessary to the formation of a great and original artist. A vigorous and creative genius—a sportive and excursive fancy—a taste critically refined—and a quick perception of whatever constitutes the beautiful and the sublime, —all these rare ingredients were centred in this remarkable personage, and seemed to hold forth a promise of almost unrivalled eminence. To the above splendid intellectual qualifications, were united considerable accuracy of eye, a quick insight into the essential form of things, and a steady perseverance in any immediate object of his pursuit, which enabled him rapidly to surmount every difficulty that stood in the way of his advancement. With these unusual endowments combined in his favour, how then, it may be inquired, came he to fail, for fail in some degree, it must be conceded, he certainly did, in reaching that pinnacle of fame, which might so reasonably have been anticipated? The question, at first sight, appears to be rather of a startling nature, but, on due consideration, it is not so difficult of solution.

It has been already stated, that Mr Fuseli was originally educated for a literary character; and though the natural bent of his genius for art displayed itself at an early period of his life, he had nevertheless arrived at the age of *manhood* before he entertained the most distant notion of following painting professionally, and, like many other men, appeared wholly unconscious of possessing the hitherto dormant talent, which was one day destined to break forth and raise him to celebrity. At this critical period of his life, one of the rude designs which he occasionally sketched for his amusement, came accidentally under the inspection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was so strongly impressed by the vigour and originality of the conception, that, without knowing its author, he declared, that if one thousand per annum were offered him in exchange for the genius it evinced, he would unhesitatingly refuse it. This observation, coming from so distinguished and competent a quarter, being reported to Fuseli, first seriously suggested to him the idea of turning his attention to painting, and of following it professionally. The subject of the drawing alluded to above, is— "Œdipus solving the Sphinx's riddle"—now, in all probability, in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, it is reported, purchased the larger proportion of Fuseli's drawings soon after the decease of the latter. This extraordinary design, which discovers an almost entire ignorance of the mechanical rudiments of the art, is yet so forcibly conceived, and the story so strikingly and clearly told, as to have been seldom surpassed by the compositions of even first-rate masters; and the artist himself has frequently been heard to declare, that in these *essential* qualities of the profession, he had improved but little, in his subsequent works, upon this unstudied

and early effort of his imagination. Probably not long after he had been induced, by the circumstances just above narrated, to relax in his habitual pursuits, and to bend his whole force to the cultivation of painting, he visited Italy, where, during the space of eight years, he deeply contemplated, and almost made his own, the mighty remains of antiquity, and the splendid productions of more modern genius. The works of the illustrious Angelo, in particular, took a deep hold upon his ardent and congenial mind, and not duly considering the *means* by which that great man had acquired his celebrity, he adopted him at once implicitly as his guide, to the exclusion nearly of Nature herself. Without stopping to reflect on the long course of laborious study and patient investigation on which the object of his admiration had based his stupendous style of art, he strove to enter the Temple of Fame by a shorter road, and took at second-hand those materials and principles of art which he ought rather himself to have derived from their original and only sure source.

This fatal error in the commencement of his career arose as much from the impatient ardour of his disposition, as from his probable dislike and inability to undergo the tedious, though indispensable drudgery, of an academical education; in consequence, he never appears to have been able to delineate *accurately* any natural object placed before him; and even when copying from the human model, produced commonly some fanciful and general resemblance merely, which, though not devoid of ingenuity, possessed few pretensions to individual representation. Speaking generally, his knowledge of the osteology of the human body was considerable, but of the muscles, their insertions, and their endless variety of form and action, he knew very little, and that little he acquired chiefly from the study of the antique, and from the works of the old masters; but to Nature herself he rarely had recourse, or if by chance he employed a model, he used to complain that "it put him out"—a result very naturally to have been expected, from the erroneous line of study he had adopted. Unsupported by practical acquirement, he seems to have early taken a theoretical view of art, which, ultimately warping all his notions, veiled even the face of Nature herself from his gaze, and finally plunged him into the interminable labyrinth of mannerism. Commencing his pursuit where others had closed their career, he attempted to generalize his forms before he had made himself acquainted with their component parts, and was thus compelled to rely on his own transient and fanciful recollections, instead of having recourse to the truth and variety of Nature to enlarge and embellish the originality of his mind, and the natural fertility of his invention. In everything that related to the theoretic in painting, Mr Fuseli was unquestionably a genius of the first class. It was only in the practical part of the art that his deficiencies became apparent; and we ought not, perhaps, to be much surprised at his failure in these respects, when we consider the late period of life at which he entered the profession, and the difficulties of the undertaking in which he had engaged. Whether these difficulties, in his particular instance, were rendered insurmountable from any real defect in his imitative powers, or merely arose from the irksomeness he felt in acquiring the rudiments of the art, after attaining the age of maturity, it might be difficult to decide; but from whatever source the error originated, the result was unfortunately the same, and he himself appeared occasionally aware of his general inaptitude to copy with fidelity. It was probably from a conviction of this nature, that he very rarely attempted portrait, though far from despising the talent it requires; but he so well knew the bent of his genius, and was so conscious of his inability in that department of painting, that the warmest solicitations of his friends proved often abortive in prevailing on him to make the trial.

The following amusing anecdote, which he used himself to relate, and which is highly characteristic of the man, may not, perhaps, be improperly adduced in confirmation of the opinion above stated. A friend of his, calling upon him one morning, informed him that he had been, with great difficulty, persuaded to sit for his portrait; and being determined that no other hand but Fuseli's should execute the picture, requested that he

would fix a time for the first sitting. It was in vain that Fuseli assured him that he was "no portrait-painter"—that "it was not his turn"—that "he could not do it;" till, finding all he could say unavailing, and beginning to lose his patience, he at length hastily said, in his usual emphatic manner:—"If you wish to have a resemblance, and a pretty fashionable picture painted of you, you may go to L——; or if you want a good likeness, and a good picture, you may go to P——, or O——, or H——, or some of those people; but if you wish to be painted as you never were, are not, or ever will be, then *coom* to me!!" It is nevertheless singular, that however defective he might feel his own executive powers in these and many other respects, he possessed an eye critically nice in judging of the works of others. No error in drawing, in colour, or in composition, escaped his scrutinizing glance, or the pointed acuteness of his remark; but though a severe and admirable critic, he was far from being an ill-natured one; for if keenly alive to inaccuracies and faults, he was no less clear-sighted in discovering and praising whatever might be worthy of commendation. When asked for his advice and opinion upon a work in *progress*, he gave it fairly and honestly, generally with kindness, and always with a suavity and politeness which marked the gentleman, and man of real knowledge.

It is true, he could not at all times restrain the caustic sallies of his wit, when a favourable opportunity occurred of giving it play; and perhaps it may not prove uninteresting to the reader, to select at random one or two examples of the pointed, but ludicrous turn of his satire. Being asked one day by a gentleman what he thought of a Mr R——'s pictures, naming an artist of some notoriety, he replied, "My dear sir, we are told, from the very highest authority, that the mercies of God are infinite!" On another occasion, while conversing with an artist, who had just finished a picture from the subject of "Balaam and the ass," he remarked, "My dear * * * *, you are an ass at an angel, but you are an angel at an ass." The same artist, speaking somewhat severely of a picture exhibited by a youthful friend of Fuseli's, he retorted, "I think it is quite as good as sending Christ to Smithfield," alluding to a picture of the artist's of a little boy, sitting on a stone in a blue frock, with a lamb or two beside him, entitled the "Good Shepherd," and which certainly bore no small resemblance to a butcher's boy!—But to return. Though Mr Fuseli would at times thus animadvert on the works of other painters, he was at all times open to receive observations on the errors of his own productions, and, when pointed out to him with modesty and clearness, would readily admit a fault, and attend to the suggestions of much younger painters even than himself. It was not unamusing, on such occasions, to witness the native pride and impatience of his character, struggling, for a time, with his conviction of the truth. At first he appeared unwilling to comprehend your remarks, and would add, "I don't think you very well know what you mean yourself. I fancy it is pretty right, after all," &c. Then laying his brush down, and folding his arms, he would stand musing for a minute or two before his picture without speaking, when, again resuming the brush, he would begin, "Well, perhaps it might be better. Yes, half a line, or a line more;" and then, with an unmerciful stroke of his pencil, would effect a much more serious alteration than you had in the first instance ventured to suggest. Sometimes it so happened that he could not exactly accomplish the proposed improvement, when, hastily turning round, he would exclaim, "Well, since you see it so clearly, take the brush and do it yourself!" This, in the event of a failure, would have turned out rather a *perilous* command; but when the attempt was attended by success, it generally obtained a proportionate compliment on your correctness of eye and readiness of hand. His mode of painting was very remarkable. He rarely mixed a tint, and used some of his primary colours even in a powdered state, dipping his oil or varnish brush first into one parcel, and then into another, according to the colour he wanted, and, blending them all together on his canvass, seemed to depend upon chance alone for the result. In this manner he undoubtedly, now and then, produced very happy and brilliant effects, but more frequently so

tormented his colours, when the slightest difficulty took place, as to produce a dirtiness and heaviness, while his picture was in progress, which all subsequent scumblings and glazings proved insufficient to correct. This black and monotonous appearance, which too generally pervades his works, and particularly his latter ones, joined to the irregular proportions of his figures, and their great similarity in feature and attitude, may be regarded as the chief cause why his pictures never obtained that high degree of popularity, which the efforts of his great and original genius would have commanded, had he in earlier life acquired a more natural and intelligible mode of embodying and communicating his conceptions. His deficiencies in these and other respects are much less apparent in his sketches and his drawings than in his finished works. He *drew* with inconceivable rapidity and certainty; and being freed from the embarrassments of colour, and the necessity of minute detail, he stampt, as if by magic, on his paper, the wild visions of his imagination. Rarely taking his pencil off to amend the simple line it was describing, the composition seemed to spin from under his fingers, as if his hand, like the delineator, were merely a mechanical instrument, impelled by some correspondent movement, to retrace the images creating in his fancy.

Those who have never seen his drawings, nor beheld his rapid mode of producing them, can form very limited notions only of the readiness and the fertility of his invention. No species of subject seemed to come amiss to his pencil. It touched with equal felicity the sublime, the heroic, the beautiful, and the voluptuous, and charmed the beholder no less by its energy than by the simple means by which its purpose was accomplished. Speaking candidly, it may be fairly stated, that his *paintings* brought the spectator acquainted with some of his perfections, though at the same time with all his striking defects. His *drawings* introduced him to those excellencies *alone*, by which he obtained his celebrity, and by which he was distinguished from the more ordinary class of artists. The subjects most congenial to his natural genius and acquired powers, were furnished from the dark and mysterious stores of the Gothic Mythology—his wild and vivid imagination delighted to roam through the unearthly mazes of that sublime and fanciful superstition, and his pencil to embody the flitting and shadowy beings of super-human agency, by which it is so peculiarly characterised. It was when employed, upon subjects of this nature, that the genius of Fuseli blazed out with an originality and a lustre, which nearly defy imitation, and render all chance of rivalship hopeless. His witches, his ghosts, and his fairies, especially the two last, are the very agents described in the Fables and Histories of the darker ages; while his peculiar style, even in representing the human figure, joined to the terrible obscurity and unreal medium in which he frequently wrapped his objects, all contributed to render him eminently successful in a line of art, which, from its nature, dispensed with the necessity of observing rigid accuracy and truth in either form or colour.

In classical and historical composition, he was not so fortunate; the ideal and unsubstantial creations of his fancy being very ill calculated to represent that beauty and perfection of form, that individuality and variety of character, which, from our earliest years, we have been accustomed to associate with the mighty and revered names of antiquity. True it is, indeed, that in subjects of this species, as well as in many others, his conception was always vigorous, his invention fertile, and his mode of telling a story simple, and to the point. It was in his execution and his agents *alone* that he was found wanting. These defects, however, unhappily for his emolument and his fame, were the very last likely to obtain pardon in a country where the intellectual qualities of the art are very slenderly known and appreciated, and where encouragement is almost exclusively confined to the efforts of ingenious imitation, and to the pampering of individual vanity.

Under such circumstances, it was not probable, from the first, that Fuseli could ever become a general favourite, or receive the adequate reward of his great though unornamented genius. Like most artists who have followed the higher departments of the art in this country, he passed his life in comparative difficulties, and would

have left behind him little or nothing, but for the generous remembrance of a few friends and early admirers. To the public at large he was not greatly indebted through life; and on* one memorable occasion he was brought to the very verge of ruin, by the utter indifference and neglect with which the *liberal* and *enlightened* metropolis of Great Britain received one of the greatest efforts of art, considering all the circumstances under which it was executed, that has ever been accomplished by an unassisted individual. Fortunately for him, some of his friends did not desert him in the trying hour, and many of his brother artists, aware of the force of his genius, and of his profoundly critical knowledge, though by no means insensible to his defects, rallied round him on the occasion, and by their example endeavoured to infuse into the public some portion of that admiration to which they felt conscious his labours were so justly entitled. But the appeal was made in vain; though Fuseli was not without reaping some benefit from his spirited and magnificent undertaking. His great professional talents became in consequence more known to the general body of artists, and to the Royal Academicians, by whom, on the resignation of Barry, he was elected Professor of Painting, and subsequently, on the death of Mr Wilton, to the more lucrative office of Keeper. These two situations, with one short interruption in the former, he continued in possession of till the day of his decease, and their united salaries enabled him to pass the remainder of his life if not in affluence, at least in comfort.

From what has been already stated, it may readily be imagined that few, if any, of his contemporaries proved hardy enough to follow in his footsteps. Where the original had failed of encouragement, it would not be very reasonable to expect that the efforts of the imitator could be crowned with success; and it must be candidly perhaps acknowledged, that, independently of such considerations, the example of Fuseli's professional *practice* was one of the most dangerous that could well be selected; for the qualities by which *he* was distinguished placed him far beyond the reach of imitators, while the errors of his style might have been seized, and readily adopted, by those who were utterly insensible to the splendid genius that veiled his defects. Had he been much imitated in his time, his example would probably have produced many very indifferent artists, but no distinguished one; and the words he has employed, in speaking of Rembrandt, may fairly be applied to his own individual case—"If ever he had a master, he had no followers. England was not made to comprehend his power."

In thus somewhat reluctantly admitting the danger of his practical example, as it may regard the success of the youthful aspirant, it is by no means intended to convey the idea that, in other respects, he may not be safely relied on as a sure and faithful guide through all the difficulties of an arduous and laborious profession. His Lectures on Painting, and his Notes upon Pilkington, form an imperishable monument of the depth of his information, and of the subtlety and profundity of his critical powers; while the bold and adventurous spirit in which he dives to the first principles of his art—the sagacity he displays in selecting and arranging the essential qualities of its most eminent professors and schools; and the nervous and commonly correct language in which he conveys his luminous and vigorous ideas, all combine in raising him to a degree of distinction, as a teacher, in the various provinces of the profession, which has been rarely, if ever, reached by any instructor on the subject. His criticisms on individual pictures, and his remarks in general, may be studied with pleasure and advantage, even by the most accomplished artists; and indeed it may be considered that the main error of his discourses lies in their being better adapted to persons of such a description, than for that portion of his audience to which they were more immediately addressed. As the nature of the subjects treated of in these lectures precludes the probability of their often falling under the eye of the general reader, it may not be amiss, in some justification of the nearly unqualified praise with which they have been noticed, to select, from the third dis-

* The Milton Gallery.

course, the following powerful commentary on the great work of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. Speaking of this "*sublime* cycle," he adds,

"Let me fix your attention for a few moments on the power it displays in the single figures of the Prophets, those organs of embodied sentiment. Their expression and attitude, whilst it exhibits the unequivocal marks of inspired contemplation in all; and with equal variety, energy, and delicacy, stamps character on each; exhibits in the occupation of the present moment, the traces of the past, and hints of the future. Isaiah, the image of *Inspiration*, sublime and lofty, with an attitude expressive of the sacred trance in which meditation on the Messiah had immersed him, starts at the voice of an attendant genius, who seems to pronounce the words, "To us a child is born; to us a son is given." Daniel, the humbler image of eager *Diligence*, transcribes from a volume held by a stripling, with a gesture natural to those who, absorbed in the progress of their subject, are heedless of convenience. His posture shows that he had inspected the volume from which now he is turned, and shall return to it immediately. Zechariah personifies *Consideration*; he has read, and ponders on what he reads. *Inquiry* moves in the dignified activity of Joel. Hastening to open a sacred scroll, and to compare the Scriptures with each other, Ezekiel, the fervid feature of *Fancy*, the seer of resurrection, represented as on the field strewn with the bones of the dead, points downward and asks, 'Can these bones live?' The attendant angel, borne on the wind that agitates his locks and the prophet's vestments, with raised arm and finger, pronounces, 'They shall rise.' Last, Jeremiah, subdued by *Grief*, and exhausted by lamentation, sinks in silent woe over the ruins of Jerusalem."

It has been already mentioned, that Mr Fuseli occupied the Professor's chair, with a trifling interruption merely, from the period of his first election, till his decease. During that short interval, from causes it is unnecessary to detail, he was succeeded in the office by the late Mr Opie, a man of great original genius, sound intellect, and consummate judgment in his art. Unfortunately, it was the lot of this eminent artist to retain the situation he was so well qualified to adorn, for a brief period only, when death suddenly terminated his career. But it may not be uninteresting to give, in his own words, his recorded opinion of the merits of his distinguished predecessor. His first lecture, delivered at the Royal Academy in 1807, commences with the following passage:—

"Gentlemen,—If the difficulties of your Professor's task have always been at least equal to the honour of his situation, they must surely, at present, be allowed to preponderate considerably, by his having to come after one to whom all sources of knowledge were open; who, to a mass of well-digested materials, possessed by none but himself, joined an imagination capable of illustrating and enlivening the driest subject, and placing it in the most various and striking points of view; and the force of whose eloquence must have made an indelible impression on all who ever had the pleasure of hearing him."

In a subsequent part of the same lecture, Mr Opie, in adverting to the great work of Michael Angelo, again remarks—

"Of the magnificence of this plan, as you have lately heard it explained, with unparalleled ingenuity and inimitable eloquence, in a way, in short, that sets the commentator on a level with his author, I shall say nothing."

With these observations, derived from so distinguished and competent an authority, it may be as well to close the professional character of the subject of this memoir, and, in conclusion, to give a short sketch of those qualities which more immediately denoted the man.

To a genius and capacity of the first order, Mr Fuseli joined a steady perseverance in the objects of his pursuit, which appeared ill to accord with the ardour of his feelings, and the stormy passions of his soul. Quick in his temper, strong but not lasting in his resentments, warm in his friendship, amiable in his natural disposition, but occasionally harsh and petulant in his manner, he seemed to combine, in one individual, the most jarring and irreconcilable elements. His ambition, the "glorious fault" of great and ardent minds, was alone consistent and stationary, and formed the attractive centre to which all the subordinate features of his character undeviatingly pointed. In literature and in conversation, in friendship and in love, though far from being tinged with the mean and grovelling vice of envy, he could very ill brook a rival or a superior; and when forestalled

or foiled in obtaining the post of eminence, his proud spirit scorned to contend for a secondary station, but, retiring within itself, watched, with eagle eye, the golden opportunity of regaining its ascendency. It was not, however, in the mingled society of the world that his character always appeared in its most attractive point of view. To form a correct notion of his estimable qualities, it was necessary to be introduced to the simple and unostentatious scenes of his domestic retirement; where, emancipated from the ordinary restraints of life, his whole soul was poured forth with a reckless prodigality, that at once captivated the heart and enlightened the understanding. Those alone who have enjoyed his society on such occasions, can form a true estimate of the natural excellence of his disposition, and of the inexhaustible resources of his genius. In private life he was an affectionate husband, a kind relative, a considerate master, and a warm and steady friend. In his attachments, indeed, his feelings were almost painfully acute, as the following incident will fully testify:—An old friend of his, though a much younger man, having been induced, from some untoward events, to form the design of retiring to a remote part of the kingdom, accidentally calling upon him, and alluding to the circumstances of his situation, the idea instantly flashed across Fuseli's mind, that his friend had come to take a *final* leave. In the simple and almost infantile warmth of his affection, he caught hold of his hand, exclaiming, in a faltering voice, "You have come to bid me adieu? I shall never see you again? Oh, do not say it is the last time I shall see you—Give me your word of honour that it shall not be the last;" and as he locked his aged hand in his friend's, "the old man's tears ran down like rain." It was with great difficulty that he could be pacified, by assuring him of his mistake; and a change taking place in his friend's affairs, his intention of retiring was relinquished, and he was thus spared the pain of a parting, till death deprived him of his early and venerable friend.

Mr Fuseli was in stature below the middle size; his limbs were well proportioned, his joints firmly knit, and his whole frame so constructed as to promise a degree of longevity greatly exceeding the limits ordinarily allotted to human life. His countenance and features, though not regularly handsome, were grand and full of intellect; and his large and full grey eyes, in particular, expressed, with a flexibility and strength rarely to be met with, the ever-varying emotions of his soul. His constitution was naturally strong and excellent, few men having passed through life with a more uninterrupted enjoyment of health; and when he at length sunk into the arms of death, it arose from no specific malady, but from the simultaneous decay of all his bodily powers. His mental faculties continued unimpaired to the last, and he met his dissolution with that cheerfulness and fortitude, which in the trying hour commonly attend on the man of reflection and true piety.

GASTRONOMY.—UDE, JARRIN, MRS GLASSE.

Though we are not of that number who regard the principles of Cookery as more immediately influential on the happiness of man, than the rules of civil polity by which his property and freedom are protected, we are decidedly of this opinion, that a good dinner is preferable to a bad one. We have regaled ourselves on the eminent *chefs d'œuvres* of Very and Beauvilliers, of the Boulevards and the Palais Royal—we have enjoyed the striking peculiarities of the Fréres Provençaux, and the choicest performances of the Rocher de Cancale—we have eaten freely and profusely of the delicacies of the *piquant* M. Chevet, and his rival M. Corcelet, as prepared at the tables of the most renowned Amphitryons of Paris. In London, we have made our round among the numerous dispensaries of luxury, both civic and occidental. Our destiny has introduced us into the sumptuous refectories of the great—to the comfortable hospitality and generous cheer of the plain, old-fashioned, English gentleman. We have been occasionally driven to endure, at the *Restaurants* of Leicester Square, the coxcombry of callow travellers, all mawkish as they are with affectation of their new ac-

quirements in gastronomy; and we unblushingly confess our occasional enjoyment of a steak at Simpson's in the City, the last retreat of real unsophisticated simple Cookery. Long may the Genius of the place afford protection to the primitive and ancient art of our progenitors! It is there that, in our reverence for those good old culinary laws, we share the generous enthusiasm of Blackstone, and repeat with him the dying words of the illustrious Father Paul Sarpi—"Esto perpetua!" We declare, in spite of all the formidable bans and fulminations of the bigotted *gourmand* of foreign countries, that our enviable and much-envied island can put forth, in general, a *better* article *abstractly* than the continental kingdoms; and that, in a multitude of instances, the sovereign piquance of exotic cookery can be confronted, by the skilful in the art of British Epicurism, with works as glorious and triumphant, and of more distinct sapidity, than those which emanate from the magicians of the foreign Comus.

Before we enter heartily upon the subject of our intended observations, we shall not improperly dispose of the objections which hypocrisy and vulgar cant have raised against the entertainment of a gastronomic thesis; and our first remark will most effectually refute the only point of inculpation (if point at all there be worth controverting in reproaches of such simulated goodness) which is this: we fully comprehend, appreciate, and avow the wide irreconcilable distinction between Epicurism and the object of its sensual horror—Gluttony. That indispensable difference professed, it is in vain to clamour against the elegant discriminations of the learned palate, by reproaches levelled at the idolatry of belly-gods, and strengthened by allusion to Egyptian flesh-pots. Plain reason (Epicurean and sensual, it is true,) but still good, rational, and intelligible causes, pleasures, and effects, sustain the credit of the culinary dissertator, and place him, if his task be adequately done, amongst the most agreeable contributors to individual happiness; indeed, as a blessing to society at large. It is, therefore, worse than idle to revile so kind a benefactor to his species.

As if the luxury of modern times were inadmissible, unless allowed by the example of antiquity, it has been gravely urged, that the illustrious sages of those days condemned the growing cost of Greek and Roman entertainments. The tenets of a few philosophers must not be taken as the standard of a national autonomy; and we question if a thousand instances of antique frugality, however well attested, would inspire a modern, conversant with comfortable Cookery, to emulate their primitive and simple virtue. But notions widely distant from the truth prevail regarding ancient Epicurism. We shall, therefore, offer a remark or two regarding them.

The luxury of the philosophers of Athens and of Rome was generally the effect of chaste and intellectual refinement; and the gross debaucheries recorded of their sensual contemporaries are referable to anything but the examples or the doctrine of the *real* followers of Epicurus. A vast aspiring disposition was the character of ancient Rome. The strongest evidence of her triumphant luxury is found in the frequent repetition of her sumptuary decrees; a part of which regarded the quantity, and part the charges of consumption; viz. the Orchian, Fannian, and Didian laws, the last of which extends its penalties, not only to the hosts who gave, but to the guests who partook of, costly feasts. The law of Crassus recited, and attempted to enforce, the objects entertained by C. Fannius, restrained the daily consumption of dry and salted meat, but gave unbounded liberty of the use of fruits or vegetables of the native soil. Lepidus and Antius Restio legislated in the self-same spirit; the Julian law was similar in its designs; Macrobius and Agellius occasionally dwelt on the particulars of these edicts. The Athenian laws respecting entertainments were comparatively few; and considering the difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, of the execution of such inquisitorial, and therefore impolitic, enactments, the superiority of Attic wisdom is remarkable, if we contrast it with the legislative *mania* which prevailed at Rome, without producing any adequate result. That the sterner genius of some frugal minds was bent on the repression of luxurious expense is altogether undeniable: but the sequel of the legislative acts of Rome

displays the utter inutility of prohibition on the manners of a nation, borne by conquest, commerce, wealth, and knowledge, to their inseparable consequences, splendour, luxury, and sensual refinement. The purity of Greek and Roman sentiment survived by centuries the strength of stoical example; the precepts of a stern morality were honoured, if not obeyed, by the votaries of pleasure, from which it could only be inferred, that they esteemed the wisdom they did not exemplify; at the same time, let it be remembered, that while some rare instances of primitive austerity rebuked a degenerate submission to the lures of bodily indulgence, the philosophy of Epicurus taught a doctrine of refinement, unfortunately interpretable (or at least interpreted) into sanctions of unbounded sensuality. In ascertaining the real predilection of those intellectual beings, to whose precept or example we so reverently appeal, we must distinguish between the lavish prodigality of gluttonous excess, the parsimonious dogmas of austere philosophers, and the agreeable and easy lives of others equally illustrious, who found the zest of mortal pleasure in a bland felicitation of the senses, and the innocent and charming intercourse of mental excellence. The chief apostle of the depravation of that doctrine was one Catius, indignantly called *Sophist* by Quinctilian, Cicero, and Horace, because, by his perversion of the principles of Epicurus, he transformed that sage's exhortations to felicity into tenets of corporeal debauch—into the loathsome extremities of gluttony and drunkenness—excesses which to the Athenian mind of Epicurus, were abominations—both as he regarded their ignominious immorality, and beheld as a philosophic *gourmand*, their fatal influence on the continuous powers of enjoyment. The principles of Epicurus were likely to produce a Horace or Ofellus; those of Catius, a Vitellius or a Phagon. Epicurus was, in truth, a very well-bred gentleman, whose taste was founded on a vivid temperament and delicate perceptions; and if there were a species of the culinary art for which his predilection was decidedly expressed, it would appear from Diocles, that the reputed patron of all luxury especially approved a *cuisine* like the English, given to the savoury preparation of wholesome simplicity—of which anon.

The predications of Aristippus might indeed have been produced as sanctions of licentious pleasure. He was like some noted *gourmands* of the present day. There was something extraordinarily anticipative of futurity in the type of his worldly and sagacious mind. He was among the first of old philosophers, who, uttering the doctrines of corporeal indulgence, revealed, and blushed not to reveal, the "amor nummi;" for he openly received the compensations of his scholars.

Like the *lions* of our present day, his culinary taste and repartee had placed him at the tables of the great. He was esteemed by Denys, the Sicilian tyrant, for his skill in sauces and ragouts. The *chef* of that luxurious king received the protocol of dinner from the very hands of Aristippus, the piquance of whose wit was but the counterpart of his gastronomy; and had the famous Cyrenean lived in these our hospitable times, he would have formed the very perfect specimen designed by the incomparable Perigord, as the urbane and lively parasite adapted to the *salle* of an Amphitryon of Paris.

The joyous Anacreon, whose Ionian luxuriance still lives in all the freshness of immortal beauty—the voluptuous Alcibiades, the disciple of Socrates, the Olympic victor, one of the most patriotic and valiant of the Greeks, whose illustrious actions delighted Plutarch, and inspired with more than usual elegance the glowing Nepos—Aristippus, already mentioned, are names enough indeed to celebrate a system—but these lovers of delicious ease and rapturous abandonment anticipated, long ere the Avatar of Epicurus, the system of exuberant fruition, which has been unduly ascribed to his origination, and is with equal impropriety ascribed to his adoption.

When we find among the genuine disciples of Epicurus the philosophic Lucretius, the urbane and courteous Horace, the elegant and versatile Ovid, the amatory and pathetic triad, Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus—Mecænas, Bassus, Macer, Gallus, we must estimate, if not their morals, at least their manners, by their minds, and the well-known construction of

their social circle; we must reject an opinion, which would fix on them the stain of gluttonous enormity, and ascribe to their Epicurism the critical qualities of discernment, fastidious choice, and moderation.

"Ars coquinaria," says Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheym; "percommoda est, nec inhonesta, si modo discretionis limites non egrediatur." Our doctrine this to an iota. What the limits of discretion are, the wisdom of a polished age must ascertain. He proceeds to say, that, under that restriction, the chief and most abstemious men of olden times were not ashamed (non erubescerent) to treat on cookery, on sauce, and food. Among the Greeks, Cornelius enumerates Pantaleon, Mithecus, Epiricus, Zophon, Egesippus, Pazanius, Epenetus, Heraclides Syracusanus, Tyndaricus Sicyonius, Symonactides Chius, Glaucus Locrensis.—Cato, Varro, Columella, and Apicius, thought it not unworthy of the Roman name to offer observations on an art so intimately coupled "with the bosoms and the business of ordinary men;" and Platina, in the twilight of the 15th century, composed a dissertation on the science of the kitchen, which elicited the well-known happy epigram of Sannazarius. So far it is evident, that Epicurism, in the ancient times, was less the passion of a barbarous voracity, than the exquisite refinement of the progress of Gastronomy. This the reader of research will recognise in all the stages of its growth, from the rude grills of the heroic age, to that peculiar epoch of its excellence, when the voluptuous Apicius gave the world the scientific lucubrations, on which Humelbergius, Martin Lister, and contemporary commentators, have bestowed their learned labours. Seneca and Pliny have senselessly reviled this benefactor of his species. Hieronymus and Musonius have as idly echoed their reproaches.

The frugal discipline of Varro, and the sententious eloquence of Euripides, are cited by Aulus Gellius, in reprehension of the then prevailing fondness for exotic delicacy. No uncommon affectation among philosophers of old of that superiority of virtue, so esteemed among the heathen, the honourable triumph over self. Sages may indeed appeal to the autonomy of early times, and their reflections may support the argument, that human life is quite endurable, nay, happy, without the aid of luxuries, which are presently so highly prized. But let it be remembered here, that luxuries are ascertained by relative considerations. The luxuries of the most sumptuous Brahminical repast would be a *régime famélique* to those accustomed to the "epulæ opiparæ" of the Seftonian board; and the homely plenteousness of English yeomen would be delicate and scanty fare among the mighty Trenchermen who dwell on the Missouri, or Ohio.

The clamour of censorious frugality was heard throughout the grave society of Rome, and Seneca indignantly remarked, that in the same city, from which formerly philosophers, the corruptors of youth, were ordered to depart, Apicius was allowed to taint the very age by the profession of his luxurious science. Yet the wise and wealthy ate their suppers after the prescription of that culinary magnate; and while morality was read by all the rising generation, the luxurious fathers revelled in domestic and exotic delicacy. A Samian peacock, Phrygian land-rails, snipes, and woodcocks, Melian cranes, an Ambracian kid, the Chalcedonian tunny fish, Tartessian hippocras, the cod of Pessinus, Tarentum oysters, Chian crabs, or shell-fish, the Rhodian helops, Cilician char, Tatian nuts, Egyptian dates, and Spanish chesnuts, with a thousand other dainty excellencies, were highly prized by the *gourmands* of the immortal city. But while we are desirous of protecting Epicurism from illiberal aspersion, we willingly abandon gluttony to condign reproach. The monstrous brutalities of antiquity surpass the bounds of our belief; indeed, there are some instances of gross edacity on record, which (if we admit them) must go far to prove a wide organic difference between the ancient and the modern conformation of the human frame.

Athenæus tells us, there was a woman of Alexandria who could eat twelve pounds of solid meat, a still greater weight of bread; and who could drink above a gallon of wine. Julius Capitolinus states, that the Emperor Maximin *often*, in one day, drank off an Amphora, a measure somewhat larger than eight English gallons. The same emperor, he says, could demolish 40lbs.

of meat, a quantity which Cordus has increased to sixty.

Flavius Vopiscus, in his history of Aurelian, mentions the delight that emperor received from the buffoonery of mummers; and that one of them, a certain Phagon, on some occasion ate, in the imperial presence, a whole boar, 100 loaves, a wether sheep, and a young porker; that he drank in a proportionate enormity, and performed his potations "through a funnel applied to his mouth," "infundibulo ori apposito." Capitolinus, in his life of Clodius Albinus, says, that Cordus charges *him* with gluttony, (a subject, by the way, which it appears that author much affected.) The quantity of fruits that emperor is said to have devoured, exceeds belief. He was wont to eat, when hungry, five hundred figs of the delicious species which the Greeks called *Callistruthian*, one hundred Campanian peaches, ten Ostian melons, and twenty pounds of Lavicanian grapes; to which he would occasionally add, a hundred beccaficos, and 400 oysters, a performance which would puzzle the heroic enterprise that glows in Arlington street, or Whitehall place. Old Ugaccio Fagiolano boasted at table, when in exile at Verona, that, as a young man, he had often eaten, at one supper, four fatted capons, and as many partridges, the roast hind-quarters of a kid, and a stuffed breast of veal, independently of a variety of salted meats, &c. There was one in the days of Maximilian Cæsar, who devoured, at one time, a whole calf and a whole sheep, *uncooked;* and Suidergillius, Duke of Lithuania, was accustomed to spend six hours at his supper, which seldom was composed of less than 130 dishes.

It behoves us now to observe, that, regarding the productions of M. Ude and M. Jarrin (of whom anon) as literary efforts, they immeasurably transcend the homeliness of our respected countrywoman, Mrs Glasse, whose humility of diction shrinks into minute dimensions before the copious grandiloquence which M. Ude and M. Jarrin have brought to the discussion of their respective themes. We are assured by M. Ude, that "the present author would not have increased the existing mass of works on *his science*, had it not appeared to him that no preceding one resembled his own in design; and that even the subjects, to which former writers have directed their attention, have not, in their hands, been treated with anything of the *tact*, which, in *cookery, perhaps more than in any other art*, is requisite."

"It is the intent of this work to convey," says the preface of M. Ude, "by rules deduced from a combination of theoretical science, and practical experience, a knowledge of the science of French cookery;" "there are cooks and cooks, as there are painters and painters," says M. Ude, in the warmth of his professional enthusiasm, "but the difficulty lies in finding the perfect one." He complains, in no ordinary strain, of the parsimony, by which the aspiring genius of cookery is circumscribed, and sensibly laments that misapplied frugality has destined to the shade of vulgar operations talents, which, if fostered by the beams of liberal profusion, would have glorified their possessors among the living testimonies of their grandeur. There is in M. Ude an apostolic earnestness, which sensibly enforces his expressed conviction; a zeal of more than ordinary fervour, which attests the depth of his individual eviction, and extensively affects the solicited comprehension of his reader. It is gravely advanced by our culinary Coryphæus, that the honours of the *cuisine*, unlike the glories of Parnassus, of the bar, of the senate, or the field—the chisel or the pencil—are attainable by slow gradations, by the tardy dispensations of vigilance and labour, of unremitting scrutiny, of exercised discrimination, and authenticated experiment. The gladsome season of juvenility may embrace in its phenomena a Wellington, a Byron, a Pitt; Harlowes and Wilkies may arise at once inspired and competent; a youthful Lough may emulate the grandeur of Canova; but the noblest niche in the temple of culinary fame must be approached by elemental Tyronism, by rudimental study, by elaborate research, by chemical proficiency, and elongated experience; by fellowship with artists of well-earned celebrity, and the superadded, the *indispensable* circumstance, of a *genius* peculiarly apposite. M. Ude diffuses an expressive dignity over aught connected with his unique vocation. He has made his disquisition on the art of cookery the vehicle for moral aphorisms, and has

occasionally edified the mind in his approaches to the felicitation of the stomach; he has denuded the culinary genius of its servile garb, and clothed it in the guise of a commanding science; he has substituted terms of elegance and technicality, for those of sordid common-place appellatives, and has reformed a diction inveterately vulgar, by the exemplary application of a style replete with comity and point. "Cookery," saith Professor Ude, "is an art which requires much time, *intelligence*, and activity, to be acquired in its perfection. Every man is not born with the *qualifications* necessary to constitute a good cook * * * * music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, possess professors under 20 years of age, whereas, in the first line of cookery, *preeminence* never occurs under 30; we see daily, at concerts and academies, young men and women who display the greatest abilities; but in *our* line, nothing but *the most consummate* experience can elevate a man to the rank of chief professor!!"

"What science demands more study than cookery?" inquires Professor Ude; yet difficult as is, in his opinion, the attainment of perfection in his art, he points, in the spirit of unconquerable hope, to the garlands of renown that blossom in the hand of time; and mentions, in no inapposite strain, the *confidence* which cleanliness, sobriety, activity, and intelligence engender, and which, as is evident from M. Ude's pretensions, so essentially resides in the culinary bosom. M. Ude is fruitful, when incidentally allowed to be so, in moral predication. If he values the honours of his vocation, he utters a reproof to pride—"Be not so inconsiderately proud of it, as to treat any one with disdain—a practice too common among *persons in place*." In the self-same tone of moderation, he continues to enforce the doctrines of fidelity and precision; to advert to the occasional anticipation of the Amphitryon's wishes; to the seasonable supplement to his imperfect memory—in short, to detail the various qualities which constitute, in that assemblage, the "ipsus peritissimus culinæ"—the hero of the Home department. Nor is M. Ude beyond the influence of politics; axioms of popular liberalism, apparently derived from his abode in the whig kitchen of Lord Sefton, inspire the gastronomic minister with all the wantonness of innovation. He breathes the very sentiment of stipendiary journalists, with the facility and impudence, though with twenty times told the sincerity, of whiggery. "Were you even the best cook in the world," says M. Ude, "if you are obstinate in pursuing your old routine, without seeking to please those who employ you, you will merely *exist*, without acquiring either consideration, reputation, or fortune." Nothing can more sensibly impress the recollection of a gastronome, or of him who would become such, than the electric fire with which our well-beloved Eustache emits a golden maxim—"On a good first broth, and good sauce, you must depend for good cookery." A sterling fact, which pops from the didactic artist, in the middle of a dissertation on the merits of culinary neatness. Again —"He who likes not cookery himself never can be a good cook.—Sauces are the soul of cookery." M. Ude can illustrate, as well as he can edify—"Seasoning is in cookery what chords are in music; the best instrument in the hands of the best professor, without its being in tune, is insipid." Nor has our Apician artist failed to recognise, in the results of his vocation, the infinite variety of pleasure and advantage which he deems decidedly ascribable to generous reflection. He unites, with the foresight of a physiologist, the joyous anticipations of a voluptuary, and gladdens on the contemplation of enjoyments, which disarm the rancour of animosity, and conduce to the dominion of pleasurable repose. In language and in sentiment completely Teian, M. Ude observes, that cookery anticipates the wishes of "amiable ladies and gentlemen;" that by it "their wants are satisfied, their minds and bodies are invigorated, and themselves qualified for the high delights of *love*, music, poetry, dancing, and *other pleasures*." Assertions founded, doubtless, on the evidence of M. Ude's experiments upon the gastric regions of Lord Sefton and Lord Holland, and that festive senator, Sir George ——, who vowed, in his august capacity, his preference of duty to his dinner, and thereby added one more glory to the name of Whig and Warrender!

Thus far we have travelled with

our worthy and respected Louis Eustache Ude, through the elegant diversity of his exuberant opinions; we have no wish to ascribe to him the vanity of borrowed plumes, and therefore shall not intimate our recognition of the classic taste and genuine enthusiasm, which appear to us, both in the diction and the passion of his observations, to flow from a patrician pen incomparably qualified for epulary themes. Barring M. Ude's pretensions to economy, which we consider a *chef d'œuvre* in the *art* of *hoaxing*, there is much to be admired in his preliminary matter; especially his sensible remarks on moderation, that portion of his work which is invariably, deplorably, and ignorantly dishonoured by certain of his great Mecænases. The doctrine of forbearance is elaborated in the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and taught (if not exemplified) by the esteemed physicians of all nations—by Celsus, Actuarius, and Avicenna—from Galen down to Abernethy; upheld by the illustrious instances collated by Valerius, in his chapter on Frugality and Innocence, and in that on Abstinence and Chastity. These might have swollen the *corpus physicum et morale* of Professor Ude; but that transcendent cook, "permagnus, gulæ titillationis artis perstudiosus nec non peritus," at once practitioner and theorist, relies on the severe experience of the stomach and the palate for the castigation of excess, and the maintenance of a strict *régime*, as the only guarantee of long and *piquant* pleasure.

The Avatar of Confectionary was reserved for Mr Jarrin, an artist teeming with the boldness of Italian projects, and the happiest powers of execution; who has found the means of incorporating, with the hitherto restricted duties of the *patisseur*, the noble works of painting, poesy, and architecture; in short, of enlisting in the service of his art, all that is magnificent or beauteous in ingenious allegory, in the history of heroes, in the triumphs or the woes of love, and all that is alluring in the expanded richness of external nature.

Nor does M. Jarrin yield to M. Ude in his estimation of his important calling; the incipient paragraph of M. Jarrin's preface, ascribes the excellence of his confectionery skill, to "the aid of modern chemistry" and "the events of the French Revolution;" an agreeable result to which we little thought so sanguinary and momentous an affliction could have possibly conduced. Yet so it is, and it will doubtless gratify the intellectual pride of curious speculation to learn from an Italian *patisseur*, that the "arcana dulcia" of confectionery are referable to eras hitherto beheld with indignation and abhorrence, but of which the evil and the good, as in the present instance, are philosophically shown in perfect equiponderance. "Recent publications being totally silent on matters of the first importance," M. Jarrin was induced to supply their deficiencies by the perfect performance, which we verily believe he has presented to the world; for notwithstanding our appreciation of the work of M. Ude, our candour compels us to pronounce that of M. Jarrin to be one of more originality, and in every other point of view, decidedly of equal excellence. Were we willing to dissert on the literary merits of "The Italian Confectioner," we have ample instances at our command of the enthusiasm and rhetoric in which that work abounds; to specify a few, let us first advert to the construction of an *assiette montée*, in which one solitary task, the artist is expected to disclose the skill of Michael Angelo, and of Vitruvius. What spacious notions of the *patisseur's* acquirements and fertility are presented in the general observations on *Biscuits*; of which "the goodness as well as elegance must depend on the skill, taste, and ingenuity of the artist, who will never be at a loss to invent new forms and combinations." M. Jarrin, on the decoration of the table, deserves to be perused by those who wish to learn that ornamental art, and by those who are affected by the kindest sympathies of nature. It is a page devoted to art, to rapture, friendship, and ploration. It expands into the honourable eulogy of rival masters, and consecrates the fame of Messieurs Monprive, Leccelan and Cocard, who, in the opinion of M. Jarrin, have executed decorations for the table which will never be surpassed. But the genius of our author here, when he alludes to the desuetude of such embellishments in England, repines in language fraught with all the pathos of poetic valediction—"Farewell, then, fine

groups of allegorical subjects, trophies, country sports, landscapes, and mythological emblems!" exclaims he with a parting sigh, as deep and doleful as the fond lament of Hercules for Hylas. Again, who would suspect, on reading the subsequent citation, that it was classed, with other observations, under the article of "Gum Paste?" "To make Gum Paste properly, great care and dexterity, much patience, some knowledge of mythology, of history, and of the arts of modelling and design, are requisite; qualifications seldom possessed by the mere pastry-cook." In short, the vocation of M. Jarrin, as considered by that eminent Confectioner, is one which stands in need of various qualities; to wit, in the completion of a Piece Montée,—"taste, design, foresight, neatness and activity, are all necessary to the perfection of the same."

M. Jarrin is in fact the very prince of *compotes, caramel,* and *comfits,* unrivalled in his doctrine of gum paste, and an invaluable guide on ices, biscuits, cakes, creams, drops and jellies; the abundance of his lore appears in his remarks on sugar generally, and on the especial points of paste in its varieties; on marmalades, and ratafias, syrups, prawlings, macaroons and wafers, spirits and preserves; and though it were, of course, impossible to notice every individual masterpiece in so large a catalogue of exquisite prescriptions, we shall notice two or three, which seem to us of very high desert indeed among the merits of even M. Jarrin himself. Among the compotes, we should specify the "masked" as undeniable. The escubac and badiane, are faultless, nay sublime; a coup of either would console the most unhappy dupe of joint-stock companies. The apple-water ice, as ordered by our great instructor is incomparable; of his jellies, that of Venus and the Macedoine are deeds of pure perfection. To read his general instructions on the mixture of water ices, would regale you in the zenith of the dog-days; and the student of his explicit manual, will soon attain the mystery of preparing in its glory that luxurious refrigerant, whereof, however, we should recommend him to be frugal, invariably to use it with the Sieur Jarrin's Neapolitan biscuits, and if liable to spasm, to conclude with one protecting *coup* of his unparalleled Vespitro.

We have already alluded to the doric simplicity of Mrs Glasse, and fondly as we witness the flourish of exotic phraseology, and classic metaphor employed by M. Ude and M. Jarrin, on their respective *sciences,* we certainly conceive the unambitious diction of our fair *compatriote* more adapted to the purposes, for which a book of cookery is given to the world, to wit, for the illumination of our cooks, on points of culinary difficulty. We here most conscientiously commend the plain expression of our worthy matron, and conceive that she has acted well and wisely, in postponing to the paramount desert of being thoroughly intelligible, the less important work of dressing her didactic verities, in the glowing garb of eloquence and fancy.

"If I have not wrote" saith Mrs Glasse, "in the high polite style, I hope I shall be forgiven; for my intention is to instruct the lower sort, and therefore must treat them in their own way. For example, when I bid them lard a fowl, if I should bid them lard with large *lardoons,* they would not know what I meant; but when I say they must lard with little pieces of bacon, they know what I mean; so in many other things in cookery, the great cooks have such a high way of expressing themselves, that the poor girls are at a loss to know what they mean."

But Mrs Glasse possesses a peculiar merit, the merit of economy in all her various prescriptions; an economy expressly proved by a comparison of the ingredients of her own receipts, and those employed by the ministers of Comus, in the French *cuisine.* To say the truth, our worthy matron savours very highly of the national abhorrence, with which the patriotism of our happy island was of old too liberally tinctured, and if Mrs Glasse is, in the phrase of her professional direction, very clear and simple, she is certainly as plump and candid in her execration of exotic humbug. "If gentlemen will have French cooks, they must pay for French tricks. A Frenchman in his own country, will dress a fine dinner of twenty dishes, and all genteel and pretty, for the expense he will put an English lord to for dressing one dish. But then there

is the little petty profit. I have heard of a cook that used six pounds of butter to fry twelve eggs, when everybody knows, (that understands cooking,) that half a pound is full enough or more then need be used; but then it would not be *French*. So much is the blind folly of this age, that they would rather be imposed on by a French booby, than give encouragement to a good English cook!" Mrs Glasse is by no means anxious to propitiate the favour of French cooks, but somewhat coldly proposes to her attainment the approbation of her own fair sex. She reluctantly consents to give a Dutch or French denomination to any dish of indigenous production, but adds, with philosophic dryness, that names cannot affect the goodness or economy of cookery. We must also notice Mrs Glasse's "meddling in the physical way," as she has given two receipts, one for the bite of a mad dog, and one decidedly of equal value, a remedy for what (considering the homeliness of Mrs Glasse's objects) we suppose she means as a *domestic "plague."* We venture to assert, that if her prescription on this point be efficacious, we shall win the gratitude of many by this our late redemption of such a sovereign and comfortable nostrum.

Having adverted at some length to the performances of M. Ude, of M. Jarrin, and of Mrs Glasse, having regaled our eyes, and tantalized our *penchant* by the perusal of M. Ude's five admirable dinners, given as specimens of his purveyance, at the opening of his book, and having, with equal satisfaction, looked into the bill of fare of Mrs Glasse, according to the calendar, we say most decidedly, if we possessed the option of our table, we would dine with Mrs Glasse. M. Ude puts forth on one or two occasions a *chef d'œuvre* far beyond the reach of our esteemed compatriote; but in the general arrangement of that worthy matron, there is *more* to the approval of our palate, than in the multifarious refinements of the illustrious M. Ude. In Mrs Glasse, there is quite sufficient merged in the glory of professional disguise, and not one solitary dish of palpable identity in all her catalogue of eatables, but bears the most authenticated honour of old and popular respect. That there are many palates of a *gout travaillé* which dissent from us, we do not doubt, but of one thing we are certain from our own observation, that many, though distinctly of our own prepossession, would blush to acknowledge so trite a predilection, and would coxcombically vote, at the dictation of fashion, in absolute opposition to the workings of inherent preference. "England," said the facetious Frenchman, "is a country with one sauce, and a hundred different religions." Let us admit the different religions, but deny the restrictions on our sauce. It is the peculiar fitness of his condiments which enables the English *bon vivant* to regale himself with one good dish of wholesome breed and education; while the absence of those indispensable qualities compels the artizans of Paris (and of France in general) to supply that gratification, by a profuse diversity, which the fastidious and *judicious John Bull* enjoys in *one* incomparable solid, duly linked with its ordained appendages.

That the paucity of our sauces is not so deplorable as the raillery of the French would have it seem, let the curious in gastronomy refer to the explicit pages of our amiable Mrs Glasse; let them critically scrutinize the constituents of every condiment commended by that judicious lady; let them, afterwards, apply to them the sovereign test, their effect and acquiescence when taken with their *primum mobile*, and let them then declare, if aught can possibly transcend the principles of Mrs Glasse, as she applies them to the *gusto* of the English gourmand.

In the simple articles of fish and game, and in the culinary preparation of those articles, the English table stands immeasurably above the French. The same may be affirmed of all plain joints; especially of roasted joints. The soups of England are fairly on a *par* with those of France, and in three especial instances most signally superior, to wit, green pea and turtle; and, though disparaged by so humble an appellative, our *mutton broth*, that exquisite, assuaging, nutrimental luxury, the essence of flesh, herb, and vegetable, which is as grateful to the palate of the epicure, as salutary to the system of the invalid or convalescent. Let us here assert, too, our pretensions generally to the merit of our hashes; beef and mutton, and calves'

head. Yes, let the expatriated coxcomb, whom his travels and his affectation have disqualified for liking of a domestic excellence, indulge his sneer; but if properly and scientifically managed, nothing in the wide and *piquant* range of gastronomic curiosity, excels those exquisite and antiquated productions of the English kitchen. But, admitting that the vast advantages which we have just enumerated, are not sufficient to equalise the English table with that of our gormandizing neighbours; let us turn to the illustrious chapter 5th of Mrs Glasse, there view her collops and her stews, her fricandeaus, and fricassees, her hashes and ragouts, her epigrams and broils, her metamorphosed joints, her *simulated* animals, her very trespasses on Gallic Cookery; (as early too as 1796, for such is the date of our edition;) let us scrutinize these glorious varieties, and we shall find in them sufficient merit to expiate the offences she commits against some few points of Orthodoxy; in particular, against the principles of pellaws, kebots, &c. which certainly, if made according to our matron's *recipe*, might stir the indignant *manes* of Quin or Matthew Day, from their repose.

It will still be borne in mind, when we uphold the sterling merits of the English kitchen, that we invariably suppose the highest possible degree of skill in the arrangement of our repast; that we omit no solitary supplement (however small) which can contribute to such cunning combinations as result in saporous felicity. Ask the most miserably ignorant slattern of all London, if she can cook a steak; she tells you, "Yes," contemns your admonitions, and brings you up at last a strip of flesh, on one side black, and bloody on the other, that seems as it were torn from the unhappy flanks of a roasting victim of the Ashantees; nay, in how many instances throughout all London, does one meet with what is truly, verily, and worthily a good rump steak? Not ten.—How many requisite considerations should precede the hope of such a piece of simple excellence? The age, the country, and the pasture of your beef; an accurate certificate of its slaughter; the peculiar cut of the rump; (at least the fifth from the commencement;) the nature of your fire, the construction and the elevation of your gridiron; the choice of your shalot; the masterly precision of your oyster sauce, (if such a thing you use,) in which the essence of the simmered, but completely penetrated, fish is thoroughly transfused throughout the well-proportioned liquid that involves it. Let no unholy hand profane with pepper—and better were it too, if salt were also interdicted from—your broiling steak. It is to be a work of doric plainness and propriety; the gourmand of experience has at command "appliances and means to boot," that might make it "dinner for a King!" Quot homines, tot sententiæ. Where is your Quin, your Hervey, Burgess and Mogol? Where your walnut-ketchup? Lambert's only is legitimate. What! dost thou not warm each, before committed to the pure, hot, effluent gravy of your steak? which, once congealed, assails the palate with a fatal apathy, and nullifies the palatic susceptibility. Let the ambitious cook attempt to give perfection to his steak by the appurtenance of *wafers*, thin as the ranks of patriots, and crisp as courtiers' oaths. Although the inexperienced *gourmand* should recoil, when he is told the miracle of pleasure must be found in the necromantic application of downright assafœtida.

Here is indeed an article, which many cooks would fear to class among their list of esculents; but which, when governed by the genius of a *chef*, becomes a very mighty agent in the principle of savour. It is, in fact, the grand distinction of the Gastronome of modern times, to bring within the scope of human purposes, by the exertion of his skill, such viands as in the darkness of his art were utterly rejected by the gustation of unlearned purveyors.

The fundamental rules of culinary practice are indeed attainable and easily applied; but the high perfections of the art are only to be won by those who spurn the vulgar order of prescription, inspired by a sublime audacity. The *chef* whose mind confines its operations within the pale of actual discovery, who, daunted by the perils of transgression, fears to urge his triumph beyond the limits of accredited experiment, may doubtlessly avoid the mortifying failures of ambition; but he never can expect to shine as the immortal author of those

gastronomic works, which, replete with excellence and innocence, surpass the fascinations of the cup of Circe. His intimate acquaintance with the quality of herbs, the delicacy of his sensual perceptions, the happy accuracy of his fastidious palate, give the true gastronomist a sway as potent over the ingredients of his art as Oberon maintains among the world of spirits. His greatest works, effected by such faithful agents, result from acts, quick as "the motion of swift thought." Herein appears the grandeur of the culinary sorcerer, the subtlety of his transcendent powers, the magic of his mystery; the very glory of his practice shines in the minuteness of his ministration—in the facility and certainty with which, with trivial means, his amplest consummations are achieved. A shred of tarragon—of onion—a modicum of garlic—the slight infusion of some mystic condiment, communicates incomparable *haut gout* to a previously insipid mass; the contributions of a master's hand, like the electric touches of a Wilkie or a Sharpe, infuse an instant animation to objects of vapidity and dulness; or, like the spark that fires the train of gunpowder, the astute addition of the *chef* incessantly explodes into a general diffusion of vivid *gusto*.

In illustrating our doctrine of the *friandise* of things prepared in the perfection of simplicity, we might multiply our instances to infinite variety; but we shall confine ourselves to the production of one other case, in which it will be requisite to manifest no ordinary cast of prescience and election. Let the insensible barbarian's recipe be first received; the recipe of that indifferent being, who would eat his shoulder of mutton merely as a dog, because his hunger needed meat—mere meat. Be your sheep from Leicestershire or Lincoln—the Scotch black-faced, or Sussex Down—be it baked, or be it roasted, *c'est égal!*—If roasted, with the fat all purged away, and leaving nothing but the parched and bubbling skin that once contained it, taken down, some foul destroyer of the noblest gift of nature spreads a copious handful of salt upon the hissing joint, and having superadded some hot water, (*proh pudor!*) sends you up, what commonly is called some gravy, with your meat; a hideous pool of grease, and salt, and water; the joint all sodden, and your dinner damned!!

That sometimes is your mutton. See what now it *should* be. Look on this counterfeit presentment of two brothers! The sheep shall, in the first place, have enjoyed the pastures of the sweet South Down of England, or the Border Cheviot hills. He shall have received his fate like Socrates, when cool, and in the evening—not in the fever of his blood, but when prepared to die. "Let it be roasted," saith the oracular *gourmand*, with as imperious and inexorable a decree as the Median or Persian fiat. Till within an half hour of the culinary consummation, let a paste of a consistence exquisitely scientific shield the pinguid glories of the joint from the invading flame; when, having reached the semi-horal point, denude the affluent treasure to the glowing element. Let no outrageous hand attempt one solitary supplement to your incomparable joint; let no fantastic cook attempt to deluge your receiving dish with sauce; let a separate vessel, the "*lanx profunda*," receive the great appendage of your onion *purée*, being nought but that *one* vegetable concocted in the fellowship of sympathizing cream; let the purifying beet-root, sliced in alternation with its friend, the Spanish onion, (previously parboiled,) present its gastronomic treasure to the skilful epicure—(the digestive onion obviates the difficulty of the beet;) let the choicest pickles, of the latest importation from the magazines of Mackay, Lambert, Bartovallé, Burgess, or Morell, attend to do him office; let the light performance of Léman be *unmutilated* at your hand; let your party be of three; then let your joint come frothing from the spit, its lively surface sinking into savoury composure, like the subsiding wrath of little streams, that find in some adjacent nook a haven for their foam. We leave the vegetable kingdom at the option of the amateur—in which indeed he will evince the subtilty of those refinements which compose the valuable secret of the *savoir vivre*.—We have designedly exemplified our doctrine in two as simple specimens of cookery, and its inseparable *consequences*, as all the homely catalogue of English eatables supplies—performances which, in their day, received the rapturous devotion of his Grace

the Duke of Norfolk, and the memorable Mr Quin. So great, indeed, was Quin's appreciation of the merits of the joint, on which we just observed, that he forbore, on two occasions of approaching death, to give the secret he had long retained, of the most *piquant morçeau* of his "honoured shoulder." His *gourmand* friends, who looked to the inheritance of that supreme opinion, implored in vain on the recurrence of a malady, which terminated fatally to that immortal epicure; for, warned, as he had been, by *two* recoveries, he still believed in the possibility of a *third;* and, therefore, when pressed for his disclosure, with the assurance that his fate was passed beyond the help of his physicians, he stoutly answered, that "the secret should die with him;" and, accordingly, he carried that *arcanum* to the grave, and made its comfortable possession the gladdening circumstance that beamed upon his Euthanasia.

The phlegmatic pedant will sardonically smile at such solicitudes as those we have adverted to; but surely there is more achieved in furtherance of human happiness, by him who labours to give pleasure to a twofold act of ephemeral recurrence, than by him, who, studious of uncomfortable paradoxes, travails to detach mankind from the bounties offered them by nature, and to render man, that being for whom the stores of Providence are munificently spread, indifferent to gifts which gratify his appetite, engage his ingenuity, and humanize his system of refection. He that is insensible to the advantages of orthodox gastronomy, is born unworthily within an age and country which the toils of genius have adapted to a disposition more susceptible of gratitude—he is placed inappositely in the pale of life, where science has embraced the choicest of man's great prerogatives, improvement in the art of living. Such a being would have dwelt as happily among "uncooking" tribes, where, having spent his life in cannibal repast, he should have met his death by strangulation from the callous crudity of some superannuated victim, whom the tomahawk had mangled to regale the orgasm of his wild voracity.

To instance the beneficial effects of cultivated gusto on the temper of mankind, let us here advert to the happiest passages of our existence, in which we have been so frequently and joyously regaled with the intellectual and refectory resources of our dear friend Joe. We see that visage now before us, beaming with benign intelligence, and liberally flushed with the results of an incessant course of orthodox gastronomy. Observe that countenance, too kind to harbour an asperity, a while deprived of its conciliating smile, as doling out the doctrines of colonial jurisprudence, and castigating, with a meek rebuke, the hardihood of novel politics, he dwells with all the earnestness of argument on problems of West Indian polity, or theorems of civil freedom. But see—in the tenor of his excellent discourse, the vivid glances of his eye are cast, like the lightning of the spheres, towards that door through which his daily sustenance is wont to follow the inspiring odours which announce the glad approaches of refection. Like the troubled waters of the sea, when their divinity extols his head above them, as the Mantuan hath so exquisitely given it—my Joey's brow is smoothed—a serene and smiling calm supplants the spirit of discussion, and the vast consideration of an Empire's errors and offences is abandoned at the savoury appearance of our humble joint—associated, it is true, with all those apposite, those classical appurtenances, those minute but indispensable appliances, which indicate the taste and science of the *bon vivant*, and elevate the abstract habit of vulgar sustentation to a work of elegant research, philosophy, and social interest.

Health will always form a primary consideration with the philosophic *gourmand*, and his system of refection will as certainly conduce to its preservation as to the pleasure of his palate. We presuppose, in every one accustomed to a daily dinner, an accurate knowledge of the season, in which various meats are calculated to supply the tables of the *bon vivant*. Offences against the salutary principle of seasonable food are of the very first enormity in the penal code of *gourmandise*. It betrays at once a brutal ignorance of physiology, the absence of discernment, a want of mere sagacity and instinct, a gross insensibility to excellence, and an un-

pardonable disregard of taste. Cleanliness and health can never be consulted *certainly* by any one imperfectly informed of the appropriate season of whatever forms a part of his repast. The earlier ages of the world regarded these distinctions with such serious gravity, that the "unwholesome and unclean," were interdicted from the vulgar use by sacred prohibitions, and were registered among the list of gross abominations in the holy canons of their creed. What should we think of one who ordered pork or steaks for dinner during the burning influence of Sirius, when lamb and venison can be had to soothe the yearnings of the stomach in that season of canicular oppression?

The rules of health are few and obvious, suggested by the temperament, and accurately framed on the results of individual experience. Remark what suits your constitution. Eat as much, but never more than you digest with perfect ease. You will learn the proper measure of your food, by your sensations after your repast. If the spirits after dinner are active and elastic, you have eaten well and wisely; if, on the contrary, a heaviness and drowsiness succeeds your meal, in all probability you have overcharged the stomach, and impeded the progress of digestion. Supper, if a late one, is an outrage on the human frame; but if the dinner be the latest meal, and eaten at the hour of seven or eight, the best criterion of its influence will be found in the nature of your sleep, and the first sensations of the morrow. If your repose has been unbroken, light, and of its customary length, the inference is, that in your last night's meal you satisfied the calls of Nature, and did not abuse her bounty. If, on the other hand, the sleep has been disturbed; if you have been tossed with dreams of chasing bulls, of overturning coaches; if you see the semblance of our great arch-enemy the Devil, or his proxy, your attorney, or undergo the sudatory discipline of some inexorable incubus—if the mouth be parched, tainted with bitterness or acrimony—if you feel disposed to much expectoration—these are "confirmations, strong as proofs of holy writ," that you have yielded to temptations of excess, and have transcended the salutary line of moderation. A true gastronomist will studiously and firmly shun diversity of food;—fish and meat supply an ample meal; bread should invariably be its grand foundation;—his constitution must control his use and choice of vegetables; for though the food afforded us by plants, as they produce such temperate humours, is more digestible than meat, yet should they be eschewed by certain temperaments. Habits of labour will sustain—perhaps require—the use of pure and wholesome beer; water and *good* wine, or wine alone, agrees with almost every age and constitution. The individual temperament once completely ascertained, the prudent *gourmand* will inform himself of the peculiar properties of all things, edible and potable, that lie before him as his nourishment. A phlegmatic constitution, one that is choleric and bilious—a melancholy, dull one—a quick and sanguine economy—each requires a special regimen. And how can man administer to his peculiarities of constitution, unless he knows what aliments are acid, aromatic, alkaline, depleting, oily, invigorating, viscous, and saline? A perusal of the herbals, modern and antique, of the learned labours of such men as Rondeletius, Salvianus, Bellonius, Nonnius, Lemery and Geoffroi, Nysten and Hoffman, will enable the gastronomist to connect, with the indulgence of his taste, a salutary prophylactic diet. With such reading, (at once amusing and instructive,) aided by the special verities that annually teem from the Parisian press, the *bon vivant*, while he contributes to his sensuality, will simultaneously assist the constitution, by his knowledge of the reigning principles inherent in the food of his election. Let him penetrate the secrets of the vegetable kingdom, which extends so grand, so exquisite a *panacea* to the ailments of the human being. In the articles of his ephemeral consumption he may enlist emollients, aperitives, cephalics, diuretics, carminatives, humectives, and absorbents. When he ascertains the various qualities of food, it will be well for him to know, that *acids*, taken to excess, impoverish the blood, impair the action of the fluids on the vessels, and debilitate the heart and arteries; taken moderately, they attenuate and separate the fluids, allay the heat, and prevent the alka-

lescence of the humours. Diluted, they are considered anti-putrid, and are sensibly refreshing. That *alkalines*, when moderately used, prevent or correct the morbid acid of the stomachic juice, and establish, in wholesome efficacy, the various functions of the viscera; that *aromatics* induce a gentle perspiration, and, preventing languor, sustain the animal and vital offices; that *viscous* food is incidentally of use, in supplying the dissipation of the fluids and the solids; in giving flexibility to the muscular system, and in softening the acrimonious humours; and that *salines*, when duly taken, cut and attenuate viscosity, cleanse the fibres, and gently actuate the solids.—But we become insensibly too wide and too didactic, in the prosecution of our theme, and feel that we must draw our dissertation to a close. Our remarks, we feel assured, will not be less acceptable to a certain portion of our readers, if they regard our vindication of the kitchen of this luxuriant and good old island, as "an emanation of the love of country." We hail the accession of the skill of M. Ude and M. Jarrin; and, far from envying the high perfection of these artists, we would gratefully incorporate their doctrines with our own, rejoicing that they may be fairly tried on raw commodities, in general superior to the continental produce.

There is a class of persons who appreciate nought which Nature has bountifully placed in their possession. Such irrational and thankless beings, by the order of inversion, regard the difficulty of procuration as one of the most estimable qualities that can possibly attach to many of the foreign importations, so palpably inferior to the native productions of our island. What palate of undebauched perception would hesitate, for instance, to prefer the hams of Westmoreland and Yorkshire to those of Troyes or of Bayonne?—What foreign fish surpasses the savoury preparation of the kipper-salmon of the Tweed, the Findhorn haddies, the char of Cumberland, or the herrings of Lochfine?—But rarity and cost with these fantastic amateurs confirm the excellence of all that is exotic; and to those who form their estimation by so sage a standard, the only spot on which a good beaf-steak could gratify their singular *vertu*, would doubtless be among the Brahmins of Benares; and a *piquant spare-rib* could be eaten nowhere with such perfect zest as at Mecca on the Prophet's tomb. A similar affectation on the part of our *conceding* countrymen, who travel for refinement, postpones the merits of the London market, to those so highly vaunted by Parisian egotism. "Fair play's a jewel," says the proverb; so let London have its due as well as Paris. In Paris the *gourmand* betakes himself for bread to the unrivalled M. Hédé, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, an artist to whom the magniloquence of foreign praise decrees "the sceptre of the baking empire." M. Limet also is distinguished in the self-same line, though in a less degree. The bread of Paris is in truth superior to the same commodity in London; but it surely would be difficult in the former city to rival the excellence of English butchery. The shambles of Mr Thomas and of Mr Hollingsworth are not to be approached by those of the Parisian purveyors; though it still must be admitted, that the northern coasts of France present both beef and mutton of extraordinary succulence and flavour. In Paris the sanctuary for poultry is La Vallée; but the *magazin par excellence* for that commodity, is that of M. Poteau, Rue de la Fromagerie. It is this renowned purveyor who supplies the tables of the "gastronomic world;" and any poultry which has not received the sanction of M. Poteau's canonizing sale, is, in the opinion of a true *gourmand* of Paris, worthy of proscription! On the other hand, the very general excellence of poultry throughout England, has the fortunate effect of diffusing it abundantly through our wide metropolis; and it would rather be a difficulty to declare where inferior poultry should be shunned, than to point out another M. Poteau, as at Paris, where the delicate produce of the English *basse cour* may infallibly be had. We must also meet the glowing eulogy of our Parisian friends respecting the *charcutiers* of the passage Vero Dodat, by stating very flatly, that there is not in Paris, from Montmartre to the Seine, from the Champs Elysées to the Cemetiere Pere la Chaise, one sausage that would hold a place at any wholesome English table; and to speak of fish at Paris, even at the Rocher de Cancale, if comparing that delicious article with its excellence and plenty in the Lon-

don markets—is downright profanation. Paris may, however, boast, and proudly too, its *pâté de thon aux truffes;* its *dindes aux truffes de Perigord;* its *pâtés de gibiers de Chartres; de faisans de Bohéme, d'ortolans de Gascogne, de beccafu, de cailles*—and its *pâtés de mauviettes de Pithiviers*—Things, these, incomparable in their way! Let us not omit to mention the sausages of Lyons, Arles, and Farascon; the pâtés of Thoulouse, of Amiens, of Nerac, (chez M. Tertre,) and Montreuil; its *Pâtés de Perigueux*, as executed by either of the competitory trio, the Sieurs Courtroy, Treissac, and Rodand—its *Thon mariné a l'huile Vierge d'Aix;* its *truffes de Perigord mariné* in the same delicious oil; its exquisite *olives farçies;* its *Hure de Troyes*, and *Rillietes de Tours*—the Parisian *gourmand* may justly dwell upon the merits of the magazine of Madame Calin of Bourdeaux; on the produce of the Roquefort and Neufchâtel Dairy, and the cheeses of Mont d'Or; the Dijon, St Brieux, and Besançon mustard—the biscuits of Noel Nouzeau—and the glorious magazines of Messieurs Corcelet and Chevet.

We have glanced at the distinction which of old existed between the followers of Epicurus and the bestial debauchees who usurped the honourable name of his philosophy. We have given some few observations on the special merits of M. Ude and M. Jarrin, and our worthy countrywoman, Mrs Glasse; and we trust that we have so impartially attributed to foreign and domestic cookery their respective merits, and so liberally allowed the various excellence of those exotic and indigenous productions which regale the lovers of good things, that we shall stand above suspicion of aught like vulgar prejudice or vulgar prepossession.

We conceive that little apology is needed for treating of an art by which the poverty of certain articles is heightened into savour, and by which, as well, the luscious qualities of others are reduced into an edible and salutary state. We have nought to say to Cynics, who recoil from "contemplations, which merely have respect unto the pleasures of mankind," though we wish them cordially much joy of their philosophy. It is the science of Gastronomy which has variously aided the founders of religion, and contributes at the present moment to uphold the ecclesiastic discipline of Catholic communities. A Brahminical repast is rigidly confined to sweets and vegetables; notwithstanding we have eaten heartily of such an one, and well remember that sundry dishes (folia spinis conserta) of the Poonah Gastronome were exquisitely *piquant* and delicious. The *gourmet* might have felt the want of wine, but all the eatables were highly gustful. With fish—a vast addition, we admit—and such ingredients, the *chef*, in France, is often called on for his mystery; for instance, twice a-week, and during Lent entirely, flesh is interdicted to the truly pious; yet it is appositely asked by M. Perigord, "Does that observance abolish *gourmandise?* Is it impossible to taste the raptures of gastronomy, while its dominion is confined to fish? Do we not," says that polite and pleasant writer, "see some virtuous prelates entertain on Fridays, and at a feast, expressly *maigre*, show that Gourmandise is capable of walking hand in hand wih Orthodoxy? Assuredly," he adds, "the canons of the Roman Church have not one terror for a *cuisinier*, whose mind is furnished with professional resources." These are distinct advantages, which come to us with the improvements of time, and the slow but certain progress of refinement. Could we derive from Elysium the last opinions of Cæsar, how would the illustrious Dictator expatiate on the splendid luxuries of his transformed Lutetia, the modern culinary Paris—how enlarged would he find the notions of the priesthood—how extended the epulary pleasures of the laity of Britain, since those days of dark forbearance when her inhabitants "leporem et gallinam et anserem gustare fas non putabant!" We are reminded by the dull and tasteless of the barbarian valour of our forefathers, and of the little zeal that was evinced at the era of their savage virtues for the furtherance of gastronomic science; at that epoch when a total ignorance prevailed of the sublime perfections which the industry of later times disclosed to the rapture of the culinary student. Had the glorious performances of modern skill but once regaled the palates of our stout progenitors, can we for a moment think they would have will-

ingly succumbed to the ungenerous insipidities of their rude though plenteous repasts? Is it not to be inferred from the natural ambition of our species, from our immutable liking for what is sensual and felicitous, that the researches of the *gourmand* would have joined the "march of intellect;" that they would have proceeded with the labours of the chemist and philosopher; and that one exquisite visitation of culinary beatitude would have spread the ardour of Platina, and have aroused the energies of man in pursuit of luxurious repast?

"Alike to all the kind impartial heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given;
With sense to feel, and memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain."

The fact is, that destiny has placed us in a far more pleasant era than our worthy predecessors, therefore never let us be bamboozled into maudlin sorrows for the "good old times," as there is not a question on the showing of experience, that the comforts of existence in the present day suffice to make a life of sixty an equivalent for any in the annals of patriarchal longevity. The reference to "good old times" is equally to be believed with all the pictures drawn by poets and enamoured swains, of the rural happiness of the Arcadian hills,—a notion, by the way, most flatly overturned by the uninspired and sober testimony of geographers, and as little to be credited as are those pleasing but illusory conceptions of the Muse, when she is fain to give a glorious preference to the *rural* over the *urbane*. The deception (more adequately to illustrate its extent) is akin to that of our philanthropists and sages here, who pour out their plorations on the fate of "Afric's swarthy sons," the greater part of whom are revelling in luxurious abundance in the colonies, and spending the hours of their apportioned leisure with the dance and fiddle, the very counterparts of Momus; while the "enviable free-born Briton" (we borrow from the saints) is languishing in poverty and sorrow, after fourteen hours laborious industry, with a squalid famished family, whose yearning stomachs those eleemosynary sages would regale with nothing but "the moral dignity of native freedom." So much for saintly humbug!

But, in conclusion, to our theme. The labours of the gastronomic *chef* must rely on the sagacity of the Amphitryon for their judicious distribution; the ignorance or inattention of the host might mar the noblest trophy that ever crowned the fame of M. Ude; for instance, with the eaters of variety, it should be the maxim of the reigning power, so to circulate his *fercula*, as to have on each occasion the palate in a state of prurience for the coming *entrée;* his wines demand the most intense precision; and the grand *arcanum* of the learned *gourmand* is the proper sequence of the viands, and the skilful interception of the glass, by which his sensuality is piqued, and his unfading zest accompanies his active appetite to the latest odour of a multifarious repast. It was indeed an ancient proverb, that intemperance was the parent of physicians, and that gluttony was more destructive than the sword. If the same truth is still to be applied, let us philosophically rejoice that Comus has become the patron of Hippocrates, and that the surplus population of our swarming empire is waning to its due proportion by certain but insensible degrees.

THE MAN WITH THE MOUTH.

"NEVER did I behold such a mouth!" This was my internal exclamation, as I gazed upon the man who sat opposite to me in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. He was an elderly personage—tall, meagre, long-chinned, hook-nosed, pale complexioned, and clothed from top to toe in a suit of black. It was wearing towards twilight, and the noble apartment in which I was seated had been forsaken by all its loungers, save myself and the man who called forth my observation. We were alone, he perusing the Morning Chronicle, I engaged with Blackwood's Magazine. The article I was reading was a capital one. It was—let me see—"Streams,"—that exquisite creation of Christopher North's matchless pen. But admirable as the article might be, it was not so admirable as the man's mouth—who perused the Chronicle. For some time, indeed, there was a combat between the mouth and the article, both soliciting my regards with equal ardour, and compelling me every moment to turn my eyes, first to the one and then to the other. Each possessed a magnetic property; and my mind was, like a piece of iron, reciprocally acted upon by a couple of powerful loadstones. By degrees, however, the balance was destroyed: Ebony either grew weaker, or the mouth stronger; and I was obliged, with a weeping heart, to throw the former aside, and submit myself entirely to the domination of the latter.

It was, in truth, a noble mouth, stretching, in one magnificent sweep, from ear to ear—such a mouth as the ogres of romance must have had, or the whale that swallowed Jonah. I remember the first time when—from the bottom of the stairs leading to the Fountain of Neptune—I beheld the front of Versailles' stupendous palace. One feeling only occupied my mind—that of breathless astonishment—as the huge fabric rose up before me, in sublime proportion, from the bosom of its matchless garden. Such astonishment—such breathlessness came over me, when my eyes first encountered the man, or rather his mouth. I was more than astonished; I was delighted—delighted, as when stepping into the Sistine Chapel, the grand creations of Michael Angelo, frescoed upon its roof and walls, burst like a glimpse of Paradise upon my tranced spirit. Such was the delight afforded by the mighty mouth: not the man—beloved reader—for men as fair in all respects as he have I often seen. It was not his cheeks, thin as parchment, his nose curved like an eagle's beak, his chin prominent as a bayonet in full charge, or his complexion, pale and lustreless as a faded lily. It was not these—no, reader, it was not these which operated with such wizard power upon me. It was his mouth—that mouth—wonderful as Versailles, and beautiful as the Sistine Chapel—which carried my sympathies away, and led me a captive worshipper at its shrine.

Such were my first impressions on beholding the Man with the Mouth. They were those of unmingled awe and pleasure, and appealed with resistless effect to my imagination. They came upon me like a rainbow bursting out from the bosom of a dark cloud—as a stream of sunshine at midnight—as the sound of the Eolian harp in a summer eve. But they appealed to the fancy alone: they touched the heart, but not the head; and it was some time before the latter could bring its energies to bear, so completely had it been overwhelmed with the tumult of passions which agitated the feelings. It did act at last; and as soon as the incipient impressions subsided a little, I felt an irresistible desire to ascertain why such wonderful effects should spring from such a cause. But it was in vain; and being neither casuist nor phrenologist, I was obliged to drop a subject, to which my powers were altogether unequal. I wondered, and was delighted; but what the remote springs of such wonder and delight might be, baffled my philosophy, and set my reasoning faculties at naught.

Meanwhile the man continued opposite to me, reading the Chronicle, and I continued to look at him, marvelling at the dimensions of that feature which had vanquished Christopher North in single combat, and absorbed his beautiful "Streams" in its insatiable gulf. He never turned his

eyes from the paper: they were rigidly fixed upon its democratic columns; and, but for the motion of his hands, as he shifted it up and down, I should have supposed him an image carved for some Dutch college by Chantry, or Thorwaldson the Dane. I had no curiosity about the man: his name, his country, his profession, his character, were alike matters of indifference. I would not have given the toss of a farthing to know all about them. My attention was engaged with a nobler theme. I was analyzing his mouth, admiring the blandness of its expression, wondering at its hugeness, and envying its happy owner the possession of so magnificent a characteristic. It was not an ireful mouth: the corners were not turned down in the attitude of wrath or contempt, but curled upwards, in that benign flexibility of curve, which Charles Bell has so well illustrated in his Anatomy of Expression. He did not laugh—he was too sedate for that—but his mouth was clothed with a gentle smile, betokening inward tranquillity of spirit. Never did I gaze upon a being so full of mildness—so void of gall; and the longer I looked at him, I became convinced that those lips had been nurtured with milk and manna, and that the mind to whose thoughts they gave utterance was one which knew not guile or bitterness.

When I first noticed this marvellous man, it was six o'clock, which at that very moment pealed from the clock of St Giles; and the room, as I have already stated, was becoming obscured with the shades of approaching eve. The light which glared in at the windows was sullen and sepulchral, and flung a broad, dull radiance, upon the fluted Corinthian columns, that extended their double rows along the Library, supporting its painted roof upon their foliaged capitals. Within and without, all was calm. Save our two selves, there was not a soul in the apartment. The librarian had gone, Lord knows whither—the advocates had bidden their literary *sanctum* adieu, and the man with the mouth and myself were left in undisputed possession of the premises.

We had now sat for a considerable time together, he reading the Chronicle, I admiring his mouth. It was certainly the most extraordinary mouth ever created, and challenged observation in an uncommon degree. His whole face was absorbed in this mighty feature. He had, it is true, ears, and eyes, and cheeks, and nose, and chin; but they were pigmied to nothing in such a lordly neighbourhood. He was, in fact, earless, eyeless, cheekless, noseless, and chinless. To speak comparatively, he had neither the one nor the other: he was all mouth.

I must say that I felt gratified in having it in my power to witness such a spectacle. By heaven! I respected the man, or rather his mouth. He was, it is true, a sad radical, as his newspaper reading testified, but then he had vanquished Christopher North; and after so great an achievement, what feats might he not perform? I began to think that there was no exploit in the world beyond his accomplishment. That mouth was to him the brazen head of Friar Bacon—the sword of Achilles—the mirror of Merlin—the wand of Prospero—the griffin of Astolpho—the Elixir Vitæ—the Philosopher's Stone. He could rule the nations with it; terrify the Gouls and Dives with its grin; convulse the universe with laughter, beyond the power of Liston, and draw more tears from Beauty's eyes, than Siddons in Belvidera, or O'Neil in Juliet. The mouth was, in fact, omnipotent: it would be wronging it to say that it belonged to the man, for the man belonged to it. It was to him body and soul; and the other parts of his frame, such as trunk, limbs, and head, were merely its appendages.

Such were the reflections which, in spite of fate, arose in my mind on witnessing this extraordinary phenomenon, when a circumstance occurred which gave rise to a new train of ideas. Hitherto the mouth had been quiescent: not a muscle of it had moved, while its appendage, the man, was employed at his occupation. It was fixed, rigid, and apparently as incapable of change as the eternal rocks. I had even begun to wonder whether it possessed the power of motion—whether it could open and shut like other mouths — whether, in a word, its powers were equal to its pretensions. But these unworthy surmises were soon put to flight; for, on looking attentively, I perceived, with a feeling of intense awe, that it began to move. Upon my honour, the lips began to separate, first a hair-breadth—then two

—then three—then a whole line, and at last half an inch. There was a solemn grandeur about the process of opening. The mouth was unquestionably one of too much importance to open itself on trifling occasions, or in a trifling manner. It performed the operation slowly, deliberately, sublimely; and I looked on with the same breathless anxiety, as when listening in the Great Glen of Scotland to the expectant bursting of a thundercloud, which hangs in threatening mood over the summit of Bennevis. To say that it resembled a church-door would be doing it injustice—no church-door, even the main one of Notre Dame or St Paul's ever expanded its huge jaws with such deliberate majesty. Reader, if you have seen the opening of the dock-gates at Portsmouth, or of the locks on the Caledonian Canal, you may form some idea of that of the mouth.

I think, I said it had opened half an inch; to do so it took no less than three minutes—this I particularly noticed. "Now," said I, "this mouth is capable of expanding at least twelve times that length, or six inches. Three minutes to half an inch make six minutes to a whole inch. Six multiplied by six, make thirty-six. In all, one half hour and six minutes must elapse before this glorious mouth can attain its *ne plus ultra*."

While this process was going on, day waned apace, and twilight was on the point of being succeeded by darkness. Those broad floods of light which bathed the pillars with their lurid lustre, were becoming fainter and fainter—and nocturnal gloom threatened, in a few minutes, to reign "Lord of the ascendant." But this approaching obscuration was no impediment to the mouth. It opened wider every instant. At last it attained the climax of its extension; and, wide as it was, would stretch no farther. The mouth, after all, was not so omnipotent as I supposed. There were limits to its powers, and after thirty-six minutes of incessant operation, it had done its best.

I now began to wonder what object my opposite neighbour could have in opening his mouth to such an apocryphal extent—or rather what could tempt the mouth itself to perform so extraordinary an exploit—for, somehow, I could never think of it as being under the control of the man. It could not be to eat, for eatables abound not in libraries; nor to speak, for speech requires not such oral dimensions. It was for neither; the purpose for which it condescended to open itself was nobler far. It was to give a *yawn*, which sounded through the apartment—shook me on my seat, and made the proudest folio quiver like an aspen from its firm foundation. I never heard such a yawn: it was worthy of the great source from whence it emanated; it was worthy of the Advocates' Library; and, as its echo sounded from shelf to shelf, from pillar to pillar, and from table to table, I thought that it would rival the loudest yawn ever uttered by luckless wight, while luxuriating in the recondite pages of that profound philosopher, Dr Black. Kings might have owned it, heroes claimed it as their own, sages contended for it, poets sung about it. In one word, it was worthy of the Man with the Mouth. Need more be said? Answer, "No."

Nor was this the only yawn. There were one, two, three, each louder than its predecessor. The last in particular was tremendous, and filled me with awe and admiration. I even yawned myself in hopeless rivalry, but I might as well have tried to outbrave the thunders of Jove with a pop-gun, as enter the lists with this most doughty opponent.

These mighty yawns being at an end, I naturally concluded that the mouth would resume its former condition—that it would close and be as when I first beheld it. But it closed not. Dark as the evening was, I saw that the man still gaped—that his mouth was as wide as ever: he seemed, in truth, yawning though inaudibly. He no longer perused upon the Chronicle: this the darkness rendered a hopeless attempt; and he quietly deposited the paper upon the table and looked at me—not with his eyes, but with his mouth. I cannot describe the feelings which pervaded me at this time. The room was almost pitch dark; no relict of the solar influence remained behind; the pillars had lost the gaudy lustre lent them by the twilight, and stood like rows of sable giants in their respectives places, while a silence, dread and drear as the grave, prevailed on every side. My admiration—my love—my respect for the

mouth was as great as ever, but in a short time they began to be coupled with fear; and had it not been for some mysterious witchery exercised upon my understanding, I believe I should have taken leg-bail, and left the man to yawn and gape till the "crack of doom." The Library was robed in darkness—true—but that did not prevent me from seeing him. Obscurity could not shroud him. He still gaped prodigiously. His mouth was large, round and deep, and formed a circle in the centre of his face—a black circle, only broken at the top of his nose, which peeped over it—and below by his chin, which protruded forward as if to harmonize with the nasal protuberance, and render the symmetry perfect. I saw also his eyes, that shone like two lambent lights, and shed a sepulchral lustre around the boundaries of his awful and mysterious mouth.

Altogether I felt alarmed—still respect for the remarkable object of my meditations bound me to my seat; and though minutes and hours passed by, I was yet gazing intently at it. I could perceive no diminution of its size: it was still the same yawning gulf—the same "antar vast," which gave birth to the portentous yawns. On one side I sat rapt in a frenzied awe; on the other, sat the Man with the Mouth, like an idol, commanding and compelling my adoration. I knew not what to make of him—or rather of his mouth. There was something surprising in the whole business; and now, for the first time, did I feel my respect for this wonderful feature beginning to decline. The gradual opening of the feature was fine—the yawning magnificent—but such a persevering system of gaping seemed to me absurd. There was something in it which shocked my causality; and I began to suspect that, after all, the man was somewhat of an ass, and his mouth a very so so affair, scarcely worthy of the time and trouble it had cost me.

At last, what with violent excitement, and the fatigue of gazing, my imagination got violently agitated. I no longer saw things with my own eyes, but with the optics of fancy, and revelled in a profusion of extravagant and unbridled thought. The man who at first seemed nameless and unknown, was now invested with a "habitation and a name." His habitation was Eternity, and his name was Time. That mouth was the gulf of oblivion into which all things must pass, save those doomed to endure for ever. The day before I had seen the frontispiece of George Cruickshanks's Illustrations of Time, where the insatiable monster is feeding upon the works of nature—where he has an elephant in one hand, and a church in the other, raising them to his ruthless maw; and where cities, pyramids, and temples, are spread out before him for his next repast. This then was Time who sat before me; and his mouth, I doubted not, was expanded to receive whatsoever was unstamped with the seal of immortality.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." In a moment the Library, which had been silent, dark, and deserted, was lighted up, and crowded with wonted visitors. Three hundred advocates in their gowns paraded its vista—three hundred gentlemen learned in the law! I was amazed at it—not so Time. He chuckled with delight, and (*mirabile dictu*) gaped wider than before.

It was a night of miracles. Those thousands of tomes which crowded the shelves, seemed stricken with a dead palsy. The shelves themselves shook with trepidation, and their inhabitants tumbled with "hideous ruin and combustion" upon the floor. Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and some others, kept their accustomed births, but the multitudinous mass started from *theirs* in dismay, as if some dreadful angel had pronounced their doom.

What did Time? He raised his right hand, and the volumes, as if borne upon some mighty stream, came rushing towards him. I heard their leaves fluttering in agony; and commingled with their agitations, came the groans of living and dead authors, bewailing their luckless offspring. The mouth, as they approached it, grew wider; and into its abyss sunk reams of paper innumerable, blackened with oceans of printer's ink.

Another freak of Time. He again raised his hand, and the three hundred gentlemen learned in the law, approached him by an irresistible impulse, and were instantly sucked into that mouth from whose vortex there is no return.

One caprice of imagination leads to another. A table was spread in the

centre of the room, and a knot of worthy souls were busily enjoying themselves. They were the members of the Noctes Ambrosianæ. North was there, and Tickler, and Hogg, and ODoherty, and Mullion, and the rest of that illustrious band. And when the mouth saw them, he elevated his dexter-hand a third time—but its spell was unavailing now. North shook his crutch at him in derision—the Shepherd saluted him with a guffaw of contempt—Mullion snapped his fingers in his face—ODoherty discharged a brandy bottle at his head,—and Tickler swore he did not value him a pipe-stopper.—Poor mouth—he was quite chop-fallen!

I pitied him. There is something painful in witnessing the failure of one who has been invariably victorious; and in spite of my respect for those excellent friends who had set him at defiance, I would rather have seen them sucked into his Lethean gulf, than witnessed his overthrow. I pitied him profoundly, for his faculties of devourment were next to boundless; and it was lamentable to think that there dwelt on this ball of earth any power capable of saying, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Time, or the Man with the Mouth, or whatever name we choose to call him by, felt his situation bitterly. He did not gnash his teeth; that would have been a tedious business to one whose mouth required thirty-six minutes to open, and doubtless as many to shut—but the tears rolled down his pallid cheeks, and deep long-drawn sighs of anguish and disappointment proceeded from the bottom of his heart.

To assuage sorrow was always one of my principles. My heart is ever open "to the sweet music of humanity;" and I resolved to pour consolation into the spirit of this injured one. "Yes, Mouth! I shall assuage thy matchless griefs," said I, weeping bitterly, while I buried my eyes in my handkerchief with one hand, and seized that of the object of my philanthropy with the other. Scarcely had I done so, than the Mouth uttered these awful words—"*Friend, thou art more free than welcome!*"—and, on looking up to see what they could import, I found that I was seated in the travellers' room of the Hen and Chickens at Birmingham, and had caught by the nose a worthy quaker, who was at that moment occupied in devouring a savoury dish of pork-chops, and sausages.

A Modern Pythagorean.

NOVA CASTRO—THE NEW CASTRO.

A TRAGEDY, BY JOAM BABTISTA GOMES.

Portuguese literature bears, for the most part, so strong a family likeness to her Spanish sister, that much of what has been formerly said concerning the rise and character of the latter, might, *mutatis mutandis*, be repeated with regard to the former. The resemblance is, however, rather general, than, like that of some twins, so perfect as to render them undistinguishable. There are some features of dissimilarity, and especially in the drama. The Lusitanian Theatre differs in almost every point from the Iberian, and discovers more affinity to the Italian—a more distant branch of the same original stock. Like that, it is evidently rather an imitation of the models of classical antiquity, than the creation of national genius. Indeed, we suspect that the national genius of Portugal is not dramatic—a suspicion grounded less upon our own knowledge, than upon the expressions of some modern Portuguese writers, who, influenced by the prevailing spirit of the age, are endeavouring to free their mother tongue from foreign innovations, whether French or Spanish, and to revive the ancient glories of their vernacular literature. These writers lament, as almost their only poetical deficiency, the want of a national drama. May we, without pausing to speculate upon the subject, point out, as a whimsical coincidence, that the softer offspring of the Latin, the Italian and Portuguese languages, have proved less fruitful in dramatic works, which were, we believe, unknown to the *langue Romance*, certainly neglected by the Troubadours, whilst the Spanish, the strong guttural of which might seem to connect it with the German languages, boasts a more copious theatre, than is to be found in

the literature of any other portion of modern Europe. But to return.

It is not that the theatre was altogether overlooked in the earlier or better days of Portuguese literature. Far from it. Ferreira produced his CASTRO, so immediately after that eldest of modern regular tragedies, the SOFONISBA of Trissino, that the patriotic *literati* of Portugal flatter themselves the work of his Italian contemporary was unknown to their countryman, who consequently must have moulded his piece wholly upon the classical pattern. But although Ferreira's tragedy possesses considerable merit, especially in its style, and the poetry of its choruses, his is not the CASTRO of which we are about to offer our readers an analysis. Its peculiar poetical beauties might not be transferred with full effect into our translation, whilst the want of any interview between the passionately attached and unfortunate wedded pair, and the sort of separation of the hero from the action, until he learns his misfortune, if they prove rather the author's devotion to the simplicity of Greek tragedy, than anything essentially undramatic in his genius, detract greatly, nevertheless, from the interest of the piece. The subject, being a favourite one, has been treated by various authors. It is the CASTRO of Joam Baptista Gomes—a tragedian of much promise, but unhappily cut off ere he had fulfilled the hopes awakened by his CASTRO,—the last, we believe, and certainly the most popular of the number,—the 4th edition, published in 1817, is lying before us,—that we purpose to introduce to the notice of our readers. Upon the especial fitness of the story of Ignez de Castro for tragedy, we entertain some doubt; but the remarks we shall offer upon the subject will be best understood if reserved for the end of the article.

The tragedy opens at daybreak, in the palace of Coimbra, the residence of the Infant Don Pedro and his Ignez. She, followed by her attendant Elvira, rushes wildly on the stage, exclaiming,—

Terrible Shade! Spectre implacable!
No longer persecute me thus!——I die.
Elvira. What anguish! What disorder! Mighty God!
Ig. Where is my consort?
Elvi. In the arms of sleep.
The prince still rests. Silence prevails around;
Thou only, troubled, flying from repose,
Wander'st, loud shrieking, through the quiet palace.
What sorrow rends thy heart? What dreams affright thee?
Ig. Against sad Ignez, Heaven and earth conspire,
And even from their graves the dead arise
To torture me. Dark phantoms ceaselessly
Around me hover. Horrible! E'en now,
Elvira, pictured in my mind, I see
The fearful shades, that pressing round my bed,
Thence scared me. From her sepulchre I see,
Constance arise, and, blazing in her fury,
Approach me. Thunders roll,—trembles the earth,—
And she, unpitying minister of vengeance,
Bursts from the dread abyss, to pierce my breast!
Vainly amidst the agonies of death
I call upon my husband. That sweet name,
Utter'd by me, exasperates Constance' rage;
She drags me with her to th' abode of death.—
—Oh fatal consequence of guilty love!
Elv. Can dreams———
Ig. No dream, Elvira; 'tis remorse.
Elv. Why should remorse torment Don Pedro's wife?
Ig. A soul like mine can never hold its faults
Sufficiently atoned. The sacred ties
Of Hymen now, 'tis true, sanction my love;
But it began in guilt. My love it was
That sank poor Constance, wither'd in her bloom
With grief, to an untimely sepulchre;
Constance, that hapless Princess, who, perchance,
Had I not been, might still have lived a happy,
Perchance, a cherish'd wife. Of all her woes
I was the cause. Her friendship I betray'd;
I was ungrateful—was her rival—Heavens!
I slew her!—Oh, involuntary crime!
But crime most horrible! Yes, Constance; yes!
Just is thy wrath; down to the grave with thee,
Drag, drag me! Punish me; revenge thyself!

What said I? No!—Oh, spare my life! On mine
The Prince's life depends——Embitter it not!
It is not thou who would'st his life envenom.
Assuredly death cannot quench the passion
Of which thou died'st. Even beyond the grave
Thou lov'st him, and, perchance, compassionately
Me thou forgiv'st. Who better knows than thou
That Pedro's tenderness, Pedro's wild passion,
'Tis not in human nature to withstand?
Heaven knows how long, how earnestly I warr'd
Against my heart, how often to mine aid
I summon'd virtue, reason--Idle succour!
Before love's eloquence reason is mute.
What! triumph over feelings such as mine?
To wretched mortals 'tis impossible—
Unfortunate! What said I? I blaspheme!
Pardon, great God, my frenzy! 'Gainst my will
I sinn'd—Thy justice I adore, and tremble!

The dialogue continues in the same strain. Ignez says that, although she conceals her sufferings from Don Pedro, she is constantly wretched with remorse for the past, and dread for the future. She wishes the Prince had not been born to a throne. Don Sancho interrupts her sorrows. Don Sancho is Don Pedro's former governor, and warmly attached to his ex-pupil. He comes to entreat the assistance of Ignez's influence in persuading the Prince to obey a royal summons to court, which he persists in disregarding. Don Sancho dreads the inexorable temper of the father, and the refractory spirit of the son. Ignez promises to urge the Infant's compliance; but expresses great fears for herself, whilst his absence shall leave her unprotected. Don Pedro now makes his appearance, and the old Preceptor leaves her to fulfil her promise. This she forthwith does; whereupon Don Pedro, to prove that he is in the right to disobey his father's summons, informs her that a marriage has been negotiated for him with the Princess Beatrice of Castille, to conclude which his presence is now required at court. He adds, that as it is essential to conceal the fact of his being married to Ignez, he sees no resource but staying away. Ignez is shocked and frightened at this intelligence, when he thus soothes her:

Thine is my heart, and thine must ever be.
The bonds of Hymen are the weakest ties
That knit me to thee. Needless, where love reigns,
Are rites and promises. Love has more force
Than oaths. Even had I not before the altar
Pronounced the sacred vows of lasting faith,
Of endless love, still were I ever thine;
Still must for ever love thee. Human power
Cannot divide two hearts in love united.

Ignez, reassured, probably by these fond professions, renews her exhortations to filial obedience, as far, at least, as such obedience may be compatible with conjugal fidelity. But Don Sancho now returns with the alarming tidings, that King Alfonso is on his way to Coimbra, attended by his cruel counsellors, Coelho and Pacheco. He presses Don Pedro to go out and receive his royal father. The Prince at first refuses to offer any testimony of respect to so tyrannical a parent; but, after some reflection, declares that he will meet him, and, ere he sets foot in the Palace, announce to him that Ignez is entitled to the consideration due to his wife, and the Princess of Portugal. The terror of his old governor, and the gentle remonstrances of Ignez, soften him, however, and he departs with the following speech:—

The fear of grieving thee prevails o'er all.
I will shew reverence and gentleness,
If me with equal gentleness he treats.
Farewell, and fear not, Princess. Once again,
By highest Heaven, and by thyself, I swear,
Although the Universe oppose my purpose,
Ignez shall still be Queen of Portugal.

The 2d Act begins with the interview between the royal father and son. The King, in a long speech, seems to take it for granted that the Prince will return with him to Lis-

bon, and espouse the Spanish Princess. Don Pedro answers,
Alas! Is't possible, that for my ruin,
The best of sovereigns should not be found
The tenderest of fathers? That a King,
So watchful to promote his subjects' bliss,
Should doom his son to misery? My liege,
Without consulting me, thou hast concluded
My marriage, ignorant whether thy son
Or will, or can, submit to Hymen's laws;
Whether the wife thou hast selected for him
Be such as he can love. Perchance thou deem'st
Mine approbation of these nuptials needless.
Shall not the heart be free to choose its partner?
My royal lord, oh, not so violently.
King. Be silent, senseless boy, nor utter words,
At whose unworthiness I blush! Too well
I know why thus thou thinkest. Sentiments
And weakness, oh, how unbeseeming one
To sovereignty born! When thou shalt hold
The reins of Empire, when the dreadful sword
Of awful Justice thou shalt bear aloft,
To lawless passion's guilt how may'st thou deal
Due punishment, thyself being passion's slave?
How claim obedience, having disobey'd
Thy King? With what indignant murmurings
The Portuguese, upon the Lusian throne,
Seat of so many heroes, will behold
A feeble King, abandon'd to his passions,
Incapable a sceptre so august
To grasp!
D. Ped. Most capable of ruling them
And of defending. If of ardent passions
I am susceptible, weakness I loathe;
And on the battle-field, when duty calls,
By thee instructed, know, with brandish'd sword,
To prove myself, by deeds, thy genuine son.
Nor can I think, pardon my boldness, sir,
Hardness of heart to kingly excellence
Essential. Rather, he who must rule men,
Ought not, methinks, to be insensible.
Hearts, that by tenderness were ne'er subdued,
Can never sympathize in others' woes.
King. Thy reason passion-quench'd, blindly thou ravest.
Kings must from passion ever be exempt.
The public morals are from theirs derived,
And ill if they example their dominions,
The vices of their subjects are their sin.
Their own desires they're bound to sacrifice,
And for the people's sake, whom to their care
Heav'n trusted, must be cruel to themselves.
Who dares give law to others, must display
Energy for such lofty sacrifices.
The marriages of sovereigns are sway'd
By interests of State. Leave to the vulgar
Such idle fantasies as would require
Love's sanction of the bonds by Hymen knit;
Love's sweets are in a monarch's estimation
Of little worth. Upon such flimsy ground
Our glory rests not.
D. Ped. If those born to reign
Must forfeit the best rights and privileges
By nature granted to mankind, my liege,
At such a price I purchase not the throne.
To form a union whence the heart revolts,
Is of misfortune and of crimes the source.
I've proved it so.—Fetters thus harsh, by thee
Imposed, I long and painfully have worn.
Others such to endure—Sir, no, I cannot.
King. Audacious! I too long have borne with thee.
If to a kindly father's prayers and reasonings
Thou wilt not yield, submit to the commands
Of a severely justice-dealing King.
My word is pledged, that word thou *must* redeem.

* * *

Or would'st thou kindle war betwixt the nations?
Would'st thou see Portugal deluged in blood?
All Europe leagued against her, to avenge
The injuries of Castille?
D. Ped. What should'st thou fear?
Victorious, never-vanquish'd Portugal
May laugh at a world's efforts. Nor is Spain
So silly or so rash as to assail us.
Will not her monarch rather recollect,
That his dominions to thy gift he owes?

* * *

That, not content to send him troops, thyself
Magnanimously led'st them to subdue
His foes, and fix his crown upon his head.

Oh, trust me, he who saw our Portuguese
Fight, 'neath thy guidance on Salado's banks,
Will ne'er provoke the Portuguese to war!
Or, should his folly rise so high, he too,
Weeping the ignominy of defeat,
Shall, like his ancestors, be taught how dear
Such frenzy costs. Oh, would to God he durst
To war defy us! Then thy son might prove
He can, when needful, imitate thy virtues,
Binding new laurels round thy diadem!
King. What madness! Heavens! I blush to be thy father!
I tremble at thy words. Oh, my poor subjects!
Children beloved, to what a king I leave you!
War thou invokest? the scourge that desolates,
That shames humanity. What to the nation
Imports a monarch's fancy?—Mark, my son,
A father's lesson—Though my wrath should rather
Pronounce thy punishment, I cannot choose
But still reprove thee and instruct. Perchance,
By thee brought prematurely to the grave,
My throne may soon be thine. Forget not then
My precepts—spare thy wretched subjects' blood;
Prize even the meanest life beyond thine own;
Shun war; still fatal, even to the victor.
Upon that celebrated battle day,
Which, in thy thought, crown'd me with deathless laurels,
On the Salado's margin, when arose
In wounds the unnumber'd corses of the vanquish'd,
The routed Infidels, the loss of thirty
Of mine own soldiers made the victory
To me seem dear, and, in my lonely hours,
Tears, more in quantity than was their blood,
I shed. * * *
I've said my word is plighted; once again
I say, thou must redeem my pledge. Thy King
Am I, and I command. This day wilt thou
Follow me to the court?
D. Ped. Thy steps I follow;
But vainly would'st thou celebrate this marriage.
I would obey; but 'tis impossible.
Although I say no more, I've said enough.

Don Pedro now retires, and the King summons his counsellors to deliberate upon the steps to be pursued. Pacheco makes a great boast of the sacrifice he offers to his duty, of his personal safety and inclinations in recommending harsh measures, which must needs offend the heir-apparent, and then advises that Ignez be not only banished, but committed to the custody of the King of Castille, the father of the intended bride. Don Alfonso approves of the idea, but determines first to converse with Ignez, whom he orders his chamberlain, Don Nuno, to fetch. Ignez appears, and falls at the King's feet, saying aside,—

Oh Heav'ns! I faint—(*Aloud.*) Exalted Don Alfonso,
Permit me at thy feet . . . .
King. Rise, artful woman.
To kiss the royal hand, is not allow'd
To vassals, perpetrators of high crimes.
Ig. I perpetrate high crimes! What crimes are mine?
Still faithful to my king, a lowly vassal,
How against majesty should I offend?
King. As fraudulent as thou art criminal,
In vain dost thou recur to artifice.
Full well thou know'st thy crime; and thy deceit
Inflames my fury. Darest thou deny
Thou lovest my son?
Ig. No, I deny it not.
Nor, if I would, could I avoid confession
Of what mine eyes, of what my blushing cheeks,
Declare too plainly. If it be a crime
To love and be beloved, my heart, my liege,
Is criminal. Yet guilty I am not.
King. What say'st thou? Whilst confessing thine offence,
Dost thou assert thy guiltlessness?
Ig. With truth.
Mistakenly thou term'st me fraudulent.
I've said enough—and, were't permitted me,
I might say more.
King. Say on. What fatal blindness,
What mad presumption, with ambitious thoughts,
Inspired thee? How durst thou aspire to rule
A princely bosom? Could'st thou not perceive

How measureless, ay, how impassable,
The distance intervening 'twixt thy cradle
And his exalted throne?
Ig. When love prevails,
Reason is blinded, and forgotten quite
The fatal difference of birth and blood.
All mortals equal are before love's shrine.
And only virtue can inflame with love
A virtuous soul. The virtues of thy son
Taught me to love him.
King. Darest thou speak of virtue?
That sacred name profane not. Rather say
Vain hopes, and lust of empire caused thy guilt.
Counting, perchance, the days importunate
Of mine o'erwearied life, impatiently
The hour, long sigh'd for, thou expectest, when
Alfonso in his grave shall leave his throne
Open to thy desires—when thou may'st place
His diadem on thine unworthy brow.
Ig. Oh what injustice!—Little dost thou know
My soul, or love's disinterestedness!
Who loves, desires but to be loved. Compared
To such a heart as Pedro's, what are crowns?
What is the world? She o'er his tender breast
Who reigns, no other empire knows to wish.
Nor can the splendour of a sceptre dazzle
A generous spirit. When to love I yielded,
My thoughts were from the throne more distant far
Than was my cradle; thence the interval
That sever'd us, I did not duly measure.
Now I too clearly see it, and regret
Much more the Prince's station than mine own.
Oh, would my lover had been born a subject,
Rather than I a princess! I desire not,
No, I abhor the throne, in which I see
Only the hateful barrier, uprear'd
By adverse Fate 'twixt two impassion'd hearts,
Rendering for aye impossible their union.
I am unhappy, and must ever be so.
King. Heavier misfortunes thou may'st still avoid.
He who renounces crime when recognised,
Regains his innocence. Castro, extinguish
The guilty fires by thee enkindled. Well
Thou know'st how much they are detestable;
How fruitlessly thou 'dst strive to nourish them.
Ere from the Prince thou part, slight punishment
For sins so heinous, by a lenient king
Imposed, endeavour to deserve thy pardon.
Do thou thyself dissuade him from his errors;
Urge him t'assume the honourable bonds
Of the well-suited union I command.
Disturb not, but promote the public good;
Nor by thy pertinacity in sin
Exasperate mine ire. Tremble t'incur
Th' atrocious punishment, justly thy due,
Unless thyself unloose the odious shackles
In which the Prince's heart thou long hast held.

Ignez demurs to this somewhat unreasonable requisition, and the King's consequent furious menaces are interrupted by a request from the Castillian ambassador for an audience. It is granted, and the fair offender sternly dismissed. The ambassador complains of the prevalent reports of Don Pedro's aversion to the projected marriage, when the royal bride is already upon the frontiers. He is appeased by Ignez de Castro's banishment to Castille, and subjection to the control of her rival's father. Pacheco and Coelho fail in their efforts to obtain a severer sentence.

The third act presents us with the despair of Ignez, upon receiving her sentence of exile from Don Pedro. Elvira proposes to call upon the Prince to protect his wife; but Ignez, filled with horror at the suggestion, exclaims,—

What! I excite a son against his father?
Oh no! Be Ignez, if Fate will, unhappy,
But never of rebellious crimes the cause!

Her resolution is speedily tried by Don Pedro, who joins her, and at once tenderly and indignantly inquires the cause of her tears, observing,—

Rather would I behold my heart's best blood
Pour'd forth in torrents, than thy gushing tears.
Banish thine idle terrors from thy soul,
Nor to the transitory evils, now
Oppressing thee, give way. All Fortune's malice,
All present ills, we'll trample under foot,
And happy and united we will live.
Ig. United, said'st thou? Mighty God! United?

D. Ped. Why, what should part us?
Ig. Cruel!—Woe is me!
What should I say?—With what a thunder-bolt
Must thy sad Ignez wound thee! I would fain—
Oh Heavens!—fain spare thy heart—But to forsake thee
Without one parting word—Oh no! I cannot.
My dearest husband, clasp me in thine arms,
And thus receive my last, my sad farewell.
D. Ped. What do I hear?—What means—Ignez, what say'st thou?
Ig. I must for ever leave thee.
D. Ped. Leave me? Thou?
Ig. Terrible struggle!—Dearest prince and consort,
Forget not thy most miserable Ignez!
What did I say? Forget me if thou canst.
May'st thou be fortunate! Live, and live happy!
I do but pray thee tenderly to guard
The infancy of our most precious babes.

The ungovernable rage to which Don Pedro now abandons himself, is heightened by Don Sancho's information, that the King is seeking him that they may immediately set out for Lisbon. The exasperated son dismisses Ignez with an exhortation not to fear. She replies,—

Yes, I withdraw; but ere I go, implore
Thou would'st remember thou'rt a son and subject.
D. Ped. A husband too,—the holiest tie of all.

To the King's orders for instant departure, the indignant Prince answers,—

I follow thee! Who! I abandon her!
No, no! I disobey!
King. Heavens! What means this?
D. Ped. The veil must now be rent!
'Tis time,—'tis time
That thou should'st know thy son,—should'st penetrate
Into the depths of this despairing heart,
Of virtues capable, ev'n as of crimes,
To crimes, if 't be by tyranny provoked.
Knowing how I adore mine Ignez, would'st thou
Have torn her from my love? What hellish powers
Advised the punishment of innocence,
Unstain'd by guilt, if virtue be not guilt?
And could'st thou hope that I should cowardly
Endure the slightest injury to her?
Horrid injustice!—Nor in her defence
Oppose the schemes of impious cruelty?
Of living mortals I were the most abject,
Should I permit the oppression of——
King. Forbear!
Be silent, rebel! Scarcely I conceive
How I control my rage. What insolence!
Presum'st thou at mine orders to repine?
D. Ped. Not only I repine, I dare to thwart them.
Reason, the Heavens themselves, sanction my course,
When I protect my wife.
King. Thy wife?
D. Ped. My wife.
Yes, learn, my liege, that wedlock's sacred ties
Bind me to Ignez—Wilt thou still oppress her?
King. Think not to mock me—I believe thee not.
Vainly this subtle stratagem thou triest.
The daughter of a vassal my son's wife!

Don Pedro now respectfully but energetically defends his wife's rights, and eulogizes her virtues, until, upon the King's saying that the infamous woman's blood shall quench the flames that consume him, he breaks out into frantic despair, as follows:—

Ere thou canst reach to wound her tender breast,
Thou must tear out mine entrails; all my blood
Shall gush in torrents—ay, and if need be,
Thine own shall stream!
King. Heavens! horror-struck, I tremble.
D. San. My Prince, what mean'st thou? Would'st thou 'gainst thy father?
D. Ped. What say'st thou? Father? Have I then a father?
No, tyrant, no! My father thou art not.
I'm not thy son. A savage such as thou—
What do I say?—Whom speak I to?—Where am I?
Who maddens me?—Oh, hell!—Thy furies piecemeal
Rend me! It is not I who speak—'tis they
That thunder. Sacrilegious wretch!—What did I?
King. Are the Heavens deaf? Where are their thunderbolts,
That on a monster's head, who thus defies them,
They rain not? Vengeance! Curses!
D. Ped. All I merit;
If, with their thunders, the impassive Heavens
Blast me not, haply 'tis that terrified

To bear my sinful words, they venture not
To loose their bolts. Beneath my feet the earth,
Trembling, would gape, but dares not swallow me.
Even the dire abyss with horror views
A monster who can speak such blasphemies.
Oh terror! Oh remorse! Oh dreadful crime!

Don Pedro proceeds at great length in such remorseful ejaculations,—ending with,—

But Ignez must not suffer whilst I live!
And vainly would'st thou separate us. I doubt
If death itself have power to divide us.
Forgive, I pray, the transports of my passion!
I have a feeling heart—love—and am loved.

The incensed King is inexorable to his son's supplications. He orders him to an adjacent prison, under the charge of Don Sancho, and goes out uttering terrible threats.

Ignez presently returns, alarmed at the King's rage, and inquires what Pedro has said to irritate him. He, in reply, urges her to fetch their children, and fly with him to the remotest parts of the earth, where they may be happy together, and he be spared the temptation to crime. Ignez hesitates, and Don Sancho interposes, to observe that he is responsible for the Prince's safe custody. Don Pedro answers, by inviting his former governor to accompany them. He remarks, that the old man must, by this time, have had enough of courts, and concludes:—

Then follow us, and thus shalt thou enjoy,
In peace at least, the remnant of thy days.
D. San. Happy if yesterday had been my last!
Upon the grave's brink would'st thou to my King
Make me a traitor; partner of thy frenzy?
I, unto whom the charge of training thee,
(Fatal employ!) was by thy father given,
Shall I be the accomplice of thy crimes,
Permitting thee to violate thy duties?
D. Ped. What duties? Empty phantoms! 'Tis the first
Of duties to be happy, to indulge
The native instincts of the soul. Come, dearest!
Ig. Oh God! how terrible this trial! Madman!
Woe's me! What would'st thou? Wilt thou thus bedim
Thy name, thine honour? Must the wretched Ignez
Be so unhappy as to cause thy guilt?
To bear the obloquy of seeing thee,
For her, desert thy country and thy throne?
What would men say?
D. Ped. Say? That a soul like mine
Cannot be dazzled by a throne's refulgence.
I nothing forfeit, leaving all for thee.
No, sweetest wife, 'tis better to live happy
Than be a King.
Ig. Ay, but can he live happy,
On Nature's laws, and on the voice of blood,
Who tramples? Dear my lord, renounce such thoughts—
Obey thy King. Expect not I will ever
Approve or share thy frenzy. Nor will I
Suffer thee to depart, nor follow thee.
I will not rob a father of his son;
Nor of their future happiness despoil
In their best king, the Portuguese. If prayer—
D. Ped. Bootless thy prayer! What, Ignez, thou deniest
To follow Pedro? In these seats of horror
Seest thou not death and guilt whirling around us?
Ig. 'Tis to avoid them that I will not follow.
Honour and fame are of more worth than life;
Placed between crime and death, death I prefer.
But why so imminent dost thou present them?
Has then thy father sentenced me?—
Knows he the sacred tie?
D. Ped. All is reveal'd.
But he, the tyrant, feigning disbelief,
Arrogant, obstinate in prejudice,
Threaten'd me—horror—with thine execution!
And undisturb'd, at leisure, to condemn thee—
Me to the castle dungeon he commits
A prisoner. Therefore is it requisite—
Ig. We should obey him? Yes.
D. Ped. Obey him, said'st thou?
Ig. 'Tis indispensable. Go, best beloved,
Submit thee to paternal royal laws.
I pray thee, dear my lord, repair to prison!
No other means hast thou to rescue me,
Nor rescued otherwise desire I life.
Again I solemnly affirm I will not
Follow thee hence.
D. Ped. Enough! Thou wilt not quit
This palace. Would'st thou see it, by my hand,
Deluged in blood? Of virtue too austere
Idly enamour'd, thou to parricide

Impell'st me. I to perpetrate such crimes
Am well disposed. I go, yes, yes, I go.
Ig. Barbarian, stay! Cannot my tears, my moans,
Soften thy bosom, damp thy frantic rage?
Oh, where is Ignez' empire o'er thy heart!
D. Ped. Spare thy vain efforts! Fruitless are thy prayers,
Thy tears, thy moans. This day of horror, I
To desperation, crime, and death, devote.
The Furies' torches, blazing in my breast,
Can but in blood be quench'd. None can prevent,
Not thou thyself, the fearful blows mine arm
Is now about to strike!
Ig. With me begin!
This bosom lacerate! Be thy wife's blood
The first thou shedd'st! If that to satiate thee
Be insufficient, boldly fling thyself
Upon all sacrilege. How horrible!
I dare not look upon thee. Thou my husband!
Oh no! Thou art not! Guilt my husband loathed.
I loved a virtuous consort—Thou—No virtues
Hast thou! I love thee not. Go, bloody monster——
What do I say?—I cease to love thee?—I?
Believe me not! My tender heart belies
The words that, horror-frenzied by thy threats,
I raving utter'd. See my tears. Down sinking
In sorrow at thy feet, I clasp them.—Thou
Must to my supplications yield, or here
Behold me die, and trample on my corse.
D. Ped. (*Moved.*) Oh Heavens! Thou sweetest wife!
Ig. I leave thee not.
I will not rise till the Infernal Furies
Are banish'd from thy soul; until thou promise
Submissively to obey the royal will.
Oh, if thou lov'st me, thou will not resist
My prayers!
D. Ped. I resist them not—Oh, who
But must obey thee! I will to my prison—
Friend, let us go—Still question'st thou thine empire?
Ig. Oh Heaven support me! Crush not quite my heart!
My trembling reason yields to tenderness—
Oh loiter not!
D. Ped. But thou?
Ig. Fear not for me!
Heaven has inspired me with the certain means
To melt Alfonso's wrath. I, with thy sons,
Will prostrate fall before him. None withstand
The voice of Nature. Harsh as is his temper,
If he possess a heart, to see his grandsons
Clasp'd in mine arms, weeping with me, perforce
He must be soften'd—must forgive at least.
Fear not.—Farewell, my lord!
D. Ped. Oh Heavens! what torture!

This exclamation ends the third act. In the fourth, we are let into the secrets of Pacheco and Coelho. In the first scene these virtuous ministers, as is the established practice of such tragedy personages, lay open to us, as well as to each other, all their amiable propensities. It appears, that their bitter animosity against poor Ignez proceeds from their dread of the influence which her brothers, their especial enemies, might probably acquire were she Queen. Having arranged their plans, the friends separate; Pacheco goes to prepare the rest of the royal counsellors to sentence the Princess of Portugal to death; and Coelho remains, to keep the King—who, considering what we are told of his inflexibility, appears to be tolerably amenable to persuasion,—steady to his purpose. His Majesty now enters full of perplexity and remorse. He cannot satisfy himself of the justice of putting his daughter-in-law to death; and he knows not what to do with his son, whom he considers as a mere instrument in the hand of Providence to punish his own far more criminal youthful rebellion against his father King Diniz, whose indignant ghost he invokes in language approaching to insanity. Coelho succeeds in convincing the distressed monarch, that the death of Ignez is indispensable to the peace and happiness of Portugal; but just as he has obtained the royal assent to his proposal of referring her fate to the privy-council, Ignez herself appears with her children, and, despite Coelho's dehortations, the King resolves to see and hear her. She says—

Advance with me, my children, and embrace
Your royal grandsire's knees. Upon his hand

Plant your first kisses.—Mighty Prince, behold
The offspring of thy son, who come with tears
T' implore thy pity for their hapless mother!—
Weep, weep with me, my children, intercede
For me with your soft tears. Tears more expressive
Than words, of which your helpless infancy
Is yet incapable. Aid my laments,
My prayers,—obtain my pardon!—Clement King,
Of thy descendants, lo! th' unhappy mother,
Embracing them, entreats that thou would'st spare
To them her wretched life. Too well I know
Thou art prepared to doom my present death.
I, envy's victim, of intrigue the mark,
Timid, unfortunate, and unprotected,
Behold my death impending!—death unjust,
That tyrannous, infuriate counsellors,
Deceiving the compassion of thy soul,
Thunder against me! What atrocity!
For what enormous crimes am I condemn'd?
To love thy son, my Liege, and be beloved,
Is that esteem'd a crime worthy of death?
I dare implore, I dare attest thy justice.
Merciful Prince, consult thy clemency,
Consult thy heart,—'twill tell thee, that my death
Is undeserved.

King. Arise, unhappy woman!—
Oh nature, oh stern duties of a King!—
Arise, unhappy woman! fatal cause
Of all the cruel sorrows that surround me,
Thine aspect irritates, yet touches me,—
The father would forgive, the King may not.

Ig. Alas, my Liege! to pardon the distress'd
Is of a monarch's power the sweetest act,
And highest. Follow thine heart's impulses;
Let nature, let compassion reign supreme!
Of pity thou shalt ne'er repent. Oh rather,
Should'st thou pronounce my death-doom, shall remorse
Torture thee evermore, incessant anguish
Consume thee! Portugal's renown and hopes
Would moulder on my tombstone. To the grave
With me would'st thou behold, in thy despite,
Thy son descend. My Liege, destroying me,
See whom thou slaughterest. Our wedded hearts
Are so indissolubly join'd, the blow
That pierces mine must needs transfix thy son's.
Neither without the other can exist.
For him, not for myself, life I implore!
Yes, once again I clasp thy royal feet,
Have pity on the consort of thy son!
Oh, were it not for these sweet ties that force me
To live though miserable, and value life,
I would not sue for't, but, unmurmuring
And calm, would wait my death-blow! But to leave
For ever what I love! I am a wife,
A mother!—Heavens! I faint!—My precious babes,
Unhappy orphans! thus deprived at once
Of a fond mother, of the fondest father,
What shall become of you!—Oh, mighty King!
If, to my tears inexorable, my fate
Touch thee not, yet to nature's cry give ear:
Of these most innocent and tender victims
Oh pity the impending desolation!
They are not guilty of my crimes. My Liege,
Forget that they're my sons, remembering only
They are thy grandsons.—But thou weep'st!—Oh sight!
Kind Heaven has heard my prayers! Thy tears proclaim
My pardon! Let thine accents quell my fears.
Speak, gracious monarch,—say thou pardonest——

King. Vainly I struggle.—Oh were 't possible
Now to resign my sceptre!

Enter COELHO.

Coel. Gracious sir,
The council waits, and prays thine instant presence;
The populace already mutiny.

Ig. Oh, I am lost!

The King endeavours to encourage his daughter-in-law, by promising to plead her cause himself before the council, and then hurries away with Coelho. But Ignez, who has probably discovered how infirm of purpose King Alfonso is, will not be so comforted. After a short fit of insanity, to which all the principal personages of this tragedy seem obnoxious, she betakes herself, with her children and Elvira, to her nuptial chamber, there to await the fatal blow she too certainly anticipates.

When the curtain rises for the last time, his Portuguese Majesty presents himself in his accustomed state of distressing and remorseful perplexity. He has, it seems, proved an insufficient advocate. He has lost the cause of the mother of his grandchildren, and been compelled to sign her death-warrant. Whereupon he exclaims,—

Oh hard condition!—most oppressive sceptre!
And can there be the lot of kings who envy?
Intolerable post! Terrific throne!
Seat of affliction and of bitterness,
Most miserable are thine occupants!

We do not observe, amidst these lamentations, that the anguish to which he has, through the death of Ignez, doomed his son, has any share in awakening the royal father's regrets. He is, however, speedily reminded of the circumstance. Don Sancho visits the Monarch, deputed by Don Pedro to implore mercy for Ignez. The King is unwilling to listen to the intercessor, observing that his representations only increase his perplexity. But the ex-pedagogue, whom the plotting counsellors had previously denominated a Stoic, is not to be diverted from his purpose. He urges, that the heir-apparent's life hangs upon that of Ignez; and of the persecuted lady herself thus speaks,—

Ignez is now the consort of Don Pedro,
And well deserves the title. Credit not
Th' accursed tongues of her sworn enemies;
Who, fill'd with envy, rancour, and ambition,
Seek to depreciate her character.
Ignez is single-hearted and high-soul'd:
With sensibility too passionate,
She could not choose but love thy son. Her crime,
Her sole crime this, incapable of others.
And when on such a crime such virtues wait,
It merits pardon,—'tis excusable.—
[*Falling at his feet.*
Oh pardon her, my Liege; nor let the world
Say that, immoderate in severity,
Inflexibly thou mercy could'st deny
To thy son's wife!
King. No, that shall not be said.

This most pliable of monarchs, as we should have judged him had we not been assured to the contrary, now calls Don Nuno, and dispatches him to announce the change of his royal mind, and the pardon of Ignez. Don Nuno hurries away, delighted with his mission of mercy; and Don Sancho, more deeply overjoyed at his success, but shocked to find how imminent had been the danger, flies to bring Don Pedro to receive his rescued Ignez from the hand of his reconciled father. The King's solitary, but complacent meditations, are interrupted by the entrance of the Castillian ambassador. We felt apprehensive, upon his appearance, that he was about to counteract the beneficial influence of Don Sancho's eloquence. But we did his Excellency injustice. He comes to declare, that the King of Spain will be quite satisfied that no offence had been intended to his daughter by Don Pedro's previous marriage; and that the same royal personage would be rendered quite miserable, should the blood of the Princess of Portugal be shed, under the idea of pleasing him. Don Alfonso's worst fears being thus allayed, his Majesty is at the very summit of felicity, when Don Nuno returns in tears, to announce that he had been sent too late; that the daggers of Pacheco and Coelho were already in the bosom of the Princess when he shouted pardon; that the sound had so far only arrested the arms of the self-appointed executioners, as to render the wounds not instantly fatal; and that the victim, supported by her women, and bringing her children with her, is coming to die at her father-in-law's feet. The King would fain shun the dreadful sight, but his escape is prevented by her entrance. In faltering accents she exclaims—

Oh, fly me not, my Liege! No, fly me not—
Receive thy grandsons. In death's agony
Maternal love has dragg'd me to thy feet,
There to deliver them to thee. Sad orphans,
Farewell! Farewell, my children. In thy hands,
Great King, I place them—to thy heart receive them.
Protect them as their grandsire, of their mother
Since they're bereft. Heav'n grant they may hereafter,
Worthy of thee, worthy to be the sons
Of their most virtuous father, recompense
With equal virtues, with heroic deeds,
Thy pardon, mercifully granted me.
Now, as thy latest favour, I entreat
Permission, ere I die, to call thee father.

King. Call me thine executioner! Give not
The tender name I have not merited—
Fain would I call thee daughter, but I dare not,
No, dare not! Nature's self, should she behold
A title so delicious by my lips
Profaned, would tremble. Loudly does thy blood
Cry out against me. Thou perforce must hate
The savage who has murder'd thee; but well
Art thou avenged—a thousand times more wretched
Than thee, a thousand deaths do I endure.
Oh, spare thy murderer the pang of seeing
Thy struggling soul breathed out in agony!
I go—my very presence to thine eyes
Must be abhorrent. Let none follow me!
No! Leave me! Fly me! I would hide myself
From every living creature, till I sink
For ever in the terrible abyss.
[*He bursts violently away.*
Ig. Oh, gracious sir!—'Tis vain—he heeds me not.
This too I must endure. His deep distress
Scarcely afflicts me less than mine own death.
Alas! how many mourners do I make!
A father—husband—Oh, unhappy husband,
What shall become of thee! Horrible thought!
Don Nuno, mine Elvira, all, all strive
To soothe him, to alleviate his despair.
Oh, might I only see him once again,
I should die satisfied. Oh, Heavens! already
I feel the agonies of death. My sons—
My sons!—Oh, how their presence tortures me!
Take them away—but whither? No, come near,
My children—on your lips would I breathe out
My soul; on them would leave deposited
My last sighs for your father. These are they—
Oh, what anxiety!—the light has vanish'd.
Farewell, my boys—husband, farewell—I die! [*She dies.*
Amb. Oh, woful chance!

Enter Don Pedro *and* Don Sancho.

D. Ped. (*rapturously.*) My wife, my best beloved!
Ignez, dear Ignez, hasten to mine arms,
That I may feel the fulness of my joys!
But, what! You weep!—Disastrous augury!
[*Perceives the Body, and falls fainting into the arms of* Don Sancho *and the* Ambassador.
D. San. Oh, miserable prince! Oh, deadly pang!
Remove his lifeless consort from his sight. (*The Body is removed.*
D. Ped. (*reviving.*) My wife! where is she? Call her.
D. Nuno. Oh, my Prince——
D. Ped. Delay not—Call her. I will go myself.
Ignez, sweet wife!
(*Attempts to walk, but cannot.*
Amb. Sorrow bewilders him.
D. Nuno. Thy consort, Prince—Oh, God! she is no more!
D. Ped. Dead? Unjust Heaven! Terrible ray of light!
What thou, Don Sancho, didst thou, too, deceive me?
Oh, yes! Myself I saw—horrible image!
And shall mine eyes ever unclose again?
I've seen my loved wife dead, and I survive!
Stay, Ignez, I will bear thee company;
I follow thee!
(*He attempts to draw his sword, but is prevented by* Don Sancho *and* Don Nuno. *After a pause,*
But, no! 'Tis proper first
I should revenge her death. Who murder'd her?
Speak! Haply—Speak! Was't he—was it the tyrant
Who calls himself my father?
D. Nuno. No, my lord,
Thy father hath forgiv'n her—'Twas Pacheco,
Who with Coelho, impiously——
D. Ped. Enough!
No more! All, all were impious, and of all
I'll drink the blood! Tremble, inhuman King!
War, war to th' uttermost I proclaim against thee!
I swear, yes, by mine Ignez' blood, whose traces
I see around me, clamorous for revenge,
I swear, barbarian, from the throne to hale thee,
And in thy stead, there, crown'd, to seat the wife
Of whom thou hast despoil'd me. By my side,
Even after death, shall she, my beautiful,
Mine Ignez, reign with me as Queen. What matter
Although her body breathe not, if her soul
With mine united lives? Her icy hand
All men shall kiss, and pay her homage due.

The tyrants who have murder'd her shall form
Her throne's steps, trampled down beneath my feet.
Their devilish hearts I'll tear from out their entrails:
I'll crush them into atoms! From my wrath
None shall escape. Should they plunge down to hell,
There should my fury seek them. My revenge,
My rage, shall be so terrible, the world
Shall tremble at my name. Nought shall be heard
But wailing, horror, desolation. Such
Shall be the ravages, the deaths I'll work,
That Portugal shall even be drown'd in blood!
Blood shall the Douro, Tagus, and Mondego—
Blood and not water, as their tribute pour
Into the sea. The roaring sea itself
Shall lash with waves of blood the furthest shores.
I go, this instant I'll begin to shed it.
Oh Furies! O Revenge! be mine associates!
Direct my steps, guide and impel mine arm!

With these words, Don Pedro rushes furiously off the stage. The remaining personages lament over the fate of the ill-starred couple, and the curtain falls.

As the history of Portugal, notwithstanding our intimate connexion with the country, is not that with which we are the most familiarly acquainted, all the readers of this Magazine may not perhaps be aware, that Don Pedro actually did execute in after life those wild and sanguinary intentions, whose denunciation in his last speech resembles rather the maniac ravings of grief in its first burst of delirious agony, than the settled purpose of a rational being. He did place upon the throne, when he obtained the power of so doing, the mouldering form of his once beautiful and still idolized Ignez. She was arrayed in all the trappings of royalty; she was solemnly crowned, and her hand was kissed by all those who should have rendered such homage to a living Queen. But this was not all; though this may perhaps suffice to justify the rest upon the plea of insanity. From being an amiable and kind-hearted, though impetuous and somewhat self-willed youth, he became one of the bloodiest and most atrocious tyrants ever intrusted by Providence with the power of desolating his native land. Pathetic as is the story of the loves and the death of Ignez de Castro, it is this terrific consequence of her hard fate that constitutes it most strikingly and awfully tragical. But this consequence can never be properly exhibited in a tragedy, trammelled by the unities of time and place—Don Pedro's ravings going, as we have observed, comparatively for little or nothing. Nay, even in a less confined historical play, we hardly know whether the most exquisite dramatic genius could, after the heroine's catastrophe, maintain sufficient interest to render endurable a whole fifth act of the widowed husband's atrocities, preserving for him, despite such atrocities, the sympathy of the audience, by constantly and impressively bringing forward as their cause, the excess of his love and of his despair. This is, to our minds, a heavy drawback from the otherwise highly tragic character of the story of Ignez de Castro; and in the play which we have now been considering, Gomes has needlessly increased its weight, by giving a tint of fierceness to the Prince's previous character, which, being far beyond what is necessary to render the subsequent charge possible, materially diminishes its awful and terrible effect.

But in this objection to the subject, we appear to be singular. It has been, especially in Portugal, as we have already stated, a favourite one; and the difficulty we have started as to the interest of a whole act, subsequent to the death of Ignez, has not, it should seem, always been the impediment to exhibiting the hero's actions rather than his menaces. Ferreira, whom we have mentioned as one of the first, both in time and in excellence, of Portuguese poets, devotes his fifth act entirely to the effect produced upon the Prince by the intelligence of his loss. Although we thought Ferreira's tragedy too purely Grecian in structure to interest modern readers, the author's high and merited reputation* in his own country

* One of Ferreira's best and most striking passages, is the exclamation of Ignez upon hearing her death-doom—

"How!—Is he dead—my husband—mine Infant?

induces us to close this article with an extract from this said fifth act, in which much beauty, nature, and passion are intermingled with some conceits, and some bad taste. The Prince is in high spirits when he is thus accosted by a messenger,—

O heavy tidings!—A sad messenger,
My lord, thou see'st.
D. Ped. What tidings bring'st thou?
Mess. Tidings
So cruel, that in bearing them, myself
Tow'rds thee am cruel. But first calm thy spirit,
And in it, fashion of calamities
The worst that could befall. A soul thus arm'd
Is the best remedy against ill fortune.
D. Ped. Thou hold'st me in suspense. I pr'ythee, speak.
Procrastination aggravates the ill.
Mess. That Dona Ignez, thou so lovest, is dead!
D. Ped. Oh God! Oh Heavens! What say'st thou?
Mess. By a death
So cruel, to relate it were fresh sorrow.
D. Ped. Is dead?
Mess. She is.
D. Ped. Who murder'd her?
Mess. This day,
Thy father with arm'd followers surprised her.
Secure in innocence she did not fly;
But nought avail'd her, nor her love for thee,
Nor yet thy sons, in whom she sought defence,
No, nor the innocence and piety
With which, down falling at thy father's feet,
So forcefully for pardon she entreated,
That weeping he pronounced it. But even then
His cruel ministers and counsellors
Against a pardon so well merited
Unsheathed their swords, and plunged them in her breast.
They murder'd her as she embraced her babes,
Who there remain'd discolour'd with her blood.
D. Ped. What should I say? What do? What shriek or groan?
Oh fortune! Oh barbarity! Oh grief!
Oh mine own Dona Ignez! Oh my soul,
And art thou slain? Hath death th' audacity
To touch thee? Do I hear it, and survive?
I live and thou art dead! Oh cruel death!
My life thou hast slain, and yet I am not dead!
Open, thou earth, and swallow me at once!
Burst, burst away, my soul, from this evil body,
Whose weight by force detains thee!
Oh mine own Dona Ignez! Oh my soul!
My love, my passion, my desire, my care,
Mine only hope, my joy, and art thou murder'd?
They've murder'd thee! Thy soul so innocent,
So beautiful, so humble, and so holy,
Has left its home! Thy blood has drench'd their swords!
Thy blood! What cruel swords, what cruel hands!
How could they move against thee? Those hard weapons,
How had they strength or edge turn'd against thee?
How, cruel King, could'st thou allow the deed?
Mine enemy—not father—enemy!
Wherefore *thus* murder me? Ye savage lions,
Ye tigers, serpents! Why, if for my blood
Athirst, glutted ye not on me your rage?
Me had you slain, I might survive. Barbarians,
Wherefore not murder me? If wrong'd by me,
Mine enemies, why not on me revenge
Your wrongs? She had not wrong'd you, that meek lamb—
Innocent, beautiful, sincere, and chaste.
But you, as rancorous enemies, would slay me,
Not in my life, but soul. Ye Heavens, that saw
Such monstrous cruelty, how fell ye not?
Ye mountains of Coimbra, 'neath your rocks
Why overwhelm'd ye not such ministers?
Why trembles not the earth? Why opens not?
Wherefore supports it such barbarity?
Mess. My lord, for weeping there is ample leisure;
But what can tears 'gainst death? I pray thee now
Visit the corse, and render it due honours.
D. Ped. Sad honours! Other honours, lady mine,
I had in store for thee. Honours thy due.

* * *

How look upon those eyes, for ever closed?
Upon those tresses, now not gold but blood?
Upon those hands, so cold and livid now,
That used to be so white and delicate?
On that fair bosom, pierced with cruel wounds?
Upon that form, so often in mine arms

Clasp'd living, beautiful, now dead and cold?
How shall I see the pledges of our loves?
Oh, cruel father, didst thou not in them
Behold thy son? Thou hear'st not, my beloved!
I ne'er shall see thee more! Throughout the world
Shall never find thee! Weep my griefs with me,
All you who hear me! Weep with me, ye rocks,
Since in men's hearts dwells such barbarity!
And thou, Coimbra, shroud thyself for ever
In melancholy! Ne'er within thy walls
Be laughter heard, or aught save tears and sighs!
Be thy Mondego's waters changed to blood—
Wither'd thy trees, thy flowers! Help me to call
Upon Heaven's justice to avenge my woes!
I slew thee, lady mine! 'Twas I destroyed thee—
With death I recompensed thy tenderness.
But far more cruelly than thee they slew,
Will I destroy myself, if I avenge not
Thy murder with unheard-of cruelties.
For this alone does God prolong my life.
With mine own hands their breasts I'll open, thence
I'll tear out the ferocious hearts that durst
Conceive such cruelty. Then let them die.
Thee too I'll persecute, thou King, my foe!
Quickly shall wasting fires work ravages
Amidst thy friends, thy kingdom. Thy slain friends
Shall look on others' deaths, whose blood shall drown
The plains, with whose blood shall the rivers stream,
For hers in retribution. Slay me thou,
Or fly my rage. No longer as my father
Do I acknowledge thee. Thine enemy
I call myself; thine enemy. My father
Thou'rt not—I'm no son—I'm an enemy.
Thou, Ignez, art in Heaven. I remain
Till I've revenged thee; then I there rejoin thee.
Here shalt thou be a queen, as was thy due;
Thy sons shall, only as thy sons, be princes—
Thine innocent body shall, in royal state,
Be placed on high. Thy tenderness shall be
Mine indivisible associate.
Until I leave with thine my weary body,
And my soul hastes to rest with thine for ever!

EMIGRATION.

The Emigration question is one amongst the many which the theories of modern Political Economists have greatly tended to darken and confuse. Taken by itself, it is one of simplicity, and is to be decided rather by the evidence of facts than by any elaborateness of reasoning; but when entangled with theories about "capital," and "profit," and "surplus," and "absorption of population," it then indeed becomes one of obscurity, and gives occasion for huge reports and protracted discussions, both in Parliament and elsewhere.

That this disease of Political Economy prevailed to a most alarming degree in the Committee on Emigration, is apparent, upon the most cursory examination of their proceedings. Their general report is almost ludicrous, from the numerous instances in which its phraseology is borrowed from the nomenclature of the Economists. A report on emigration ought, we submit, to be strong and very plain in its language, such as peasants might comprehend if it were read to them from a newspaper, and ought not to contain such affectations as the "doctrine" of the Committee on this subject or on that; or the "acquiescence" of the people in the "*general principle* of the national advantages of machinery."

Neither can we admire such phrases as a "temporary vacuum" in the population, or the "replenishment of such vacuum." We are told, moreover, that the "ordinary *channels* of labour are in *a state of repletion*," and we hear of "elements in the argument," and of "soils of the *higher class of fertility*." Now, all this might be very well in a book about political economy, because one would not expect in such a book to find common sense expressed in clear language; but in an Emigration report, intended for the information of the people at large, as well as for Members of Parliament, it has an excessively affected air, and is almost disgusting to that large portion of the "thinking people" of these

realms, who have made up their minds, that modern political economy is almost, if not altogether, quackery.

With respect to the great mass of evidence also which is annexed to the third report, we are sorry to say, that, generally speaking, it is of the most unsatisfactory nature that can be well conceived. The slightest knowledge of the most ordinary rules of evidence, or even the mere exertion of common sense, without any such knowledge, must show how very erroneously the examiners upon this committee proceeded. By far the greater number of the interrogatories are what are called in courts of justice "leading questions;" and upon a view of the whole, it appears as if the object of the committee were to obtain a body of evidence favourable to the views of the emigrationists. We do not mean to impute any sinister intention to those who put the questions in this form. We think they must have done so without being aware of their error; and that having previously to the inquiry made up their minds upon the necessity of emigration, they forgot that their object should be to elicit truth, and not to obtain a defence of their own opinions. In very numerous instances, the questions are put in a hypothetical form—an eloquent and captivating picture is drawn of that which the emigrant might expect, and then the witness is asked, "Supposing such and such matters to be true, do you not think numbers would be eager to go out?" &c. &c. The evidence which the answers to such questions supply is not worth a farthing. The committee deceived themselves by receiving it, and to the public it can only be a source of delusion.

We could easily bring forward abundant examples of these hypothetical questions, but we are unwilling to encumber our pages with questions which are each of them a short speech in itself in favour of emigration. We prefer referring to question 3564, as a sample of the rest of that class. The witness would have been very insensible indeed to the eloquence of the honourable or right honourable questioner, if he had given any other than an affirmative answer to a question put in so captivating a form.

It sometimes happened, however, that the committee met with an impracticable witness; and it is amusing to observe the anxiety of the committee to convert him to their opinion, and the unconscious adroitness with which they wind round him, to draw him to a favourable answer. If any one doubt this, let him look at the evidence of Mr Strickland, p. 331 of the Third Report. He is an English gentleman, agent over a very large estate in the county Roscommon; we believe Viscount Dillon's, and other extensive property in the adjoining county of Mayo. He commences with corroborating the views of Mr Nimmo as to the practicability of reclaiming the waste lands of Ireland, except that he considers the cost would not be so much as Mr Nimmo had mentioned. He is sounded as to his views about emigration to the colonies, and at once declares himself point-blank against any such thing. From question 3485 to 3496, they invite him in vain to a different declaration; he still insists it would be better to cultivate the waste lands at home; at length, anxious to have his suffrage for emigration, notwithstanding the waste lands to which he clings so firmly, they wish to know whether he does not think the population is so redundant as to afford sufficient "candidates for emigration," in addition to those who might be employed on the waste lands. His direct answer is, "I do not."

With a skill in the art of examination, of which any learned gentleman in Westminster Hall might well be proud, the witness is then led away from this point on which he appears so inflexible, and for sixty questions is not troubled about this Emigration, but has to give general information concerning the state of the country; at length, however, the examiner draws him to the point again, in the following question, which we defy any lawyer to put more adroitly, supposing his purpose to be the obtaining an answer favourable to emigration from one who had previously delivered a contrary opinion. Mr Strickland having spoken of the wretched condition of the peasantry in his part of the country, he is asked, in question 3558, "Do you conceive that the most effective remedy for the evil which exists, would be the transfer of a great proportion of the pauper population to some other situation, where they may be rendered comfortable and prosperous?" He answers, "Certainly, to other situations and improvements *in Ireland*." Mr Strickland was not asked a single

question more; and we know not whether to admire most, the skill of the examiner, or the steadiness of the witness, who rendered all his skill of no avail. It is perhaps needless to say, that very few of the witnesses were so sharp in seeing through the questions, or so inflexible in their answers as Mr Strickland; but it may be necessary to remind those who attach some value to the quantity of what is called favourable evidence, obtained by the Committee, that some of the witnesses were avowed partizans of emigration; that others, such as the Irish landlords, were anxious for any scheme by which the public in general would assist to carry away the pauper tenantry from their estates, whom they themselves had not the spirit, nor the generosity, to endeavour to make useful and comfortable at home.

Others there were who made their bread by emigration, and who would, of course, not say anything against it; and several, like Mr Malthus, who was very particularly examined *upon the state of Ireland!!* talked from books, and stated as certainties, because *they* believed them to be so, theories, the truth of which is every day disputed.

We state these things as a natural and reasonable apology for differing *toto cœlo* from the conclusions come to by the Emigration Committee, notwithstanding the respectable and talented gentlemen of whom it was composed, and the great quantity of time and labour which they bestowed upon the inquiry.

We stated at the commencement, that we considered the Emigration question to be a simple one, if considered by itself, and not through the medium of all that book learning which serves to throw so much perplexity around modern politics. We shall endeavour to discuss the matter as plainly and intelligibly as we can. The evil is, that there is a great number of our people who are very wretched, and have not enough to eat; why is this? Is there any scarcity in the land? not at all; our harvests have been plentiful, the country is full of food; but those who have the food will not give it to those who have none, without getting something in exchange; and these poor people have nothing to give but their labour, which, it is asserted, is not wanted; that there is no room here for its profitable exertion, and therefore they must be sent away to some place where they can get food in exchange for labour. This assertion we deny. We say there *is* abundant room within these kingdoms for the exertion of profitable labour, if their population were double what it is; and indeed, we cannot conceive the point to which profitable labour might not be extended, if our political regulations would but suffer the things which are to be done, and the people who are able to do them, to come together. As it is, they are kept asunder; the men are idle; and the land which would feed them, if they were allowed to dig it, and to sow it, lies barren before their eyes. We do not pretend to say that it would be very easy to make such a change in our system as would remedy this palpable and most afflicting evil; but we do say, that a parliamentary inquiry to devise the means of rendering the vast materials of wealth in this kingdom available to those who are perishing for want of those materials, would be infinitely more valuable to the state than one to effect so cowardly a policy as the transportation of our people to a foreign land. Emigration is at the best but the means of palliating a present evil; to set the people at work to create wealth at home, is a positive good, not only to those whom you set to work, but to the whole body of the nation, which would profit by what they produced, and by the demand for the productions of others which would be thereby occasioned. When we reflect for a moment that everything in this world which constitutes what is called wealth, depends upon the labour of men's bodies, exercised upon the rude materials which nature furnishes, it must be immediately obvious, that in a properly arranged society, the only limit to the usefulness of men, is the exhaustion of these rude materials; and we would ask any sane man to look around him in these countries, and say if there be any want of these rude materials, or any the least apprehension of their exhaustion? There is no such thing; all we want is to have some such claim one upon another, as shall set us to work each in our separate vocation, to satisfy that claim. We shall not then be unemployed, we shall be producing something either valuable to ourselves, or valuable to others, who will give us

what we want in exchange for it; and the more there are of us the better, for we shall produce the more, and have the more to enjoy.

In the last speech with which Mr Wilmot Horton favoured the House of Commons previously to its separation for the Easter recess, he said, that all his arguments rested upon a fact which he held to be indisputably true, namely, that there were a great number of people for whom profitable labour could not be obtained, and consequently their subsistence was so much annually subtracted from the capital of the country, for which there was no return. He challenged contradiction on this point, and in the House he met with none; but we should be sorry if, on this account, the country were to receive his position as a true one. We think it obvious from his statement, that he has fallen into the mistake of supposing the capital, or the property of the country, for we suppose they mean the same thing, to grow by some fixed and settled rule of progression, as the interest on stock does at the Bank, whether it be called for or not; but it is not so—it is the demand for it which calls it into existence. If it be asked, would not the various commodities which these idle people consume, be so much saved if these people were not here to consume them? We answer, No—the commodities would be nowhere, they would never have been created; and instead of losing by their presence the country gains, inasmuch as it occasions a portion of productive industry which otherwise would not be exerted; and if they were sent away, we should be losers by their deportation, unless, by an increase of wages to those who were left, a consequent increase of demand for the produce of industry should take place, equivalent to that which their wants occasioned.* The whole cause of our distress lies in this—the want of demand to set us to work; and there can be no question, that were the demand to arise to-morrow, there is hardly any limit to our powers of producing to answer it. Mr Horton says, there is no room for the profitable labour of those whom he would send out of the country—does he mean, then, with reference to the agricultural labourers whom he would transport to Canada, that there is no land for them to till at home? Does he mean to say with respect to the "redundant" weavers, and carpenters, and masons, that no one in this country wants clothes and houses? Every one with his eyes and ears open, will tell him that there is plenty of land to be tilled, and abundance of people wanting clothes and houses; and can there be any doubt, that if they were set to work to supply one another's wants, their labour would be profitable to the nation? We shall find in one town a number of tailors out of work, and without hats or shoes; a number of hatters unemployed, without coats or shoes; a number of shoemakers idle, without hats or coats; and a farmer outside the town leaving his worst field untilled, because the corn he grew in it last year did not bring him a remunerating price, and discharging in consequence two of his labourers. These people would, without hesitation, be denominated by the Emigration Committee a "surplus population;" and we should be told that the nation should at once subscribe to send them out of the country; while there can be nothing in the world more plain, than that if they were all to set about supplying one another's wants, which they would do, if some means could be devised of giving them a claim one upon another, their productive industry would make themselves comfortable, and enrich the country. In the early stages of civilization, the spur to productive industry is found in barter; and if at such a stage trades

* We hope we shall not be misunderstood, to argue that pauperism is not a great evil to the country. We feel that it is, on account of the loss and hardship suffered by individuals, who, in order to supply the wants of the paupers, must either give additional labour without any return *to them*, or must give up a portion of that which they would otherwise consume themselves. In neither of these cases, however, does the capital of the country suffer a positive loss, and that is the position against which we contend. A negative loss, or a not-gaining of what it ought to do, the country undoubtedly does suffer, for, under more favourable circumstances, these paupers ought to be themselves producing, and promoting the industry of others, to obtain something to exchange with them for what they had produced.

were divided, the tailors who wanted shoes, would make coats, and go to the shoemakers who were out at the elbows, and exchange the coats for shoes. But we have got too far advanced for this—our exchanges are managed entirely by means of money, the universal representative of value; and so entirely have we become accustomed to this mode of managing our affairs, that we may find six people living in different parts of the same town, whose several industry could produce much more than enough of all that the whole number required; yet they stand idle and produce nothing, because they have not *money* to offer to one another for the commodities which they want. Here, then, is one of the great evils of our present condition, that the money is gathered together in great masses; that the contraction of the circulating medium of the country has taken out of the hands of the common people that which will alone be taken in exchange for the various products of industry. We trust we have already shewn, that all that is required to set industry to work, so as to supply the whole population with all they want, is a something which shall give one individual a claim on, or an inducement for, the industry of another. This claim, or inducement, is to be found in money; and it matters not the least whether this money has any intrinsic value of its own or not, so that it be acknowledged as a general representative of value. If a farthing's worth of paper be acknowledged to represent twenty shillings worth of goods, it will answer this great purpose, of setting our industry in motion, just as well as a golden sovereign, which actually costs very nearly twenty shillings to produce it. This is a point of the very highest importance. If it be true, first, that there are within these kingdoms abundant materials for the production of food, clothing, and habitations for all the population; secondly, that nothing but labour is required to convert these materials into the essentials of life just mentioned; thirdly, that this labour would be applied, if the different individuals of the community had any claim or inducement to offer to one another for undertaking this labour; and, fourthly, that a more plentiful supply of a generally acknowledged medium of value would supply this claim or inducement;—if these four positions be true, and we think we have not advanced them without first having laid some good grounds for adopting them, then it must be of the very highest importance to devise the means by which this circulating medium shall be abundantly supplied to the nation, yet with the utmost security that the public shall not be cheated, by taking that as a representative of value which shall afterwards turn out not to represent it.

From the views which we have taken, it will follow as a necessary inference, that the introduction of machinery, when it throws men permanently out of employment, does the reverse of promoting the wealth of the country, because, inasmuch as the demand of the people thrown out of employment is diminished, the produce which such demand would occasion is diminished, and the country loses not only the entire labour of those thrown wholly out of employment, but also a considerable portion of the labour of all those who formerly were busy in supplying them with the various articles which now they cannot afford to use. If sixty men be dismissed from a cotton-mill, and become in consequence permanently idle, the power-looms which have taken their place may doubtless produce more cotton goods, and at a less expense, than the men did, and the individual manufacturer may become more rich in consequence; but by as much as the articles of consumption by sixty flourishing mechanics exceed the bare necessaries supplied by the parish to sixty paupers, the productive industry of the country is diminished, and, in the present state of things, it may well be doubted that the gain in production by machinery is equal to the loss occasioned in the way we have just mentioned. During the war, when the prodigious drain on the country drew forth the productive powers of its industry with such immense effect, our machinery assisted us to a degree too vast to be expressed, for no lack of demand was experienced in consequence. Every one found a ready market for all they could produce, and consequently every one did produce as much as they could, which, unfortunately, they now do not. As to the talk about over production, which has latterly prevailed, it is nonsense; it is want of *distribution* that

should be complained of. We may produce more than we can cram into foreign warehouses, and thus be obliged to sell a part at less than it cost us, and leave the rest to rot; but if, by the encouragement of domestic industry, we can scatter our produce over the face of our own country, then we cannot produce too much.

But to come more immediately to the subject of the Emigration Report. Notwithstanding the objectionable nature of the evidence generally, to which we have already alluded, there is some good direct evidence in the volume, which goes to show, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that for what is called the "redundant population of Ireland," there is abundance of means of profitable employment. Let any one read the answers given by Mr Nimmo to questions 3438, 3448, and 3456, and we think they will be amazed, that the chairman of the Committee, who heard these answers, should get up in his place in Parliament, to assert that he saw no means of profitable employment for the people. Mr Nimmo states, that he had himself been engaged in the reclaiming of bog for Lord Palmerston, which, when they commenced operations, was utterly valueless; and by the outlay of L.7 per acre upon it, it was brought to that state, that it would produce, if let, 30s. per acre annual rent; and when he is asked by the Committee for a general estimate of the quantity of land now waste, upon which an outlay of L.10 per acre would make it worth 20s. an acre annual rent, his answer is, "*five millions* of English acres!"

Here, however, is a notable instance of the stupidity of the Committee, in putting leading questions; for, had Mr Nimmo's opinion been, that these five million acres could have been reclaimed at the same expense, and become as valuable as Lord Palmerston's acres, of which he had just spoken, he must still have given the same answer, as he did to the question put to him in so peculiar a form. He should have been asked how many acres there were, and what it would cost to reclaim them, and not have had a question so fenced about with conditions.

Mr Nimmo states, moreover, that the greatest facilities exist for reclaiming the bogs in Ireland, in consequence of the fact, which is generally true all over the island, that in the neighbourhood of these bogs, that species of soil or gravel is found, which is necessary to be combined with the substance of the bog, in order to convert it into productive earth.

Mr Strickland's evidence, to which we have already alluded, is still stronger than Mr Nimmo's.

He tells the Committee that the expense of reclaiming the waste lands would, in his opinion, be even less than had been stated, and that, independently of these lands, the ground which is already considered to be in cultivation, requires in his part of the country every kind of improvement in which a good farmer would employ labourers. It really seems after this to be almost waste of words to argue the matter any farther. It is a truth so glaringly palpable that the population ought to be employed in these works; it is so plainly a disgrace to the country, that these important works should be delayed for a single month, that it seems something very little short of insanity to think of putting the country to expense to send away the people whose assistance is necessary to accomplish them. But, say the right honourable and honourable the Emigrationists, how is this to be done? how are we to get rid of the "difficulties of tenure" about the bogs? or how induce Irish landlords to improve their estates? Ay, gentlemen, there's the rub, we do confess; but these are the very points you ought to have been inquiring about, and not wasting your time in examining Mr Malthus about the population of Ireland.

We cannot believe these difficulties are utterly insurmountable. It is ridiculous to suppose they are; we ourselves think we could suggest some strong measures before which these difficulties would soon fall to the ground—but we pause for the present, content if we shall have been fortunate enough to direct the attention of men who have the power to promote them, to measures, which, while they relieve our suffering population, will improve, adorn, and enrich our country, and much gratified if we shall have shewn the public in a stronger light than they have yet seen them, the hollowness and worthlessness of the arguments which the *soi-disant* liberal politicians of the day, have put forward in favour of emigration.

LETTER FROM SENEX, ON THE DANGER OF ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

SIR,

AMONG the prodigious advantages which this country is to derive from what is called unqualified Emancipation, the patriotic recommenders of that measure promise us full employment for its native population, and all the happy effects that are to flow from the possession of comfort, competency, and union. To the generality of your readers, the attainment of such blessings must, I am inclined to think, appear paradoxical. They are unable to conceive what difference it can make to the people at large to mix Roman Catholic with Protestant Senators, or to throw open to the former a few high offices of trust and emolument, from which they are at present excluded. The cultivators of the soil will continue to have the same rents and the same landlords. Merchants, tradesmen, and shopkeepers, will experience no change of situation; their means of acquiring property, and the property itself, being already as secure as those of the more favoured description. Neither grain nor potatoes will grow one whit the better for the projected change, nor will the seasons alter their accustomed mode of bringing forth the fruits of the earth. To what then are we to look for the blessings and enjoyments so confidently promised? Or are those promises merely held out as a bait for the Legislature?

These, sir, are questions which your readers may amuse themselves in solving—my present object is confined to one of them. I am prepared to demonstrate, by a reference to the experience of other countries—the only mode by which such a proposition can be demonstrated—that, among the consequences contemplated by what some call the Catholic Association, and others the self-constituted Parliament of Ireland, we may certainly look to the attainment of that object which Mr Wilmot Horton, and other speculators for depopulation, are so laudably endeavouring to compass. I do not, however, say, that such consequences are contemplated by all the members now composing that respectable body, in which are enrolled several, who, like Rodorigo, join the pack only to keep up the cry, and several who want understandings to contemplate any consequences at all. I speak only of the few by whom the many are led, and of whose ultimate ends it is impossible for any person of deep reflection to entertain a doubt. As to the language employed in public documents and parliamentary petitions, in examinations before committees, and senatorial speeches of political friends, he will be very far short of the truth indeed, whose notions extend no further, and who draws his conclusions from such premises—*Sic notus Ulysses?* All these, sir, like the prologue to a play, necessarily put on the form of courteous entreaty, and respectfully bespeak that countenance and protection which is likely to secure the success of the piece. It would be preposterous indeed to *ask* for more than participation of power, whatever may be in the future contemplation of the askers. Had we, therefore, no other ground for suspicion than the general spirit of that religion which admits no equal, still there would be something left for the Protestant to fear, and consequently he would be justified by common prudence in looking to a security for his religious and political rights. But the indiscretion or impatience of the Catholic Association has removed the veil which policy or decorum had drawn over the penetralia of their intentions, and we are no longer left to the anxieties of doubt, or the surmises of suspicion. To rescind the Union, and re-establish the independence of Ireland—or, in other words, to put her into the hands of seven millions of Roman Catholics, and *cut the connexion* with great Britain, is now declared to be a fixed and final object, —an insular Elysium to which Milesian piety looks, and to which the favouring breeze of unqualified emancipation is to waft the Ark of Hibernian glory, with its discordant cargo of Bravos and Breviaries, Saints and Sinners. Nor is this idea confined to the casual effusions of idle vapouring, or irritated imbecility, but to be found among the frequent and undisguised declarations of those leading spirits, who, however frenzied and in-

coherent at times, have, however, sufficient method in their madness, to know what they are about; and amidst all their wanderings, to keep a steady eye upon what circumstances have led them to regard as

"A consummation devoutly to be wish'd."

Now, sir, whether this consummation not very devoutly to be wished by those who do *not* bow the knee to the Italian idol, be likely to take place or not, I leave to be considered by those who guide the councils and compose the legislature of these imperial realms. My present purpose is to show you, that if it shall be the lot of this island to become hereafter *Insula Sacerdotum*, instead of its pristine title, *Insula Sanctorum*, no farther steps will be necessary to reduce superfluity of population, and confine human increase within the precincts of prescribed limitation. "That which has been, is the thing which shall be;" and consequently all that will be necessary is to assimilate the circumstances of Ireland to those of the blissful region in which the experiment has so perfectly succeeded, and where, at this very day, it is so satisfactorily exemplified. This being once accomplished, the result will follow as a matter of course. The model country to which reference is here made, is one where the blessings of Papal Supremacy reign, and have reigned for many a long century, unpolluted by sectarian doctrines, and guarded with the most rigorous precaution against the slightest mixture of Protestant heresy. *There* are no Methodists, no Orangemen, no Evangelicals, no Bible readers, to disturb the slumbers of Monachism, or raise commotion and alarm in the tranquil bosom of Infallibility. *There* the Word of God reposes decorously on the hierarchial shelf, unthumbed by vulgar hands, and unheeded by infallible heads. *There* the regal authority, in due and dutiful obedience to that of the Triple Crown, exerts its power and influence in enforcing submission to the true Church, sanctioning all her dogmas, maintaining all her privileges, upholding all her varieties of image worship, encouraging her warehouse of indulgences, and compelling her subjects to that blessed unity of opinion, which has made her, if not the envy, at least the wonder, of civilized nations.

To establish my point, I shall have recourse to authority that cannot be questioned. Some of your readers must have seen, and to those who have not, I recommend a work entitled, "Modern State of Spain, written by J. F. R. Bourgoing, late Minister Plenipotentiary from France to the Court of Madrid." It underwent a fourth edition in 1807, and contains a very minute account of the state of Spain previous to Buonaparte's wanton and treacherous invasion, written by a friendly Roman Catholic, whose respectable situation, intelligent mind, and inquisitive disposition, enabled him, during the course of a long sojourn, to make himself fully acquainted with the subject on which he writes. He was also untainted with the licentious spirit of republican infidelity, attached to his religion, and though disapproving the principle of the Inquisition, spoke less unfavourably of the institution itself than might have been expected from so enlightened a member of the Gallican Church. Appended to Monsieur Bourgoing's book, is an account of Spain by another hand, also a member of the Romish Church, a Monsieur Peyron, whose work preceded that of Bourgoing by a few years. From these unquestionable authorities the following extracts are made from the London octavo edition of 1808, four volumes.

Page 337, first volume, the author, after mentioning a few instances of the Spanish Government's not altogether unsuccessful opposition to some of the usurpations and encroachments of the Papal Court, proceeds thus:—

"A great abuse, however, still prevails in Spain, which originates from wrong conceptions of religion—I mean the exorbitant wealth of the clergy and the monks. Since the secularization of the great ecclesiastical principalities in Germany, the most opulent benefices of the Catholic Church are to be found in Spain. The Archbishops of Toledo, of Seville, of St Iago, of Valentia, of Saragossa, &c. &c. have more ample revenues than any of ours ever possessed. There are monasteries, particularly Carthusian convents, the landed estates of which occupy the greater part of the districts in which they are situated; and these religious foundations, besides *depopulating* and *impoverishing* the circumjacent country, augment its misery, and produce idleness by the blind charity with which they encourage it."

Mr William Cobbett, that Proteus of garrulity, will probably have no difficulty in believing this, because it is not long since he was of a contrary opinion; but how will it be received by the trumpeters of Roman Catholic virtue, Roman Catholic excellence, Roman Catholic perfection, and Roman Catholic infallibility? Can unity, which no schism has been suffered to disturb—can truth, purity, and holiness, which no heresy has been permitted to stain, produce such fruits?—The charge might be palliated had it come from doubtful authority—it might be denied had it only rested on the report of Mr Blanco White; but coming, as it does, from the pen of a Roman Catholic, a statesman and a friend, and supported as it is by that conclusive kind of argument called matter-of-fact, not even the shadow of a loop-hole is left for defence or evasion. I leave to the advocates of Papacy to explain how what they pronounce to be not only the best, but the only legitimate Church of Christ, can become the fruitful parent of vice, misery, and idleness; and in the unrestricted enjoyment of all her powers and privileges, debase, depopulate, and deform one of the finest countries, inhabited by one of the finest races of men, upon the face of the earth. How they may succeed in satisfying themselves, I cannot say. All but the advocates of Papal Supremacy are perfectly satisfied already.

From some faint endeavours to reform ecclesiastical abuses, M. Bourgoing ventured to augur better things. *Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ!* He did not speculate on the sacerdotal reign of Ferdinand the VIIth. or conceive that the little light which burned in the close of the eighteenth century of the Christian era upon Spain, should be succeeded by total darkness in the nineteenth. He hoped matters would become better. He could not contemplate the possibility of their becoming worse. Yet what are they now in 1828?!!!

"Spain," says M. Bourgoing, "has been more thoroughly convinced than any other Catholic country, of the absurdity of maintaining religious orders, the generals of which reside out of the country. Accordingly, the Carthusians, notwithstanding the representation I was commissioned to make in 1785, were released from their dependence on the chief establishment of that order; on which occasion the minister Florida Blanca assured me, that there were only two monastic orders in all Spain, the generals of which resided at Rome, and that it was intended, on their demise, to emancipate these orders from such a dangerous subordination. It does not appear, however, that this design was put into execution.

"This minister being in some respects a philosopher, we must admit that on particular subjects he had adopted very enlightened notions.—On his return from Rome to Madrid, although generally encompassed with priests and monks," (like the Catholic Association in Ireland,) "he ventured to divulge opinions concerning the usurpation of the Court of Rome," (being in this very *un*like the said Association,) "which, however bold they might appear, were nothing more than just, and he regulated his ministerial operations accordingly. If Spain had an uninterrupted succession of ministers like him and his predecessor (Roda), or like some other modern statesmen, she would soon be emancipated from that spiritual bondage, in which she has been enchained during a period of two centuries."

Such language from such a personage is deserving of serious attention. We here behold the Vicarius Dei in Terris, the inheritor of all apostolic authority, the infallible head of an infallible church, if not out-Heroding Herod, certainly out-Pharaoing Pharaoh. For be it always kept in mind, that those prelates, priests, monks, nuns, and ecclesiastical mummeries and establishments of all kinds, are under the tutelage and direction of the supreme Pontiff. Pharaoh's house of old was indeed a house of bondage—but to whom? Not to his own Egyptian subjects, but to those of another lineage and a different worship; whereas in Spain the miseries of bondage, from generation to generation, are entailed on the faithful sons and dutiful followers of Mother Church. Again, therefore, we are compelled to ask, can this church be the genuine representative of that holy religion, the first announcement of which proclaimed glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men? With what justice can she claim a monopoly of Christian excellence, the result of whose sway is to perpetuate ignorance, to cherish superstition, and to enrich the priest with the spoils of the people? It is only in such countries as Spain or

Italy, where she reigns supreme and unrivalled, that her real character can be known; everywhere else she is more or less obliged to hide her deformities under a mask.

But I shall hereafter take occasion to speak more at large of the corruptions of Christianity by means of priestcraft, monachism, and the superabundance of superstitious practices. My present object is to show the depopulating influence of popery where it reigns without a rival, and possesses that uncontrolled influence which its clergy would equally exercise in other places if they could, and which our emancipation patriots are so strenuously labouring to confer on the Milesian church of Ireland. They do not possibly contemplate so profuse an accession of wealth and power to the Hibernian as to the Iberian Church, because they look to a competent proportion of the spoils for themselves. They look probably even to more than an equal division between the lay and the ecclesiastical rulers in the future government of the Land of Saints. But from this they have precluded themselves by the impolitic precipitancy of their late conduct. They have transferred to the priests the political influence which should have remained with themselves, and have retained only its shadow. They have exemplified the old fable of the horse, that sacrificed his independence to his jealousy, and suffered himself to be saddled in order to get the better of his opponent through the temporary assistance of a jockey. They have taught their clergy how to ride them, and it is a lesson that will not be forgot. In the event of Papal ascendency, they must have recourse to the priests to rule the people. The real sovereignty will be in the Church, and I hardly need to observe, that in exercising that sway, her peculiar interests and emoluments will not be overlooked. *Experto crede Hispano.*

In the work of M. Bourgoing, as well as that of M. Peyron, we find many accounts of the vestiges still attesting the former magnificence of the Moors, mixed with regret for the melancholy contrast between the present and pristine state of the places they inhabited. Convents have succeeded to palaces, idleness to industry, ignorance to science, and paucity to population. A few extracts may suffice.

"Besides this building, (a mosque which had been converted into a cathedral,) Cordova has fifteen parish churches, forty convents, and a great number of pious foundations. Ought we to look elsewhere for the causes of its depopulation and misery? Enjoying the finest climate in the world, in the midst of so many sources of prosperity, it now scarcely contains 35,000 inhabitants! It was once celebrated for manufactures of silks, linens, &c."—Vol. III. p. 14.

Of Granada, and its beautiful environs, he subsequently speaks in the highest terms of admiration. Here are still to be seen "the magnificent monuments of the Arabs, where everything brings to recollection an active and industrious people, whose expulsion was the chief cause of the downfall of the arts in Spain!"

Take another extract from M. Peyron's introduction to an account of Spain, some years previous, and which is spoken of in high terms by M. Bourgoing.

That intelligent writer, after paying some compliments to the Abbé Pons, a Spanish ecclesiastic, who had employed his pen in a description of his country, observes, that the Abbé made no observations on manners, customs, or laws, the cause of his silence on those important subjects being sufficiently obvious.

"How," says Peyron, "was it possible for *him* to speak of abuses? In this case he must have gone to the source, and sounded the depth of an abyss enveloped in a *sacred* obscurity, and dangerous to descend. How often must he have sighed, in describing so many churches, in which the richest and most abundant treasures are buried! He has, however, ventured to put into the mouth of an old man, one of his friends, a few words to the following effect—'Would not the excessive donations to convents, those whims of devotion, gratified at such an enormous expense, be better employed in constructing roads and bridges? This would be doubly consecrating them to public utility, as the people, who live in a *vicious poverty*, would then find employment for their time.' Works of real piety are such as are useful to mankind, and not confined to pampering a few selfish and ignorant hermits."

For a Spanish Abbé, no doubt, this was venturing pretty far, though qualified a little in the concluding sentence, where he says, the selfish and ignorant were but a few. Had this

been really the case, the evil would have been comparatively insignificant.

To a British ear it may sound extraordinary, that such should be the lamentable consequences of a Christian succeeding to an infidel population; or that pauperism and ignorance should be the general concomitants of a purely Roman Catholic community. A short residence in Ireland would diminish the wonder, and unfold the causes. We do not, it is true, find depopulation among its consequences here; on the contrary, the numbers appear to be rather inordinately increasing. But this is easily accounted for. In Ireland, the pastors of the infallible church are maintained by a poll tax, and the poor and the rich pay nearly alike. Early marriages are therefore encouraged and promoted, and the more especially as the fees of wedlock are high. In Spain, the secular possessions of the church are immense, and render her independent of those contributions which support her here. But they do much more; they render her independent; not only on the people, but on the government itself, both of whom she is enabled to sway by the combined force of temporal and spiritual influence. Her popular subjects are more easily retained in submission by remaining as they are, than by any change for the better. Their increase in numbers, by means of improved industry, would probably injure her a little—the enlargement of their minds by knowledge would certainly injure her much. When to such a state of things in Spain, is added the possession of such a king as Ferdinand, her good friend Bourgoing, if he yet lives, will abate his fond hopes of approaching reformation, either in the civil or spiritual departments.

It has, I think, been abundantly proved, that the system of religion established in Spain, professed, as we are told, by seven millions of devoted votaries in Ireland, and, by the supersapient leaders of those seven millions, pronounced to be the only pure, chaste, holy, and apostolic form of Christianity now existing; it has, I say, been fully proved, that this sacred institution of single beatitude has been attended with the singular effect of depopulating fertile provinces, and substituting the pauperism of idleness for the comforts of industry: all which it has done, by means of the universal reverence paid to the church, her abundant revenues, and her exclusive establishment. That like causes, operating upon like materials, must produce like effects, is an axiom that will be readily admitted; and hence results the undeniable consequence, that Ireland will derive from the future ascendency of her Roman Catholic Church Establishment, whenever that shall happen, the same blessings and benefits which are now, and have been for some centuries, enjoyed by Spain. The circumstances which lead to such a result, are peculiarly favourable and encouraging. A very large portion of our native population, if we are rightly informed, derive their origin from the Peninsula, and neither Spain nor Portugal can boast, either among their grandees or their plebeians, more obsequiousness to the authority of Mother-church; more promptitude to wear her chains; more abhorrence of that irreligious presumption, which others call the right of private judgment; and more blindness of devotion to all her powers, privileges, and pretensions, miracles included. It may be said, that the ardent love of political freedom, as now exhibited in the Dublin national assembly, will be a sufficient guarantee for their civil rights, in the event of the projected revolution. But the part they now play, is like that of actors on the stage, intended only for present effect, and by no means incompatible with full submission to church authority. They are liberal of abuse to the professors of other creeds, but unremittingly lavish of praises on the pious pastors of their own infallible Church, whose doctrines are the essence of Christian purity, and whose lives are the perfection of apostolic virtue. Could those men abuse power, or be corrupted by riches? Impossible. Convinced of this incontrovertible truth, they have already made them the returning officers of every county and borough possessing a majority of Roman Catholic electors; and this valuable station they will continue to hold, after the return of Ireland to its full allegiance to the Majesty of Rome. They will then manage the Roman Catholic as they now do the Protestant candidate, and suffer none to be returned, of whose entire devotion to the interests of their ecclesiastical electors the smallest suspicions can be entertained. Besides,

rich abbacies, princely archbishoprics, and lordly episcopates, will be among the first objects of courtly ambition, and afford noble preferments for the sons of those distinguished leaders, by whom the glorious achievement of final independence is expected to be attained. The condition of the vulgar rabblement, of the people at large, is surely a very mean consideration, when put into competition with such a consummation as this!

But I must beg permission of my readers to offer a few more extracts from the interesting work of M. Bourgoing. There are many in the world, and their numbers are now rapidly increasing, who think, that one of the chief tests of a true Christian Church is to be found in its effects upon the lives of its professors. Such, indeed, is the lamentable frailty of fallen men, that the soundest doctrine and purest discipline cannot ensure undeviating rectitude, or entirely overcome the force of sinful propensities. In an empire like the British, where all forms of Christianity are tolerated, the advocates of Papacy will, of course, impute laxity of moral conduct to freedom of opinion, to varieties of religious worship, and to the want of that fixed standard of divine truth and excellence, which is only to be found in the doctrine and discipline of an INFALLIBLE CHURCH. In what manner she exemplifies her claim to this title by the moral piety of her Irish children, I shall not inquire, because their occasional deviations from rectitude are accounted for in another way; all, as herself and her lay champions aver, being the natural consequence of political depression. But in Spain, to use a vulgar phrase, she rules the roast. There she is to be seen in the plenitude of power, and the full glory of exclusive establishment. There, if there be errors, abuses, or impieties, they are all her own,—not a single sentiment or expression bordering upon heresy being suffered to spread its pestilential breath. That this is the case cannot be denied by any person who has the smallest knowledge of the affairs of Spain, and will be readily admitted by all well-informed and intelligent Roman Catholics. It will be for them, therefore, to reconcile incongruities, and to show by any rationality or argument, how a divine commission to teach, with exclusive authority, the best of all possible precepts, can be productive, in its disciples, of the worst of all possible practices.

To begin with the state of education. In page 304 of the first volume, M. Bourgoing, after observing upon the literary productions of the Spaniards, thus proceeds,—

"But in the department of true philosophy they do not possess any one valuable production; on the contrary, they have a prodigious catalogue of books of devotion, both original and translated.—But let us be candid enough to acknowledge, that mighty obstacles" (none of which I am afraid have been removed by Ferdinand VII.) "prevent the dawn of the arts and sciences in Spain from being followed by the refulgent blaze of broad daylight, which seemed to be approaching since the commencement of the last century.

"1st, Those who cultivate the arts and sciences do not enjoy that portion of estimation which serves to exalt and encourage genius.

"2dly, They find themselves still encumbered with the formidable shackles of fanaticism, and her agents; whose persecution, doubtless, is not so violent as in former ages, but whose presence and number would alone suffice to prolong this species of religious terror, even when their active functions are suspended.

"3dly, Education is still by far too much neglected; or, what is worse, it has a direct tendency to instil erroneous principles and prejudices, and to smother those generous dispositions of nature, with which the Spaniards more than any other nation are liberally endowed," &c.

When we consider that the education here spoken of is that of the better order of inhabitants,—for what we call popular education does not seem to have entered into contemplation at all,—we must be constrained to acknowledge, that the Infallible Church has done little towards enlightening and improving the mind of her Spanish subjects. Here, however, if anywhere, that happy accomplishment was to be expected; because in Spain she had no rival, and was at full liberty to give the public mind any direction she thought proper. What kind of direction she *did* give, and how happily it was calculated to conduce to the decencies, decorums, and moral habits of this life, as well as to the qualifications for a holy state of im-

mortal existence, will best appear from the following extracts.

1st, Superstition.

One of the great objects of the Son of God's appearance upon earth being to abolish every species of false and idolatrous worship, of bloody rites and puerile superstitions, and to direct the heart and affections of degenerate men to the revealed will of God alone, Spain is one of the last countries in which any remnant of those Pagan abuses should continue to exist. How it has happened otherwise, I leave to the modest claimants of exclusive Apostolic power and purity to explain—my business is with existing circumstances and undeniable facts. M. Bourgoing, an avowed friend of Spain, and a member of the Papal Church, after eulogizing the Spanish native character, proceeds thus:—

"Yes, I confess it, the Spanish nation, with some almost modern exceptions, is addicted to devotional credulity, to religious mummery, and is justly accused of superstition. It may even be pronounced, in the strictest acceptation of the term, that this illegitimate sister of religion has been to the present day, almost without interruption, either on the throne, or very near it."—Vol. II. p, 260.

The writer then mentions some of their kings, and adduces instances of their religious absurdities, too long to quote. One instance of popular fanaticism deserves to be recorded:

"There is a church in Madrid, where, during the holy week, the most fervent of the faithful meet in a vault. Long whips are given them on their entrance. They strip themselves naked to the waist, and, on a signal given, flagellate themselves with such violence, that the blood runs down in streams. Silence during this barbarous ceremony is interrupted only by the sighs of *repentance*, and the groans of pain. Thus, most of them enjoy a transient cessation from a life of licentiousness. Unhappy wretches! They have no other witnesses to this voluntary martyrdom than God and their conscience, and the next day belie both one and the other. They have the courage to chastise themselves, but not to amend; and there is nothing but clear loss in this cruel act of superstition. It may easily be imagined, that the metropolis has not this privilege exclusively. In some provinces, the day begins with such scenes of scandalous piety. A very credible gentleman assured me, that he was witness to the following scene:—He was acquainted with a lady of sweet manners, of an amiable and lively character, and blessed with all the agreeable qualities of her age and sex. He went to visit her once on a Good Friday; her countenance was cheerful, and she wore a beautiful white robe. He asked the reason of such a dress. 'You will soon know it,' said she. At this time the flagellants were to pass her house. She waited for them with every mark of impatience. At last they appear. She approaches the window, which was on the ground floor, and next the street. The flagellants stop before her and slash themselves. In an instant she is besprinkled with drops of blood from their bodies, and is delighted to see her garments wet with this horrid dew. The enigma of her white robe was now explained. I will suppose, if you please, that gallantry played a part in this pious work of penitence, and that the lover of the lady was among the actors; but does not the scene appear the more atrociously absurd on that account?"—Page 267.

So much for penances!

The writer subsequently observes, that it is not quite so bad everywhere, and that measures are in progress to suppress a few of the more glaring superstitious extravagancies, and effect some other expedient reforms. But not one of these measures of amendment originate with the Church that produced them. They are, indeed, loudly called for by the just laws of society, and the recorded will of God—But what then? Popes and councils have thought proper to invest the Church of Rome with Infallibility, and infallibility cannot change. How far the reforms, projected in 1785, are likely to take place in or after 1828, I leave to be discussed by the historians of Ferdinand the Seventh.

It may be doubted whether M. Bourgoing's hopes of amelioration were very sanguine,—for he proceeds thus:—

"On the other hand, (for I have promised to tell all,) the Spaniards still entertain respect for the most obscure ecclesiastics.——When they are met in the streets the people form a line, and give them the wall; and everybody, of whatever rank, on approaching them, respectfully kisses either their hands, or the sleeve of their venerable robe; and *this act of Christian humility is received with sufficient arrogance.*"—(How prodigiously different this from the lowly demeanour of Irish priests! How would it shock the

modesty of Father Macguire!)—"In Spain, if a gentleman in his carriage meets a priest on foot carrying the host, he gets out and offers him his place, which the other never fails to accept. The gentleman, let the weather be as it will, however he may be dressed, or his business ever so pressing, walks slowly by the side of the carriage to the house of the sick person; there he waits till the functions of the priest are finished, and then escorts him again, *still on foot*, to the church from which he came. Sometimes the priest himself, when he sees a carriage stop at a door, takes it without any ceremony. But the most ludicrous is, as I have seen more than once at Madrid, when the host passes a playhouse. As soon as the little bell is heard, the play is instantly stopped. Spectators and actors, whatever their parts, Moors, Jews, and even devils, all without exception, turn towards the door that leads to the street, and, kneeling, remain in that position as long as the bell is heard; and it requires not a little self-command to check an inclination for laughter." P. 270.

After mentioning other absurdities of similar character, the author adds—

"In almost every Catholic country these customs prevail, and tend to cast a ridicule on devotion; but in none, except perhaps Italy, are they so frequent and universal as in Spain."

When we consider the equally deep devotion of Irish Roman Catholics to Mother Church, which it would be absolutely libellous to question, and that nothing but the unfortunate presence of so many mocking heretics prevents similar exhibitions in this country, it may be amusing to speculate on that change which will accompany her future attainment of plenary possession. Let imagination, anticipating the event, endeavour to present its picture. Reader, figure to yourself Counsellor O'Connell in his green chariot, on his way to the Castle or to the Custom-house, met by a beggarly friar carrying the host to a dying sinner. The chariot stops, out pops the Association hero, with his hat off, and in pops the Priest, with his Viaticum. Rain, perhaps snow, is falling, the streets are puddled, and the distance great. The chariot moves slowly along, as sensible of the holy burden, while its lordly owner, not even permitted to mount the dicky, with patient reverence, walks by its side. Mark the placid humility of that man before whom nobles were wont to bow, corporations to tremble, and Orangemen to despair! If he sometimes raise an imploring eye to Heaven, it is for the cessation of the rain, not for the restoration of his vehicle. No, it is impossible that so dutiful a son should repine at any infliction or humiliation prescribed by the edicts of Infallibility, well knowing how easily she can repay them all by —— plenary absolution. With this little clew for its direction, I leave the fancy of the reader to fill up the canvass.

The grossness of superstition is so utterly at variance with that purity of heart which real Christianity imparts, that when the former prevails, it seems unnecessary to add specific proofs of its immoral character. "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." A few specimens, therefore, from the same authorities may suffice.

"Preserving all due respect for the Catholic religion, (says M. Bourgoing, page 273,) one cannot but be surprised at the strange inconsistency of those who profess it, in the little conformity there is in their lives and actions with their religious ceremonies. This contradiction is extremely general in Spain, and few classes of people are exempt from it. I shall not speak of the coachmen, who, when they mount the box, cross themselves, and mutter a few prayers, which are instantly followed by those energetic phrases with which they animate their horses. But I will mention their masters, who almost always repeat an anthem to the Virgin, even when they are going to pay very profane visits. Shall I add, what I have heard from some wags, for whose veracity, however, I will not answer—that if they meet a rival in a cowl on the staircase, they ask of him absolution for the same kind of sin which he himself is going to commit—I believe we may say with the poet—'*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*'"

Page 275—"A certificate of confession is required from every faithful Catholic native as well as stranger, which must prove that he has observed the precepts of the Church during Lent: A very idle measure, because it is so very easy to procure them without accomplishing the formalities they require; because they are sold in the market like other articles; because the ladies of pleasure, (*filles de joie*,) (who have numerous correspondents,) always have to sell to the bearer those they have obtained gratis; it is easily guessed how."

Page 292.—"I have known many men in Spain who frequented the churches with an assiduity which even true Christians might regard as a rigorous obligation,

who kept strictly the laws of the Church concerning fasts, who rendered to their priests the most humble homage, and who, notwithstanding, led dissolute lives!

"I have known many women abandoned to an attachment which their duty disapproved, surrounded with scapularies and relics, bind themselves by the most insignificant vows, and fulfil *them* with scrupulosity."

The Christian reader will easily excuse my forbearing to follow up the writer's account of female feelings, too voluptuously indelicate even for the ears of a decent heathen. Still more objectionable are the Spanish dances, exceeding even the conception of a modest imagination, and hardly equalled in obscenity by the dancing girls of the East. One circumstance, however, deserves to be noticed. Speaking of the fandango, "a truly national dance, with which foreigners that are a little scrupulous, are at first shocked, but soon become enchanted with it," (at least we must allow it to be true of French foreigners;) he says,

"As soon as the fandango is struck up by the musicians at a ball, all faces begin to be animated, and the spectators, even if their age condemns them to a state of immobility, have great difficulty to keep from falling in. It is related, that the Court of Rome, scandalized that a country, *so renowned for the purity of its faith* as Spain, had not long ago proscribed such a profane dance, resolved on its condemnation. A consistory was formed; the cause of the fandango was tried according to the rules of law. Sentence was about to be pronounced, when one of the reverend judges very judiciously observed, that a culprit should not be condemned without being seen and heard. The observation was approved—A Spanish couple was introduced, who, to the sound of instruments, displayed all *the graces* of the fandango. The severity of the judges was not proof against this test. The austerity of their faces began to disappear—they got up—their knees and hands recovered their juvenile suppleness—the hall of the Consistory is turned into a dancing room, and the fandango is acquitted!"

The dance called bolero is stated to be even more abominable than this.

The narrative of M. Peyron furnishes similar traits of character in the Spanish members of the holy, pure, immutable, and infallible Church! Let one suffice.

"Easter week is the source of a thousand sacrileges, which are the consequence of billets of confession. The priests of Spain have a maxim equally false and cruel; they say that men should, by every possible means, be accustomed to do their duty, and that persuasion comes sooner or later." (If, by persuasion, is meant being persuaded to become real Christians, and perform the duties enjoined by the Gospel, it has been a long time upon the road.) "A few days before the holy week, the vicar of each parish, accompanied by a register, makes a visit to his flock, and carefully takes down their names. Fifteen days afterwards he repeats his visit, and all his parishioners are obliged to produce to him, not only a billet of confession, but another of communion. How many abuses result from this monstrous custom! The *holy* days are scarcely begun, before a sacrilegious traffic is made of that for which religion teaches us the highest veneration. Prostitutes are seen to communicate in every parish church, and sell to their impenitent lovers the billets they have received. Priests, unworthy of the name, pay with the same money the favours of these wretches. Many persons become sacrilegious to spare the expense of a billet; and if any one, led away by his passions, has preserved piety and decency enough to forbear having recourse to these horrid means, and on the day of the curate's visit has not a billet to present, he becomes the object of ecclesiastical censure; his name is shamefully posted up in the most public places; and if, in the time given, he does not fulfil the precept, he receives corporal punishment. Thus the man, perhaps the most religious among his brethren, is the most defamed, and falls a victim to his scruples and love of truth!!!"

I must again remind the reader, that all the foregoing extracts, to which many of like import might have been added, are taken, not from the suspicious authority of a reformed Spaniard, or a Protestant visitor, but from Roman Catholic writers, consequently qualified by their station, their talents, and their residence, to give a just view of the country they describe, and for the interests of which they profess the most friendly regard.

M. Bourgoing's circumstantial account of Spain, and its several provinces, exhibits to the mind of the reader a country peculiarly blessed with all those natural advantages, which can animate the industry, conduce to the social comfort, and enhance the terrestrial happiness of man.

Though many parts are wild and barren, and mountains of lofty magnificence occur more or less in every quarter, yet are they not only uninjurious to the inhabitant, but highly contributory to the supply of his wants, the security of his possessions, the success of his labours, and the preservation of his health. The frequency and altitude of those mountains, replete with fertilizing streams, cool the otherwise burning heat of the sun; they afford numberless positions of easy defence, and they contain within their bowels inexhaustible mines of various and valuable treasure. Her extent of maritime coast, its bays and harbours, afford at once convenience and encouragement to commercial enterprise, and her glowing climate is capable of bringing to maturity the most valuable grain, and the most delicious fruits. And yet with all these felicitous circumstances, and a population, of whose national capabilities history has always made a favourable report, what is she now in the scale of nations? Miserably sunk and degraded! Worse than a mere cipher; because her example and her influence, as far as they go, tend to the perpetuation of lazy ignorance, vicious habits, and mental servitude. The unfortunate union of regal and spiritual despotism, has not only debased and degraded the mother country, but extended its pestiferous character to the immense colonial territories which she lately possessed. How striking is the contrast between the two great portions of the New World; one lately subject to the dominion of Spain, the other previously emancipated from the government of Great Britain! The North American colonists, carrying with them both the principles and the practice of liberty, civil and religious, had no difficulties to encounter in their progress to prosperity, but the rudeness of uncultivated regions, and occasional conflicts with native savages. Hence, previous as well as subsequent to their attainment of Independence, improvement advanced with rapid strides, and their character now stands high among the free nations of the earth. Spanish America, far superior in extent, fertility, and natural products, made, comparatively speaking, little advances towards political amelioration, and none at all towards mental culture or Christian edification. The same unfortunate system that prevailed at home was transferred to the colonies, with the addition of being worse administered, in consequence of remoteness from the seat of government. The only art regarded with affection, and cultivated with an assiduity destructive of the native population, was the art of extracting treasure from the bowels of the earth. This for a while diffused a false splendour over the throne of Spain, and enabled some of her monarchs to shed torrents of Christian blood in support of their ambitious pretensions, and in gratification of their bigotted propensities, but in the end only served to foster luxurious indolence at home, and reward industrious activity abroad. Spanish America, emancipated less by her own vigour than the imbecility of her oppressors, has a duty imposed on her which she is as yet unqualified to fulfil. She has to learn a lesson which mere time has never yet taught, and which many preceding circumstances must conspire to teach to a people,—the doctrines of civil and religious liberty. If she is hereafter to be a great nation, or assemblage of nations, she must learn both. Of two foreign Despots, she has thrown off the yoke of one, but, it may be feared, without sufficient knowledge of civil government, to avail herself speedily of that ejectment. By the chains of the other she is still shackled; but as the power of a chain is materially weakened by its length, there is the greater hope of being able to loose its present constriction, and finally to escape from its bondage.

The advocate of Papacy, (and that such a system should find advocates in the 19th century, is among the circumstances which strike an enlightened mind with wonder,) may be disposed to shift the burden off the shoulders of the Church, and lodge it on those of the civil power. He may lay the blame of Spanish wants and woes on the despotism of the prince, and the imperfection of the government. But when Church establishment is intimately united with civil, and when that Church to enormous wealth adds unbounded authority, the influence of each is so great that neither can be considered as the absolute and efficient cause of the nation's decline, or the nation's prosperity, of popular evil, or of popular good. When reformation is required, both must concur, and

unless they do, the undertaking will necessarily be incomplete. As matters stand in Spain, the smallest hope of amendment is in that quarter where most is required. An active and vigorous King may rouse the old spirit of Spain, awaken her military prowess, and render her more respectable in the eyes of other nations. This will be doing something for honour and glory, but little for the internal and substantial advantages of the kingdom, little for the advancement of knowledge, the correction of morals, and the abolition of degrading and pernicious superstitions. These belong to the department of mind, over which the Church claims absolute sway, and will suffer no rival interference. As long as this sway is submitted to by the people, the Prince must acquiesce or run the risk of forfeiting their allegiance to the throne. In the present state of things, the King and the Church unfortunately are consentient, and as the Church is, in consequence of her divine right to govern wrong, infallible, and *will* not change, and as the King is an insensible bigot, and *can* not alter, we must be content to pity the state of the country, and pray for its regeneration.—The day will come.

The foregoing extracts and observations cannot, I think, be unseasonable. With the intelligent and reading part of the British public, it is, I believe, too common to regard the vicious and absurd extravagancies which deform the face of Christianity in Popish countries, as matters, compared with their own superior light and liberty, of proud self-gratulation; as the results of ancient ignorance and barbarism, not yet wholly removed, but removable, as a mere matter of course, by spread of knowledge, or, as the phrase is, by a *march of mind;* as things in which, in short, they have no sort of personal or national concern; civil and religious freedom being in this empire fixed on a basis too firm to be shaken. This, however, is a most erroneous view of the case. Were those lamentable superstitions, the source of so much wretchedness and misery, merely popular, and did they owe their support and continuance only to the darkened minds and gross habits of an ignorant multitude, then indeed the Christian philanthropist might indulge an ardent, because a well-founded hope, that the diffusion of moral instruction and scriptural knowledge would, in no very considerable length of time, correct the errors of a barbarous antiquity, and substitute the light of knowledge for the gloom of ignorance. But when he considers that there is in the world a Church, relying on that very ignorance for the support of its influence, and the preservation of its power; a Church claiming, and in every possible instance exercising, despotic jurisdiction over human conscience; a Church pretending to right of absolute and universal domination; a Church prescribing, under pain of eternal damnation, what shall, and what shall not, be believed; and thus, with impious presumption, usurping the privilege of Omnipotence; a Church abetting and employing a blasphemous traffic in the forgery and sale of divine pardons and indulgences; and a Church under whose corrupt, inauspicious, and withering influence, superstition, ignorance, and profligacy have debased and impoverished one of the finest countries upon earth! When, I say, the British Christian philanthropist considers this, he will feel some reluctance to augment in his own country an influence so injurious to the temporal and eternal welfare of the inhabitants of others; for that Church's avowed principle being IMMUTABILITY, he may rest assured that as far as her influence *can* be exerted among nations where she has only a participation of power, it will be exerted in the same manner in which it *is* exerted when she possesses it absolutely, and with an ultimate view of rendering it predominant. I speak not of individuals, but of the system. I am well aware that there are many individuals professing Romanism worthy of trust, and not inimical to the principles of the British constitution. To the deserving, I would refuse nothing that can be safely conceded. But I say, not only to the Protestant inhabitants of this empire, but to the intelligent and honest Roman Catholic layman, and particularly to him who has the welfare of Ireland deeply at heart, that no greater curse could visit the land of his affection than the eventual ascendency of the Roman Catholic religion.

SENEX.

CORK, *March* 25, 1828.

AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

BY AN ANCIENT COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Many thanks, my dear North, for your last excellent Number, and more especially for the article upon Trees—the greatest ornament, and surest defence of Old England. I love trees beyond measure, and had a half-formed notion of troubling you with some of my own "thoughts on planting," but that this "Corn Question" having turnedeven country gentlemen into politicians, and being likely very soon to call forth the eloquence, as it already occupies the attention, of the members of St Stephen's Chapel, I prefer at present touching on some questions of a nature more nearly political. To me it appears abundantly plain, that from a variety of causes unnecessary to be here enumerated, our "most thinking people" have acquired a habit of attaching a very undue importance to the commercial interests of this country. I have arrived at a most comfortable conclusion, that if by any untoward circumstance our colonies even were resolved into thin air, and our whole foreign commerce annihilated, we might yet continue as glorious, as happy, and as free a people as we most undoubtedly are, and that the real strength of our greatness is based upon a foundation which foreign nations can neither give nor take away. I mean the fertility of our soil, and our agricultural resources, which, if judiciously fostered and protected from the undue interference of other interests, are fully sufficient, in combination with our insular situation, to enable us to live in plenty, and in peace, or if need be, to defy the world in arms.

Cur ita crediderim, nisi quid te detinet, audi.

Britain the Great, including Ireland, contains between 70 and 80 millions of acres. Her soil is so fertile, and the industry and skill of her agriculturists so great, that one man can produce the food of six; and this is the grand secret of her intrinsic permanent prosperity. Were the agriculturist to take his rank and consideration in society with reference to his importance and utility, there can be no question he should occupy the van; for not only are all other classes wholly dependent on him for their existence, but he is the parent of all the arts of refinement and of elegance which humanize our nature, and throw a grace and a dignity over the charms of social and civilized life.

In England, where one man can supply food to six, it is manifest that each one so engaged can permit five others to devote their time to his or their own gratification; he not only eats himself, but is the cause of eating in five others; so that if we call our population one-and-twenty millions, and suppose three millions and a half to be occupied in raising food, the remaining seventeen millions and a half might fiddle and dance all the year round, and yet each man have enough, so far at least as vivers only are concerned.

But the farmer will not part with his surplus produce to those who only dance and fiddle for their own amusement. Part of it, and a very large part, he must hand over to the landlord for permitting him to raise the food in a particular place, because, in our advanced state of society, the law has created property; another portion, and for a reason precisely similar, viz. the right of property created by law, he is obliged to surrender for the support of the ministers of religion. To these two obligations he is bound by the common law of the land, the bond which holds society together. Besides these, he is called upon for other varying contributions to meet the various national and local exigences of the state. These demands often leave the actual cultivator little more than food, clothes, and fire, or what are called the necessaries of life; but even if the "six-foot machines for converting potatoes into humanity," as the Edinburgh once audaciously styled the Irish clodpoles, are left but little superfluity to dispose of themselves, they are evidently the men who enable the nobles and the gentry of the land to eat and to give employment to the rest of the nation.

About the middle of the 18th century, there arose a sect of philosophers

in France, who maintained, and most satisfactorily proved, that all national wealth must necessarily be derived from the soil; but the doctrine soon sunk into disrepute, from a very natural cause, though it does not impugn the truth of their original position. This was no other than their drawing a very false and groundless inference from the maxim they had established. Amongst other absurdities they upheld as a natural and necessary result of the fact, that all wealth is derived from the soil, that in every well-regulated society formed for the happiness of mankind, the land should be, and should continue, equally divided among the several members of the same community. A very small sprinkling of logic would suffice to show that there is no *vis consequentiæ* in this deduction. But the bulk of mankind never argue logically; they saw that the consequence was absurd and dangerous, and they took the economists at their word for its being a necessary conclusion from their premise, and instead of exposing the real error, they denounced the men as insane, and their theories as visionary. There are other madmen besides those who reason right from wrong principles.

The importance of husbandry to the permanent prosperity of the state is not, however, a principle of so recent origin as the last century, or of so weak authority as half-wise French economists. To its encouragement the wisest monarchs have uniformly directed their attention, and our own Henry VII., the English Justinian, as he has been justly styled, whose laws are, by the concurrent testimony of such able judges as Lords Bacon and Guilford, framed with the farthest insight into futurity, and the most wisely and effectually for promoting lasting national happiness that ever were devised, thus declares the end he seeks to attain by his enactments:—"His grace considereth that a great part of the wealth and prosperity of this his land standeth in this, that his subjects may live in surety, under his peace, in their bodies and goods; *and that the husbandry of the land may increase and be upholden.*"

Even my Lord Erskine, in his elaborate political romance, called Armata, has the grace to declare, that "*The soil* of every country, and the bringing to the utmost perfection its various productions, are the foundations of all wealth and prosperity. You might as well hope to see the human body in active motion, when palsy had reached the heart, or a tree flourishing after its roots were decayed, as expect to see manufactures, or arts, or industry of any description progressive, when *Agriculture* has declined."

And again, "Be assured that the very being of your country, above all at this moment, depends upon your making your own soil support your most extended population, and that to consider population as an evil is to be wiser than God, who commanded man to increase and multiply;" (his lordship might have added, and to "replenish the earth *and subdue it;*")"and who, I am persuaded, throughout all creation, has ordained that nothing should go backward or stand still." I say *even* my Lord Erskine has said this; because Whiggism, as you, my dear North, well know, is naturally of a vinegar and verjuice complexion, rejoicing rather, if it ever rejoiceth, in the dank and blanching atmosphere of a tall sad-coloured manufactory, rife with spinning jennies and pallid, pensive weavers, than in the bright, delicious green, and the broad-laughing glorious sunshine of the country, with its "sound, healthy children of the God of Heaven."

We have but to unroll the page of history to see how frail is the tenure by which a kingdom merely commercial holds its place in the scale of nations. Carthage, and Tyre, and Sidon, are of the old time before us; but Venice, which sat as a queen, and knew no sorrow; and Genoa, that was as a princess among the provinces, and the other maritime states of the Continent, which owed their shortlived glory singly to the flourishing of trade; where be they now? The fox looketh forth from the windows of their palaces.

It has been said that as all mighty nations, hitherto, have, after a season of greatness, been found to decay and perish, so England, in her turn, must pass away and give place to another. I do not see the necessity. Doubtless, if God will it, so she must; and if the people imagine a vain thing,—that for the sake of introducing our manufactures into continental markets, we should let our fields lie waste, and arm other nations, which may at any

moment take the field against us, with the power of ruining our agriculture,—so assuredly she will; but if we retain the common sense and common honesty to continue true to ourselves, there appears no human reason, from analogy or otherwise, to limit the duration of our greatness.

So far from it being true that we have need of foreign assistance for any earthly thing, we could with ease, if we desired it, amply supply with all the necessaries, comforts, and most of the luxuries of life, thrice as many human beings as our whole present population. The truth is, that with all the breath that has been uttered about over-population, the smallness of our numbers is most disproportionate to the extent and fertility of our territory. Of our seventy-three millions of acres a very considerable number, it is true, are incapable of growing food for man; but less than one-tenth of this number, properly cultivated, would fully sustain a larger population than we have at present.

Iron, and all desirable minerals, abound in the bowels of our land; lime and salt, coal and timber, wool and flax, and all the most delicious fruits and flowers, are among our natural productions. Surely then we may be thankful for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, remembering the musty proverb about letting very well alone. Or if we must have foreign delicacies, at least let us seek abroad for those things only which we cannot reasonably produce at home, amongst which we surely shall not class any of the staple commodities of the British farmer. Whenever another nation produces a commodity which we do not produce, and we have something to spare which they desire, it is most just and reasonable that the exchange should take place; and the reason is, because each nation will thereby promote its own advantage—but the moment either accepts of that from abroad which throws out of occupation useful and laborious members of the commonwealth at home, it commits, *pro tanto*, a suicidal act. Every politician, who is not utterly unworthy of the name, well knows that domestic industry is always incomparably more valuable, more conducive to the enduring safety and well-being of a nation, than foreign trade. Certain of our legislators have of late days, indeed, devised, as an admirable stroke of policy, to encourage the introduction of foreign corn into our markets, which must needs leave our husbandmen idle and starving, and then they propose to export, at an enormous national expense, the spare hands they would thus throw out of employment. To a plain country gentleman the expatriation of our most productive labourers, and the importation of food from abroad for the support of those who remain, seems a perfectly novel method of improving the resources of a country. But the advocates of what is mistakenly called Free Trade, prove its expediency by a pleasant argument drawn from their zeal for the interests of the agriculturists themselves. In order, say they, to afford even a home market to the farmer, we must make the manufacturers flourish; and to do so, must secure to them sales on the Continent, which can only be done on a principle of cheapness, and of reciprocity, admitting their corn and manufactures, and so keeping corn cheap and wages low.

So then the manufacturer should not be dependent on the agriculturist, according to the course of nature, but the agriculturist on the manufacturer! This reasoning would be abundantly comical, were it not that it is likely to produce a great deal of misery and ruin. As if the British farmer were to be benefited by the manufacturer's additional wealth, every penny of which must, on the reciprocity hypothesis, be expended on foreign produce! For however much the manufacturer obtains sale abroad, for just so much must he afford a buying market to the foreigner at home, the effect of which is not only to diminish the quantity of home agricultural produce consumed, but, by the very supposition, to lower and keep down the price of even that portion which *is* consumed; whereas if the manufacturer did not buy from abroad, he still must live and eat, and so buy the whole stock of the home producer at a remunerating price. But how can he do this, if he do not get sales abroad? I answer, by his increased sales at home. When the possessors of landed property, and the farmers, are made to flourish, by sure and remunerating markets, they will keep the rest of the nation busy enough supplying their wants and

wishes. For, first, as their wants from others are chiefly confined to luxuries, they can contract or enlarge their demands almost *ad libitum*, and therefore their prosperity will increase their consumption without limit; which is not at all so true of the manufacturer, whose want from them is food, which, poor or rich, he must have or die. Secondly, the farmer cannot hoard his productions, even if he were inclined to do so; for they will not keep. Let us then secure, by sufficient inducements, that enough of food be grown by us, and no fear that, when grown, it will be eaten and none die of want. What though the loaf be dear, if every man have money in both pockets to pay for it? Is it not better for the manufacturer to pay double for his bread, and get double wages, than to have bread very cheap, and scarcely any wages at all? Let him have foreign trade and welcome, provided he do not thereby ruin domestic industry. Our colonies offer to us a rational reciprocity of benefits, and of this let him by all means take advantage. Let him clothe and civilize the naked millions of our Eastern possessions, and cover the Indian and American continents with the labour and the ingenuity of Europe. But the moment he requires the nation to live upon imported food, in order that he may have ability and opportunity to undersell the continentalist in his own market, chain him up with strict fetters, as an unprincipled monopolizing knave.

In fact, to throw our market for agricultural produce open to every foreign competitor, without favour or affection, as the phrase is, appears to me little short of a combination of insanity and fraud: Of insanity, because it obviously leads either to the absolute depopulation of our country, or to degrading our kingdom into a mere workshop for the rest of the world, and making ourselves dependent on our customers for our livelihood: Of fraud, because the public credit is virtually and implicitly staked as completely to the landed interest, as to the fund-holder. To establish this important position, let us consider for a moment the manner in which taxation operates. I have already endeavoured to show that all revenue must, in the last resort, flow from the produce of the soil; to simplify and render intelligible the present situation of the landholder, let us suppose that twenty years ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer found it expedient to increase our annual taxation by the sum of twenty millions, and instead of distributing this over a hundred different articles of consumption, he proposed to arrive at the same end by the shorter process of levying a direct tax of 10s. an acre on all the arable land in the country. The owners of land object, that it is impossible for them to pay this new impost, unless they be allowed to sell their crops at a proportionably advanced price. This is conceded; and with this they, in the urgency of the case, consent to be satisfied. The price of food is raised, the wages of labour must be raised in the same proportion; and consequent on this, manufactures, the value of which is principally made up of the wages of labour, are raised likewise; the principal and most important result being simply a depreciation of the currency, or a diminution of the value of money.

The landholder has raised the money on a national guarantee that the market shall be continued to him as before, and that the necessarily increased price of his commodity shall be no bar to his sale. He saw that rest was good, the land that it was pleasant, and he couched down as a strong ass between two burdens; conditionally, however, that he should be supported by an equal distribution of the load over all the members of the community. Is it not then a plain breach of national honesty, not to talk of honour, to tell him, twenty years afterwards, that though the weight remains, the prop shall be taken away? That while the additional twenty millions a-year continue to be assessed upon him, the additional return for his produce shall be withheld; for that a scurvy knave of a foreigner, whose wickedness and folly occasioned our national debt, and whose knavery avoided any of his own, can, for that very reason, supply us on cheaper terms, and we are resolved to shew him a fair field, and no favour? If this be not downright roguery, it is very hard to say what is.

But this leads to the discussion of a yet more general question, which involves the agricultural one as forming only a most important part of it; and this question is, the general effect of

our public debt upon all the different interests of the nation.

In order to meet this question fairly, I shall begin by stating the difficulty in the full measure of its magnitude, and to do so shall again have recourse to the forcible language of Lord Erskine.

"The cause of your distress is, therefore, the clearest imaginable.—Your government collects in taxes so large a proportion of your property, that the rest is not sufficient to support your people. The true way of estimating the disastrous consequences of your present taxation, is to figure to yourself (if you can bear the reflection) the sensation it would at this moment produce, if some new and unexpected source of annual revenue were to start up to the amount of twenty millions of your money. Would it not, in your present condition, be like a resurrection from the dead? Yet in this one reign (Geo. III.) you have created a perpetual burden of nearly twice that sum. Could volumes so strikingly detail the effect of this worst of evils?"

Then comes his Lordship's remedy. —"A great orator in the ancient world, when asked what was the first, and the second, and the third perfection of eloquence, still answered *Action*—not to exclude other perfections, but to mark its superior importance; so I, who am no orator at all, but a plain man, speaking plainly of the policy of an exhausted country, must say, that your first, and your second, and your third duty, is *Retrenchment;* meaning, as the rhetorician, not that it is your whole duty, but only that its pre-eminence may be felt."

In contradiction to these opinions, I shall endeavour to shew that the only necessary result of our immense debt, is a great depreciation of the value of money amongst us, and consequently, that we need not entertain the slightest apprehension on account of its existence, or even of its increase, provided we shape our policy so as to prevent any foreign kingdom from taking advantage of the unnatural plenty and cheapness of money it produces in England, to undersell us in our own market, or any of our own subjects from purchasing their goods unrestrictedly abroad.

In encountering this embarrassing topic, I feel that I have a great prejudice to combat. I feel that many will be eager to stigmatize any attempt to deny and disprove the destructive consequences of our national debt as senseless or dishonest,—but, *magnum est* verity, truth is mighty, and shall be uttered: besides, it behoves the prophets of evil to remember that, half a century ago, none believed it at all within the bounds of possibility for any nation to sustain a moiety of our present debt; yet do we not only sustain it, but are immeasurably more flourishing, illustrious, and powerful, under the burden, than we were of old.

I have already shewn the manner in which additional taxation acts upon the currency; and that its natural operation, if properly fenced in by the Legislature, is only in diminishing the value of money, without impairing the productive powers of the land, or the labour of the people, which are the only true sources of national wealth. Let us now consider the distribution of the money so raised. It is disbursed in the payment of the public creditor, or in salaries and wages to public servants, or in the purchase of necessaries for the army and navy, and all the other departments of the executive. That is to say, it is wholly expended, either mediately or immediately, upon commodities produced in the country, and by its inhabitants, except so far as foreign trade and absenteeism may interfere to mar this disposition of it, and these we shall, for simplicity's sake, disregard at present.

In this view of the matter, then, the whole is confined in its operation within the limits of these kingdoms; and if we take care that this, or something equivalent to this, shall be secured by legislative enactment, which can most easily be done, the whole effect of taxation will be merely the collecting a sum of money annually from the people, and distributing it back again to the people from whom it has been drawn, either to the same individuals, or to different ones, but still members of our own community; a process by which, however individuals may be impoverished, it is manifest the people, considered in the aggregate, and as constituting the nation, are rendered neither richer nor poorer.

But it has been unfairly asked, as a

triumphant refutation of this mode of arguing, what would be the effect of a sudden adventitious influx of revenue, suppose out of a hole in the wall, to the amount of our present annual interest? Would it not be a prodigious boon? And is not the converse payment of the interest a corresponding loss? This is all a gross fallacy. First, if the thing that tumbled out of the treasury-wall was twenty-eight millions of money every year it would either have no effect at all save to depress still further the value of the currency, which I have shewn, would be the only result, if the legislature prevented us from dealing in foreign markets for any goods produced at home; or else, if the legislature did not so interfere, we should buy everything abroad, do nothing at home, and presently become a ruined people, as befell Spain from the influx of precious metals from the new world. Secondly, it seems to be most strangely overlooked, that the reason why we are able to pay the interest of the debt every year is, *because we have it every year to pay.*

Government can collect fifty millions of revenue from us this year, mainly because government scattered fifty millions among us last year. And should any untoward event render it imperative upon us to conquer the world again, as we did before, and to spend another thousand millions in the strife—Government will then be able to collect a hundred millions a-year to pay the interest and expenses, because Government will then diffuse a hundred millions annually among the people.

It is an obvious objection to this reasoning, that the revenue enables many to live as unproductive labourers, who, but for it, would earn their bread. So far as this observation is well founded, the objection is a good and valid one; but its extent is exceedingly limited. It is not true, for example, that soldiers and sailors are unproductive labourers, far less that ministers of state or of religion, or physicians, are so. Everything is productive in proportion as it fosters agriculture, the only real source of wealth. Governments speed the plough by combining the individual exertions of the people into an energetic organization for the regulation, protection, and defence of the whole—soldiers and sailors by producing safety*—divines and doctors, because, in order that a man be "*idoneus patriæ, utilis agris,*" he must previously possess "*mens sana in corpore sano.*" Few of the fundholders are unproductive labourers, because the great bulk of the debt is held by men who are actively engaged in the various occupations of life.

As a Tory, I revere the memory of William Pitt, whose talents as a statesman were, perhaps, in no department more resplendent than in that of finance. Mr Pitt perceived the folly of a parsimonious system of government, and never shrank from any really useful measure by reason of its expense; and, accordingly, he saw the greatness and power of the nation keep pace with the accumulation of public debt. He saw, too, that in reality the nation was becoming more rich by the exertions she was making; and the war, instead of stripping our houses and desolating our fields, produced that spirit of general and vigorous activity, which brought our barren lands into cultivation, and filled our habitations with the productions of art. Our burdens were, indeed, in a national point of view, merely nominal. We gave a great deal, no doubt, to be expended in keeping the horrors of war far from our own shores, but the industry excited by this glorious impulse provided us with sufficient for that purpose, and left us a surplus to enjoy, greater than that we now possess, when such necessity for exertion has ceased.

The burden of taxation, it must, however, be recollected, was then discharged in a paper currency, a mighty engine in the hands of a nation which is depending upon its own industry, and its own natural resources. It was cheap, plentiful, and firmly confided in; and, above all, it was essentially our own,—a domestic circulation,—

* Nam cum hostium copiæ non longe absunt, etiamsi irruptio facta nulla sit, tamen pecora relinquuntur, *agricultura deseritur*, mercatorum navigatio conquiescit. Ita neque ex portu, neque ex decumis, neque ex scripturâ vectigal conservari potest; quare sæpe totius anni fructus uno rumore periculi, atque uno belli terrore, amittitur.—*Cic. pro Leg. Manil.*

all-powerful amongst ourselves, but useless to those who would rob their country, and run away to foreign kingdoms. This circulation grew up with the debt,—it was the consequence of the debt; and as long as the debt remains, we must continue to make use of it, or continue to be in difficulty. It has been unfortunately diminished to a certain degree, and the effect has been, for so much, to convert that which was a nominal burden into a real one. It must, however, be confessed, that since the peace, inconveniences of several kinds have arisen from the debt, independently of those which are more immediately financial. A great many people have become accustomed to think, however erroneously, that their income from the funds is a permanent and settled thing, independent on the general prosperity of the country. They find, indeed, that when "Times are worst," to use a popular expression, their condition is best, for then their fixed income commands the greatest portion of luxuries, because then prices are lowest, and thus they cease to have that interest in the general welfare,—that identification with the national prosperity, which it is desirable that every individual subject should have. Again, as their income is managed entirely for them, and unlike that derived from landed property, proceeds just as well whether they give the source of it any attention or not; they have no interest (using that term in its lowest sense) in remaining in their own country, but are easily led away to places where their income will command more luxuries,—a state of things never contemplated by the Legislature, when it bound the people to pay taxes to these fundholders; but upon this point I shall touch more particularly by and bye. Another most serious evil is, the general spirit of gambling and irrational enterprise which the system of our funds has most unfortunately encouraged amongst the men of business in England, who were formerly as remarkable for the prudence and caution with which they undertook any scheme of profit, as they were for the steadiness and integrity with which they carried it through, when once begun. But now, when they have seen fortunes made in a day upon the Stock Exchange by extravagant schemers, while honest and persevering industry plods its weary way in comparative indigence; when they have seen a specious lie, well supported, add thousands to a man's fortune within a single hour, which real business could not do in years, their character is much changed. Show and puff, and extravagance and folly, raise up their gaudy, glaring heads, where formerly substance, and honesty, and thrift, and attention, dwelt in quiet and useful humility; citizens get weary of the slow and honest road to wealth,—cunning is preferred to integrity, flash to reality; men blaze for a while, to break in a while longer; bankruptcy too frequently brings crime, and crime brings suicide or the gallows.

I am afraid these are moral evils, for which the debt has in a great measure to answer; as to its political consequences, this at least is certain, that it has brought us into a highly artificial and anomalous condition, which requires us to be fenced in on every side by limitations and restrictions. If we be disposed to deal honestly by ourselves, we must lay a money impost upon the importation from abroad of every article of home production, such as will place our domestic producer, be he manufacturer of corn or of silk, upon at least as favourable a footing as the stranger; viz. which will fully compensate the depreciation of the value of money, produced by our government annually throwing between 50 and 60 millions into the market to be absorbed.

Hence I think it may be fairly doubted whether it be a sound principle to impose on any commodity a variable duty, changing with the market price of the article: for be that price what it may, still both the only rational principle of free trade, and the pledge of the public faith, are violated towards the British producer, if the protection above recited be in any degree withdrawn.

Nor will this at all exclude us, as is continually urged, from purchasing in foreign markets any commodity we really need from thence. Money ought not, indeed, to be any longer the medium by which the transaction should be effected, because money is a totally different standard of value with us from what it is with them. The immediate exchange of our superfluous goods for their superfluous goods, will not, however, be affected

by the different values of the same sum of money in the two kingdoms. Suppose, for example, that when bread was exactly the same price in England and in France, an English razor cost 3s. in Birmingham, and a bottle of claret 3s. at Bourdeaux,—then it is obvious, that the exchange of the one for the other could be easily and properly effected through the medium of money. But suppose, that by the operation of national debt, poor-laws, and so forth, the same quantity of bread comes to cost 5 pence in England, which in France costs but 5 farthings—the *money price* of the razor is necessarily raised to four times the money price of the claret: but let us no longer consider the razor and the claret as representing so much money, but each as representing, as it really does, just so much labour and skill, and we shall be able and willing to bargain on perfectly equal terms, as before. We cannot give you our razor for 3s. any longer, Monsieur; for 3 shillings now are only one fourth of what they used to be, when we could afford to sell on those terms; but we shall gladly give you our razor for your bottle of claret—for the labour of producing the razor has not increased, nor has that of producing the bottle of claret diminished, and we are still willing to exchange our superfluous labour, for an equal share of your superfluous labour. It can scarcely be necessary to remind the reader, that to simplify the mercantile part of this transaction, bills of exchange might, under such circumstances, just as well be drawn for a certain quantity of any given commodity, as they now are for a certain sum of money, and be equally negotiable wherever that commodity was in request, as they now are.

The same principle which operates to render countervailing restrictions indispensable on our part in regulating foreign trade, must likewise in fairness exclude the possessor of British property from effecting an object similar to the abrogation of all home duties on imported goods, in a covert manner, namely, by spending his wealth wholly abroad, unrestrained by any domestic impost. To spend fortunes drawn from Great Britain in a foreign kingdom, is to a certain extent a fraud upon the British nation,—because, when the wars which caused the debt were going on, the person, or his then representative, had pledged himself to pay an annuity of interest for securing to him his life, liberty, and property, instead of paying the whole expense at once; and he now steals away from his creditor—viz. the British nation—which imposes taxes on all consumable commodities, to pay this debt; and cheats the State of his contribution to its support. The absentee not only obtains his wine and segars, contrary to the intention of the Legislature, without contributing anything to the British Exchequer, but is in effect a wholesale smuggler, who evades—not certainly by any criminal proceeding, as he should do at home, but who voluntarily evades—paying duty to us for anything whatever. If this be true, does not justice as well as policy cry aloud that the incomes of all British subjects who choose to live abroad should be taxed, *in transitu*, to the amount of that proportion of their property which, if resident proprietors, expending their whole incomes at home, they would necessarily contribute to the coffers of our Exchequer? Nor let it be pretended, that this is an undue restraint upon the liberty of the subject, or a prohibition on the exercise of his volition as to the place of his abode. On the contrary, it is simply following up the principle of placing England on an equal footing with every other country, notwithstanding the accumulation of her debt. We say to the possessor of British property—Sir, you may live in Paris or in London, exactly as you please. We offer no bar whatever to your choice; but we shall no longer hold out, as we now do, a bounty in favour of Paris. If you stay at home you must contribute a certain per centage of your property to the state, in imposts on consumable commodities; if you live abroad, you escape this contribution; therefore we impose another and a direct one to the same amount.

It is not a very respectable thing for men to desert the duties they owe to God and their Country, to while away their time in a round of vicious pleasures abroad, as is done by some; and we should, therefore, feel the less reluctant to mulct these gentry in their full share of the public burdens, instead of granting them a special exemption. I would not be understood, however, to cast a sweeping imputation upon all who reside abroad. The

incitements to a temporary absence may be both honourable and amiable; but let the motive be as excellent as it may, (and I mean not to arraign it,) still, justice is not to be violated for the sake of encouraging so very undesirable a result.

The well-known memorial of that most Machiavellian of statesmen, Talleyrand, is full of instruction on this subject. It was presented to Buonaparte in 1802, to dissuade him from going to war with us, on the ground that our total ruin could be most easily effected during peace. In perusing the following passage, the reader will do well to bear in mind, that the document was prepared by the wiliest enemy England ever had in the council, for the use of the most envenomed and formidable foe she ever encountered in the field, and remember —*fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

"Leave them in peace, and most of their nobility and gentry will continue to squander away amongst us their great riches, and augment our resources to enslave their country. Leave them in peace, and they will soon return to their amusements of elections, races, party, and faction. Leave them in peace, and their navy will once more be laid up to rot, and their seamen and artificers be once more turned over to us, to Spain, and to Holland. Leave them in peace, and the greatest part of their army will soon be reduced, while the small remains will dwindle into a mere militia on pay. While their individuals squander their riches, the state is parsimonious, and begins to save on those articles on which it cannot be too profuse. They are even now reducing their trivial military force, and their patriots speak of intrusting what they call their liberty and property, to the valour of a militia. Leave them in peace, and they will never think of schemes for increasing their population, or for making every part of their own dominions of real use to every other."

Such is the language of this subtle devil, and the best comment on it is the exclamation of our own true English bard,

> "'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
> Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
> Which he has given for fence impregnable,
> And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
> In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies!"

A counsel, which, as Dr Johnson most truly observes, has been the advice of every man in every age, who understood and favoured the interests of England.

There is a strange argument largely insisted upon by the manufacturing interest, that commerce greatly enriches this nation, because the balance of trade is always very much in our favour. The meaning of this phrase is, that the amount of our exports greatly exceeds that of our imports. Now, so far as relates to our trade with the continent of Europe, while I acknowledge the truth of the statement, so far from joining the Merchant in his inference, I deeply deplore the fact. Let us suppose the exports of Great Britain to the continent of Europe to amount to 30 millions annually, and her imports thence to be but 20 millions. Then, says the trader, we do so much the more business than they, and have a clear national gain of 10 millions on the transaction. This appears to me a notable *non sequitur.* If we send 30 millions' worth of goods out of the country, we must receive the payment in other goods, or in gold, or bills of exchange, *or not at all.*

In goods we get by hypothesis but 20 millions; gold we get none; and bills of exchange can only be drawn to the precise amount of the value of the foreign goods we receive, of which, and of which alone, these bills are the mercantile representative. The only possible means, then, by which our exports to the Continent can exceed our imports from it, is by our making over the whole surplus to the foreign country, without receiving any real value in return whatever; which is, in effect, exactly what we do when we transmit the goods, and desire them to be paid for by transferring their value in money to the banker's account of an English resident in France, who spends all his fortune there. Instead of the balance being really in our favour, when there is a large excess in our trade with the states of the Continent, this surplus is *pro tanto* a loss,

and an impoverishment of ourselves to enrich the foreign nation. I am well aware, however, that such an argument as this can have no weight with the doctors. There is no combating them with a *reductio ad absurdum*, for they swallow the absurdity, and lick their lips as if it were a choice morsel. They are as thick-skulled as Bolanus,* touching every the simplest proposition which relates to any of the really vital interests of the country; but cook up any monstrous paradox or gross delusion, cloaked under the specious guise of select sentences from some book about political economy, and they subscribe to it with the most laudable alacrity. Like the giant in Rabelais, they gobble up windmills as a hind would swallow sowans, but at length are choked by a mouthful of fresh butter. This "liberal and enlightened" policy of neglecting our agriculture and domestic industry, to enrich foreign nations at our own expense, reminds one strongly of Stephano's advice to his companions in the Tempest,—

——"Every man shift for all the rest, and let none
Take care for himself; for all is but fortune."

Stephano, however, might plead in his defence that he gave this sage counsel at a time when affairs were utterly desperate,—a crisis which we, thank Heaven, have little reason to apprehend, provided we steer sufficiently clear of this newfangled philosophy.

If, then, it have been truly argued, that agriculture, as affording both food and the materials, as well as the incitement, for the exercise of the industry and ingenuity of all, is the only true source of wealth, it follows, that to the protection and improvement of agriculture, the energies of Great Britain ought chiefly to be directed. Manufactures are the transmutation of the produce of the soil into articles of comfort or of luxury, and necessarily follow in the train of a flourishing agriculture. They are the fruits of which tillage is the tree; and if the tree be fostered and made good, the fruits will follow in the course of nature, without our interference. Foreign commerce, or the exchange of home productions for those of other countries, even if it could be carried on upon equal terms, which, with respect to us, is not the case, should rather be checked and kept within reasonable bounds, than cherished and approved. A confirmed habit of indulgence in commodities of foreign production, is inconsistent with that independence, that *in seipso totus teres atque rotundus* principle, which is so important to the preservation of the well-being of every nation and of every individual. As commerce dissipates the resources of a nation, by withdrawing capital and industry from the cultivation of the land, and from domestic industry, it should, as far as possible, be corrected by the substitution of comforts and luxuries of home production, for those which now render us dependent on external supplies. Soil and population, or, in other words, produce and labour, are the only true supports on which national greatness can always securely rely. This it is which furnishes the solution of the mystery which has so long puzzled Europe, namely, how our Britain, which,

"I'the world's volume seems as of it, but not in it,
In a great pool a swan's nest,"

could sustain so tremendous a war for such a length of time, without being impaired in strength or in resources. It was because our agriculture was never once impeded for an hour. So long as we rule the sea, and fight our battles only at the expense of gunpowder and canvass, though we may and must deplore the waste of human life, yet while peace reigns at home, and all the arts of peace flourish within our kingdom, we may rest assured that no length or violence of war can ever exhaust us. War is one mode of disposing of those swarms which it seems to be in the nature of things that society must periodically throw off; the spread and improvement of agriculture is another; there is a third, however, more in vogue of late days than either. For myself, I must confess, that if the course of events so ordered it, I should rather close with the former alternative, shocking as it is, and see part of

* O te, Bolane, cerebri felicem!

our people die nobly in defence of the lives, the liberties, and property of the rest, than either perish inchmeal by the pangs of want, or be condemned to the deprivation of home and happiness by the speculations of modern theorists, in a transport of philanthropy and universal benevolence. But there is no such necessity, no ground for any frightful apprehension. The fertility of our soil, the activity and skill of our people, and the freedom of our happy constitution, afford us every facility for surpassing all the nations of the globe in the successful pursuit of agriculture. Let the means of accomplishing this be carefully and anxiously directed and encouraged by our rulers, and our population may increase, and with it our wealth, our prosperity, and our happiness. "So shall our garners be full and plenteous with all manner of store; that our sheep bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets; that our oxen be strong to labour; so that there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets. Happy are the people that are in such a case; yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God." But I must again crave forgiveness of the doctors. I had forgotten that the Bible is not one of the authorities quoted or admitted in the great new day-school north of Russell Square. Well, then, I shall conclude with a most unexceptionable citation, even from Smith the economist—"That abundance of food, of which, in consequence of the improvement of the land, many people have the disposal beyond what they themselves can consume, is the great cause of the demand both for the precious metals and the precious stones, as well as for every other conveniency and ornament of dress, lodging, household furniture, and equipage. *Food not only constitutes the principal part of the riches of the world, but it is the abundance of food which gives the principle of their value to many other sorts of riches.*"

J.

TO MRS HEMANS,

On her intended Publication, entitled, "Records of Woman."

"Records of Woman!"—shall they not be fair,
Born in thy soul's pure depths, and garner'd there,
'Mid thoughts of loftier birth, and sunnier clime,
Breathing Heaven's fragrance o'er frail flow'rs of Time?
"Records of Woman!"—shall they not be bright,
By Fancy's pencil traced, in hues of light,
Upon the clear cerulean skies that shed
Eternal sunshine round the Poet's head?
Shall not their source be deep—when every thought
Is with a gifted sister's instinct fraught—
When the enchanted lyre in every tone
Breathes but some mystic feeling all her own?—
If thoughts heroic soar their reckless way
Like captive eaglets rushing to the day—
While notes that wake the very soul of grief,
Seem the imprison'd nightingale's relief—
And heav'n-born tones, too deathless to be mute,
Sigh from the fragments of the shiver'd lute,
Shall not the soul, responsive to thy skill,
In smiles, in tears, in death—be *Woman's* still?

'Twill be as when the eye entranced explores
The sunlit peaks, deep vales, and forests green,
Earth's lavish gems encircling Leman's shores
With zone of matchless beauty. Lo! the scene
Grows lovelier still—the unsullied waters lend
Their magic mirror—hues ethereal blend
With tints of earth. Alas; for painter's art
Foil'd by this mirror!—Thine is in thy heart!

Genevra.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*April* 9.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, . . 65s. 0d.	1st,...42s. 0d.	1st,.....30s. 0d.	1st,.....37s. 0d.
2d, . . 59s. 0d.	2d, ...35s. 0d.	2d,.....27s. 0d.	2d,.....33s. 0d.
3d,... 50s. 0d.	3d, ...30s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d, ...27s. 0d.

Average of Wheat per imperial quarter, £2, 18s. 10d. 3-12ths.

Tuesday, April 8.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (16 lb.) .	0s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per cwt. .	80s. 0d. to 86s. 0d.
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Tallow, per cwt. .	35s. 0d. to 36s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*April* 11.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...66s. 0d.	1st, ...42s. 0d.	1st, ...30s. 0d.	1st, ...31s. 0d.	1st, ...33s. 0d.
2d, ...52s. 0d.	2d, ...34s. 0d.	2d, ...26s. 0d.	2d, ...29s. 0d.	2d, ...32s. 0d.
3d, ...40s. 0d.	3d, ...29s. 0d.	3d, ...22s. 0d.	3d, ...—s. 0d.	3d, ...29s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, per imperial quarter, £2, 13s. 1d. 11-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended April 4.

Wheat, 54s. 8d.—Barley, 30s. 9d.—Oats, 20s. 9d.—Rye, 32s. 4d.—Beans, 36s. 1d.—Pease, 37s. 8d.
Aggregate Average by which the duty on Foreign Corn now in bond is regulated.—Wheat, 53s. 5d.—Barley, 32s. 2d.—Oats, 20s. 10d.—Rye, 32s. 4d.—Beans, 36s. 9d.—Pease, 38s. 4d.

London, Corn Exchange, April 7.

	s.		s.		s.		s.
Wheat, red, old	—	to	—	White pease .	40	to	42
Red, new . .	50	to	53	Ditto, boilers .	—	to	—
Fine ditto . .	55	to	58	Small Beans, new	43	to	45
Superfine ditto	62	to	64	Ditto, old . .	—	to	—
White, new . .	52	to	56	Tick ditto, new	32	to	36
Fine ditto . .	58	to	65	Ditto, old .	54	to	58
Superfine ditto	67	to	69	Feed oats .	17	to	19
Rye	30	to	33	Fine ditto . .	20	to	22
Barley	26	to	29	Poland ditto .	18	to	22
New	—	to	—	Fine ditto .	23	to	26
Superfine ditto	33	to	35	Potato ditto	22	to	24
Malt	48	to	54	Fine ditto . .	25	to	26
Fine	56	to	60	Scotch . . .	27	to	28
Hog Pease .	38	to	34	Flour, per sack	50	to	55
Maple . . .	35	to	37	Ditto, seconds	44	to	48
Maple, fine	—	to	—	Bran . .	10	to	11

Seeds, &c.

	s.		s.	d.		s.		s.	d.
Tares, per bsh.	40	to	42	0	Rye Grass	26	to	40	0
Must. White, .	5	to	8	0	Ribgrass . .	38	to	41	0
— Brown, new	10	to	15	0	Clover, red cwt.	42	to	60	0
Turnips, bsh.	—	to	—	0	— White . . .	58	to	78	0
—Red & green	28	to	34	0	Foreign red	40	to	56	0
— White	25	to	30	0	——— White	—	to	—	0
Caraway, cwt.	38	to	42	0	Coriander . .	14	to	17	0
Canary, per qr.	60	to	63	0	Trefoil	17	to	36	0
Cinque Foin	40	to	45	0	Lintseed feed	38	to	40	0

Rape Seed, per last, £30.

Liverpool, April 8.

	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.						Amer. p. 196 lb.					
Eng.	7	6	to	8	10	Sweet, bond	—		to	—	0
Scotch .	7	6	to	8	2	Sour, do. .	22	0	to	24	0
Irish . .	7	0	to	8	2	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.					
Foreign	0	0	to	0	0	English	20	0	to	26	0
Do. in bond	4	4	to	5	2	Scotch . .	—		to	—	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.						Irish . . .	20	0	to	26	0
Eng. . . .	4	0	to	4	2	Bran, p. 24 lb.	0	11	to	1	1
Scotch .	0	0	to	0	0						
Irish . .	3	9	to	4	0	*Butter, Beef, &c.*					
Foreign	3	10	to	4	0						
Oats, per 45 lb.						Butter, p. cwt.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Eng. . . .	2	9	to	3	4	Belfast	88	0	to	90	0
Irish . . .	2	8	to	2	10	Newry . .	80	0	to	83	0
Scotch . .	2	9	to	3	4	Waterford	—	0	to	—	0
For. in bond	—		to	—		Cork, pic. 2d	79	0	to	—	0
Do. dut. fr.	—		to	—		3d, dry	70	0	to	71	0
Rye, per qr.	30	0	to	32	0	Beef, p. tierce.					
Malt, per qr.	56	0	to	64	0	— Mess	100	0	to	107	6
—Middling	—	0	to	—	0	— p. barrel	—	0	to	—	0
Beans, per q.						Pork, p. bl.					
English .	40	0	to	48	0	— Mess .	70	0	to	77	6
Irish . .	38	0	to	45	0	—half do.	40	0	to	50	0
Rapeseed	—		to	—		Bacon, p. cwt.					
Pease, grey	30	0	to	33	0	Short mids.	48	0	to	50	0
—White .	46	0	to	50	0	Sides . .	48	0	to	50	0
Flour, English,						Hams, dry	—	0	to	—	0
p. 240 lb. fine	41	0	to	44	0	Green . .	—	0	to	—	0
Irish .	41	0	to	43	0	Lard, rd. p.c.	55	0	to	56	0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3d to 24th March 1827.

	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock,	207	——	——	——
3 per cent. reduced,	84⅛ ⅜ 4⅛	——	——	——
3 per cent. consols,	83¾ ⅛ ⅜	83⅝ ⅛ ¼	83⅜ ½	83⅛ ¼ 2⅞
3½ per cent. consols,	92 81	——	——	——
New 4 per cent. cons.	100¼ ¼ ⅛	100⅜ ¼ ½	100¼ ⅛ ¼	100⅛ ¼
India bonds,	87 8	90	88 89	89
—— stock,	——	——	——	——
Long Annuities,	——	——	——	——
Exchequer bills,	57 58	60 58	58 59	57 56
Exchequer bills, sm.	——	——	——	——
Consols for acc.	83⅜ ⅛ ½	85¾ ⅛ ⅜	83¼ ⅜ ⅛	83⅛ 2⅞
French 5 per cents.	——	104f. 25c.	102f. 25c.	102f.

Course of Exchange.—April 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3, Ditto, at sight, 12 : 1. Rotterdam, 12 : 3½. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburgh, 13 : 13. Altona, 13 : 13¼. Paris 3 days' sight, 25 : 40. Ditto, 25 : 65. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort on the Maine, 150¾ : 0. Petersburgh, per rble. 10 : 0. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, 10 : 3. Trieste, 10 : 3. Madrid, 35¼. Cadiz, 35¾. Bilboa, 35½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35. Gibraltar, 46. Leghorn, 48. Genoa, 25 : 50. Venice, 46. Malta, 0. Naples, 39¼. Palermo, p. oz. 118. Lisbon, 46. Oporto, 45¾. Rio Janeiro, 31. Bahia, 32 : 0. Buenos Ayres, 0. Dublin, 21 days' sight, 0. Cork, 0.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Doubloons, £3 : 14 : 0. New Dollars, 4s. 10d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 0½d.

LONDON PRICES CURRENT, *April* 4.

ASHES, Canada Pot, 1st, cwt.	30s	6	to 0	0
Pearls	31	0	0	0
United States Pot	32	0	0	0
Pearls	32	0	0	0
Russia Pearls	30	0	0	0
BRISTLES, St Petersb. cwt.	L.12	0	12	5
COFFEE, in Bond				
Jamaica ordinary cwt.	33s	0	37	0
good ordinary	38	0	47	0
fine ordinary	48	0	54	0
low middling	55	0	62	0
middling	65	0	69	0
good do. and fine	70	0	84	0
Mocha	67	0	90	0
CORK, Spanish, ton	L.50	0	60	0
Oporto	25	0	30	0
Faro	48	0	60	0
French	80	0	100	0
COTTON, per lb.				
Grenada	—s	6¾	—s	8
Berbice and Demerara	—	6½	—	9
New Orleans	—	6	—	8
Bowed Georgia	—	5	—	6½
Bahia	—	7¼	—	7½
Pernambuco	—	7½	—	8
Madras	—	5¾	—	5¾
Bengal	—	3¾	—	4½
Smyrna	—	9	—	11
FLAX, Riga PTR, ton, new	L.38	10	39	0
DC,	33	10	34	0
Petersburg, 12 head	35	0	0	0
Liebau, 4 brand	30	0	32	0
HEMP, Riga, Rhine, ton	L.40	0	41	0
Petersburg, clean	38	0	38	10
Outshot	—	0	—	0
Half clean and pass	30	0	32	0
HOPS, New East Kent Pockets	L.5	5	6	10
New Kent Pockets	4	10	6	0
Sussex	4	2	4	13
East Kent Bags	4	4	5	5
1826 Pockets	3	10	4	4
IRON, CCND, bd. ton	L.18	0	19	0
PSI	16	0	17	0
Swedish	14	0	15	0
INDIGO, E.I. fine blue, bd. lb.	10s	3	10s	9
Fine Violet and Purple	9	3	10	0
ordinary,	5	9	6	6
good and mid. do.	7	3	9	0
LEATHER, per lb.				
Butts, 50 to 56	0	0	0	0
Ditto, 60 to 66	0	0	0	0
Hides, crop, 45 to 50	1	4	1	6
Do. 35 to 40	1	2½	1	4½
British for dress	1	1	1	6
Calf skins	1	4	2	4
Horse hides	1	2	1	5
LIME JUICE,	1	6	2	3
OIL, per tun, 252 gallons.				
Whale, Greenl. without casks	L.24	10	—	0
Cod, in casks	25	10	—	0
Seal, Pale	27	0	26	0
—— Brown	22	0	0	0
Palm, African, per cwt.	28	0	29	0
Spermaceti	82	0	—	—
Whale, South Sea	23	0	33	0
Linseed, per cwt.	0	0	1	2
Galipoli, per tun of 236 galls.	50	0	0	0
PITCH, British, per cwt.	6	0	0	0
Stockholm	8	0	0	0
American	5	0	0	0
Archangel	7	0	0	0
PIMENTO, Jamaica, per lb.	0s	8	0	9

SPIRITS.				
Brandy, Cognac, imp. gal.	3s	3	to 3	6
Geneva	2	8	0	0
Rum, Jamaica, 14 a 20 O.P.	3	2	3	6
Leeward Islands, P. & U.P.	2	3	0	0
SUGAR, per cwt.				
Jamaica, Brown	£2	18	to 3	0
Middling	3	2	3	5
Good	3	5	3	9
Fine	3	10	3	12
Demerara and St Kitt's	2	16	3	10
Grenada	2	16	3	8
Barbadoes	3	3	4	0
Havannah, brown	1	10	1	13
White	1	18	2	4
Fine ditto	2	5	2	9
East India, brown	1	7	1	10
White	1	14	1	18
REFINED SUGARS.				
Lumps	4	3	4	8
Fine	4	7	5	2
Loaves	4	5	4	10
Fine	4	12	0	0
Powder	4	6	4	12
Double, ordinary	5	7	0	0
Fine	5	10	6	0
Molasses	24s	6	0	0
TALLOW, Peterbg. YC. cwt.	40s	0	40	6
White	39	6	40	0
Soap	0	0	0	0
Archangel	39	0	0	0
Siberia	39	6	40	0
Home melted	36	0	0	0
TAR, Virginia	13	6	14	0
Archangel	14	6	0	0
Stockholm	15	6	16	0
TOBACCO, Kentucky, per lb.	0	2½	0	4½
Virginia, ordinary	0	2	0	2½
Part blacks	0	2¾	0	3
Middling black	0	3¼	0	4
Maryland scrubs	0	4½	0	5
Brown and leafy	0	3	0	3½
Coloury and yellow	0	3½	0	8
WINE, per pipe.				
Port, per 138 gallons	£22	0	to 50	0
Lisbon, per pipe	20	0	28	0
Madeira, per 110 gallons	50	0	60	0
West India, ditto	27	0	45	0
East India, ditto	35	0	70	0
Sherry, per butt	25	0	70	0
Mountain, per 126 gallons	20	0	30	0
Teneriffe, per 120 gallons	24	0	25	0
Spanish, red, per 126 gallons	12	0	16	0
Claret, per hhd. for Dy.	36	0	50	0
French, White, ditto	34	0	36	0
WOODS, per ton.				
Fustic, Jamaica	£ 7	0	8	0
Cuba	10	10	12	0
South American	6	0	7	0
Boxwood	14	0	18	0
Lignumvitæ	4	10	11	0
Nicaragua	7	0	14	0
LOGWOOD, Jamaica	6	0	6	10
Honduras	6	0	6	6
Campeachy	8	5	8	0
St Domingo	6	5	5	15
MAHOGANY, per foot.				
Jamaica	1s 6d		to 1	8d
Honduras	7½d		14d	
Cuba	14d		18d	
St Domingo	21d		30d	
CORKWOOD, Spanish	£55	0	60	0

Meteorological Tables, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

February.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Feb. 1	M.40	29.250	M.50	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 44	.594	A. 44		sunshine.
2	M.37	.471	M.50	NW.	Foren. dull,
	A. 41	.661	A. 44		aftern. fair.
3	M.35	.998	M.45	W.	Morn. frost,
	A. 39	.840	A. 43		day fair.
4	M.40	.710	M.44	Cble.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 43	.564	A. 48		rain night.
5	M.45	.474	M.50	SW.	Foren. dull,
	A. 50	.539	A. 50		rain aftern.
6	M.48	.575	M.50	W.	Sunsh. foren.
	A. 50	.601	A. 50		dull aftern.
7	M.48	.591	M.50	SW.	Foren. suns.
	A. 50	.436	A. 48		rain night.
8	M.35	.669	M.49	Cble.	Sleet morn.
	A. 38	.550	A. 42		rain aftern.
9	M.33	.555	M.41	Cble.	Showrs rain,
	A. 36	.580	A. 38		and sleet.
10	M.30	.525	M.38	E.	Cold, frosty,
	A. 35	.567	A. 33		snow night.
11	M.27	.310	M.32	E.	Slight shower
	A. 30	.675	A. 32		snow, frost.
12	M.27	.875	M.33	SE.	Ditto.
	A. 31	.892	A. 32		
13	M.25	.803	M.33	E.	Frost, show-
	A. 30	.602	A. 31		ers snow.
14	M.27	28.999	M 31	E.	Stormy, snow
	A. 28	.999	A. 31		and drift.
15	M.27	29.264	M.34	SE.	Sunshine.
	A. 34	.606	A. 34		
Feb. 16	M.29	29.450	M.34	SE.	Fresh, with
	A. 38	.425	A. 34		sunshine.
17	M.29	.325	M.36	SE.	Fresh, fair,
	A. 37	.268	A. 37		sunshine.
18	M.29	28.999	M.35	SE.	Frost morn.
	A. 33	.960	A. 35		day fair.
19	M.35	.950	M.37	SE.	Sunsh. foren.
	A. 35	.940	A. 36		cold aftern.
20	M.31	.775	M.40	S.	Sleet foren.
	A. 40	.779	A. 30		fair aftern.
21	M.32	.805	M.37	E.	Rain and
	A. 37	.805	A. 40		sleet foren.
22	M.39	.805	M.40	Cble.	Dull for
	A. 40	.909	A. 39		day.
23	M.37	29.125	M.39	E.	Dull foren.
	A. 39	.245	A. 39		rain aftern.
24	M.33	.305	M.40	SE.	Day dull,
	A. 39	.192	A. 42		rain evening.
25	M.39	.264	M.47	W.	Fair, with
	A. 48	.490	A. 48		sunshine.
26	M.41	.428	M.49	SW.	Dull, but
	A. 50	.482	A. 50		fair.
27	M.43	.675	M.49	SW.	Dull foren.
	A. 48	.835	A. 48		rain aftern.
28	M.45	.944	M.47	Cble.	Frost. morn.
	A. 45	.946	A. 48		Day fair.
29	M.47	.996	M.52	W.	Fair, with
	A. 52	.990	A. 51		sunshine.

Average of rain, 1.193.

March.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M.42	29.925	M.51	SW.	Frost, morn.
	A. 48	.912	A. 48		day fair.
2	M.42	.840	M.47	SW.	Frost morn,
	A. 45	.839	A. 47		day sunsh.
3	M.39	.616	M.47	NW.	Dull, but
	A. 42	.605	A. 46		fair.
4	M.39	.492	M.45	Cble.	Fair, with
	A. 43	.260	A. 45		sunshine.
5	M.32	.412	M.39	N.	Frost morn.
	A. 34	.565	A. 36		day cold,
6	M.28	.731	M.35	N.	Frost foren.
	A. 31	.864	A. 37		milder after.
7	M.31	.575	M.39	W.	Dull, slight
	A. 38	.450	A. 43		shrs. rain.
8	M.33	.610	M.49	W.	Fair, with
	A. 49	.692	A. 48		sunshine.
9	M.31	.642	M.50	SW.	Fair, but
	A. 50	.712	A. 49		dull & cold.
10	M.49	.818	M.52	SW.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 47	.720	A. 48		but cold.
11	M.31	.775	M.47	SW.	Fair, but
	A. 44	.680	A. 47		dull & cold.
12	M.43	.545	M.49	SW.	Dull, fair,
	A. 48	.525	A. 58		cold aftern.
13	M.48	.555	M.50	SW.	Foren. rain
	A. 50	.780	A. 50		aftern. fair.
14	M.41	.810	M.51	W.	Foren.sunsh.
	A. 50	.966	A. 50		aftern. rain.
15	M.42	.975	M.48	Cble.	Foren. dull,
	A. 44	.904	A. 50		h.rain aftern.
16	M.44	.875	M.49	SW.	Rain morn.
	A. 48	.812	A. 50		and night.
Mar. 17	M.47	29.692	M.50	SW.	Dull, but
	A. 48	.645	A. 46		fair.
18	M.48	.668	M.48	SW.	Aftern. cold,
	A. 44	28.830	A. 44		rain night.
19	M.42	.690	M.47	SW.	Cold, hail
	A. 45	.991	A. 46		aftern.
20	M.34	.762	M.45	NW.	Showrs hail,
	A. 42	.620	A. 41		night snow.
21	M.32	.450	M.42	NW.	Snow foren.
	A. 38	.465	A. 42		fair aftern.
22	M.31	.530	M.39	NW.	Frost, with
	A. 35	.784	A. 40		showrs. snow.
23	M.30	.980	M.40	NW.	Fair, sharp
	A. 37	29.240	A. 42		frost.
24	M.35	.405	M.43	NW.	Sharp frost,
	A. 38	.460	A. 41		with hail.
25	M.36	.630	M.42	Cble.	Dull, hail
	A. 40	.616	A. 42		afternoon.
26	M.31	.580	M.43	Cble.	Sharp frost.
	A. 40	.461	A. 42		
27	M.35	.367	M.41	E.	Frost, shwrs.
	A. 41	.390	A. 40		hail & snow.
28	M.31	.360	M.38	E.	Night snow
	A. 35	.454	A. 39		day thaw.
29	M.32½	.608	M.40	Cble.	Morn. frost,
	A. 39	.601	A. 39		day sunsh.
30	M.30	.710	M.41	NW.	Morn. frost,
	A. 37	.794	A. 42		day dull.
31	M.35	.956	M.43	NW.	Fair, but
	A. 41	.992	A. 44		dull.

Average of rain, 1.385.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

January.

7 Dr. Capt. Hill, Maj. by purch. vice Molyneux, prom. 31 Dec. 1827
Lt. Whyte, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Bathurst, Lt. do.
9 Capt. Greenwood, Maj. by purch. vice *Lord* Loughborough, prom. do.
Lt. Callaghan, from 15 Dr. Capt. by purch. do.
10 Cor. *Sir* St V. Cotton, *Bt.* Lt. by pur. vice *Lord* F. de Montmorency, ret. 13 do.
D. Pyrke, Cor. do.
15 Capt. Buckley, Maj. by purch. vice M'Alpine, prom. 31 do.
Lt. Shedden, Capt. do.
Cor. Mortimer, Lt. do.
J. Salmon, Cor. by purch. do.
17 Capt. Burrowes, Maj. by purch. vice Bacon, ret. do.
Lt. Elton, Capt. do.
Cor. Percy, Lt. do.
W. L. Shedden, Cor. do.
3 F.Gds. Ens. and Lt. *Hon.* R. Sandilands, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Knollys, prom. 31 Dec. 1827
Ens. *Hon.* R. T. Rowley, from 11 F. Ens. and Lt. do.
Lt. and Capt. *Hon.* C. B. Phipps, Adj. vice Knollys, dead do.
2 F. Ens. Daniell, Lt. by purch. vice Douglas, ret. 27 do.
3 Capt. Gillman, Maj. vice C. Cameron, dead 14 Nov.
—— Innes, Maj. vice A. Cameron, prom. 13 Dec.
Lt. Mackay, Capt. vice Gillman 14 Nov.
6 —— Thompson, from h. p. 31 F. Lt. vice J. R. Heyland, 61 F. 20 Dec.
7 Ens. G. W. E. *Earl of* Rothes, from 81 F. Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* A. Chichester, prom. 12 do.
—— Hamilton, from 65 F. Lt. vice Hope, dead 13 do.
8 R. Cheney, Ens. by purch. vice Singleton, prom. 31 do.
10 F. W. Hill, Ens. by purch. vice Golden, 3 F. 27 do.
11 H. J. Peake, Ens. by purch. vice Rowley, 3 F. Gds. 31 do.
16 J. F. Proud, Ens. by purch. vice Scott, 76 F. do.
20 Lt. Oakley, Capt. vice Langmead, dead 27 do.
22 D. Walsh, Ens. by purch. vice Tupper, prom. 8 Jan. 1828
26 Lt. Hildebrand, from 45 F. Lt. vice Marshall, prom. 31 Dec. 1827
30 Ens. Macdonald, from 99 F. Lt. by purch. vice Ralph, prom. 13 do.
35 Capt. Harty, Maj. by purch. vice Fogarty, ret. 20 do.
T. J. Smith, Ens. by purch. vice Norton, prom. 13 do.
Lt. Galloway, Capt. by purch. vice Harty 27 do.
Ens. Colquhoun, Lt. do.
T. Bunbury, Ens. do.
J. Tully, Ens. vice Elliot, res. 28 do.
39 Ens. Spencer, Lt. by purch. vice Waldron, prom. 8 Jan. 1828
46 Quar. Mast. Serj. Pool, Quar. Mast. vice Williams, dead 5 Dec. 1826
48 Lt. Slater, from h. p. 101 F. Lt. vice Tinne, 86 F. 20 Dec. 1827
51 Ens. Gray, Adj. vice Mawdesley, prom. do.
55 Ens. Rogers, from 95 F. Lt. vice Bournes, dead 13 do.
61 Lt. Heyland, from 6 F. Lt. vice Webster, ret. h. p. 31 F. 20 do.
65 W. B. Ponsonby, Ens. vice Hamilton, 7 F. 13 do.
66 Hosp. Assist. Auglin, *M.D.* Assist. Surg. do.
75 Capt. Bruce, Maj. by purch. vice *Lord* C. S. Churchill, prom. 31 do.
Lt. Young, Capt. do.
Ens. Forth, Lt. do.
G. B. Moultrie, Ens. do.
76 Lt. Gosset, from h. p. Lt. vice Coultman, prom. do.
Ens. Scott, from 16 F. Ens. vice Thompson, prom. do.
81 W. C. Liston, Ens. by purch. vice *Lord* Rothes, 7 F. 20 do.
86 Lt. Tinne, from 48 F. Lt. vice Goddard, canc. do.
95 Lt. Col. Anwyl, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Wylly, dead 13 do.
W. H. Woodgate, Ens. vice Rogers, 55 F. do.
99 Lt. Terry, from ret. full p. Vet. Comp. Paym. vice Irwin, h. p. 27 do.
R.Afr.Col. C. Vol. J. H. Fearon, Ens. vice Green, dead 10 Oct.

Hospital Staff.

To be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces.

W. W. Barnett, vice Hanly, prom. 21 Dec. 1827

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Colonels of Infantry by purchase.

Maj. *Lord* C. S. Churchill, from 75 F. 21 Dec. 1827
—— M'Alpine, from 15 Dr. do.
—— *Hon.* G. B. Molyneux, from 7 Dr. do.
—— J. A. *Lord* Loughborough, from 9 Dr. do.
Lt. and Capt. Knollys, from 3 F. Gds. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Boldero, from R. Eng. 31 Dec. 1827
—— Waldron, from 39 F. 8 Jan. 1828

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Thompson, from 76 F. 31 Dec. 1827
—— Singleton, from 8 F. do.
—— Tupper, from 22 F. 8 Jan. 1828

To be Ensigns by purchase.

Hon. W. Cowper 31 Dec. 1827
R. Sherlock 8 Jan. 1828
J. Minto do.

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually serving upon Full Pay in Regiments of the Line, whose Commissions are dated previous to the year 1811, *have accepted Promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of* 27*th December* 1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lieut. Marshall, from 26 F. 31 Dec. 1827
—— Coultman, from 76 F. do.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Elphinstone, 3 F. Gds. with Lt. Col. Knollys, h. p.
Capt. Fitz Gerald, 58 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Fisher, h. p.
—— Gibson, 88 F. rec. diff. with Capt. E. B. Fraser, h. p.
—— Cockburn, 9 F. rec. diff. with Capt. *Sir* R. J. Fletcher, h. p.
—— Ross, 42 F. with Capt. D. Fraser, h. p.
Lieut. Fitz-Maurice, 4 Dr. with Lieut. Sharpin, h. p. 24 Dr
—— Clarke, 19 F. with Lieut. J. Stewart, h. p. Glen. Lt. Inf. Fenc.
—— J. G. Hall, 54 F. with Lieut. Henderson, h. p. 1 Lt. Inf. K.G.L.
—— Gill, 15 Dr. with Lieut. Hall, h. p. 1 Lt. Inf. K. G. L.
Ens. Maxwell, 11 F. with Ens. *Hon.* R. T. Rowley, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-General.

J. G. Cuming Shene.

Colonel.

C. Gold, R. Art.

Lieutenant Colonels.

Caddy, R. Art.
Holcombe, do.
Maclachlan, do.

Majors.

Bacon, 17 Dr.
Fogarty, 33 F.
Gardner, h. p. Ind. Comp.

Captain.

A. Chambre, h. p. Unatt.

Lieutenants.

Lord Frankfort de Montmorency, 10 Dr.
Edwards, h. p. 64 F.
Rowe, h. p. 7 F.
Brownlow, h. p. 7 F.

Cornets, 2d Lieuts. and Ensigns.

Farquhar, h. p. 6 Dr.
Elliott, 33 F.
C. Campbell, h. p. 39 F.
Bennet, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.

Deaths.

General.

Forbes, Col. of 29 F. Richmond, Surrey 16 Jan. 1828

Lieutenant Generals.

Head
Minet
Lye, R. Art. Newcastle-on-Tyne 20 do.
Russell, E. Ind. Comp. Serv.
M'Neil, do.
De Castro, do. 18 do.
Sir G. S. Brown, *K.C.B.* E. I. C. serv. Bruxelles 30 Dec. 1827

Major Generals.

Hall, E. Ind. Comp. Serv.
Burrell, do.
Broughton, do.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Milne, 19 F. Demerara 5 Nov.
Taylor, 22 F. Jamaica 4 Dec.
Read, Dep. Qua. Mast. Madras 21 Aug.
Wm. Munro, h. p. Malta Reg. (late of 42 F.) Stamford 9 Jan. 1828
J. Campbell, late R. Irish Art. 1 Feb. 1827

Majors.

Coulon, h. p. For. Vet. Batt. Hanover 12 Oct.
Conroy, h. p. Unatt. Jan. 1828

Captains.

Mm. Mackay, 3 F.
Marshall, 48 F. Trichinopoly 8 July 1827
Snow, 94 F. Devonport Dec.
Brutton, Sub-Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Isles
W. R. Grant, R. Art. 16 Jan. 1828
Wall, h. p. R. Staff Corps, Stonebrooke, County Kildare 18 May 1827

Lieutenants.

Potenger, 22 F. (Adj.) Jamaica 19 Nov.
Coghlan, 60 F. (Adj.) drowned in the river Berbice 3 do.
O'Donoghue, do. do. do.
Cole, R. Staff Corps, Madagascar 31 July
Medley, late 2 R. Vet. Bn. 5 Jan. 1828
West, late 3 do.
T. Wilson, h. p. 56 F. Wrexham Oct. 1827
Mahony, h. p. 57 F. Limerick 19 Sept.
Gill, h. p. 22 Dr. Scraptoft 18 Dec.
Burke, h. p. 25 F. Limerick 30 do.

Cornet and Ensigns.

Everard, 16 Dr. Cawnpore 14 June
Evans, 22 F. Jamaica 19 Nov.
Monk, 77 F. Portlaw, Ireland 2 Jan. 1828
Green, R. African Col. Corps, Sierra Leone 9 Oct. 1827

Paymaster.

Hope, E. Norfolk Mil. 25 Nov.

Quarter-Master.

Williams, 46 F.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Hume, Barbadoes 18 do.
Surg. Ardley, h. p. 6 F. London 10 Jan. 1828
—— Barr, h. p. 22 Dr. Fletching 15 Nov. 1827
—— M. Smith, h. p. Ord. Dep. Bonside, near Linlithgow 21 Dec.
Staff Assist. Surg. Hanby, Jamaica 18 Nov.
———— Walsh, h. p. Lambeth 7 Dec.
Assist. Surg. Ewing, 2 W. I. R. Honduras 12 Aug.
———— Sibbald, 51 F. (previously Hosp. Assist.) Africa
Hosp. Assist. Lowry, Antigua 4 Nov.
———— J. Smith, Jamaica 8 do.
———— Laing, Sierra Leone 10 do.

February.

Local Rank. Col. Dallas, Governor of St Helena, Brig. Gen. in St Helena 14 Feb. 1828
Brevet. Capt. Seward of R. Mar. to be Major in the Army 10 Nov. 1827
—— Davies of 84 F. do. 19 July 1821
2 Life Gds. Capt. Evelyn, Maj. and Lt.-Col. by pur. vice Chichester, prom. 27 Dec. 1827
Lt. Cuthbert, Capt. do.
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Hare, Lt. do.
F. M. Martin, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
4 Dr. Gds. Hosp. Ass. Joseph, Ass. Surg. vice Trimble, h. p. 24 Jan. 1828
5 Cor. King, Lt. by purch. vice Streatfield, ret. 14 Feb.
R. S. Wardell, Cor. by purch. do.
4 Dr. Capt. Cormick, from h. p. 20 Dr. Paym. vice Wildey, h. p. 24 Jan.
6 *Hon.* H. Cole, Cor. by purch. vice Holford, ret. 17 do.
Vet. Surg. Percivall, from 11 Dr. Vet. Surg. vice Vincent, h. p. 3 do.
7 D. Russell, Cor. by purch. vice Bathurst, prom. 10 do.
9 W. Hankey, Cor. by purch. vice Menzies, ret. 3 do.
Lt. *Hon.* W. E. Fitzmauriee, Capt. by purch. vice Callaghan, 15 Dr. 26 Feb.
Cor. Grant, Lt. do.
H. W. Legard, Cor. do.
11 Cor. Roebuck, Lt. by purch. vice Williamson, ret. 31 do.
C. T. Warrington, Cor. do.
Cor. and Adj. Ready, Lt. 28 June 1827
W. Franks, Cor. vice George, prom. do.
S. Fisher, Cor. vice Kirke, dead 15 do.
12 B. Glegg, Cor. by purch. vice Touchet, ret. 3 Jan. 1828
13 Lt. Hake, from 16 Dr. Capt. vice Grove, dead 7 May 1827
14 Capt. Beckwith, Maj. by purch. vice Milles, ret. 14 Feb. 1828
Lt. Smith, Capt. do.
Cor. Barton, Lt. do.
15 Cor. Hecker, Lt. by purch. vice Callaghan, 9 Dr. 3 Jan.
W. J. Campion, Cor. do.
Capt. Scott, Maj. by purch. vice Studd, prom. 26 Feb.
Capt. Callaghan, from 9 Dr. Capt. do.
P. Bonham, Cor. by purch. vice Cotton, prom. 10 Jan.
16 Cor. Havelock, Lt. vice Hake, 13 Dr. 7 May 1827
E. J. Pratt, Cor. 14 Feb. 1828
Colds. Gds. Lt. and Capt. Cornwall, Adj. vice Northey, res. adj. only 10 Jan.
2 F. J. Stirling, Ens. by purch. vice Daniell, prom. do.
3 Lt. Christie, Capt. by purch. vice Innes, prom. 17 do.
Ens. Irvine, Lt. do.
W. White, Ens. do.
Ens. Desborough, Lt. vice Owen, prom. 14 Nov. 1827
W. Roche, Ens. do.
Lt. Owen, Capt. vice Mackay, canc. do.
Ens. Faunce, Adj. and Lt. vice Lonsdale, res. Adj. only 17 Jan. 1828
5 Maj. Tovey, from h. p. Maj. vice Culley, ret. 24 do.

7 Ens. King, from 5 F. Lt. vice Ogilvy, dead 13 Feb,
—— Beresford, from 88 F. Lt. by purch. vice Phillips, prom. 14 do.
9 Capt. St Clair, Maj. vice Hardy, 19 F. 17 Jan.
Lt. Scargill, Capt. do.
Ens. Hilton, Lt. do.
A. Harper, Ens. do.
Lt. Blackburne, from 59 F. Lt. vice Barlow, h. p. Sic. Reg. 2 do.
19 Brev. Lt. Col. Hardy, from 9 F. Lt. Col. vice Milne, dead 17 do.
20 Ens. Taylor, Lt. vice Oakley, prom. 3 do.
Gen. Cad. Dalgety, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
21 J. M. Stronge, 2 Lt. vice Brady, 22 F. 17 do.
Serj. Maj. A. Fairgreave, Q. Mast. vice Walsh, ret. full p. 31 do.
22 Capt. Miller, from h. p. Capt. vice Barlow, ret. 17 do.
Ens. A. Mackay, Lt. vice Potenger, dead 20 Nov. 1827
2d Lt. Brady, from 21 F. Ens. vice Evans, dead 17 Jan. 1828
A. H. Russell, Ens. vice Mackey 18 do.
Lt. Butler, Adj. vice Potenger, dead 20 Nov. 1827
Lt. Col. Fleming, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Taylor, dead 31 Jan. 1828
Capt. Poole, Maj. vice Steuart, dead 14 Feb.
Lt. Wood, Capt. vice Norton, dead 13 do.
—— Raban, Capt. vice Poole 14 do.
Ens. Petit, Lt. vice Gordon, dead 12 do.
—— Smith, Lt. vice Wood 13 do.
—— Goulden, Lt. vice Raban 14 Jan.
W. Glascock, Ens. vice Smith 13 do.
T. L. Conway, Ens. vice Goulden 14 do.
26 Staff Ass. Surg. Thomson, *M.D.* Ass. Surg. 24 do.
Lt. Campbell, from R. Afr. Corps, Lt. vice Hildebrand, 76 F. 26 Feb.
28 Gen. Cad. G. T. Potter, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Hobart, R. Staff Corps 3 Jan.
29 Lt. Gen. *Sir* J. Byng, *K.C.B.* from 2 W. I. R. Col. vice Gen. Forbes, dead 23 do.
30 Ens. Staff. Lt. vice Thompson, dead 10 Mar. 1827
—— Burrowes, Lt. vice Backhouse, dead 16 May
Ens. Wright, Lt. vice Tobin, dead 26 do.
W. Marlton, Ens. vice Staff 10 Mar.
W. A. Steele, Ens. vice Burrowes 16 May
O. G. Perrott, Ens. vice Wright 26 do.
Capt. Roberts, from 48 F. Capt. vice Lynch, prom. 26 Feb.
31 Lt. Strode, from h. p. Sic. Reg. Lt. vice Lillie, 59 F. 2 Jan. 1828
—— Binney, from h. p. Lt. vice O'Hara, canc. 17 do.
38 Ens. Grant, Lt. vice Urmston, prom. 12 Feb.
W. C. Symonds, Ens. by purch. do.
Ens. Greene, Lt. vice Minchen, dead 29 June 1827
W. G. Edwards, Ens. 14 Feb. 1828
39 A. Thompson, Ens. by purch. vice Spencer, prom. 8 Jan.
40 Maj. Kirkwood, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Balfour, 82 F. 17 do.
Capt. Bishop, Maj. do.
Lt. Floyer, Capt. do.
Ens. Coddington, Lt. by purch. do.
H. B. Rogers, Ens. do.
Lt. Stanley, from R. Newf. Vet. Comp. Lt. vice Gun, cancelled 31 do.
41 —— Dawson, Capt. vice Butterfield, dead 17 do.
Ens. Stoddard, Lt. do.
—— Boyse, do. 30 Oct. 1826
A. Fry, Ens. 16 Jan. 1828
W. H. Fitz Gerald, Ens. vice Stoddard 17 do.
41 Ens. Magra, Lt. 31 Jan. 1828
W. May, Ens. by purch. vice Fitz Gerald, 60 F. 30 do.
Francis Chambers, Ens. vice Magra 31 do.
Lt. Dyer, Adj. vice Cochran, prom. do.
Quar. Mast. Serj. Davidson, from 3 F. Gds. Quar. Mast. vice Randle, dead 14 Feb.
43 Lt. Tryon, Capt. by purch. vice *Hon.* C. Grey, prom. 19 do.
Ens. Bruere, Lt. do.
45 —— Elliott, Lt. by purch. vice Coke, cancelled 31 Jan.
Lt. Ebhart, Capt. vice Hamilton, dead 3 Jan. 1827
Ens. Coke, Lt. do.
W. Graham, Ens. vice Elliott 31 Jan. 1828
47 Bt. Maj. Backhouse, Maj. vice Ramsey, dead 29 June 1827
Capt. Daly, from h. p. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Backhouse 14 Feb. 1828
48 —— Moss, from h. p. 13 Dr. Capt. vice Roberts, 30 F. 26 do.
50 Ens. Mansergh, from 97 F. Ens. vice Ahmuty, res. 16 Jan.
51 Gent. Cadet C. P. Costobadie, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. 3 do.
53 Capt. Walond, from h. p. Capt. pay. diff. vice Massey, 87 F. do.
54 Lt. Barlow, from h. p. Sicilian Regt. Paym. vice Smith, dead do.
55 Ens. Morison, from 56 F. Lt. vice Rogers, cancelled 13 Dec. 1827
56 W. H. Woodgate, Ens. vice Morison, 56 F. do.
57 Lt. Col. *Hon.* G. Cathcart, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Bt. Col. Carey, Insp. Field Officer of Mil. in Ionian Islands 24 Jan. 1828
Capt. Hartley, Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, cancelled 8 Nov. 1827
58 Lt. Robertson, Adj. vice Mackenzie, prom. 24 Jan. 1828
Ens. Bridge, Lt. by purch. vice Mackenzie, prom. 31 do.
59 Lt. Lillie, from 31 F. Lt. vice Blackburne, 17 F. 2 do.
60 2d Lt. Archer, 1st Lt. vice O'Donoghue, dead 24 do.
—— Cross, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Kennedy, ret. 24 do.
T. Bunbury, 2d Lt. vice Archer 23 do.
Serj. Maj. Townshend, from R. Sappers and Miners, Adj. and 2d Lt. vice Coghlan, dead 24 do.
Ens. Fitzgerald, from 41 F. 2d Lt. by purch. vice Cross, prom. 30 do.
2d Lt. Jessop, from 87 F. 2d Lt. vice Morris, ret. 14 Feb.
61 H. K. Storks, Ens. by purch. vice Irving, prom. 10 Jan.
62 Maj. Smyth, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Bt. Col. Gauntlett, ret. do.
Capt. Singleton, Maj. do.
Lt. Guard, Capt. do.
Ens. Kane, Lt. do.
R. R. Williamson, Ens. do.
70 As. Surg. Moffit, *M. D.* from 7 Dr. Surg. vice Garret, h. p. 17 do.
74 Capt. Crabb, Maj. by purch. vice Moore, ret. 31 do.
Lt. Crips, Capt. do.
Ens. Pocock, Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet, H. H. Thompson, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Cockburn, 79 F. 12 Feb.
D. Fraser, Ens. vice Pocock 13 do.
76 Lt. Hildebrand, from 26 F. Adj. and Lt. vice Rooth, prom. 26 do.
77 R. J. Straton, Ens. vice Monk, dead 10 Jan.
79 Ens. Cockburn, from 74 F. Ens. vice Cameron, 89 F. 12 Feb.
81 H. J. Clifford, Ens. by purch. vice Peter, ret. 31 Jan.
82 Lt. Col. Balfour, from 40 F. Lt. Col. vice Bt. Col. Thornton, ret. 17 do.
87 Capt. *Hon.* N. H. C. Massey, prom. 53 F. Capt. vice Goate, h. p. rec. diff. 13 do.

87 C. T. Graves. 2d Lt. by purch. vice Jessop, 60 F. 14 Feb.
E. Fawkes, Ens. by purch. vice Beresford, 7 F. do.
89 Lt. Arrow, Capt. by purch. vice Young, prom. 12 do.
Ens. Cameron, from 79 F. Lt. do.
92 Lt. G. Macdonald, Capt. by purch. vice R. Macdonald, prom. 24 Jan.
Ens. Mackrell, Lt. do.
J. Pringle, Ens. 24 Jan. 1828.
94 Lt. Sadlier, Capt. vice Snow, dead 3 do.
Ens. Mills, Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet R. M'Cleverty, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
95 Maj. Maxwell, from h. p. R. Art. Maj. vice Taylor, h. p. Unatt. rec. diff. 24 do.
96 Lt. Hope, Capt. by purch. vice Ferns, ret. 14 Feb.
Ens. Wray, Lt. do.
E. W. Blencowe, Ens. do.
97 Ens. Chetham from h. p. Ens. vice Mansergh, 50 F. 17 Jan.
98 Capt. Edmonds, from h. p. Capt. vice Spotswood, ret. 3 do.
R. Staff C. 2d Lt. Lucas, 1st. Lt. vice Cole, dead do.
Ens. Hobart, from 28 F. 2d Lt. do.
1 W. I. R. Capt Douglas, from h. p. Capt. vice Ellis, cancelled 24 do.
Ens. Caddy, Lt. vice Mompesson, ret. 26 Feb.
H. Capadose, Ens. do.
2 Gen. Fuller, Col. vice *Sir* J. Byng, 29 F. 23 Jan.
Lt. Moriarty, Capt. vice T. J. Williams, dead 31 do.
Capt. Freeman, from h. p. Capt. vice Tait, 22 F. 13 Feb.
—— Stephenson, from h. p. Capt. vice Ricketts, R. Afr. Col. Corps 14 do.
Ens. Hill, Lt. by purch. vice Moriarty, prom. 13 do.
Lt. M'Vicar, from Ceyl. R. Lt. vice Gordon, cancelled 14 do.
H. W. Whitfield, Ens. vice Macdonald, superseded 13 do.
C. L. D. W. Crompton, Ens. vice Hill 14 do.
Ceylon R. E. Holgate, 2d Lt. vice Rodney, res. 1 Jan.
F. B. Bayly, 2d Lt. vice Stephenson, res. 2 do.
H. Smith, 2d Lt. vice Jefferson, prom. 5 do.
S. N. Burriss, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Borton, ret. 17 do.
R. Afr. Corps, Lt. Vernon, from h. p. of Corps, Lt. vice Campbell, 26 F. 26 Feb.
R. Newf. Vet. Comp. Lt. Cooke, from h. p. 16 F. Lt. repay. diff. he rec. to h. p. Fund, vice Stanley, 40 F. 31 Jan.

Ordnance department.

Royal Regiment of Artillery.

Lt. Col. Tobin, Col. vice Gold, ret. 31 Dec. 1827
Bt. Maj. Lacy, Lt. Col. do.
——— Clement, do. vice Caddy, ret. do.
——— Douglas, do. vice Holcombe, ret. do.
——— Wilgress, do. vice Maclachlan, ret. do.
2d Capt. Moor, Capt. vice Clarke, h. p. 12 do.
——— Jackson, do. vice Lacy 31 do.
——— Barlow, do. vice Clement do.
——— Sabine, do. vice Douglas do.
——— Dunn, do. vice Wilgress do.
Capt. Smith, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt. vice Moor 12 do.
——— Day, do. do. 31 do.
——— Otway, do. do. vice Sabine do.
——— Speer, do. do. vice Dunn do.
——— Elgee, do. do. vice Otway 1 Jan. 1828
——— Law, do. do. vice Day, h. p. 3 Feb.
2d Lt. Dyer, 1st Lt. vice Smith 16 Nov. 1827
——— Williams, do. vice Browne do.
——— Patten, do. vice Spiller do.
——— Walker, do. vice Montagu do.
——— Geary, do. vice Cookson 18 do.
——— Pigot, do. vice Clarke do.
——— Caddy, do. vice Eyre 31 do.
——— Morris, do. vice Hornsby 6 do.
——— Hincheliffe, do. vice Charlton 2 Jan. 1828
1st Lt. Eyre, 2d Capt. 31 Dec. 1827
2d Capt. Otway, Adj. 1 Jan. 1828
2d Lt. Tapp, 1st Lt. vice Evans 3 do.
——— Poulden, do. vice Harrison do.
——— M'Coy, do. vice Street do.
Capt. Stephens, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt. vice Grant, dead 18 do.
——— Lemoine, do. do. vice Charters, h. p. 2 Feb.

To be Unattached Captains in the Army on Half-Pay.

1st Lt. of Art. Evans 6 Nov. 1827
——— Harrison do.
——— Street do.
——— Charlton do.

Ordnance Medical Department.

2d Assist. Surg. Lucas, *M.D.* 1st Assist. Surg. vice Nixon, h. p. 31 Jan. 1827
W. Kelly, 2d Assist. Surg. do.

The undermentioned First Lieutenants of Artillery whose Commissions are dated previous to the year 1812, *have accepted the Unattached rank of Captain upon Half-Pay.*

To be Unattached Captains.

1st Lt. J. L. Smith 6 Nov. 1827
——— Browne do.
——— Spiller do.
——— Montagu do.
——— Otway do.
——— Cookson do.
——— Clarke do.

To be Unattached Captains in the Army upon Half-Pay.

1st Lt. Hornsby 6 Nov. 1827
2d Capt. Eyre do.

Corps of Royal Engineers.

2d Lt. Dashwood, 1st Lt. vice Boldero, Unatt. Comp. in the Line 31 Dec. 1827

Staff.

Brevet Col. Carey, from 57 F. Insp. Field Offic. of Mil. in Ionian Islds. vice *Hon.* T. S. Bathurst, h. p. 24 Jan. 1828
Lt. Col. Sewell, on h. p. 60 F. Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. to King's Troops in East Indies, vice Read, dead 14 Feb.
Capt. Kennedy, from h. p. Sub.-Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Islands, vice Brutton, dead 3 Jan.

Garrisons.

Lt. E. Martin, Fort Maj. and Adj. at Guernsey, vice Cochrane, res. 25 Dec. 1827
Capt. Baynes, on h. p. R. Art. Town Maj. at Alderney, vice Martin do.

Hospital Staff.

Brev. Insp. Adolphus, *M.D.* to be Insp. of Hospitals 15 Nov. 1827
Staff Assist. Surg. Waterson, to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Hume, dead 31 Jan. 1828
Hosp. Assist. Ferguson, *M.D.* to be Assist. Surg. to the Forces, vice Waterson do.
Hosp. Assist. Grant, do. vice Hanley, dead 14 Feb.
J. Caw, *M.D.* to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces, vice Staff Assist. Surg. Barry, prom. 3 Jan.
G. M'Gregor, do. vice Anglin, 66 F. 4 do.
J. Grant, do. vice Lowry, dead 24 do.
W. C. Robertson, do. vice Smith, dead 14 Feb.
W. Odell, do. vice Laing, dead do.

Unattached.

The undermentioned Officer, having Brevet Rank superior to his Regimental Commission, has accepted Promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of the 25th April 1826.

To be Major.

Brevet Maj. Lynch, 30 F. 26 Feb. 1828

To be Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry by purchase.

Maj. Studd, from 15 Dr. vice Hughes, ret. 26 Feb. 1828

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. R. Macdonald, from 92 F. 24 Jan. 1828
——— Young, from 89 F. 12 Feb.
——— *Hon.* C. Grey, from 43 F. 19 do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lieut. H. T. *Earl* of Chichester, from R. Horse Gds. 3 Jan. 1828
——— Mackenzie, from 58 F. 17 do.
——— Urmiston, from 58 F. 12 Feb.
——— *Hon.* H. T. Leeson, from 1st Life Gds. do.
——— Phillips, from 7 F. 14 do.

To be Lieutenant of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Ward, from 85 F. 12 Feb. 1826

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually serving upon Full Pay in a regiment of the Line, whose Commissions are dated in the year 1809, have accepted Promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of the 27th December 1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lieut. Kennedy, from 96 F. 18 Feb. 1828
——— Briscoe, from 41 F. 26 do.
——— Dempster, from 18 F. do.
——— Warlock, from 69 F. do.
——— Campbell, from 72 F. do.
——— Routh, from 76 F. do.

Exchanges.

Brevet Col. Napier, 6 F. with Brevet Col. Bruce, h. p. 69 F.
Maj. Fancourt, 80 F. with Maj. F. W. C. Smith, h. p.
——— Brackenbury, 28 F. rec. diff. with Maj. *Hon.* H. Dundas, h. p.
Capt. Musgrave, 5 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Deane, h. p.
——— Barwell, 6 F. with Capt. Cheape, h. p.
——— Powell, 9 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Ogle, h. p.
——— Nunn, 31 F. with Capt. Urmiston, h. p.
——— Knox, 36 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Jell, h. p.
——— Cates, 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Chichester, h. p.
——— M'Laine, 65 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Sullivan, h. p.
——— Ogilvie, 76 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Smart, h. p.
——— De Lisle, 49 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Johnston, h. p.
——— Coghlan, 61 F. with Capt. Dayrell, h. p.
Lieut. O'Halloran, 38 F. with Lieut. Kelly, h. p. 53 F.
——— Kerr, 40 F. with Lieut. M'Andrew, h. p.
——— Harrison, 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Tyssen, h. p.
——— Shenley, 36 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Thompson, h. p.
——— Lindsey, 94 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. O'Reilly, h. p.
——— Williams, 12 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ward, h. p.
——— Herbert, 20 F. with Lieut. Cates, 77 F.
——— Haggup, 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Singleton, h. p.
Ens. Johnston, 62 F. with Ens. Sherlock, h. p.
——— Atkinson, 5 F. with Ens. Connor, h. p.
——— Bowen, 76 F. with Ens. Thompson, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonels.

Gauntlet, 62 F.
Thornton, 82 F.

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Mackenzie, h. p. Unatt.

Majors.

Antill, h. p. Unatt.
Culley, 5 F.
Moore, 74 F.

Captains.

Hall, h. p. 73 F.
Barlow, 22 F.
Spotswood, 98 F.

Lieutenants.

Langstaff, h. p. R. W. I. Rang.
Cochrane, Fort Maj. at Guernsey.
Williamson, 11 Dr.

Cornets, 2d Lieuts. and Ensigns.

Holford, 6 Dr.
Menzies, 9 Dr.
Touchet, 12 Dr.
Cross, 60 F.
Peter, 81 F.

Paymaster.

Murray, h. p. 48 F.

Superseded.

Ens. George Macdonell, 2 W. I. R.

Deaths.

General.

Sir P. A. Irving, *Bt.* Carlisle 31 Jan. 1828

Lieutenant-Generals.

Schalch, late of R. Art. Lewisham 12 Feb. 1828
Burr, E. India Co. Serv. London 19 do.

Major-General.

Ogg, E. India Co. Serv. London Feb. 1828

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Chambers, 41 F. Madras 29 Aug. 1827
Carter, 44 F.
Smyth, h. p. 94 F. late of 18 F. Malta 19 Dec. 1827

Major.

Steuart, 22 F. Jamaica 14. Dec. 1827

Captains.

Norton, 22 F. Jamaica 5 Dec. 1827
Young, 30 F. Ellichpoor, Madras 4 Aug.
T. J. Williams, 2 W. I. R. London 25 Jan. 1828
Mollan, R. African Col. Corps, Sierra Leone 25 Dec. 1827
Chisholm, late 9 R. Vet. Bn. Fort Adj. Fort Augustus 23 Jan. 1828
Ormerod, h. p. 91 F. 21 June 1826
Wolkenhaar, h. p. 6 Line Ger. Leg. 2 Dec. 1827
F. de Sichart, h. p. 7 do. 27 do.
Auhagen, h. p. 2 Dr. do. 21 Jan. 1828

Lieutenants.

Ogilvie, 7 F. Chester Castle 23 Jan. 1828
Gordon, 22 F. Jamaica 14 Dec. 1827
O'Hara, 35 F. St Lucia 29 Nov.
Minchin, 38 F. Cawnpore, Bengal 22 June
G. Clark, 59 F. Berhampore, Bengal 7 Aug.
Peton, 84 F. Mullingar 10 Feb. 1828
Phibbs, 2 W. I. R. Bahamas 20 Nov. 1827
G. Drummond, h. p. 1 F. Glasgow 19 Dec.
Pudner, h. p. 69 F. Belfast 1 Jan. 1828
Moffit, h. p. 6 Gar. Bn.
St John, h. p. Donkin's Corps 5 April 1827
Havers, h. p. York Rang. 1 Oct.
Humfrey, h. p. 62 F. 22 April 1825
Phelps. h. p. R. Art. Rudbaxton, Pembrokeshire 13 Dec. 1827
Floyd, h. p. For. Art. 7 Sept.

Ensigns.

Stedman, h. p. 34 F. Shrewsbury 12 Nov. 1827
A. Ustar, h. p. 6 Line Ger. Leg. 6 Dec.

Qua. Masters.

Henry, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds. Monasterevan 3 Feb. 1828
Harrison, h. p. Elgin's Fenc. Edinburgh 25 Dec. 1827

Commissariat Dep.

Edwards, D.A.C. Gen. Antigua 13 Dec. 1827

Medical Dep.

Inspector J. White, h. p. 15 Aug. 1827
Surg. Stromeyer, h. p. York Chass. Hamburgh 12 Jan. 1828
——— Tilt, h. p. 27 F. Bitteswell Jan.
Ass. Surg. Williams, 27 F. St Vincent's 26 Dec. 1827
——— Baillie, 79 F. 6 Feb. 1828
——— Wahl, h. p. 7 Huss. Ger. Leg. 6 Dec. 1827

March.

Brevet. M. M'Donough, Acting Adj. and Riding Mast. to Cav. Dep. at Maidstone, to rank of Cor. whilst so employed. 6 Mar. 1828.
1 Life G. Cor. and Sub-Lt. Every, Lt. by purch. vice Leeson, prom. 18 Feb.
Cor. and Sub-Lt. G. W. F. *Lord* Kinnaird, Lt. by purch. vice Story, ret. do.
St. G. Caulfield, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Every do.
H. E. Hamond, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* Kinnaird 18 Feb.
R. Horse G. Cor. Shelley, Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* Chichester, prom. do.
A. G. Fullarton, Cor. do.
7 Dr. As. Sur. Chermside, *M.D.* from 11 F.
As. Surg. vice Moffit, 70 F. 21 do.
P. T. H. Wykeham, Cor. by purch. vice Cheslyn, ret. 13 Mar.
14 J. E. Dyson, Cor. by purch. vice Barton, prom. 21 Feb.

15 Lt. Blyth, Adj. vice Griffiths, res. Adj. only 21 Feb.
Gren. Gds. Lt. and Capt. Lascelles, Capt. and Lt. Col by purch. vice Dorville, ret. do.
Ens. and Lt. M'Kinnon, Lt. and Capt. do.
C. W. Ridley, Ens. and Lt. do.
As. Surg. Johnson, M.D. Bn. Surg. vice Armstrong, dead 13 Mar.
J. H. Pickford, As. Surg. do.
1 F. Ens. Walker, from R. Newf. Vet. Comp. Ens. vice Campbell, dead 6 do.
5 J. Jubourdieu, Ens. vice King, 7. F. 28 Feb.
11 Hosp. As. Gordon, As. Surg. vice Chermside, 7 Dr. 21 do.
18 Lt. Keating, from 49 F. Lt. vice Dempster, prom. 28 do.
22 Capt. Greenwood, from 50 F. Capt. vice Miller, cancelled 21 do.
J. Vereker, Ens. vice Petit, prom. do.
Lt. Col. Parke, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Fleming, cancelled 6 March
G. J. Wheatstone, Ens. vice Galscock, cancelled 13 do.
26 Capt. FitzGenard, from 86 F. Capt. vice Westlake, 50 F. 21 Feb.
27 Hosp. As. O'Callaghan, As. Surg. vice Williams, dead do.
34 Ens. Beyly, from 22 F. Ens. vice Abney, superseded 6 Mar.
36 —— Heirn, Lt. by purch. vice Petre, prom. 21 Feb.
A. Trollope, Ens. do.
C. V. Stuart, Ens. by purch. vice Warburton, prom. 25 Mar.
38 Quar. Mast. Serg. Goodfellow, from 14 F. Quar. Mast. vice Goold, dead 21 Feb.
43 Ens. W. F. Campbell, from 58 F. Ens. vice Ward, ret. h. p. 18 F. do.
49 Lt. Croke, from h. p. 4 W. I. R. Lt. vice Keating, 13 F. 6 Mar.
50 F. Capt. Westlake, from 26 F. Capt. vice Greenwood, 22 F. 21 Feb.
51 Hosp. As. Mahany, As. Surg. vice Sibbald, dead do.
54 Lt. Warren, Capt. by purch. vice Woodgate, ret. 28 do.
Ens. Turner, Lt. do.
R. Parr, Ens. do.
55 Lt. J. Thompson, from 30 F. Lt. vice Cowell, h. p. 30 F. 13 Mar.
58 Ens. Knyvett, from h. p. 18 F. Ens. vice Campbell, 43 F. 21 Feb.
Lt.-Gen. Mackenzie, Col. vice Major-Gen. *Lord* F. Bentinck, dead 1 Mar.
L. Rothe, Ens. by purch. vice Bridge, prom. 6 do.
69 Lt Bolton, from 59 F. Lt. vice Warlock, prom. 26 Feb.
72 —— Scott, from h. p. 1 R. Vet. Bn. Lt. vice M. Campbell, prom. do.
73 M. C. O'Connell, Ens. by purch. vice C. D. O'Connell, prom. 25 Mar.
79 Lt.-Gen. *Sir* R. C. Ferguson, *Bt.* Col. vice *Sir* A. Cameron, dead 24 do.
Hosp. As. Maclachlan, As. Surg. vice Baillie, dead 21 Feb.
84 Ens. West, Lt. vice Seton, dead 28 do.
J. F. M. Porter, Ens. do.
86 Capt. Kemp, from h. p. Capt. vice Fitz Gerald, 26 F. 21 do.
Ens. Coppinger, Lt. vice Dolman, dead 6 Mar.
W. Stuart, Ens. do.
Lt. M'Intyre, Adj. vice Dolman, dead 8 Jan.
90 —— Laing, Capt. vice Popham, dead 13 Dec. 1827
Ens. Massey, Lt. do.
T. A. Pearson, Ens. 28 Feb. 1828
91 Ens. Teale, Lt. vice Cahill, dead 10 Dec. 1827
J. Gahill, Ens. 28 Feb. 1828
Lt. Macintyre, Adj. vice Cahill, dead 10 Dec. 1827
93 —— Gordon, Capt. vice Brown, dead 28 Feb, 1828
Ens. Russell, Lt. do.
G. E. Aylmer, Ens. do.
94 Capt. Penny, from Ceylon Rifle Regt. Capt. vice Crozier, ret. 21 Feb.
97 Ens. Morgan, from h. p. 88 F. Ens. vice Chetham, cancelled 6 Mar.
98 Capt. Head, from R. Staff Corps, Capt. vice Hawley, ret. h. p. 5 F. 13 do.
Rifle Brig. R. Wilbraham, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Benyon, prom. 25 do.
R. Staff Corps, Capt. Dumaresq, from h. p. 5 F. Capt. vice Head, 98 F. 13 do.
2 W. I. R. Hosp. Assist. Watts, Assist. Surg. vice Ewing, dead 21 Feb.
Ceyl. Rifle R. Capt. Armstrong, from h. p. Capt. vice Penny, 94 F. do.
R. Newf. Vet. Co. Ens. Hamilton, from h. p. 5 Gn. Bn. Ens. vice Walker, 1 F. 6 Mar.
Cape Corps, Ens. and Qua. Mast. Rishton, Adj. and Lt. 25 Dec. 1827
D. S. Schonfeldt, Qua. Mast. do.

Royal East India Volunteers.

Lt. Barker, Capt. vice Young, dead 1 Mar. 1828
Ens. Hennah, Lt. do.
J. Davis, Ens. do.

Ordnance Department.

Roy. Eng. Brev. Major Holloway, Lt. Col. vice Hughes, ret. 26 Feb. 1828
2d Capt. Barry, Capt. do.
1st Lt. Jebb, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lieut. Wilkinson, 1st Lt. vice Jebb, do.

Staff.

Lt. Col. Conyers, from h. p. Insp. Field Officer of Mil. in Ion. Islds. vice Graham, exch. 25 Feb. 1828

Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Allman, from 56 F. to be Apothecary to the Forces, 28 Feb. 1828
G. Gibson, to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces, vice Joseph, 4 Dr. Gds. do.
J. Stewart, do. vice Thomson, 26 F. 13 Mar.
J. L. Hartwell, do. vice Elligott, 65 F. do.

Unattached.

To be Captain of Infantry by purchase.
Lt. *Hon.* F. Petre, from 36 F. 21 Feb. 1828
To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.
2d Lieut. Benyon, from Rifle Brig. 25 Mar. 1828
Ens. Warburton, from 36 F. do.
—— O'Connel from 73 F. do.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Le Blanc, 53 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Col. De Bathe, h. p.
—— Morland, 9 Dr. with Lieut. Col. J. A. *Lord* Loughborough.
Maj. Poole, 22 F. with Maj. Crofton, 39 F.
Capt. Harrison, 22 F. with Capt. Douglas. h. p. 3 W. I. R.
—— Barclay, 56 F. with Capt. O'Halloran, 99 F.
—— Hyde, 96 F. with Capt. Drummond, h. p. 82 F.
—— Brereton, 2 W. I. R. with Capt. Halcott, h. p.
Lieut. Poore, 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dick. h. p.
—— Pictet, 1 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Burges, h. p.
—— Yea, 5 F. with Lieut. King, 7 F.
—— Jackson, 19 F. with Lieut. Colthurst, h. p. 8 F.
Ens. Burslem, 9 F. with Ens. *Hon.* D. H. Murray, h. p.
—— Phillips, 58 F. with Ens. C. Thompson, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant-Colonel.
Dorville, Gren. Gds.

Captains.
Woodgate, 54 F.
Crozier, 94 F.

Lieutenants.
Story, 1 Life Gds.
Wilkinson, h. p. 88 F.
Blake, h. p. 91 F.
M'Leod, h. p. 56 F.

Cornet.
Cheslyn, 7 Dr.

Superseded.

Ens. Abney, of 34 F. 28 Feb. 1828
—— Sparrow, of 41 F. 25 March

Deaths.

Lieutenant-Generals.

Baron de Hochepied, late Col. of 103 F. 25 March 1828

Sir Allan Cameron, *K.C.B.* 79 F. Fulham, Middlesex 9 do.

Major-General.

Lord Fred. Bentinck, 58 F. Rome 11 Feb. 1828

Major.

Dunn, h. p. Unatt. 19 Dec. 1827

Captains.

W. C. Clarke, 6 F. Bombay 14 Sept. 1827
J. M. Cameron, 55 F. Cape of Good Hope 17 Dec.
Brown, 93 F. St Kitts 4 Jan. 1828
Goldie, h. p. 24 Dr. 1 June 1827
Palmer, h. p. Unatt. Portumna 30 Dec.
Ridge, h. p. New Brunsw. Fenc. Kilkenny 28 Feb. 1828
Sutherland, late Invalids, Inverness 23 June 1827
Frith, h. p. York Rang. St Servans, France 1 Jan. 1828
Charlton, ret. full p. R. Art. Exeter 19 March

Lieutenants.

Story, late of 1 Life Gds. Maidenhead 20 Feb. 1828
Williams, 14 F. Newcastle-on-Tyne 14 do.
Dolman, Adj. 86 F. Barbadoes 7 Jan.
Cahill, Adj. 91 F. Montego Bay, Jamaica 9 Dec. 1827
Bridgeman, h. p. Gren. Gds. 28 Aug.
Morritt, h. p. 64 F. 11 Sept.
Bond, h. p. 59 F. 18 May
Daly, h. p. 83 F. 29 Feb. 1828
Cornfute, h. p. Macdonald's Rec. Corps 16 do.
Hockley, h. p. 58 F. 2 March
Pringle, h. p. Independents 5 June 1826
Smith, h. p. R. Art. Drivers, Weymouth 5 March 1828

Paymaster.

Seward, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Bath 22 March 1828

Qua. Masters.

Callaghy, h. p. Unatt. late of 92 F. Jamaica Sept. 1827
Goulbourn, h. p. Ancient British Fen. Cav. 8 March 1828

Medical. Dep.

Surg. Armstrong. Gren. Gds. Edin. 23 Feb. 1828
——— Cringan, h. p. 25 F. Sanquhar, North Britain Jan.
Assist. Surg. Jones, h. p. 15 F. 14 Feb.
——— Burges, 60 F. on passage from the Gambia.
——— Thompson, h. p. 12 F. 29 Jan.

Alphabetical List of English Bankrupts, from 22d January to 22d March, 1828.

Armstrong, A. Penrith, Cumberland, grocer.
Atkinson, J. Dalton, York, woollen-cloth-manufacturer.
Brumfit, W. Leeds, victualler.
Bell, R. Wakefield, York, woolstapler.
Bell, J. Carleton, Cumberland, cattle-dealer.
Bedford, W. Bristol, brewer.
Baxter, C. Ipswich, linen-draper.
Bacon. J. Stratford-upon-Avon, stationer.
Browne, J. jun. Norwich, iron-founder.
Bennett, J. Melksham, Wilts, corn-factor.
Brown, G. and G. G. Brown, and E. Jackson, Carbrook, Stayley-bridge, Cheshire, calico-printers.
Butt, E. Ledbury, grocer.
Bishop, G. C. Fordwick, soap-boiler.
Bradwell, T. Loughborough, cordwainer.
Brindley, H. Colman-street, saddler.
Brown, W. jun. Bath, chinaman.
Baines, W. F. Aldermanbury, dealer.
Barrett, G. J. Crawford-street, Montagu-square, cheesemonger.
Bogg, J. Tattershall, Lincoln, scrivener.
Briggs, D. Hinchley, innholder.
Barber, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Brent, P. C. J. Kennington, Surrey, music-seller.
Brook, J. Choppard's-in-Wooldale, Kirkbriston, York, clothier.
Bristow, R. Lloyd's Coffee-house, underwriter.
Bishop, W. Ripon, grocer.
Breton, E. B. Gloucester-street, Queen-square, wine-merchant.
Bradstreet, L. Water-lane, Tower-street, dealer.
Brett, J. Mason-street, Southwark, horse-dealer.
Baynes, W. and J. Paternoster-row, booksellers.
Brant, T. Hatton-garden, lamp-manufacturer.
Biddle, J. and R. Cardiff, timber-merchants.
Battye, E. Burton Salmon, York, grocer.
Board, S. Little Madox-street, saddler.
Baker, J. Drayton-in-Hales, Salop, tanner.
Bannister, T. Keynsham, Somerset, grocer.
Brodie, W. and Cameron, H. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers.
Burton, T. Newton-upon-Ouse, York, coal-merchant.
Chaplin, H. Deptford, miller.
Cooke, J. Liverpool, dealer.
Chaulk, W. Cranbourn Street, jeweller.
Cook, W. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturer.
Constantine, A. Bolton-le-Moors, draper.
Crutchley, T. Birmingham, victualler.
Cook, W. Bedwardine, Worcester, farrier.
Candler, S. and Collinson, T. W. Y. Prince's Street, Leicester Square, grocers.
Chambers, G. Blackburn, draper.
Crossland, J. and W. Spencer, Sheffield, razor-manufacturers.
Croker, J. and A. Inglis, Wood-str. warehousemen.
Cole, W. Nottingham, hatter.
Coser, T. Stockton-on-Tees, Durham, draper.
Cattley, R. J. George-Street, Mansion-house, coal-merchant.
Carter, C. J. Dean-street, Oxford-street, builder.
Cooper, E. Little Russel-street, Covent-garden, haberdasher.
Christie, D. Liverpool, merchant.
Crawford, H. Whitehaven, painter.
Cowper, H. East India chambers, Leadenhall-street, commission-agent.
Crafts, G. Wycombe-marsh, Bucks, paper-maker.
Carpenter, S. sen. Greenwich, shoe-manufacturer.
Coupland, C. jun. Leeds, spirit-merchant.
Cook, J. and Kauntze, R. Chertsey, Surrey, plumbers.
Clarridge, R. Coventry, victualler.
Corrall, C. P. Rochester, carver and gilder.
Castell, J. West-square, Surrey, coal-merchant.
Cooke, W. Micklehurst, Cheshire, and Manchester, calico-printer.
Dibden, J. Bayham-street, Camden-town, victualler.
Denman, W. Bangor, shopkeeper.
Delisser, A. Judd Street, apothecary.
Dean, B. Commercial Road, Lambeth, builder.
Dyer W. Batheaston, victualler.
Darby, I. York Terrace, Regent's Park, plumber.
Edwards, T. Swansea, merchant.
Elsam, T. Oxford Street, cheesemonger.
Everall, S. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.
Ellerd, W. Luton, Bedfordshire, plumber.
Earl, T. Worcester, victualler.
Fobbing, T. R. Essex, victualler.
Fearn, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
Forster, J. Knaresborough, timber-merchant.
Filby, N. Heston, builder.
Freer, T. High Street, Shoreditch, cheesemonger.
Feldon, J. A. Kensington, schoolmaster.
Fisher, J. Witney, draper.
Flavel, W. Leamington Priors, ironmonger.
Gibbeson, R. Lincoln, wine-merchant.
Gamble, W. Northampton Square, watchmaker.
Gunn, R. Norwich, Grocer.
Goudge, A. Spital Square, pavior.
Garforth, T. Cleckheaton, York, flour-dealer.
Godward, T. Castle-street, Southwark, plasterer.
Garner, J. Newgate-street, butcher.
Genden, A. C. F. Somerset-street, Portman-square, bookseller.
Gell. T. York, merchant.
Greatbatch, W. jun. Maybank, Stafford, T. Great-batch, and J. Greatbatch, Oxford, earthen-ware-dealers.
Gill, J. New-street, Covent-garden, clothier.
Holland, W. Rotherhithe, linen-draper.

Hall, M. W. Liverpool, haberdasher.
Harrison, J. Liverpool, flour-dealer.
Heward, W. M. Bridlington, York, timber-merchant.
Hope, R. Liverpool, joiner.
Handley, J. and W. Burslem, Stafford, china-manufacturers.
Howgate, W. T. Knaresborough, druggist.
Harling, J. Lancaster, money-scrivener.
Hassal, J. Bristol, starch-manufacturer.
Horseman, T. Bristol, hackney-coach-proprietor.
Hills, W. S. Derby-street, Rosemary-lane, brewer.
Hussey, T. Great Guildford-street, Surrey, hat-manufacturer.
Howard, J. Dunstable, linen-draper.
Hambly, W. junior, Tavistock, draper.
Hunt, R. Rochdale, money-scrivener.
Holland, J. Lincoln, victualler.
Hobbs, J. Gloucester, corn-dealer.
Hewitt, H. Crutched Friars, merchant.
Hackett, J. Leicester, chemist.
Humphrey, T. Water Lane, flour-factor.
Hunt, J. Brighton, trunk-maker.
Hollis, J. Goswell Road, stone-mason.
Hull, J. Bradway, Derby, scythe-manufacturer.
Harris, G. Derby, woollen-draper.
Harris, J. King Street, Soho, linen-draper.
Harrison, J. Liverpool, victualler.
Heynes, S. Cheltenham, wine-merchant.
Hempenstall, W. Paradise Street, Rotherhithe, ship-owner.
Hall, E. Stayley Bridge, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, corn-dealer.
Hill, C. Rochdale, innkeeper.
Hunter, J. and J. and A. Morgan, and W. P. Paton, Sun Court, Cornhill, merchants.
Hayes, J. and C. F. Atbury, Surrey, paper-makers.
Hall, S. White's Row, Mile End, tallow-chandler.
Heaton, T. Little Bolton, Lancashire, mason.
Ingram, J. Houndsditch, warehouseman.
Jones, E. Edge Hill, Liverpool, cart-owner.
Jones, S. T. Hunter Street, wine-merchant.
Jones, E. Liverpool, grocer.
Johnson, E. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer.
Jackson, G. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.
Jackson, R. jun. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.
Jackaman, S. Ipswich, money-scrivener.
James, C. High-street, Bloomsbury, linen-draper.
Johnson, W. jun. Thirsk, York, grocer.
Keppel, T. Nassau-street, Marylebone, tailor.
Kadwell, W. Keston, Kent, bricklayer.
Killick, W. junior, North Brixton, Surrey, veterinary surgeon.
Kirby, J. Newton Burgaland, Leicester, corn-factor.
Lote, J. Manchester-street, tailor.
Leverton, J. William-street, Regent's-Park, painter.
Leigh, L. Canterbury, tea-dealer.
Lewthwaite, J. and W. Lancaster, scriveners.
Lightfoot, J. J. Liverpool, merchant.
Lawton, S. Delph, York, innkeeper.
Lunn, J. and J. Walton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-brokers.
Lemare, J. and Prestage, J. T. Wood-street, silk-manufacturers.
Lovegrove, R. and Cubbidge, W., Longwick-mill, Bucks, paper-makers.
Mayo, E. Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, woollen-draper.
Manson, G. Birmingham, draper.
Marriott, W. Broad-street, stockbroker.
M'Cammon, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Myers, D. Cutler-street, Houndsditch, merchant.
Montgomery, J. V. Dover-place, Old Kent-road, tailor.
M'Laughlan, M. W. Manchester, publican.
Moreland, R. Borwick, Lancaster, maltster.
Milne, P. New York-street, Commercial-road, and Hathway, T. junior, Wade-street, Poplar, merchants.
Mence, N. Henwick, Worcester, porter-brewer.
Molineaux, T. Manchester, victualler.
Medhurst, T. Barbican, linen-draper.
Mead, J. Downton, grocer.
Morley, I. Sidmouth-street, tailor.
Marshall, R. H. Plymouth, draper.
Marsden, M. Manchester, upholder.
Noakes, W. Southend, Kent, miller.
Nelson, J. Cobham-place, Finsbury-square, dealer.
Newbould, T. junior, Sheffield, merchant.
Odell, W. Catherine-street, Westminster, boarding-house-keeper.
Osborne, R. Bristol, anchor-smith.
Palmer, H. Kent and Essex-yard, Whitechapel, coachmaker.
Parker, W. H. jun., and J. Parker, Hereford, booksellers.
Putland, E. Peckham, coal-merchant.
Pearce, W. Leather-lane, cheesemonger.
Puddock, T. Chirk Bank, Salop, timber-merchant.
Pimblett, T. Goulburn, Lancashire, corn-dealer.
Parker, R. Shrewsbury, boot-maker.
Packwood, G. High-street, Southwark, shoe-manufacturer.
Parsons, T. Bishopsgate-street, wine-merchant.
Pyne, C. Borough-road, dyer.
Pearman, T. Nuneaton, cabinet-maker.
Pennington, S. Market-rasen, Lincoln, horse-dealer.
Parish, G. Streatham, warehouseman.
Price, R. Bradford, Wilts, victualler.
Rich, Sir Char. Henry, Beentham, Berks, dealer.
Rickerby, M. Pitfield-street, Hoxton, linen-draper.
Rolfe, W. Edgbaston, Warwick, grocer.
Roberts, M. Penryn, Cornwall, mercer.
Robinson, J. Warbrick-moor, Lancaster, victualler.
Royle, J. A. Manchester, commission-agent.
Reade, G. Manchester, innkeeper.
Rear, T. J. Sloane-street, chemist.
Riley, J. Austry, Warwick, grocer.
Roche, J. Fore-street, grocer.
Radnege, J. Bathwick, dairyman.
Shaw, W. Liverpool, builder.
Sykes, C. T. Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, music-seller.
Stonehouse, J. Bishopwearmouth, mercer.
Soulby, M. Swinefleet, York, draper.
Stretton, C. and Banfield, W. Great St Helen's, wine-merchants.
Shipley, F. Boston, glover.
Shipley, C. Linby, Notts, lace-manufacturer.
Smart, S. Devizes, grocer.
Stenson, G. Alnwich, Isle of Anglesey, draper.
Slater, C. Leeds, factor.
Silter, J. Pattingham, Stafford, farmer.
Sever, R. Paradise-row, Rotherhithe, master-mariner.
Snow, R. W. Leeds, innkeeper.
Scriven, H. Great Marlborough-street, surgeon.
Sherwood, W., T. Gilbert, and W. Piper, Paternoster-row, booksellers.
Squires, R. and Thompson, R. Liverpool, corn-dealers.
Terry, J. Chapel-place, Bermondsey, bricklayer.
Thrower, R. junior, Ipswich, wire-worker.
Thompson, J. junior, Swan-alley, Coleman-street, wine-merchant.
Twamley, S. and J. Thurmaston, Leicester, horse-dealers.
Tyser, T. junior, Barking, Essex, fisherman.
Tattersall, T. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, butcher.
Terry, D. Spread Eagle Court, Threadneedle-street, tailor.
Terry, T. Malton, York, innkeeper.
Underhill, G. Eaton Mascott, Shropshire, horse-dealer.
Vertegans, E., H. J. Barker, and J. Harley, Cheapside, warehousemen.
Vickers, J. A. Leeds, patten-maker.
Walton, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.
Wragg, J. and J. Chesterfield, Derby, flax-dressers.
Williams, E. H. Bangor, linen-draper.
Williams, H. Wunfach, Carnarvon, miller.
Wigzell, E. Lime-street, agent.
Wilson, W. S. Cannon-street Road, master-mariner.
Wintle, H. S. Mark-lane, merchant.
Williamson, J. Leicester, victualler.
Wilks, T. Tring, Herts, innkeeper.
Walker, T. Radford, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
Williams, W. New-court, Crutched-friars, merchant.
Wilson, W. junior, Winslow, scrivener.
Willoughby, T. Partney, Lincoln, cattle-drover.
West, J. Golden-square, tailor.
Washbourn, J. senior, and Washbourn, J. junior, Gloucester, stationers.
Weston, T. Hirwain-wharf, Earle-street, Roman cement manufacturer.
Williams, F. Park-st. Grosvenor-street, plumber.
Watson, J. Guisborough, York, maltster.
Walking, E. A. Bath, draper.
Young, J. Leeds, merchant.

Alphabetical List of Scottish Bankrupts, from 1st January to 1st April, 1828.

Allan, John, cabinet-maker and upholsterer in Edinburgh.
Armstrong, Walter, merchant, Newcastleton, Roxburghshire.
Buchannan, Cumming, and Co., manufacturers, Paisley.
Cant, James, merchant and haberdasher in Perth.
Cuming, James, distiller, Nungate, Haddington.
Davies, James, grocer and spirit-dealer, Carrick Street, Glasgow.
Dickson, John, builder in Edinburgh.
Finlay, James, merchant in Airdrie.
Glen, James, distiller at Mains, near Linlithgow.
Graham, Alexander, merchant, residing in Glassford-street, Glasgow.
Gardner, James, perfumer in Glasgow.
Gibb, John, of Castleton, surgeon and druggist, Dunfermline.
Gray, Andrew, merchant, Leith.
Haig, James, brewer in Glasgow.
Hood, Laurence, ship-owner and dealer in potatoes, Perth.
Innes, William, grocer and spirit-dealer, Edinburgh.
Ireland, Bethune Grace, grocer and spirit-dealer in St Andrews.
Ireland, George, builder, Edinburgh.
Keiller, James, confectioner in Dundee.
Kilgour, Robert, manufacturer, Nether Kinmundy; and Kilgour, Robert, jun. manufacturer, Mill Bank, both in Aberdeenshire.
Keith, Archibald, haberdasher and merchant in Aberdeen.
Lockhart, William, spirit-dealer, Grassmarket, Edinburgh.
Lyle, Archibald, of Drum, cattle-dealer, residing at Gartinstarry, Stirlingshire.
M'Farlane, Daniel, leather-merchant and builder, Glasgow.
Moffat, Alexander, grain merchant, and tenant in the Sea Mills of Burntisland.
Macalister, Alexander, and Sons, manufacturers in Paisley.
M'Diarmid, John, hosier in Edinburgh.
Marjoribanks, Alexander, jun. builder in Edinburgh.
Menzies, Robert, printer, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh.
Robertson, William, merchant in Brora, Sutherlandshire.
Rome, Andrew, leather-merchant in Hamilton.
Small, James, mason and house-builder, Aberdeen.
Sandeman, William, bleacher in Douglasfield, and merchant in Dundee.
Sommerville, Thomas, manufacturer and agent in Glasgow.
Turnbull, John, merchant in Galashiels.
Walker, Alexander, baker, Scotland-street, Edinburgh.
Weir, George and John, fleshers and graziers, Hamilton.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 5, 1827. At Cawnpore, the lady of Captain Lumsden, horse-artillery, of a son.

In the island of Ceylon, the lady of his Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Barnes, Governor of that Colony, of a son.

12. At Cawnpore, the lady of Captain Sanderson, Bengal Cavalry, of a son.

Sept. 18. At Bogota, the lady of James Henderson, his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General for Columbia, of a daughter.

Nov. 13. At St Helena, the lady of Dr James Arnott, superintending surgeon, of a daughter.

Dec. 20. At Venlaw, Mrs William Campbell, of a son.

28. At Miramichi, Mrs Archibald Duncan of a son.

Jan. 4, 1828. The lady of the Hon. W. Forbes, of Haux, of a son.

7. At Florence, the lady of George Lyon, Esq. of Kirkmichael, of a son.

13. At 3, Royal Circus, Mrs Walter Dickson, of a daughter.

— At Balbegno Castle, Kincardineshire, the lady of Captain Thomas Ramsay, of a son.

— Mrs Irving, Meadow Place, of a daughter.

14. At Colinton Manse, Mrs Balfour, of a daughter.

— At Bonnington, Lanarkshire, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, 4th dragoon guards, of a son.

16. At 31, Castle Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Howison of Hillend, of a daughter.

— At 62, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Graham, of a daughter.

— At Malta, Mrs St Vincent Whitmore, of a daughter.

17. At 15, Duke Street, Mrs Dr Sanders, of a son.

18. At Ayr, the lady of Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart. of a son.

19. At Seven Oakes, the lady of J. Jenkin Maclean, M.D. of a daughter.

19. At Chatham, the lady of W. H. Burrell, M.D. of the Medical Staff, of a son.

— At Perth, the lady of James M. Nairne, Esq. of Dunsinane, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Thomas Mackenzie of Applecross, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Oldfield, Mrs Henderson, of a daughter.

— At Mount Melville, the Right. Hon. Lady Catherine Whyte Melville, of a daughter.

— Mrs Haldane, 34, Drummond Place, of a daughter.

21. At 7, Brighton Street, Mrs William Dow, of a son.

25. The lady of John G. Kinnear, Esq. of a daughter.

28. At 5, Circus Place, Mrs Cay, of a daughter.

— At Newhaven, Mrs Arnott of Balcormo, of a son.

— At St Michael's Terrace, Stoke, Devon, the lady of Captain Charles James Hope Johnstone, R.N. of a daughter.

— At No. 8, Broughton Place, Mrs Maitland, of a son.

— At Allanfield, North Leith, Mrs Robert Scott, of a daughter.

30. At Kames Castle, the lady of Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, G.C.H. of a daughter.

— In Queen Street, the Lady Anne Baird, of a son.

— At 21, India Street, Mrs Bennet, of a daughter.

31. At Midmar Castle, Mrs John Shepherd, of a daughter.

— At 52, Hanover Street, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Murray, of a son.

Feb. 1. The lady of Peter Campbell, Esq. Northumberland Street, of a son.

— The lady of Colonel Vans Agnew, C.B. of Barnbarroch, of a son.

2. At the Manse of Fettercairn, Mrs Whyte, of a son.

— At 17, Archibald Place, Mrs Cleghorn, of a daughter.

4. At Cholmondeley House, Piccadilly, London, Lady Henry Cholmondeley, of a daughter.
6. At No. 6, Royal Circus, the Hon. Mrs J. H. Mackenzie, of a son.
— At Marshall Place, Perth, Mrs Gloag, of a son.
7. At Wigthorpe, the lady of Sir Thomas Woollaston White, of a son and heir.
8. At No. 1, Albyn Place, the lady of James Manning, Esq. of a daughter.
— At No. 9, Abercromby Place, Mrs Greig of Eccles, of a daughter.
9. At No. 4, Scotland Street, Mrs Macallan, of a son.
— At Milton House, Edinburgh, Mrs Lee, of a son.
10. At Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, the lady of Robert Grant, Esq. of Tilliefour, of a son.
— At his house, in Howard Place, the lady of Captain R. Campbell, R.N. of a son.
— At Edinburgh, the lady of Staff-Adjutant Nunn, of a son.
11. At No. 8, St Colm Street, the lady of Colonel Limond, of the Madras Artillery, of a daughter.
— At Inverleith Road, Mrs M'Bean, of a daughter.
15. At No 33, Howe Street, Mrs Robertson, of a daughter.
— At the Royal Barracks, Cork, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel M'Gregor, 70th regiment, of a son.
— Mrs Bayley, Regent Terrace, of a daughter.
19. At Eskside, Musselburgh, Mrs Dickson, of a son.
— At Eastfield Links, Leith, Mrs S. T.Ogilvie, of a son.
— Mrs H. D. Dickie, Hailes Street, of a son.
22. At No. 8, Pilrig Street, Mrs W. B. Mackenzie, of a daughter.
23. At Duncan Street, Newington, Mrs Craufurd, of a son.
— At No. 7, Saxe-Cobourg Place, Mrs H. P. Paton, of a son.
24. At No. 14, Ainslie Place, Mrs Tod, of a daughter.
— At Springfield, near Dundee, Mrs Smith, of a son.
25. At Montrose, the lady of R. R. Hepburn, Esq. of Rickarton, of a son.
27. Mrs Clephane, No. 5, West Circus Place, of a son.
— At Dublin Street, Mrs William Ballantyne, of a son.
29. At No. 6, Howard Place, Mrs William Gordon, of a son.
— At Kinloss Manse, Mrs Robertson, of a son.
March 1. At Inverneil House, Argyllshire, the lady of Keith M'Donald M'Alister, of a daughter.
— Mrs A. Waugh, No. 72, Northumberland street, of a son.
2. In Sloane street, London, the lady of Lieut. Colonel Macdonald, late of the 19th regiment, of a son.
— At No. 28, Queen street, Edinburgh, Mrs Borthwick, of a daughter.
— At Henderson Row, Mrs Purves, of a son.
4. At Edmonston, Mrs Lawson of Cairnmuir, of a daughter.
6. On board the stoop Venus, during a severe storm, on her passage from the island of Eigg to Arisaig, Mrs Ranald Maceachen, of a daughter. The child has been christened Venus, after the sloop.
9. At St Andrews, Mrs John Hay, of a son.
— At No. 5, Hillside Crescent, the lady of Alexander Allan, Esq. of a daughter.
— At No. 8, Great King Street, Mrs Lumsden, of a daughter.
12. At No. 20, York Place, the lady of George Mercer, Esq. of Gorthy and Dryden, of a son.
— At Laurence Park, the lady of Thomas Learmonth, Esq. of a daughter.
14. At 5, Royal Circus, Mrs Hastings Sands, of a daughter.
15. At Kinloch, Fifeshire, the lady of Charles Kinnear, Esq. of a son.
16. In Queen Street, Mrs William Blackett, of a son.
— At No. 20, Annandale Street, Mrs William M'Crie, of a daughter.
16. At Glenormiston, the lady of William Steuart, Esq. of a son.
17. At No. 51, Frederick Street, Mrs Keith, of a son.
— At No. 7, Melville Street, Mrs David Campbell, of a son.
18 At Distillery Park, Haddington, Mrs Dunlop, of a son.
19. At Pinnaclehill, Kelso, the lady of James Elliot, Esq. of Woollie, of a daughter.
20. At Dean Lodge, Saxe Cobourg Place, Mrs Cargill, of a son.
21. At St Andrews, Mrs Playfair, of a son.
— At No. 5, Frederick Street, Mrs James Donaldson, of a daughter.
22. At Murraythwaite, the lady of John D. Murray, Esq. of Murraythwaite, of a son and heir.
— At 21, London Street, the wife of James Browne, Esq advocate, of a daughter.
— At No. 18, Hill Street, Mrs Dr Gairdner, of a son.
23. At Norton Place, Mrs Dr Muir, of a son.
— At Shandwick Place, Mrs Anderson, of a son.
At Union Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Alexander Douglas, of a daughter.
Lately, At the Admiralty, London, Mrs Keith Douglas, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 21, 1827. At Calcutta, the Rev. George J. Lawrie, Presbyterian Chaplain, Madras, to Laura Louisa, second daughter of Samuel Ludlow, Esq. Presidency surgeon, Delhi.
Sept. 5. At Garden Reach, Calcutta, Adam F. Smith, Esq. merchant, Calcutta, son of the late Rev. Dr Smith, minister of Galton, to Josephine, widow of Alexander Falconer, Esq. and niece of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P.
Oct. 9. At Singapore, John Pattullo, Esq. Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Dr James Hare, late of Calcutta.
Jan. 8, 1828. At Gateside, Mr P. Thomson, Hangingside, to Miss M. Murray Wilson.
— At Livelands, Stirlingshire, Archibald Hamilton Duthie, M.A. Cantab, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Murray, Esq. of Livelands.
9. At Raddery House, G. F. Mackenzie, Esq. of Allangrange, Ross-shire, to Isabella Reid, eldest daughter of James Fowler, Esq. of Raddery.
— At Symington Manse, Mr John Kay, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Smith, minister of that parish.
10. At Dalry Mills, Charles Lockhart Ramsay of Falla, Esq. to Christina, only surviving daughter of the late Andrew Veitch, Esq. of Dalry Mills.
12. At the Chapel of the English Embassy at Paris, Farquhar Jamieson, Esq. of Havre-de-Grace, merchant, son of the Rev. Dr Jamieson, of Edinburgh, to Anna, daughter of Baron Hottinguer, of Paris, banker.
14. At Prestbury, near Macclesfield, Thomas Legh, Esq. M.P. of Lyme Hall, Cheshire, to Miss Turner, daughter of William Turner, Esq. of Shrigley Park, in the same county.
15. At London, Charles Somerville, Macalister, Esq. eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Charles S. Macalister of Loup and Kenuox, to Mary Adeline Brabazon, only child of Lieutenant Edward Lyon, R.N.
— At Catherine Bank House, the Rev. David Davidson, minister of Broughty-Ferry, near Dundee, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr Ireland, minister of North Leith.
— At Dysart, by the Rev. Peter Brotherston, Lieutenant E. Macpherson, to Isabella, second daughter of the late William Fleming, Esq. shipowner.
17. At Twickenham, Boyd Alexander, Esq. third son of the late Claud Alexander, Esq. of Ballochmyle, Ayrshire, to Sophia, third daughter of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart. of Chantry House, Wilts.
— At Edinburgh, Alexander Henderson, Esq. younger of Lawton, surgeon on the Bombay Establishment, to Agnes, youngest daughter of Charles Scott, Esq. Moray Place, Edinburgh.
— At St John's Place, Leith, William Carfrae, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Ann, daughter of the late Andrew Liddell, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

21. At Haddington, Peter Gardiner, Esq. Bandirran, to Isabella, third daughter of Mr Robert Cockburn.

22. At No. 1, Fyfe Place, Leith Walk, Mr James Main, merchant, Leith, to Mary Ann, daughter of John Raimes, Esq.

23. At Montrose, John Webster, Esq. Low of Craigo, to Ann, third daughter of Alexander Brand, Esq. Montrose.

24. At the house of Thomson Forster, Esq. Andrew Wood Baird, Esq. M.D. of Ipswich, of the University of Edinburgh, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late William Ashmore, Esq. of the same place.

25. At Edinburgh, Alexander Wilson, Esq. Gala Bank, in Gala-water, to Ann, second daughter of William Dunlop, Esq. Bowerhaugh.

26. At London, Mr William Haig, late of the Leith and Berwick Wharf, to Eliza, second daughter of the late Hay Howden, Esq. Hackney Road.

— In St Andrew's Church, Dublin, Mr John Cameron, Edinburgh, to Sarah, fourth daughter of the late John Gardner, Esq. of Sackville Street, Dublin.

28. At Broomhall, Robert Adam Dundas, Esq. of Whiterig, M.P., to the Right Hon. Lady Mary Bruce, eldest daughter of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine.

30. At Inverness, George Grant, Esq, of Liverpool, to Robina, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Ross of Inverness.

31. David S. Napier, to Anne M. Dixon, daughter of the late John Dixon, Esq. of Levengrove.

— At Mansfield, John M. Pagan of Boghill, Esq. M.D. to Agnes Clarke, daughter of the Rev. John Wilson, Lesmahago.

Feb. 4. At Lawfield, Mr James Hunter, Newliston Haugh, to Isabella, daughter of Mr William Bertram.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Parkin, son of Mr George Parkin, farmer, East Keswick, Yorkshire, to Isabella Wallace Heron, second daughter of the late Mr George Heron, Kirkaldy, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

5. At Craiglockhart, John Inglis, Esq. of Auchindinny, to Maria, eldest daughter of Dr Alexander Monro of Craiglockhart.

— At Glasgow, Robert Thomson, Esq. one of the city clerks, to Marion Grace, eldest daughter of Robert Spears, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

9. At Atholl Crescent, Sir James Ramsay of Bamff, Bart. in the county of Perth, to Jane, daughter of the late John Hope Oliphant, Esq. and niece to Mr Oliphant of Rossie.

12. At Edinburgh, Mr William Spence, 21, St Andrew's Square, to Caroline Margaret, only daughter of Andrew Dealey, Esq.

13. At Berwick, Captain Askew, R. N. to Sarah, third daughter of the late Patrick Dickson, Esq. of Whitecross.

14. At Edinburgh, John Macan, Esq. of Lurgyvallen, county of Armagh, Ireland, and of the Hon. East India Company's Military Service, on the Bengal establishment, to Jessie, only daughter of William Campbell, Esq. of Edinburgh, C.S.

15. At London, J. H. Calcraft, Esq. eldest son of John Calcraft, Esq. M. P. to Lady Caroline Montagu, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

18. At Kensington Palace, Prince Hohenlohe of Laugenbourg, to the Princess Feodore, daughter of the Duchess of Kent. The bride was given away by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

20. At Edinburgh, Lennox Blackie, Esq. merchant, Dundee, to Anne, daughter of the late B. Purvis, Esq. of Glassmount.

22. At the house of Lord Pitmilly, Patrick Clark, Esq. to Miss Margaret Lindesay, second daughter of the late Patrick Lindesay, Esq. of Wormiston.

25. At Ruthwell Cottage, the Rev. Thomas Inglis, minister of Lochrutton, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. George Duncan, late minister of that parish.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr Joseph Stott, merchant, to Emilia, second daughter of Mr John M'Glashan, upholsterer.

— At London, Lieut. Burke Cuppage, of the Royal Horse Artillery, to Emily Anne, second daughter of Lieut. General Sir J. Macleod.

26. At Holm, Major A. Fraser of Culduthel, to Louisa, daughter of the Late Colonel William Burton, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

27. At Bridge of Allan, John Henderson, Esq. of Turfhills, in the county of Kinross, to Isabella, daughter of Wm. Horn, Esq.

28. At Elgin, the Rev. John Wilson, minister of Premnay, to Jane, only daughter of Provost Nicholson, Elgin.

March 3. At Edinburgh, Jesse Malcolm, Esq. merchant, Hull, to Janet, daughter of the late George Innes, Esq. Issauld, Caithness.

— At Musselburgh, by the Rev. Dr Moodie, John Brodie, Esq. W. S. to Margaret Amelia, eldest daughter of the late Major-General Thomas William Kerr.

6. At No. 108, George Street, the Rev. Robert Buchanan, minister of Gargunnock, to Anne, only daughter of Hugh Handyside, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— At No. 3, Albyn Place, Thomas Bruce, Esq. of Langlee, one of the depute-clerks of Session, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Charles Steuart, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At London, John Kirkland, of White Hall, Esq. eldest son of John Kirkland, of Springfield, in the county of Lanark, Esq. to Louisa, fourth daughter of the late Charles Bishop, Esq. his late Majesty's Procurator-General.

— At the residence of the Countess Dowager of Howth, the Viscount Dungarvon, eldest son of the Earl of Cork and Ossory, to the Lady Catherine St Lawrence, sister to the Earl of Howth.

12. At No. 31, Melville Street, George Pringle, Esq. second son of James Pringle, Esq. of Torwoodlee, to Anne, second daughter of the late Charles Stewart, Esq. Commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship, Airley Castle.

13. In St John's Chapel, Edinburgh, O. Tyndall, Esq. second son of the late T. Tyndall, Esq. of the Fort, near Bristol, to Miss Bruce of Falkland, daughter of the late Colonel Robert Bruce, and niece of the late John Bruce, Esq. of Grangehill and Falkland.

14. At Broomhall, A. M. John Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston, to the Right Hon. Lady Lucy Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine.

Lately, at Madras, Lieut. Morden Carthew, 21st Native Infantry, to Jemima Borland, fifth daughter of John Ewart, Esq. late of Newington, Edinburgh.

— At London, W. Wright, Esq. of Eyston Hall, Beauchamp Walter, Essex, to Eliza Ann, third daughter of the late Gordon Graham Donaldson, Lieut.-Col. in the 1st Grenadier Guards.

— At Blairerin Cottage, Argyllshire, Captain Duncan Innes, late of the 42d Royal Highlanders, to Flora, daughter of the late Archibald M'Coll, minister of Tyree.

DEATHS.

July 10, 1827. At Calcutta, Captain James Cunningham, late Commander of the ship Fergusson, son of General Cunningham, of the Madras service.

Aug. At the island of Madagascar, Lieut. W. Cole, of the Royal Staff Corps, Aide-de-camp to Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir L. G. Cole, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Mauritius, and nephew of Lieut.-General Sir Wm. Cockburn, Bart.

3. At Cape Coast Castle, of a fever, Dr Thomas B. Sibbald, Assistant-Surgeon 51st Regt. and son of Dr Sibbald of Haddington; a young man cut off in the prime of life.

6. At Hampden Estate, Falmouth, Jamaica, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Walter Chalmers, son of the late James Chalmers, Esq. solicitor-at-law, Edinburgh.

28. At Surat, Captain Robert Rose, of the 2d Bombay Cavalry, Brigade Major at Surat, and son of the late Rev. John Rose, minister of Udney.

Sept. 3. At Burhampore, Bengal, Lieut.-Col. J. L. Stuart, of the 27th Regiment Native Infantry.

14. At Golabah, Bombay, of apoplexy, Captain W. C. Clarke, of his Majesty's 6th Regiment, commanding depot of King's troops.

22. At Cawnpoor, Geo. Reddie, Esq. for many years Superintending Surgeon at that central military station.

Oct. 1. At Calcutta, Mrs Matilda Mackenzie, the Lady of Charles Mackenzie, Esq. of the Civil Service.

23. At Kingston, Jamaica, Marjory, daughter of the late Neil Macvicar, Esq. of Fergushill.

24. Lieut. Maine Lyons, First Lieutenant of his Majesty's ship Rose, from the loss of his right leg in the battle of Navarino.

26. Near Almorah, in India, Francis Anderson, Esq. of the East India Company's Civil Service, son of the late Samuel Anderson, Esq. of Moredun.

Nov. At Kingston, Jamaica, of the endemical fever, in the 14th year of his age, Thomas James Huyghue, only surviving son of William Petrie, M.D. and surgeon, Royal Navy, Leith.

5. At Demerara, Lieut. Col. Alexander Milne, commanding the 18th regiment of foot, son of the late James Milne, Esq. at Mill of Bondie, Perth.

18. At Barbadoes, William Henry Hume, M.D. Surgeon to the Forces, second son of Dr Joseph Hume, Hamilton.

25. At Waterloo, St Ann's, Jamaica, Dr D. Kennedy, a native of Glasgow.

27. At Augusta, Alexander, son of the late Mr John Bertram, Cranshaws, Berwickshire.

Dec. 4. In Jamaica, Lieut.-Colonel P. C. Taylor, of the 22d regiment.

10. The Right Rev. Dr Arbuthnot, Lord Bishop of Killaloe.

13. In America, the Rev. Mr White, after an illness of twelve days, of inflammation of the liver, occasioned by cold caught in the discharge of his ministerial duties.

22. At Malta, Mr James Moyes, of his Majesty's ship Glasgow.

26. At Woodhead, Fyvie, the Rev. Alexander Christie, aged 69.

27. At North Leith, Euphemia Halliburton, wife of John Grant, Esq. comptroller of the Customs, Port-Glasgow.

28. At Kingston, Jamaica, Robert Key, youngest son of the late Dr Adamson, Cupar.

— At Colpina, near Petersburgh, Colonel Duncan M'Lea, of the Imperial Russian service. He was the nearest heir to the Scottish title of Lord Balmerino, which was attainted in the year 1745.

— At her house in Park Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Hood.

29. At Kilravock Castle, Hugh Rose, Esq. of Kilravock.

Jan. 1, 1828. At Dunblane, aged 84, Mrs Jacobina Gillespie.

2. At her house, No. 16, Graham Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Anderson, widow of Mr Alex. Brownfield, upholsterer in Edinburgh.

— At Lathrisk, in the 8th year of his age, David, eldest son of William Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk.

3. At Dunfallandy, Catherine, youngest daughter of General Fergusson.

— At London, Mr John Hurst, bookseller, late of the firm of Hurst, Robinson, and Co. and formerly of Wakefield.

— At Torrich, George Macandrew, Esq. collector of supply for the county of Nairn.

— At the manse of Crail, the Rev. Andrew Bell of Kilduncan, minister of Crail.

4. At the Manse of Banchory, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. James Gregory.

— At Saltoun, Mr William Symington, farmer there.

5. At Wolfelie, Campbell Davidson, Esq. son of the late Robert Davidson, Esq. of Pinnaclehill, near Kelso.

— At St Ann's Yard, Edinburgh, the Rev. Thomas Place, aged 84, Rector of Kirkington and Skelton, Yorkshire.

6. At Stewarton, Mrs Margaret Dunlop, wife of James Ferguson, writer, Irvine.

7. At his residence in London, in his 73d year, James Scatcherd, Esq. late bookseller, of Ave Maria Lane.

— At Walker, near Newcastle, William Reay, Esq.

— At Dunbar, Mrs Lyon, wife of Mr David Lyon, of the Grammar School there.

8. At Eltham, Mrs Helen Fullarton, relict of Robert Fullarton, Esq. of Edinburgh.

— At No. 9, Brighton Street, Mr John Ballantyne.

9. At Winchester, Robert M'Dermeit Crawford, son of the late William Crawford, D.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews.

10. At his father's house, Forth Street, James, eldest son of Mr James Mackay, jeweller, Edinburgh.

— At Innerkip, Margaret Crawford, second daughter of the late Captain John Wylie.

— At Warriston Crescent, Miss Catherine Gardner.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr David Kidd, of the firm of Ritchie and Kidd, after a long illness, aged 43.

— At Leith, Mr Alex. Ross, late rector of the Grammar School, North Leith.

12. At his house in Hanover Terrace, London, Henry Drummond, Esq.

— At No. 41, Clerk Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Henrietta Russell, wife of Mr John Matthewson, late letter-founder, Edinburgh.

— At 22, Castle Street, Edinburgh, David, the infant son of John M'Farlan, Esq.

— At his house, Warriston Crescent, William Henderson, Esq. jun. banker in Edinburgh.

— At Meiklour House, Perthshire, Jane Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Captain Patrick Hunter, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

14. At her house, No. 39, Dublin Street, Mrs Agnes Boyd, relict of David Geddes, Esq. deputy auditor of Excise, Edinburgh.

— At Lees, Berwickshire, the infant son of John Murray Nasmyth, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Anne T. D. Campbell, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Campbell, Esq. of Hallyards.

15. At Hayfield House, Argyllshire, William M'Neill, Esq. of Hayfield.

— At Logan Lee House, Mr Ralph Dalton.

16. Charles Lloyd, Esq. of Birmingham, banker.

— At Durie House, Mrs Bayne, relict of Alexander Bayne, Esq. of Rires.

17. At Ham, Surry, aged 90, General Gordon Forbes.

— At his house in London, Sir William Augustus Cunyngham of Milncraig, Bart. He represented the county of Linlithgow in Parliament for many years. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Colonel David Cunyngham, who married Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Edward Lord Thurlow.

18. We regret to have to announce the death of Macdonell of Glengarry, which happened under circumstances truly melancholy and distressing. On the 16th January, accompanied by his two daughters, he embarked at Invergarry, the seat of the chieftain, on board the Ben Nevis steamboat, for the south, where it was intended the young ladies should spend the remainder of the winter. They arrived the same night at Corpach, near Fort William. Next morning, they got through the rocks, and encountered a severe storm, in consequence of which, when about six miles from Fort William, the vessel's engines no longer performed their office, and about three o'clock she drove on shore nearly three miles below Inverscaddell. The ladies, the crew, and passengers, got all on shore, except one individual, Glengarry's butler, who was drowned. Unfortunately, Glengarry himself, in leaping from the boat to a rock, slipped his foot, and fell headlong on the rock; he, however, recovered himself, and swam ashore, walked up to the house of Inverscaddell, which is about a mile distant from the shore, and went to bed; but in three short hours the chieftain was a corpse.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Brashe, wife of Mr David Brashe, solicitor-at-law.

— Mr Alex. Boog, cutler and surgeon's instrument maker, Edinburgh.

— At Leith, Mr Barry Sarsfield, late clerk of the Trinity House there.

19. At No. 102, Prince's Street, Miss Helen Lothian, daughter of the Rev. Dr William Lothian, late senior minister of the Canongate.

— At her house, Charles Street, Mrs Margaret Stewart, relict of James Balfour, Esq. late accountant in the Bank of Scotland.

21. At his house at Les Près, Island of Jersey, Henry Thomas Rutherfurd, Esq. of Redfordgreen, Selkirkshire.

— At Kilrie, Fifeshire, Mrs Isabella Booth, wife of Mr George Prentice.

21. At Powderhall, Mrs Margaret M'Donald, aged 70, relict of Alexander M'Donald, Esq. of Powderhall.

— At Craigmaddie, Mrs Barbara Cunningham, wife of Lieut.-General Peter Cunningham, of Craigmaddie.

22. While on a visit to Lennoxlove, Captain George Charles Mackenzie, Royal Navy.

— At London, Mrs Campbell, relict of Captain James Campbell, and mother of the present Laird of Glenfalloch.

— At Kendal, the Rev. Alexander Marshall, minister of the United Associate Congregation there.

— At her house, 59, Castle Street, Miss Mackintosh.

— At Clyde Villa, near Glasgow, Lady John Campbell.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr David Seton.

— At Boquhan House, Miss Buchanan of Boquhan.

— At Nice, after a severe illness, Lady Caroline Bentinck, second daughter of his Grace the Duke of Portland.

— At Nessbank, Inverness, in the 67th year of his age, Captain Robert Sutherland of Nessbank, formerly of the 72d Highland regiment of foot.

— At Fort Augustus, Captain Hugh Chisholm, late of the 9th Royal Veteran Battalion, and Fort Adjutant of Fort Augustus.

24. At St Andrews, Mr George Scott, bookseller.

— At Forres, Captain John Grant, of the Royal Invalids.

25. At Kilgour, after a few minutes' illness, Harry Hope, Esq. of Millfield, Fifeshire.

— At Glasgow, George Cunninghame Monteath, M.D.

26. At Portobello, Sarah Isabella, youngest daughter of the Rev. Mr Glen.

27. At his seat in Wilts, in the 78th year of his age, the Earl of Radnor.

— At the Priory, St Andrews, Lieut.-General David Campbell of Williamston.

— At Edmonstone Mains, Mr John Laing, farmer there.

28. At Kelso, at an advanced age, Mr Thomas Scott, surgeon and apothecary.

— At Fernyflat, Mrs Frances Hector, third daughter of Mr James Seton, Seton House.

— At Northumberland Street, Margaret Ochterlony, third daughter of the late Alexander Ritchie, Esq. of Bearhill.

30. At Elgin, James Thomson, Esq. writer there.

31. At the Manse of Drumoak, the Rev. James Fraser, D.D. in his 73d year.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Mary Fraser, wife of Quartermaster Grant, Edinburgh regiment of militia.

Feb. 1. At Bath, Dr Robert Hope, the senior physician of the royal navy.

— At Trinity Green, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Captain Menzies.

2. At Warriston House, aged 86, Mrs Mary Hall, relict of Thomas Hall, Esq. surgeon, Berwick.

3. In Bryanstone Square, London, Sir Richard John Strachan of Thornton, in Kincardineshire, Admiral of the Blue Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

— At Clifton, Mrs Newcomb, relict of Dr Newcomb, late Primate of Ireland.

4. At 12, Pilrig Street, Mr Thomas Wallace, of the Custom-house, Leith.

— At Annan, Mrs Ann Fordyce, widow of David Steuart, formerly Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

5. At Dinwoodie Mains, James Brand, Esq. of Dumelive.

— At Graitney Manse, the Rev. John Morgan, minister of that parish.

— At Edinburgh, Ebenezer Mason, youngest son of Mr Gibson, conveyancer and law-agent.

— At Ardchattan Priory, Argyllshire, Emma Courtenay, relict of L. Dundas Campbell.

6. At Egypt, Morningside, Ann Haig, third daughter of Mr John Stevenson.

— At No. 138, Prince's Street, Miss Caroline Isabella Cathcart, only daughter of the late Hugh Cathcart, Esq.

6. The Rev. Dr Hook, brother to Mr Theodore Hook, in the 56th year of his age. The Dean was a most distinguished scholar and divine.

— At Brighton, Miss Carnegie, eldest daughter of the late Sir James Carnegie, Bart. of Southesk.

— At Dunbar Lodge, Francis Dashwood, Esq. of Hall Place, Kent.

— At No. 10, St John Street, Mr William Wallace, builder.

— At Forgandenny, in the 74th year of his age, the Rev. John Willison, minister of that parish.

— At Cambo House, in the 84th year of his age, the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Kellie, one of the sixteen Peers of Scotland, and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Fife.

— At his house, in Catholic Chapel Lane, the Right Rev. Alexander Cameron, D.D. Bishop of Maximianopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland District of Scotland. The venerable deceased was born in August 1747. He went to the Scottish College, in Rome, in 1760, where he remained eight years, and carried away the first prizes awarded during that period. He returned to Scotland in 1772, and acted as Missionary Apostolic in Strathern till 1780, when he was appointed Rector of the Scottish College in Valladolid in Spain, where he remained eighteen years. In 1798, he was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Hay, then Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland District of Scotland, and was consecrated a Bishop in Madrid the following year. In 1802 he returned to Scotland, and Bishop Hay having resigned in 1806, he then succeeded that prelate. From the period of his last return to Scotland, he uniformly resided in Edinburgh. The late Bishop Cameron's character was an ornament to his church, and, we may add, to the age he lived in. On the occasion of a trial in the Jury Court, a few years ago, of a cause in which a Catholic priest was the pursuer, Bishop Cameron had to appear as a witness; and, after he had delivered his evidence, he was invited by the three Judges present to take his seat along with them upon the bench.

8. At Compston, Stirlingshire, Mrs Betha Dougall, relict of Mr William Dick, merchant in Glasgow.

— At Kilmorie, Island of Arran, Mr Buchanan of the Excise, aged 36 years.

9. At his house, No. 108, George Street, Mr Alexander Anderson, picture-dealer.

— At Edinburgh, James Bruce, Esq. M.D., youngest son of the late James Bruce, Esq. of Bankton.

— At Stamford, Lieutenant-Colonel William Munro, late of the 42d regiment.

10. At Rye, Mrs Smith, widow of the Missionary Smith, of a consumption.

— At No. 1, Northumberland Street, Charlotte, infant daughter of Andrew Johnstone, Esq. advocate.

— At his house in Abercromby Place, John Wauchope, Esq. writer to the signet.

11. At Albany, State of New York, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, his Excellency Governor De Witt Clinton.

— At Rome, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Major-General Lord Frederick Bentinck, youngest brother of the Duke of Portland, and Colonel of the 58th Regiment of Foot.

12. At No. 21, Moray Place, John Carnegie, Esq. youngest son of the late John Carnegie Fullarton, Esq. of Pittarrow.

— At Bankhouse, William Carfrae, Esq. merchant in Leith.

— Mr David Lees, clerk to the Commissioners of Police for this city.

— At her house, Leith Walk, Mrs M. Elder, relict of Captain Charles Elder, R.N.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Eliza Mitchell, wife of Mr Robert Kinnear, bookseller, Frederick Street.

14. At No. 22, India Street, Jane, daughter of the late Mr Luke Fraser, one of the masters of the High School.

— At his house, No. 16, Leopold Place, John Mackenzie, Esq.

15. At Slateford House, Dougall Campbell, Esq. late of Craignish, and representative of the senior branch of the Campbells of the Argyll family.

15. At Craigs House, Stirling, David, only son of Robert Gillies, Esq. of Gormyre.

— At Kilbagie, Mr James M'Vey, principal clerk to Messrs Steins and Co. distillers.

16. At No. 1, St Vincent Street, Mary, daughter of the late Archibald Constable, Esq.

— At Tobago Street, Mr Alexander Wyse, late grocer, South Castle Street, aged 95 years.

— At Queen Street, Edinburgh, Julia, daughter of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq.

— At Middleton, Linlithgowshire, Richmond, the infant daughter of A. N. Macleod, Esq. of Harris.

17. At the Water Company's Reservoir, Castlehill, Edinburgh, Mrs Yetts, wife of Mr Fletcher Yetts, aged 65.

18. At Warriston House, Alexander Henderson, Esq. of Eildonhall and Warriston.

— At Catherine Bank House, the Rev. Dr Walter Fogo Ireland, minister of North Leith, deeply regretted.

— At Paris, the Rev. Edward Foster, A. M. Chaplain to the British Embassy.

20. At Atholl Crescent, George, infant son of George Kinnear, Esq.

— At No. 41, Clerk Street, Mr Patrick Pridie, late hatter, Edinburgh.

21. At Banff, Garden, third daughter of Geo. Garden Robinson, Esq.

22. At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Walker, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Walker, writer in Edinburgh.

23. At his house, No. 21, St Andrew's Square, Robert Stuart, Esq. Deputy-Presenter of Signatures, Exchequer.

— At No. 98, Lauriston Place, Andrew Armstrong, Esq. surgeon, Grenadier Guards.

— At London, Magdalene, the Lady of Captain Sir Charles Malcolm, Royal Navy.

24. At St Anthony's Place, Edinburgh, Mary Barclay, wife of Mr George Stedman, solicitor before the Supreme Courts.

25. At her house, No. 23, Abercromby Place, Mrs Sprot of Garnkirk.

— At Brighton, Mrs Carnegie, wife of James Carnegie, Esq. formerly Captain of the Baring East Indiaman.

26. At Cummertrees Manse, the Rev. Thomas Gillespie.

— At Fetternear House, Aberdeenshire, John Leslie, Esq. of Balquhain and Fetternear.

28. At her house at Chiswick, in her 86th year, Jane, Countess of Macartney, third daughter of John, fifth Earl of Bute, and widow of George Earl of Macartney.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Shirreff, late Merchant in Leith, aged 85 years.

March 1. At No. 7, Cassels Place, Matthew Smiton, Esq. merchant in Leith.

— At Kames Castle, Island of Bute, Matilda Maxwell, the infant daughter of General Sir John Hope, G.C.H.

— At Campbelton, Hugh Mackay, Esq. writer there.

2. At Edinburgh, aged 18, David, youngest son of Robert Walker, Esq. New Street.

— At Silverknows, parish of Cramond, Mr John King, farmer, Silverknows.

— At Culcraigie, Rosshire, Major Hugh Ross, late of the Royal Marines.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Ferguson, relict of George Winton, Esq. architect.

3. At Haddington, Mary, wife of Robert Lewins, Esq. M.D.

— At her house, 6, Tiviot Row, Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Williamson, relict of Mr Andrew Fyfe, surgeon.

— At Warriston House, in her 18th year, Elizabeth Couper Henderson, only daughter of the deceased William Henderson, jun. banker in Edinburgh.

— At her house, No. 18, York Place, Miss Anne Pringle, eldest daughter of the late Lord Edgefield.

— At Hartshorne Manor House, Herts, Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, Bart. G.C.B. aged 62.

— At Edinburgh, William John, infant son of Thomas Carlyle, Esq. advocate.

5. At No. 12, Coates Crescent, Miss Murray.

6. At Duncrivie, Mr Thomas Coventry, aged 87.

— At Monk Castle, Alexander Miller, Esq. of Monk Castle.

7. At Greenock, in the 73d year of his age, George Robertson, Esq. banker.

8. At Broughton Place, Edinburgh, Mr Adam Johnston, late farmer, Crossrig, Berwickshire.

— At Hastings, Davina, wife of Frederick Grant, Esq. of Mount Cyrus, Kincardineshire.

9. At South Fort Street, Hillhousefield, Robert Douglas, youngest son of John Gibson, merchant, Leith.

— At Linlithgow, John, only son of John Boyd, Esq. of Woodside, Provost of Linlithgow.

— At Nice, John Rocheid, Esq. Inverleith.

— At Lamb Abbey, Kent, Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Neill Malcolm, Esq. of that place, and Poltalloch, Argyllshire.

10. At No. 4, St Patrick's Square, Edinburgh, William Baird, Esq. late farmer, Lochend.

— At No. 76, Constitution Street, Leith, Mrs Duncan, senior.

— At No. 50, George Street, Mr James Masson, surgeon.

— At Bernard's Bower, Stockbridge, Peter Hewat, Esq.

11. At Auchmannoch, Arthur Campbell, Esq. of Auchmannoch.

— At Westbourne Terrace, London, Alexander Ewing, son of Humphrey Ewing Maclae, Esq. of Cathkin.

12. John Sumner, youngest son of Sir James Wellwood Moncreiff, Bart. aged 6 years.

— At the Crown Inn, Ayr, Mr Charles Masson, bookseller, late of Edinburgh.

13. At Fingal Place, Miss Ann Carmichael, daughter of the late James Carmichael, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs, Portpatrick.

— At Vevey in Switzerland, Mrs Anne Fotheringhame, wife of Thomas Traill, Esq. of Westove, Orkney.

14. At Shandwick Place, Mrs Stein, relict of James Stein, Esq. late of Kilbagie.

— At London, Major Alex. Campbell, 3d Guards, third son of the late David Campbell, Esq. of Belmont, writer to the signet.

16. At Leith Fort, Mr William Weatherdale, of the Ordnance Department.

— At No. 126, George Street, Mrs Grace Hunter, wife of George Charles, Esq. M.D.

17. At Morningside, Mrs Blair, relict of Mr Andrew Blair, late corn-merchant in Tranent.

— At Tynninghame, North Britain, in the 75th year of his age, Charles Earl of Haddington.

— At his house, near Norwich, Sir James Edward Smith, a distinguished Botanist.

— At Cater, Dumbartonshire, in the 87th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Gairdner, relict of Mr David Jolly, formerly merchant in Arbroath.

— At St Madoes, the Rev. Thomas Kennedy, minister of that parish.

18. At Brechin, in the prime of life, John Guthrie, Esq.

23. In Maddox Street, Hanover Square, London, Magdalene, the lady of Captain Sir Charles Malcolm, R.N.

Lately, in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, London, W. Redmore Biggs, Esq. R.A. The works of this artist are well known, in which benevolence or tender feelings, either of parental or rustic society, were forcibly pourtrayed. His "Shipwrecked Sailor Boy,"—"Youths relieving a Blind Man,"—"Black Monday," with many others equally interesting, have been engraved.

— Lady Caroline Lamb, wife of the Right Honourable William Lamb, and daughter of the Earl and the late Countess of Besborough.

— At Irvine, Ayrshire, in the 15th year of his age, Henry James, son of Captain John Graham, commanding Bhauglepoor Hill Rangers, Bengal.

— At Bath, the Margravine of Anspach.

— Captain William Ramage, R.N., for many years Signal Lieutenant to Earl St Vincent.

— At the Grove, Market Drayton, Lady Markham, aged 96, widow of the late Sir James Markham, Bart., and sister of the late Robert Lord Clive.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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PART II.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.*

There is probably not a human being come to the years of understanding in all Scotland, who has not heard of the name of Robert Burns. It is indeed a household word. His Poems are found lying in almost every cottage in the country—on the "window-sole" of the kitchen, spence, or parlour; and even in the town-dwellings of the industrious poor, if books belong to the family at all, you are sure to see there the dear Ayrshire Ploughman, the Bard of Coila. The father or mother, born and long bred perhaps among banks and braes, possesses in that small volume a talisman that awakens in a moment all the sweet visions of the past, and that can crowd the dim abode of hard-working poverty with a world of dear rural remembrances that awaken not repining but contentment. No poet ever lived more constantly and more intimately in the heart of a people. With their mirth, or with their melancholy, how often do his "native wood-notes wild" affect the sitters by the ingles of low-roofed homes, till their hearts overflow with feelings that place them on a level, as moral creatures, with the most enlightened in the land; and more than reconcile them with, make them proud of, the condition assigned them in life by Providence! In his poetry, they see with pride the reflection of the character and condition of their own order. That pride is one of the best natural props of poverty; for, supported by it, the poor envy not the rich. They exult to know and to feel that they have had treasures bequeathed to them by one of themselves—treasures of the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination, of which the possession and the enjoyment are one and the same, as long as they preserve their integrity and their independence. The poor man, as he speaks of Robert Burns, always holds up his head, and regards you with an elated look. A tender thought of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," or a bold thought of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," may come across him; and he who in such a spirit loves home and country, by whose side may he not walk an equal in the broad eye of daylight as it shines over our Scottish hills?

This is true popularity. Thus interpreted, the word sounds well, and recovers its ancient meaning. No need of puffing the poetry of Robert Burns. The land "blithe with plough and

* Life of Robert Burns. By J. G. Lockhart, LL.B. Edinburgh—Constable and Co., 19, Waterloo-Place; and Hurst, Chance, and Co., London. 1828.

harrow,"—the broomy or the heathery braes,—the holms by the river's side,—the forest where the woodman's ringing axe no more disturbs the cushat,—the deep dell where all day long sits solitary plaided boy or girl, watching the kine or the sheep,—the moorland hut, without any garden,—the lowland cottage, whose garden glows a very orchard, even now crimsoned with pear-blossoms most beautiful to behold,—the sylvan homestead, sending its reek aloft over the huge sycamore that blackens on the hill-side,—the straw-roofed village, gathering with small bright crofts its many white gable-ends round and about the modest manse, and the kirk-spire covered with the pine-tree that shadows its horologe,—the small, sweet, slated, rural town, low as Peebles, or high as Selkirk, by the clear flowings of Tweed or Ettrick, rivers whom Maga loves,—there, there, and in such sacred scenes, resides, and will for ever reside, the immortal genius of Burns! This is in good truth "the consecration and the poet's dream." Oh, that he, the prevailing Poet, could have seen this light breaking in upon the darkness that did too long and too deeply overshadow his living lot! Some glorious glimpses of it his prophetic soul did see,—witness "The Vision," or that somewhat humbler but yet high strain, in which, bethinking him of the undefined aspirations of his boyish genius that had bestirred itself in the darkness, as if the touch of an angel's hand were to awaken a sleeper in his cell, he said to himself—

"Even then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour,
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least!"

Such hopes were with him in his "bright and shining youth," surrounded, as it was, with toil and trouble, that could not bend down the brow of Burns from its natural upward inclination to the sky; and such hopes, let us doubt it not, were also with him in his dark and faded prime, when life's lamp burned low indeed, and he was willing at last, early as it was, to shut his eyes on this dearly beloved but sorely distracting world.

With what strong and steady enthusiasm is the Anniversary of Burns's birth-day celebrated, not only all over his own native land, but in every country to which her adventurous spirit has carried her sons! On such occasions, nationality is a virtue. For what else is the "memory of Burns," but the memory of all that dignifies and adorns the region that gave him birth? Not till that bright and beautiful region is shorn of all its beams—its honesty, its independence, its moral worth, its genius, and its piety, will the name of Burns

"Die on her ear, a faint, unheeded sound."

To him the Genius of Scotland points in triumph, as the glorious representative of her people. And were he not, in all the power of his genius, truly so, how could his poetry have, as we know it has, an immortal life in the hearts of young and old, whether sitting at gloaming by the ingle-side, or on the stone seat in the open air, as the sun is going down, or walking among the summer mists on the mountain, or the blinding winter snows?

In the life of the poor there is an unchanging and a preserving spirit. The great elementary feelings of human nature there disdain fluctuating fashions; pain and pleasure are alike permanent in their outward shows, as in their inward emotions; there the language of passion never grows obsolete; and at the same passage you hear the child sobbing at the knee of her grandame, whose old eyes are somewhat dimmer than usual, with a haze that seems almost to be of tears. Therefore, the poetry of Burns will continue to charm, as long as Nith flows—Criffel is green, and the bonny blue of the sky of Scotland meets with that in the eyes of her maidens, as they walk up and down her many hundred hills—silent or singing—to kirk or market.

Of one so dear to Scotland—as a poet and a man,—we, of course, have many biographies. There is not one of them without much merit, and some are almost all that could be desired. Yet, perhaps, one was wanted, that should, in moderate bulk, contain not only a lucid narrative of the Life of Burns, so full of most interesting incidents, but criticisms worthy of his poetry; and, above all, a fair, candid, impartial, and manly statement of his admitted frailties, which is all that is needed for the vindication of his character. Within these last ten years that character has

been placed permanently in its true light. It has been regarded, not only with a truly philosophical, but with a truly religious spirit, in connexion with the causes that acted upon it, from the earliest to the latest years of this wonderful being, causes inherent in his condition. Thus all idly babbling tongues have been put to silence. The many calumnies of the mean-spirited and malignant, who were under a natural incapacity of understanding the character of such a man as Burns, and almost under a natural necessity of hating or disliking him, are all sinking, or have already sunk, into oblivion; blame falls now only where blame was due, and even there it falls in pity rather than in anger; it is felt now to be no part of Christian charity to emblazon the errors of our brother, —for no better reason, than because that brother was one of the most highly gifted among the children of men. It will not now be endured, that any man, however pure his own practice, shall unmercifully denounce the few vices of a character redeemed by so many virtues; it is universally acknowledged now, that "if old judgments keep their sacred course," the life and the death of each one among us, who has been as a light and a glory among the nations, will be regarded by the wise and good in the blended light of admiration and forgiveness,—and that Burns, in his grave, may well abide the sentence of such a solemn tribunal. Nor "breathes there the man with soul so dead," as to lift up an often-handled and sore-soiled "Burns's Poems" from the side of the "Big Ha' Bible, ance his father's pride," from the small "window-sole," of the peasant's hut, without having upon his lips the spirit breathing through the beautiful lines of Wordsworth,—high-souled champion of the character of his great dead compeer, and who, with a spirit different, but divine, has bound men's spirits in love to the beauty that is in the green earth and the blue sky, and the cottage-homes, whose spiral smoke seems to blend them together in the charm of a kindred being.

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

The clouds, that too long obscured the personal character of Burns—for his genius has always burned bright —have been, after all, blown away chiefly by the breath of the people of Scotland. Their gratitude would not suffer such obscuration, nor would their justice. But the feelings of the whole people have been nobly expressed by many of the first men of the land. All her best poets have triumphantly spoken in his vindication, and his new biographer has well said, "Burns has been appreciated duly, and he has had the fortune to be praised eloquently, by almost every poet who has come after him. To accumulate all that has been said of him, even by men like himself, of the first order, would fill a volume—and a noble monument, no question, that volume would be—the noblest, except what he has left us in his own immortal verses, which—were some dross removed, and the rest arranged in a chronological order—would, I believe, form, to the intelligent, a more perfect and vivid history of his life than will ever be composed out of all the materials in the world besides."

Among the men of power who have written worthily of our great national Poet, Mr Lockhart himself will now be numbered, and his Life of Burns will occupy a high place in our Biographical Literature. His own achievements, in many departments of literature, give him a right to speak on such a theme. He has himself illustrated, with great power, in several works, the national character of his countrymen. His Roman story, "Valerius," so full of classical grace and elegance, has stamped him the accomplished scholar, no less than a writer of rare genius; and though not a professed poet, his Spanish Ballads have given the world assurance that his soul is full of poetry; and poetry, too, of a very high kind, such as breathes and burns in that of his illustrious father-in-law, the great Poet of Chivalry.

The volume now before us is written—we were about to say with great skill—but we must use a better word —with perfect understanding and feeling of Burns's genius and character. The narrative binds together, closely and naturally, all the chief

incidents in his life, giving to each its appropriate place and prominence. The critical remarks on the several kinds of poetry are distinguished by the finest tact; the summing up of his genius is eloquent and characteristic; and his picture of the Man himself true to the life, in all its lights and shadows. There is no common-place declamation; none of the exaggeration of weak enthusiasm; but every sentence tells, because head and heart are always at work together, and the biographer trusts to the consciousness of his own powers, and to the grandeur of his subject. Many of Burns's noblest strains of thought and emotion, as he loved to pour himself out to the friends he honoured, are intermingled with the narrative; and with the free admiration of kindred intellectual power and moral feeling, Mr Lockhart has given us, along with his own vigorous and original reflections, many of the finest passages about Burns, from the panegyrics bestowed on him by such men as Scott, Wordsworth, Gray, and Cunningham.

Indeed, this biography is animated throughout with a benignant spirit. During the controversy that was carried on, for some years, respecting the general character of Burns, it was natural to expect that men, anxious but to speak the truth, would occasionally, in a case of some difficulty and darkness, give utterance to opinions formed on uncertain and untenable grounds; that those opinions should be often found contradictory and conflicting; that praise and blame should sometimes be bestowed unduly, according as the brighter or darker side of Burns's character met the view,—according to the mood in which it was contemplated, and according, too, to the writer's habitual judgments of human life. So that the opinions of many men, all wishing to speak truth and to do justice, might be set in array against each other, and no unfrequent occasions given even for mutual recrimination. All unnecessary allusions to any such unpleasant differences of opinion or feeling, Mr Lockhart has wisely avoided; and he has, in a spirit of humanity that cannot be too much commended, given the credit of good intention to all who meant well towards Robert Burns. We verily believe that many erroneous and mistaken things have been said, by men of genius and virtue, about the fortunate and unfortunate Bard; but no man of genius and virtue has ever written about him, without also having given vent to much generous and enthusiastic admiration of his character. That will be remembered for ever; let all else be, as far as possible, forgotten; nor is there any fear now that Burns's failings will be remembered, except as a warning to other gifted beings, and as a heartfelt lesson too to those who, without being gifted, as he was, with transcendent genius, may have shared in the temptations and troubles of his passions, and been saved from the public blame which they brought on his head, by the comparative obscurity of their own lot, which, though in one sense higher than his, had been less eminent, and not conspicuous from afar in the light of genius.

It will not be expected of us that we should, at this time of day, launch out into any very long discussion either of the genius or the character of this extraordinary man. We have done so on many former and fitting occasions; and we trust that we too have always spoken of Burns in the right spirit, as indeed, we boldly say it, we have ever done of all true men. Yet a few words will be allowed us, if merely to bring before our readers some of the very fine things contained in this most interesting and instructive volume.

The Life of Burns divides itself into five eras—that passed beneath his father's roof at Mount Oliphant and Lochlea—the years he lived with his brother Gilbert at Mossgiel—his visit to Edinburgh—his residence at Ellisland—and, finally, his closing years in Dumfries.

Of the first period, Mr Lockhart gives such memorials both in prose and verse—it would be hard to say which the more beautiful—furnished by the bard himself, and his brother, as best illustrate the nature of their life. But they need not to be quoted here, for they are familiar to all who know anything about Burns. His youth was full of hidden poetry and passion; but as yet, the one had but rarely burst forth into the forms of genius, the other had not overflowed his life with any disastrous influence. His love in those days was ardent, but it was pure. Notwithstanding the luxurious tone of some of

his pieces produced in those times, we are assured by himself, that no positive "vice mingled in any of his loves." "His numerous connexions," says Gilbert, "were governed by the strictest rules of virtue and modesty, from which he never deviated till his twenty-third year, when he became anxious to marry." And here Mr Lockhart introduces the following remarks:—

"The rural lover, in those districts, pursues his tender vocation in a style, the especial fascination of which town-bred swains may find it somewhat difficult to comprehend. After the labours of the day are over, nay, very often after he is supposed by the inmates of his own fireside to be in his bed, the happy youth thinks little of walking many long Scotch miles to the residence of his mistress, who, upon the signal of a tap at her window, comes forth to spend a soft hour or two beneath the harvest moon, or, if the weather be severe, (a circumstance which never prevents the journey from being accomplished,) amidst the sheaves of her father's barn. This 'chappin' out,' as they call it, is a custom of which parents commonly wink at, if they do not openly approve, the observance; and the consequences are far, very far, more frequently quite harmless, than persons not familiar with the peculiar manners and feelings of our peasantry may find it easy to believe. Excursions of this class form the theme of almost all the songs which Burns is known to have produced about this period,—and such of these juvenile performances as have been preserved, are, without exception, beautiful. They show how powerfully his boyish fancy had been affected by the old rural minstrelsy of his own country, and how easily his native taste caught the secret of its charm. The truth and simplicity of nature breathe in every line—the images are always just, often originally happy—and the growing refinement of his ear and judgment, may be traced in the terser language and more mellow flow of each successive ballad."

Mr Lockhart continues.

"Of the rhymes of those days, few, when he wrote his letter to Moore, had appeared in print. *Winter, a dirge*, an admirably versified piece, is of their number; *the Death of Poor Mailie, Mailie's Elegy*, and *John Barleycorn*; and one charming song, inspired by the Nymph of Kirkoswald's, whose attractions put an end to his trigonometry.

'Now westlin winds, and slaughtering guns,
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather. . . .

—Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow;
Come let us stray our gladsome way,' &c.

"*John Barleycorn* is a clever old ballad, very cleverly new-modelled and extended; but the *Death and Elegy of Poor Mailie* deserves more attention. The expiring animal's admonitions touching the education of the 'poor toop lamb, her son and heir,' and the 'yowie, silly thing,' her daughter, are from the same peculiar vein of sly homely wit, embedded upon fancy, which he afterwards dug with a bolder hand in the *Twa Dogs*, and perhaps to its utmost depth, in his *Death and Doctor Hornbook*. It need scarcely be added, that poor Mailie was a real personage, though she did not actually die till some time after her last words were written. She had been purchased by Burns in a frolic, and became exceedingly attached to his person.

'Thro' all the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.'

"These little pieces are in a much broader dialect than any of their predecessors. His merriment and satire were, from the beginning, Scotch."

Meanwhile, the hardships endured by all the family, "a virtuous household, though exceeding poor," obliged Robert to become, for a short period, a flax-dresser, in the small sea-port town of Irvine. "Unhappily for himself," says Mr Lockhart, "and for the world, it was not always in the recollections of his virtuous home, and the study of his Bible, that Burns sought for consolation amidst the heavy distresses which 'his youth was heir to.'" Irvine is a small sea-port town, and here the adventurous spirits of a smuggling coast, with all their social habits, were to be met with in abundance. "He contracted," says Gilbert, "some acquaintances of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue which had hitherto restrained him."

"The misfortunes of William Burnes thickened apace, as has already been seen, and were approaching their crisis at the time when Robert came home from his flax-dressing experiment at Irvine. The good old man died soon after; and among other evils which he

thus escaped, was an affliction that would, in his eyes, have been severe. The poet had not, as he confesses, come unscathed out of the society of those persons of 'liberal opinions' with whom he consorted in Irvine; and he expressly attributes to their lessons, the scrape into which he fell soon after 'he put his hand to the plough again.' He was compelled, according to the then all but universal custom of rural parishes in Scotland, to do penance in church, before the congregation, in consequence of the birth of an illegitimate child; and whatever may be thought of the propriety of such exhibitions, there can be no difference of opinion as to the culpable levity with which he describes the nature of his offence, and the still more reprehensible bitterness with which, in his Epistle to Ranken, he inveighs against the clergyman, who, in rebuking him, only performed what was then a regular part of the clerical duty, and a part of it that could never have been at all agreeable to the worthy man whom he satirizes under the appellation of 'Daddie Auld.' *The Poet's Welcome to an Illegitimate Child* was composed on the same occasion—a piece in which some very manly feelings are expressed, along with others which it can give no one pleasure to contemplate. There is a song in honour of the same occasion, or a similar one about the same period, *The rantin' Dog the Daddie o't*,—which exhibits the poet as glorying, and only glorying, in his shame.

"When I consider his tender affection for the surviving members of his own family, and the reverence with which he ever regarded the memory of the father whom he had so recently buried, I cannot believe that Burns has thought fit to record in verse all the feelings which this exposure excited in his bosom. 'To wave,' in his own language, 'the quantum of the sin,' he who, two years afterwards, wrote the *Cottar's Saturday Night*, had not, we may be sure, hardened his heart to the thought of bringing additional sorrow and unexpected shame to the fireside of a widowed mother. But his false pride recoiled from letting his jovial associates guess how little he was able to drown the whispers *of the still small voice;* and the fermenting bitterness of a mind ill at ease within itself, escaped (as may be too often traced in the history of satirists) in the shape of angry sarcasms against others, who, whatever their private errors might be, had at least done him no wrong.

"It is impossible not to smile at one item of consolation which Burns proposes to himself on this occasion:—

'——The mair they talk, *I'm kend the better;*
E'en let them clash!'

"This is indeed a singular manifestation of 'the last infirmity of noble minds.'"

His errors, however, were but those of the ardent prime of life—nor even now was Burns licentious—and he surely would be an insupportable hypocrite, be his birth or calling what it may, who should dare to speak harshly of such a stain as this on the character of a young man, whose youth had hitherto been so singularly virtuous.

Three months before their father's death, Robert and Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel, in the neighbouring parish of Mauchline, with the view of providing a shelter for their parent in the storm which they had seen gradually thickening, and knew must soon burst; and to this place, on that death, the whole family removed. "It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family," says Gilbert, "and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was £7 per annum each. And during the whole time this family concern lasted, which was four years, as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, Robert's expenses never in any one year exceeded his income."

"The four years during which Burns resided on this cold and ungrateful farm of Mossgiel, were the most important of his life. It was then that his genius developed its highest energies; on the works produced in these years, his fame was first established, and must ever continue mainly to rest; it was then also that his personal character came out in all its brightest lights, and in all but its darkest shadows; and indeed, from the commencement of this period, the history of the man may be traced, step by step, in his own immortal writings.

"Burns now began to know that nature had meant him for a poet; and diligently, though as yet in secret, he laboured in what he felt to be his destined vocation. Gilbert continued for some time to be his chief, often, indeed, his only, confident; and anything more interesting and delightful than this excellent man's account of the manner in which the poems included in the first of his brother's publications were composed, is certainly not to be found in the annals of literary history."

Long before the earliest of Burns's

productions were known beyond the domestic circle, the strength of his understanding, and the keenness of his wit, as displayed in his ordinary conversation, and more particularly at masonic meetings and debating clubs, (of which he formed one in Mauchline, on the Tarbolton model, immediately on his removal to Mossgiel,) had made his name known to some considerable extent in the country about Tarbolton, Mauchline, and Irvine. He was known to be a genius. Every Scotch peasant who makes any pretensions to understanding, is a theological critic—at least such *was* the case—and Burns, no doubt, had long ere this time, "distinguished himself considerably among those hard-headed groups that may be usually seen gathered together in the church-yard after the sermon is over." It may be guessed, from the time of his residence in Irvine, his strictures were too often delivered in no reverent vein. The Bard himself, in his famous letter to Dr Moore, tells us that Polemical Divinity was, about that time, putting the country half-mad, and that he was ambitious of shining—and all who ever heard him speak know how he shone—in conversation parties on Sundays, at funerals, &c., puzzling Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that he raised against himself a loud and lasting hue and cry of heresy. But, to understand Burns's situation at this time, at once patronized—which he was—by a number of clergymen—and attended with a hue and cry of heresy—we must remember these his own words, that "Polemical Divinity was putting the country half-mad." And here we quote from Mr Lockhart an excellent passage which, while it shews an intimate knowledge of the state of religious parties, at that time, in that part of the West of Scotland, throws a strong light on the causes of some startling peculiarities in some of Burns's most spirited and popular productions of the period.

"Of both the two parties, which, ever since the revolution of 1688, have pretty equally divided the Church of Scotland, it so happened, that some of the most zealous and conspicuous leaders and partizans were thus opposed to each other, in constant warfare, in this particular district; and their feuds being of course taken up among their congregations, and spleen and prejudice at work, even more furiously in the cottage than in *the manse*, he who, to the annoyance of the one set of belligerents, could talk like Burns, might count pretty surely, with whatever alloy his wit happened to be mingled, in whatever shape the precious 'circulating medium' might be cast, on the applause and countenance of the enemy. And it is needless to add, they were the less scrupulous sect of the two that enjoyed the co-operation, such as it was then, and far more important, as in the sequel it came to be, of our poet.

"William Burnes, as we have already seen, though a most exemplary and devout man, entertained opinions very different from those which commonly obtained among the rigid Calvinists of his district. The worthy and pious old man himself, therefore, had not improbably infused into his son's mind its first prejudice against these persons; though, had he lived to witness the manner in which Robert assailed them, there can be no doubt his sorrow would have equalled their anger. The jovial spirits with whom Burns associated at Irvine, and afterwards, were of course habitual deriders of the manners, as well as the tenets of the

'Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox.'

"We have already observed the effect of the young poet's own first collision with the ruling powers of presbyterian discipline; but it was in the very act of settling at Mossgiel that Burns formed the connexion which, more than any circumstance besides, influenced him as to the matter now in question. The farm belonged to the estate of the Earl of Loudoun, but the brothers held it on a sub-lease from Mr Gavin Hamilton, writer (*i. e.* attorney) in Mauchline, a man, by every account, of engaging manners, open, kind, generous, and high-spirited, between whom and Robert Burns, in spite of considerable inequality of condition, a close and intimate friendship was ere long formed. Just about this time, it happened that Hamilton was at open feud with Mr Auld, the minister of Mauchline, (the same who had already *rebuked* the poet,) and the ruling elders of the parish, in consequence of certain irregularities in his personal conduct and deportment, which, according to the usual strict notions of kirk discipline, were considered as fairly demanding the vigorous interference of these authorities. The notice of this person, his own landlord, and, as it would seem, one of the principal inhabitants of the village of Mauchline at the time, must, of course, have been very flattering to our polemical young farmer. He espoused Gavin Hamilton's quarrel warmly. Hamilton was naturally enough disposed to mix up his personal affair with the standing controversies whereon Auld was at variance with

a large and powerful body of his brother clergymen; and by degrees Mr Hamilton's ardent *protegé* came to be as vehemently interested in the church politics of Ayrshire, as he could have been in politics of another order, had he happened to be a freeman of some open borough, and his patron a candidate for the honour of representing it in St Stephen's.

"Mr Cromek has been severely criticised for some details of Mr Gavin Hamilton's dissentions with his parish minister; but perhaps it might have been well to limit the censure to the tone and spirit of the narrative, since there is no doubt that these petty squabbles had a large share in directing the early energies of Burns's poetical talents. Even in the west of Scotland, such matters would hardly excite much notice now-a-days, but they were quite enough to produce a world of vexation and controversy forty years ago; and the English reader to whom all such details are denied, will certainly never be able to comprehend either the merits or the demerits of many of Burns's most remarkable productions. Since I have touched on this matter at all, I may as well add, that Hamilton's family, though professedly adhering (as, indeed, if they were to be Christians at all in that district, they must needs have done) to the Presbyterian Establishment, had always lain under a strong suspicion of Episcopalianism. Gavin's grandfather had been curate of Kirkoswald's, in the troubled times that preceded the Revolution, and incurred great and lasting popular hatred, in consequence of being supposed to have had a principal hand in bringing a thousand of *the Highland host* into that region in 1677-8. The district was commonly said not to have entirely recovered the effects of that savage visitation in less than a hundred years; and the descendants and representatives of the Covenanters, whom the curate of Kirkoswald's had the reputation at least of persecuting, were commonly supposed to regard with anything rather than ready good-will, his grandson, the witty writer of Mauchline. A well-nursed prejudice of this kind was likely enough to be met by counter-spleen, and such seems to have been the truth of the case. The lapse of another generation has sufficed to wipe out every trace of feuds, that were still abundantly discernible, in the days when Ayrshire first began to ring with the equally zealous applause and vituperation of,—

> 'Poet Burns,
> And his priest-skelping turns.'

"It is impossible to look back now to the civil war, which then raged among the churchmen of the west of Scotland, without confessing, that on either side there was much to regret, and not a little to blame. Proud and haughty spirits were unfortunately opposed to each other; and in the superabundant display of zeal as to doctrinal points, neither party seems to have mingled much of the charity of the Christian temper. The whole exhibition was most unlovely—the spectacle of such indecent violence among the leading ecclesiastics of the district, acted most unfavourably on many men's minds—and no one can doubt, that in the at best unsettled state of Robert Burns's principles, the unhappy effect must have been powerful indeed as to him.

"Macgill and Dalrymple, the two ministers of the town of Ayr, had long been suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions on several points, particularly the doctrine of original sin, and even of the Trinity; and the former at length published an Essay, which was considered as demanding the notice of the Church-courts. More than a year was spent in the discussions which arose out of this; and at last Dr Macgill was fain to acknowledge his errors, and promise that he would take an early opportunity of apologizing for them to his own congregation from the pulpit—which promise, however, he never performed. The gentry of the country took, for the most part, the side of Macgill, who was a man of cold unpopular manners, but of unreproached moral character, and possessed of some accomplishments, though certainly not of distinguished talents. The bulk of the lower orders espoused, with far more fervid zeal, the cause of those who conducted the prosecution against this erring doctor. Gavin Hamilton, and all persons of his stamp, were of course on the side of Macgill—Auld, and the Mauchline elders, with his enemies. Mr Robert Aiken, a writer in Ayr, a man of remarkable talents, particularly in public speaking, had the principal management of Macgill's cause before the Presbytery, and, I believe, also before the Synod. He was an intimate friend of Hamilton, and through him had about this time formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into a warm friendship, with Burns. Burns, therefore, was from the beginning a zealous, as in the end he was perhaps the most effective partizan, of the side on which Aiken had staked so much of his reputation. Macgill, Dalrymple, and their brethren, suspected, with more or less justice, of leaning to heterodox opinions, are the *New Light* pastors of his earliest satires.

"The prominent antagonists of these men, and chosen champions of the *Auld Light*, in Ayrshire, it must now be ad-

mitted on all hands, presented, in many particulars of personal conduct and demeanour, as broad a mark as ever tempted the shafts of a satirist. These men prided themselves on being the legitimate and undegenerate descendants and representatives of the haughty Puritans, who chiefly conducted the overthrow of Popery in Scotland, and who ruled for a time, and would fain have continued to rule, over both king and people, with a more tyrannical dominion than ever the Catholic priesthood itself had been able to exercise amidst that high-spirited nation. With the horrors of the Papal system for ever in their mouths, these men were in fact as bigoted monks, and almost as relentless inquisitors in their hearts, as ever wore cowl and cord—austere and ungracious of aspect, coarse and repulsive of address and manners—very Pharisees as to the lesser matters of the law, and many of them, to all outward appearance at least, overflowing with pharisaical self-conceit, as well as monastic bile. That admirable qualities lay concealed under this ungainly exterior, and mingled with and checked the worst of these gloomy passions, no candid man will permit himself to doubt or suspect for a moment; and that Burns has grossly overcharged his portraits of them, deepening shadows that were of themselves sufficiently dark, and excluding altogether those brighter, and perhaps softer, traits of character, which redeemed the originals within the sympathies of many of the worthiest and best of men, seems equally clear. Their bitterest enemies dared not at least to bring against them, even when the feud was at its height of fervour, charges of that heinous sort, which they fearlessly, and I fear justly, preferred against their antagonists. No one ever accused them of signing the Articles, administering the sacraments, and eating the bread of a Church, whose fundamental doctrines they disbelieved, and, by insinuation at least, disavowed.

"The law of Church-patronage was another subject on which controversy ran high and furious in the district at the same period; the actual condition of things on this head being upheld by all the men of the New Light, and condemned as equally at variance with the precepts of the gospel, and the rights of freemen, by not a few of the other party, and, in particular, by certain conspicuous zealots in the immediate neighbourhood of Burns. While this warfare raged, there broke out an intestine discord within the camp of the faction which he loved not. Two of the foremost leaders of the Auld Light party quarrelled about a question of parish-boundaries; the matter was taken up in the Presbytery of Kilmarnock, and there, in the open court, to which the announcement of the discussion had drawn a multitude of the country people, and Burns among the rest, the reverend divines, hitherto sworn friends and associates, lost all command of temper, and abused each other *coram populo*, with a fiery virulence of personal invective, such as has long been banished from all popular assemblies, wherein the laws of courtesy are enforced by those of a certain unwritten code.

"'The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light,' says Burns, 'was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had a notion myself, that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with *a roar of applause*.'

"This was *The Holy Tuilzie*, or *Twa Herds*, a piece not given either by Currie or Gilbert Burns, though printed without scruple by the Rev. Hamilton Paul, and certainly omitted, for no very intelligible reason, in editions where *The Holy Fair*, *The Ordination*, *&c.* found admittance. The two *herds*, or pastors, were Mr Moodie, minister of Riccartoun, and that favourite victim of Burns's, John Russell, then minister at Kilmarnock, and afterwards of Stirling.

"'From this time,' Burns says, 'I began to be known in the country as a maker of rhymes. . . . . *Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, and see if any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers'——: and to a place among profane rhymers, the author of this terrible infliction had unquestionably established his right. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as 'a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote—but unfortunately cast in a form too daringly profane to be received into Dr Currie's collection.'"

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"That performances so blasphemous should have been, not only pardoned, but applauded by ministers of religion, is a

singular circumstance, which may go far to make the reader comprehend the exaggerated state of party feeling in Burns's native county, at the period when he first appealed to the public ear: nor is it fair to pronounce sentence upon the young and reckless satirist, without taking into consideration the undeniable fact—that in his worst offences of this kind, he was encouraged and abetted by those, who, to say nothing more about their professional character and authority, were almost the only persons of liberal education whose society he had any opportunity of approaching at the period in question. Had Burns received, at this time, from his clerical friends and patrons, such advice as was tendered, when rather too late, by a layman, who was as far from bigotry on religious subjects as any man in the world,* this great genius might have made his first approaches to the public notice in a different character."

No wonder that Burns, under such causes of excitement, overstepped the bounds of propriety and decency in his satirical pictures of what he considered superstition; that he was not sensible of the dangerous ground on which he was recklessly treading; and that with a deep sense of religion, and an habitual reverence of its most sacred institutions, whether public or private, he should have written much that must shock the best and highest feelings of the religious mind.

"Encouraged by the 'roar of applause' which greeted these pieces, thus orally promulgated and recommended, he produced in succession various satires, wherein the same set of persons were lashed; as *The Ordination; The Kirk's Alarm*, &c. &c.; and last, and best, undoubtedly, *The Holy Fair*, in which, unlike the others that have been mentioned, satire keeps its own place, and is subordinate to the poetry of Burns. This was, indeed, an extraordinary performance; no partizan of any sect could whisper that malice had formed its principal inspiration, or that its chief attraction lay in the boldness with which individuals entitled and accustomed to respect, were held up to ridicule: it was acknowledged, amidst the sternest mutterings of wrath, that national manners were once more in the hands of a national poet; and hardly denied by those who shook their heads the most gravely over the indiscretions of particular passages, or even by those who justly regretted a too prevailing tone of levity in the treatment of a subject essentially solemn, that the Muse of Christ's Kirk on the Green had awakened, after the slumber of ages, with all the vigour of her regal youth about her, in 'the auld clay biggin' of Mossgiel.

"*The Holy Fair*, however, created admiration, not surprise, among a circle of domestic friends who had been admitted to watch the steps of his progress in an art of which, beyond that circle, little or nothing was heard, until the youthful poet produced at length a satirical master-piece. It is not possible to reconcile the statements of Gilbert and others as to some of the minutiæ of the chronological history of some of Burns's previous performances; but there can be no doubt, that although, from choice or accident, his first provincial fame was that of a satirist, he had, some time before any of his philippics on the Auld Light divines made their appearance, exhibited to those who enjoyed his personal confidence, a range of imaginative power hardly inferior to what the *Holy Fair* itself displays; and, at least, such a rapidly improving skill in poetical language and versification, as must have prepared them for witnessing, without wonder, even the most perfect specimens of his art."

From such compositions as these, unequalled as they are in power and spirit, who is not happy to turn to the noblest poem that genius ever dedicated to domestic devotion—The Cottar's Saturday Night? Mr Lockhart beautifully and truly says:

"The *Cottar's Saturday Night* is, perhaps, of all Burns's pieces, the one whose exclusion from the collection, were such things possible now-a-days, would be the most injurious, if not to the genius, at least to the character, of the man. In spite of many feeble lines, and some heavy stanzas, it appears to me, that even his genius would suffer more in estimation, by being contemplated in the absence of this poem, than of any other single performance he has left us. Loftier flights he certainly has made, but in these he remained but a short while on the wing, and effort is too often perceptible; here

* The excellent John Ramsay of Ochtertyre.

the motion is easy, gentle, placidly undulating. There is more of the conscious security of power, than in any other of his serious pieces of considerable length; the whole has the appearance of coming in a full stream from the fountain of the heart—a stream that soothes the ear, and has no glare on the surface.

"It is delightful to turn from any of the pieces which present so great a genius as writhing under an inevitable burden, to this, where his buoyant energy seems not even to feel the pressure. The miseries of toil and penury, who shall affect to treat as unreal? Yet they shrunk to small dimensions in the presence of a spirit thus exalted at once, and softened, by the pieties of virgin love, filial reverence, and domestic devotion.

"That he who thus enthusiastically apprehended, and thus exquisitely painted, the artless beauty and solemnity of the feelings and thoughts that ennoble the life of the Scottish peasant, could witness observances in which the very highest of these redeeming influences are most powerfully and gracefully displayed, and yet describe them in a vein of unmixed merriment—that the same man should have produced the *Cottar's Saturday Night* and the *Holy Fair* about the same time—will ever continue to move wonder and regret.

"'The annual celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the rural parishes of Scotland, has much in it,' says the unfortunate Heron, 'of those old popish festivals, in which superstition, traffic, and amusement, used to be strangely intermingled. Burns saw and seized in it one of the happiest of all subjects to afford scope for the display of that strong and piercing sagacity by which he could almost intuitively distinguish the reasonable from the absurd, and the becoming from the ridiculous: of that picturesque power of fancy which enabled him to represent scenes, and persons, and groups, and looks, and attitudes, and gestures, in a manner almost as lively and impressive, even in words, as if all the artifices and energies of the pencil had been employed; of that knowledge which he had necessarily acquired of the manners, passions, and prejudices of the rustics around him—of whatever was ridiculous, no less than whatever was affectingly beautiful in rural life.' This is very good so far as it goes; but who ever disputed the exquisite graphic truth, so far as it goes, of the poem to which the critic refers? The question remains as it stood; is there then nothing besides a strange mixture of superstition, traffic, and amusement, in the scene which such an annual celebration in a rural parish of Scotland presents? Does nothing of what is 'affectingly beautiful in rural life,' make a part in the original which was before the poet's eyes? Were 'Superstition,' 'Hypocrisy,' and 'Fun,' the only influences which he might justly have impersonated? It would be hard, I think, to speak so even of the old popish festivals to which Mr Heron alludes; it would be hard, surely, to say it of any festival in which, mingled as they may be with sanctimonious pretenders, and surrounded with giddy groups of onlookers, a mighty multitude of devout men are assembled for the worship of God, beneath the open heaven, and above the tombs of their fathers."

"Let us beware, however, of pushing our censure of a young poet, mad with the inspiration of the moment, from whatever source derived, too far. It can hardly be doubted that the author of the *Cottar's Saturday Night* had felt, in his time, all that any man can feel in the contemplation of the most sublime of the religious observances of his country; and as little, that had he taken up the subject of this rural sacrament in a solemn mood, he might have produced a piece as gravely beautiful as his *Holy Fair* is quaint, graphic, and picturesque. A scene of family worship, on the other hand, I can easily imagine to have come from his hand as pregnant with the ludicrous as that Holy Fair itself. The family prayers of the Saturday's night, and the rural celebration of the Eucharist, are parts of the same system—the system which has made the people of Scotland what they are—and what, it is to be hoped, they will continue to be. And when men ask of themselves what this great national poet really thought of a system in which minds immeasurably inferior to his can see so much to venerate, it is surely just that they should pay most attention to what he has delivered under the gravest sanction. In noble natures, we may be sure, the source of tears lies nearer the heart than that of smiles."

"Burns seems to have very soon perceived," continues Mr Lockhart, "that the farm of Mossgiel would, at the best, furnish no more than bare means of existence to so large a family; and wearied with the 'prospects drear' from which he only escaped in occasional intervals of social merriment, or when joyous flashes of solitary fancy, for they are no more, threw sun-shine

on everything, he very naturally took up the notion of quitting Scotland for a time, and trying his fortune in the West Indies, where, as is well known, the managers of the plantations are, in the great majority of cases, Scotchmen of Burns's own rank and condition." A new burst of misfortune rendered him doubly anxious to escape from his native land—namely, his first attachment, and its consequences, to his "Jean," who afterwards became his loving and beloved wife.

"Burns's worldly circumstances were in a most miserable state when he was informed of Miss Armour's condition; and the first announcement of it staggered him like a blow. He saw nothing for it but to fly the country at once; and, in a note to James Smith of Mauchline, the confident of his amour, he thus wrote:—'Against two things I am fixed as fate—staying at home, and owning her conjugally. The first, by Heaven, I will not do!—the last, by hell, I will never do!—A good God bless you, and make you happy, up to the warmest weeping wish of parting friendship. . . . . If you see Jean, tell her I will meet her, so help me God in my hour of need.'

"The lovers met accordingly; and the result of the meeting was what was to be anticipated from the tenderness and the manliness of Burns's feelings. All dread of personal inconvenience yielded at once to the tears of the woman he loved, and, ere they parted, he gave into her keeping a written acknowledgment of marriage, which, when produced by a person in Miss Armour's condition, is, according to the Scots law, to be accepted as legal evidence of an *irregular* marriage having really taken place; it being of course understood that the marriage was to be formally avowed as soon as the consequences of their imprudence could no longer be concealed from their family.

"The disclosure was deferred to the last moment, and it was received by the father of Miss Armour with equal surprise and anger. Burns, confessing himself to be unequal to the maintenance of a family, proposed to go immediately to Jamaica, where he hoped to find better fortunes. He offered, if this were rejected, to abandon his farm, which was by this time a hopeless concern, and earn bread at least for his wife and children as a daily labourer at home; but nothing could appease the indignation of Armour, who, Professor Walker hints, had entertained previously a very bad opinion of Burns's whole character. By what arguments he prevailed on his daughter to take so strange and so painful a step we know not; but the fact is certain, that, at his urgent entreaty, she destroyed the document, which must have been to her the most precious of her possessions—the only evidence of her marriage.

"It was under such extraordinary circumstances that Miss Armour became the mother of twins.

"Burns's love and pride, the two most powerful feelings of his mind, had been equally wounded. His anger and grief together drove him, according to every account, to the verge of absolute insanity; and some of his letters on this occasion, both published and unpublished, have certainly all the appearance of having been written in as deep a concentration of despair as ever preceded the most awful of human calamities. His first thought had been, as we have seen, to fly at once from the scene of his disgrace and misery; and this course seemed now to be absolutely necessary. He was summoned to find security for the maintenance of the children whom he was prevented from legitimating, and such was his poverty that he could not satisfy the parish-officers. I suppose security for some four or five pounds a-year was the utmost that could have been demanded from a person of his rank; but the man who had in his desk the immortal poems to which we have been referring above, either disdained to ask, or tried in vain to find, pecuniary assistance in his hour of need; and the only alternative that presented itself to his view was America or a jail.

"Who can ever learn without grief and indignation, that it was the victim of *such* miseries who, at such a moment, could pour out such a strain as the *Lament?*

'O thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

'No idly-feign'd poetic plaints,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft-attested Pow'rs above;
The *promised Father's tender name;*
These were the pledges of my love!'"

Jamaica was now his mark; and to raise money to pay his passage, he was encouraged by his warm friends, Gavin Hamilton, and Mr Aiken, to publish his poems. His rural patrons exerted themselves with success in the

matter; and so many copies were soon subscribed for, that he entered into terms with a printer in Kilmarnock, and began to copy out his performances for the press. He carried his MSS. piece-meal to the printer; and encouraged by the ray of light which unexpected patronage had begun to throw on his affairs, composed, while the printing was in progress, some of the best poems of the collection. The tale of the "Twa Dogs," for instance, with which the volume commenced, is known to have been written in the short interval between the publication being determined on, and the printing begun. The Poems were received with favour, even with rapture, in the county of Ayr, and ere long over the adjoining counties. Professor Dugald Stewart, then residing at Catrine, and his accomplished lady, noticed the Bard—and Dr Blair, then on a visit to this illustrious philosopher, on reading "The Holy Fair," at once pronounced it the "work of a great genius." Above all, Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop, a lady of high birth and ample fortune, and endowed by nature with the noblest gifts, enthusiastically attached to her country, and interested in whatever appeared to concern the honour of Scotland, gave to Burns some portion of that friendship which was ever afterwards the boast and the blessing of his life; and which, in the midst of melancholy, and alas! despair, he carried with him in the core of his wasted heart to the grave. Ere long, he was induced to visit Edinburgh, which his fame had reached—and then began what may be called a new era in his existence.

There the kind Blacklock, who had formerly written to Dr Laurie, an Ayrshire clergyman, enthusiastically about his genius, received Burns with all the warmth of paternal affection—Blair and other eminent literati gave him a generous welcome—and Lord Glencairn made interest with the Caledonian Hunt, an Association of the most distinguished Members of the Northern Aristocracy, to accept the dedication of the forthcoming edition of his Poems, and to subscribe individually for copies. Several noblemen, especially of the West of Scotland, came forward with subscription monies considerably beyond the usual rate; and Burns was in a fortnight the Lion of our then small, and now not large capital. "We all know," says Mr Lockhart, "how the serious part of this appeal (an appeal to the public in his favour by Henry Mackenzie) was ultimately listened to; but, in the meantime, whatever gratification such a mind as his could derive from the blandishments of the fair, the condescension of the noble, and the flatteries of the learned, were plentifully administered to 'the Lion' of the season." It gives us pleasure to quote here a passage respecting Mr Henry Mackenzie.

"It will ever be remembered, to the honour of the man who at that period held the highest place in the imaginative literature of Scotland, that he was the first who came forward to avow in print his admiration of the genius and his warm interest in the fortunes of the poet. Distinguished as his own writings are by the refinements of classical art, Mr Henry Mackenzie was, fortunately for Burns, a man of liberal genius, as well as polished taste; and he, in whose own pages some of the best models of elaborate elegance will ever be recognised, was among the first to feel, and the first to stake his own reputation on the public avowal, that *the Ayrshire Ploughman* belonged to the order of beings, whose privilege it is to snatch graces 'beyond the reach of art.' It is but a melancholy business to trace among the records of literary history, the manner in which most great original geniuses have been greeted on their first appeals to the world, by the contemporary arbiters of taste; coldly and timidly indeed have the sympathies of professional criticism flowed on most such occasions in past times and in the present: But the reception of Burns was worthy of *the Man of Feeling*."

Burns bore all his honours in a manner worthy of himself; and of these the testimonies are so numerous, that Mr Lockhart says, the only difficulty is that of selection. "In his proud career, however," he also finely says, "the popular idol needed no slave to whisper whence he had risen, and whither he was to return, in the ebb of the spring-tide of fortune. His 'prophetic soul' was probably furnished with a sufficient memento every night, when from the soft homage of glittering saloons, or the tumultuous applause of convivial assemblies, he made his retreat to the humble garret of a writer's apprentice, a native of Mauchline, as poor as himself, whose only bed 'Caledonia's Bard' was fain to partake throughout this triumphant winter!"

Here Mr Lockhart makes some ad-

mirable remarks on the time of Burns's appearance as a poetical prodigy in the metropolis of Scotland. We cannot deny ourselves and our readers the pleasure of such a quotation.

"Darkly as the career of Burns was destined to terminate, there can be no doubt that he made his first appearance at a period highly favourable for his reception as a British, and especially as a Scottish poet. Nearly forty years had elapsed since the death of Thomson:—Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, had successively disappeared:—Dr Johnson had belied the rich promise of his early appearance, and confined himself to prose; and Cowper had hardly begun to be recognised as having any considerable pretensions to fill the long-vacant throne in England. At home—without derogation from the merits either of *Douglas* or the *Minstrel*, be it said—men must have gone back at least three centuries to find a Scottish poet at all entitled to be considered as of that high order to which the generous criticism of Mackenzie at once admitted "the Ayrshire Ploughman." Of the form and garb of his composition, much, unquestionably and avowedly, was derived from his more immediate predecessors, Ramsay and Ferguson: but there was a bold mastery of hand in his picturesque descriptions, to produce anything equal to which it was necessary to recall the days of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and *Peebles to the Play*: and in his more solemn pieces, a depth of inspiration, and a massive energy of language, to which the dialect of his country had been a stranger, at least since 'Dunbar the Mackar.' The Muses of Scotland had never indeed been silent; and the ancient minstrelsy of the land, of which a slender portion had as yet been committed to the safeguard of the press, was handed from generation to generation, and preserved, in many a fragment, faithful images of the peculiar tenderness, and peculiar humour of the national fancy and character—precious representations, which Burns himself never surpassed in his happiest efforts. But these were fragments; and with a scanty handful of exceptions, the best of them, at least of the serious kind, were very ancient. Among the numberless effusions of the Jacobite Muse, valuable as we now consider them for the record of manners and events, it would be difficult to point out half-a-dozen strains, worthy, for poetical excellence alone, of a place among the old chivalrous ballads of the Southern, or even of the Highland Border. Generations had passed away since any Scottish poet had appealed to the sympathies of his countrymen in a lofty Scottish strain.

"The dialect itself had been hardly dealt with. 'It is my opinion,' said Dr Geddes, 'that those who, for almost a century past, have written in Scotch, Allan Ramsay not excepted, have not duly discriminated the genuine idiom from its vulgarisms. They seem to have acted a similar part to certain pretended imitators of Spenser and Milton, who fondly imagine that they are copying from these great models, when they only mimic their antique mode of spelling, their obsolete terms, and their irregular constructions.' And although I cannot well guess what the doctor considered as the irregular constructions of Milton, there can be no doubt of the general justice of his observations. Ramsay and Ferguson were both men of humble condition, the latter of the meanest, the former of no very elegant habits; and the dialect which had once pleased the ears of kings, who themselves did not disdain to display its powers and elegancies in verse, did not come untarnished through their hands. Ferguson, who was entirely town-bred, smells more of the Cowgate than of the country; and pleasing as Ramsay's rustics are, he appears rather to have observed the surface of rural manners, in casual excursions to Penycuik and the Hunter's Tryste, than to have expressed the results of intimate knowledge and sympathy. His dialect was a somewhat incongruous mixture of the Upper Ward of Lanark and the Luckenbooths; and he could neither write English verses, nor engraft English phraseology on his Scotch, without betraying a lamentable want of skill in the use of his instruments. It was reserved for Burns to interpret the inmost soul of the Scottish peasant in all its modes, and in verse exquisitely and intensely Scottish, without degrading either his sentiments or his language with one touch of vulgarity. Such is the delicacy of native taste, and the power of a truly masculine genius.

"This is the more remarkable, when we consider that the dialect of Burns's native district is, in all mouths but his own, a peculiarly offensive one:*—far removed from that of the favoured districts in which the ancient minstrelsy appears, with rare exceptions, to have been produced. Even in the elder days, it seems to have been proverbial for its coarse-

* No.—C. N.

ness. Dunbar, among other sarcasms on his antagonist Kennedy, says :—

'I haif on me a pair of Lothian hipps
Sall fairer Inglis mak, and mair perfyte,
Than thou can blabber with thy Carrick lipps;'

and the Covenanters were not likely to mend it. The few poets whom the west of Scotland had produced in the old time, were all men of high condition; and who, of course, used the language, not of their own villages, but of Holyrood. Their productions, moreover, in so far as they have been produced, had nothing to do with the peculiar character and feelings of the men of the west. As Burns himself has said,—'It is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, &c. there is scarcely an old song or tune, which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of, those counties.'

"The history of Scottish literature, from the union of the crowns to that of the kingdoms, has not yet been made the subject of any separate work at all worthy of its importance; nay, however much we are indebted to the learned labours of Pinkerton, Irving, and others, enough of the *general* obscurity of which Warton complained still continues, to the no small discredit of so accomplished a nation. But how miserably the *literature* of the country was affected by the loss of the court under whose immediate patronage it had, in almost all preceding times, found a measure of protection that will ever do honour to the memory of the unfortunate house of Stuart, appears to be indicated with sufficient plainness in the single fact, that no man can point out any Scottish author of the first rank in all the long period which intervened between Buchanan and Hume. The removal of the chief nobility and gentry, consequent on the Legislative Union, appeared to destroy our last hopes as a separate nation, possessing a separate literature of our own; nay, for a time, to have all but extinguished the flame of intellectual exertion and ambition. Long torn and harassed by religious and political feuds, this people had at last heard, as many believed, the sentence of irremediable degradation pronounced by the lips of their own prince and parliament. The universal spirit of Scotland was humbled; the unhappy insurrections of 1715 and 1745 revealed the full extent of her internal disunion; and England took, in some respects, merciless advantage of the fallen.

"Time, however, passed on; and Scotland recovering at last from the blow which had stunned her energies, began to vindicate her pretensions, in the only departments which had been left open to her, with a zeal and a success which will ever distinguish one of the brightest pages of her history. Deprived of every national honour and distinction which it was possible to remove—all the high branches of external ambition lopped off,—sunk at last, as men thought, effectually into a province, willing to take law with passive submission, in letters as well as polity, from her powerful sister—the old kingdom revived suddenly from her stupor, and once more asserted her name in reclamations, which England was compelled not only to hear, but to applaud, and 'wherewith all Europe rung from side to side,' at the moment when a national poet came forward to profit by the reflux of a thousand half-forgotten sympathies—amidst the full joy of a national pride, revived and re-established beyond the dream of hope.

"It will always reflect honour on the galaxy of eminent men of letters, who, in their various departments, shed lustre at that period on the name of Scotland, that they suffered no pedantic prejudices to interfere with their reception of Burns. Had he not appeared personally among them, it may be reasonably doubted whether this would have been so. They were men, generally speaking, of very social habits; living together in a small capital; nay, almost all of them, in or about one street, maintaining friendly intercourse continually; not a few of them considerably addicted to the pleasures which have been called, by way of excellence, I presume, convivial. Burns's poetry might have procured him access to these circles; but it was the extraordinary resources he displayed in conversation, the strong vigorous sagacity of his observations on life and manners, the splendour of his wit, and the glowing energy of his eloquence when his feelings were stirred, that made him the object of serious admiration among these practised masters of the arts of *talk*. There were several of them that probably adopted in their hearts the opinion of Newton, that 'poetry is ingenious nonsense.' Adam Smith, for one, could have had no very ready respect at the service of such an unproductive labourer as a maker of Scottish ballads; but the stateliest of these philosophers had enough to do to maintain the attitude of equality, when brought into personal contact with Burns's gigantic understanding; and every one of them whose impressions on the subject have been recorded, agrees in pronouncing his conversation to have been the most remarkable thing about him.

"And yet it is amusing enough to trace the lingering reluctance of some of these polished scholars, about admitting, even to themselves, in his absence, what it is certain they all felt sufficiently when they were actually in his presence. It is difficult, for example, to read without a smile that letter of Mr Dugald Stewart, in which he describes himself and Mr Alison as being surprised to discover that Burns, after reading the latter author's elegant *Essay on Taste*, had really been able to form some shrewd enough notion of the general principles of the association of *ideas*.

"Burns would probably have been more satisfied with himself in these learned societies, had he been less addicted to giving free utterance in conversation to the very feelings which formed the noblest inspirations of his poetry. His sensibility was as tremblingly exquisite, as his sense was masculine and solid; and he seems to have ere long suspected that the professional metaphysicians who applauded his rapturous bursts, surveyed them in reality with something of the same feeling which may be supposed to attend a skilful surgeon's inspection of a curious specimen of morbid anatomy. Why should he lay his inmost heart thus open to dissectors, who took special care to keep the knife from their own breasts? The secret blush that overspread his haughty countenance when such suggestions occurred to him in his solitary hours, may be traced in the opening lines of a diary which he began to keep ere he had been long in Edinburgh."

In conversational powers, it is universally allowed that Burns, fresh from the plough-tail and the ingle-reek, far excelled all the most distinguished persons in Edinburgh, whether professors, ministers, or advocates, and that, too, in all kinds of company, mixed or unmixed, select or miscellaneous, principally male, or principally female, sacred or profane. The reason is plain. He possessed ten times the genius of any one among them all; his reading of good prose and poetry had been extensive; his heart and his soul, as well as his mind, were in all he had ever read; his feelings, impulses, passions, all were vivid, untamed, and triumphant. The worst miseries of his life were for a while suddenly flung by him into oblivion; and hope, joy, and glory, claimed him for their own. The power of poetry within him nothing had as yet cowed. That new world, whose false glitter he had not had time to see through, and thoroughly to despise, was set before his eyes in dazzling and attractive beauty; and Woman appeared before his senses and his imagination in more than the ideal loveliness that had ever haunted his dreams; while many a fairest idol smiled delighted to receive his fervent and impassioned worship. One of the poet's remarks, as Cromek tells us, "when he first came to Edinburgh, was, that between the men of rustic life and the polite world, he observed little difference. That in the former, though unpolished by fashion, and unenlightened by science, he had found much observation and much intelligence; but a refined and accomplished woman was a thing almost new to him, and of which he formed but a very inadequate idea." Hence, as the late beautiful and fascinating Duchess of Gordon said, "his conversation carried her off her feet!" After some unimportant details of the poet's Edinburgh life, Mr Lockhart thus finely and freely discourses of Burns's conversational exploits among the Edinburgh talkers of that day.

"But to pass from these trifles, it needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested, in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation, a most thorough conviction, that, in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble—nay to tremble visibly—beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if

they had the power of doing it; and,—last and probably worst of all,—who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent; with wit in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had, ere long, no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves.

"The lawyers of Edinburgh, in whose wider circles Burns figured at his outset, with at least as much success as among the professional literati, were a very different race of men from these; they would neither, I take it, have pardoned rudeness, nor been alarmed by wit. But being, in those days, with scarcely an exception, members of the landed aristocracy of the country, and forming by far the most influential body (as indeed they still do) in the society of Scotland, they were, perhaps, as proud a set of men as ever enjoyed the tranquil pleasures of unquestioned superiority. What their haughtiness, as a body, was, may be guessed, when we know that inferior birth was reckoned a fair and legitimate ground for excluding any man from the bar. In one remarkable instance, about this very time, a man of very extraordinary talents and accomplishments was chiefly opposed in a long and painful struggle for admission, and, in reality, for no reasons but those I have been alluding to, by gentlemen who in the sequel stood at the very head of the whig party in Edinburgh; and the same aristocratical prejudice has, within the memory of the present generation, kept more persons of eminent qualifications in the background, for a season, than any English reader would easily believe. To this body belonged nineteen out of twenty of those 'patricians' whose stateliness Burns so long remembered and so bitterly resented. It might, perhaps, have been well for him had stateliness been the worst fault of their manners. Wine-bibbing appears to be in most regions a favourite indulgence with those whose brains and lungs are subjected to the severe exercises of legal study and forensic practice. To this day, more traces of these old habits linger about the inns of court than in any other section of London. In Dublin and Edinburgh, the barristers are even now eminently convivial bodies of men; but among the Scotch lawyers of the time of Burns, the principle of jollity was indeed in its 'high and palmy state.' He partook largely in those tavern scenes of audacious hilarity, which then soothed, as a matter of course, the arid labours of the northern *noblesse de la robe*, (so they are well called in *Redgauntlet*,) and of which we are favoured with a specimen in the 'High Jinks' chapter of *Guy Mannering*."

Tavern-life was then in full vigour in Edinburgh; and there can be no doubt that Burns rapidly familiarized himself with it during this residence. He had, after all, tasted but rarely of such excesses in Ayrshire. His nocturnal revels, like those of our own Noctes Ambrosianæ, were not wholly indeed of the Imagination, but Fancy poured out many an airy brimmer; and it has been long well known that "Auld Nanse Tinnock," or "Poosie Nancie," the Mauchline landlady, declared that "Robert Burns might be a very clever lad, but he certainly, to the best of her belief, had never taken three half-mutchkins in her house in all his life." In addition, too, to Gilbert's testimony to the same purpose, we have on record that of Mr Archibald Bruce, (*qualified* by Heron as a gentleman of great worth and discernment,) that he had observed Burns closely during that period of his life, and seen him steadily resist such solicitations and allurements to excessive convivial enjoyment, as hardly any other person could have withstood. That in Edinburgh he indulged in dissipation is certain; and it would, as Mr Lockhart allows, "be idle now to attempt passing over these things in silence;" but that his indulgences were grossly exaggerated, we also know, and most shamefully bruited abroad by the voice of the public, the pensive and censorious public, who then-a-days as now, thinks herself entitled to make free with the fair fame of every one who delights and astonishes her, more especially if he be, as Burns was, a peasant and a prodigy.

"Of these failings, and indeed of all Burns's failings, it may be safely asserted, that there was more in his history to account and apologize for them, than can be alleged in regard to almost any other great man's imperfections. We have seen, how, even in his earliest days, the strong thirst of distinction glowed within him—how in his first and rudest rhymes he sung,

—— 'to be great is charming;'

and we have also seen, that the display

of talent in conversation was the first means of distinction that occurred to him. It was by that talent that he first attracted notice among his fellow peasants, and after he mingled with the first Scotsmen of his time, this talent was still that which appeared the most astonishing of all he possessed. What wonder that he should delight in exerting it where he could exert it the most freely —where there was no check upon a tongue that had been accustomed to revel in the license of village-mastery? where every sally, however bold, was sure to be received with triumphant applause—where there were no claims to rival his —no proud brows to convey rebuke, above all, perhaps, no grave eyes to convey regret? 'Nonsense,' says Cumberland, 'talked by men of wit and understanding in the hours of relaxation, is of the very finest essence of conviviality; but it implies a trust in the company not always to be risked.' It was little in Burns's character to submit to nice and scrupulous rules, when he knew that, by crossing the street, he could find society who would applaud him the more, the more heroically all such rules were disregarded; and he who had passed from the company of the jolly *bachelors* of Tarbolton and Mauchline, to that of the eminent Scotsmen whose names were honoured all over the civilized world, without discovering any difference that appeared worthy of much consideration, was well prepared to say, with the prince of all free-speakers and free-livers, 'I will take mine ease in mine inn!'

"But these, assuredly, were not the only feelings that influenced Burns: In his own letters, written during his stay in Edinburgh, we have the best evidence to the contrary. He shrewdly suspected, from the very beginning, that the personal notice of the great and the illustrious was not to be as lasting as it was eager: he foresaw, that sooner or later he was destined to revert to societies less elevated above the pretensions of his birth; and, though his jealous pride might induce him to record his suspicions in language rather too strong than too weak, it is quite impossible to read what he wrote, without believing that a sincere distrust lay rankling at the roots of his heart, all the while that he appeared to be surrounded with an atmosphere of joy and hope."

In letters to his kind patroness, Mrs Dunlop, and to Dr Moore, we find him expressing the feelings so finely alluded to in the above paragraph.

"'You are afraid I shall grow intoxicated with my prosperity as a poet. Alas! madam, I know myself and the world too well. I do not mean any airs of affected modesty; I am willing to believe that my abilities deserved some notice; but in a most enlightened, informed age and nation, when poetry is and has been the study of men of the first natural genius, aided with all the powers of polite learning, polite books, and polite company—to be dragged forth to the full glare of learned and polite observation, with all my imperfections of awkward rusticity, and crude unpolished ideas, on my head,—I assure you, madam, I do not dissemble, when I tell you I tremble for the consequences. The novelty of a poet in my obscure situation, without any of those advantages which are reckoned necessary for that character, at least at this time of day, has raised a partial tide of public notice, which has borne me to a height where I am absolutely, feelingly certain, my abilities are inadequate to support me; and too surely do I see that time, when the same tide will leave me, and recede perhaps as far below the mark of truth. . . . . I mention this once for all, to disburden my mind, and I do not wish to hear or say any more about it. But —'When proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,' you will bear me witness, that when my bubble of fame was at the highest, I stood unintoxicated with the inebriating cup in my hand, *looking forward with rueful resolve.*'

"And about the same time, to Dr Moore:—'The hope to be admired for ages is, in by far the greater part of those even who are authors of repute, an unsubstantial dream. For my part, my first ambition was, and still my strongest wish is, to please my compeers, the rustic inmates of the hamlet, while ever-changing language and manners shall allow me to be relished and understood. I am very willing to admit that I have some poetical abilities; and as few, if any writers, either moral or poetical, are intimately acquainted with the classes of mankind among whom I have chiefly mingled, I may have seen men and manners in a different phasis from what is common, which may assist originality of thought. . . . . I scorn the affectation of seeming modesty to cover self-conceit. That I have some merit, I do not deny; but I see, with frequent wringings of heart, that the novelty of my character, and the honest national prejudice of my countrymen, have borne me to a height altogether untenable to my abilities.'—

And lastly, April the 23d, 1787, we have the following passage in a letter also to Dr Moore:—'I leave Edinburgh in the course of ten days or a fortnight. I shall return to my rural shades, *in all likelihood never more to quit them.* I have formed many intimacies and friendships here, *but I am afraid they are all of too tender a construction to bear carriage a hundred and fifty miles..*' "

Mr Lockhart, in farther illustration of the poet's feelings, quotes part of a letter from him to Dr Blair, and part of that excellent man's wise reply. But we wish, for the sake of a single remark, to quote one other paragraph about Burns in Edinburgh.

"One word more on the subject which introduced these quotations:—Mr Dugald Stewart, no doubt, hints at what was a common enough complaint among the elegant literati of Edinburgh, when he alludes, in his letter to Currie, to the 'not very select society' in which Burns indulged himself. But two points still remain somewhat doubtful; namely, whether, show and marvel of the season as he was, the 'Ayrshire ploughman' really had it in his power to live *always* in society which Mr Stewart would have considered as 'very select;' and secondly, whether, in so doing, he could have failed to chill the affection of those humble Ayrshire friends, who, having shared with him all that they possessed on his first arrival in the metropolis, faithfully and fondly adhered to him, after the springtide of fashionable favour did, as he foresaw it would do, 'recede;' and, moreover, perhaps to provoke, among the higher circles themselves, criticisms more distasteful to his proud stomach, than any probable consequences of the course of conduct which he actually pursued."

The spirit of these remarks of Mr Lockhart's is excellent; but they might have been even more strongly expressed. Robert Burns was not the man to have degraded himself everlastingly, by one moment's seeming slight or neglect of friends, new or old, belonging either to his own condition, or to a rank in life somewhat higher perhaps than his own, although not to that "select society" to which the wonder awakened by his genius had given him a sudden introduction. Persons in that middle or inferior rank were his natural, and his best, and his truest friends; and many of them, there can be no doubt, were worthy of his happiest companionship, either in the festal hour, or the hour of closer communion. He had no right, with all his genius, to stand aloof from them; and with a heart like his, he had no inclination. Why should he have lived exclusively with lords and ladies—paper or land lords—ladies by descent or courtesy—with aristocratic advocates, philosophical professors, clergymen, wild or moderate, Arminian or Calvinistic? A few of such persons were doubtless not inerudite, and a few not unwitty in their own esteem; and Burns greatly enjoyed their society, in which he met with an admiration that must have been to him the pleasure of a perpetual triumph. But more of them were dull and pompous we must believe, incapable of rightly estimating or feeling the power of his transcendent genius; and when the glitter and the gloss of novelty were worn off, to their shallow eyes, from the Genius who bore them all down into insignificance by the ceaseless cataract of his eloquence, then, no doubt, they got offended and shocked with his rusticity or rudeness, and sought refuge in the distinction of ranks, and the laws, not to be violated long with impunity, of "select society." Burns rejoiced in admiration, as a great poet, bright from and with nature, should do; but he had too much pride to love being gazed at, when roaring or feeding, as a Lion. The patronage he received was honourable—and he felt it to be so; but it was still patronage; and had he, for the sake of it or its givers, forgotten for a day the humblest, lowest, meanest of his friends, or even his acquaintances, how could he have read, when written, his own two bold lines—

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that"?

Besides, we know from Burns's poetry what was then the character of the people of Scotland, for they were its materials—its staple. Her peasantry were a noble race, and their virtues moralized his song. The inhabitants of the towns were of the same family—the same blood—one kindred—and many, most of them, had been born, or in some measure bred, in the country. Their ways of thinking, feeling, and acting were much alike; and the shopkeepers of Edinburgh and Glasgow were as proud of Robert Burns as the ploughmen and shepherds of Ayrshire and Galloway. He saw in them friends and brothers. Their admiration

of him was perhaps fully more sincere and heartfelt, nor accompanied with less understanding of his merits, than that of persons in higher place; and most assuredly, among the respectable citizens of Edinburgh, Burns found more lasting friends than he ever did among her gentry or noblesse. Nor can we doubt, that then, as now, there were in that order great numbers of men of well-cultivated minds, whom Burns, in his best hours, did right to honour, and who were perfectly entitled to seek his society, and to open their hospitable doors to the brilliant stranger. That Burns, whose sympathies were keen and wide, and who never dreamt of looking down on others as beneath him, merely because he was conscious of his own vast superiority to the common run of men in genius and talents, should have shunned or been shy of such society, would have been something altogether unnatural and incredible; nor is it at all wonderful or blameable that he should even have preferred such society to that which has been called "more select," and which was superior to his natural and proper condition or estate. Admirably as he in general behaved in the higher circles, in those humbler ones alone could he, ought he, ever to have felt himself completely at home. His demeanour among the rich, the great, the learned, or the wise, must always have been subject to some restraint, and all restraint of that sort is ever painful,—or, what is worse still, his talk must often have been of the nature of display and ostentation. With companions and friends, who claimed not nor possessed superiority in anything, the sensitive mind of Burns must have always been at its best and happiest, because always at its ease, and free movement given to the play of all its feelings and faculties; and in such companies we cannot but believe that his wonderful conversational powers shone forth in their brightest and most various splendour. He must have given vent there to a thousand familiar fancies, in all their freedom and all their force, which, in the more fastidious and stately society of high life, his imagination would have been too much fettered even to conceive, and which, had they flowed from his lips, would either not have been understood, or would have given, perhaps, offence to that delicacy of breeding which is often hurt, even by the best manners of those whose manners are all of nature's teaching, and unsubjected to the salutary restraints and rules of artificial life. Indeed, we know that Burns sometimes burst suddenly and alarmingly the restraints of "select society," and that on one occasion he called a clergyman an idiot for misquoting Gray's Elegy—a truth that ought not to have been promulgated in presence of the parson, especially at so early a meal as breakfast; and he confesses a hundred times, in his most confidential letters, that he never was truly and entirely happy at rich men's feasts. If so, then never could he have displayed there his genius in full power and lustre. His noble rage must in some measure have been repressed—the genial current of his soul in some slight degree frozen. He never was—never could be—the free, bold, fearless, irresistible, overpowering Robert Burns that nature made him—no, not even although he carried the Duchess of Gordon off her feet, and silenced two Moderators of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

But farther, Burns, we know, had many excellent friends out of the "select society," who loved him better than probably any in it, and from whom he could learn nothing evil, and everything that was good—such men, for example, as Mr Robert Ainslie, son to Mr Ainslie of Berrywell, in Berwickshire, of whom Mr Lockhart speaks with the kindness and respect due to his worth and talents. That gentleman was at no period of his life any other than he is now, a person altogether unexceptionable, and moving in the most respectable circles. We could name twenty others, of the same spotless character, with whom Burns was intimate; and, indeed, it is rather too much to wish to confine, even in a hint, however delicate, such a man as Robert Burns, or any other man of genius, to a self-elected select society, as if it alone contained all that was interesting and instructive in the humanity then extant in our metropolis.

Far be it from us to utter one syllable that could by any possibility be construed into seeming disrespect of such a man as Dugald Stewart, whom we regard with the greatest respect and admiration; yet, we have

commented freely on what we humbly conceive to be a somewhat too exclusive judgment of his respecting the society which Burns did or did not chiefly affect during his residence in Edinburgh. Had Burns cut all his equals or inferiors in rank, and all those too, who, without being in the very highest set, were yet in every sense of the word gentlemen, and associated only with people of fashion or philosophy, his conduct would have been at once pitiful and monstrous. It was right that the range of such a poet's society should have been comprehensive. Had it been otherwise by his own will, he would have been false to his glorious birth, his glorious nature, and his glorious calling—for he was born for sympathies "wide and general as the casing air," and pity, grief, and shame it would have been,

"Had he given up to Ton what was meant for mankind!"

It has been stupidly and basely said by the paltry in general, that Burns, while in Edinburgh, was fond of low life, and that he loved always to be what is elegantly called "the cock of the company." From the terms in which we have heard and read this charge conveyed, one might have imagined that Burns got drunk with Caddies and Creel-carriers, Tavern-waiters, Candle-snuffers, Tenth-rate Orchestra Fiddlers, the lowest Class of Bagmen, discharged Advocates' Clerks, persons pretending to have been Pursers in the Navy, forenoon frequenters of Billiard-rooms, and Bill-stickers retired from the duties of public life. Now, all this is a mere lie. Burns, before his visit to Edinburgh, had at all times and places been in the habit of associating with the best men of his order—the best in everything, in station, in manners, in moral and intellectual character. Such men as William Tell and Hofer, for example, associated with in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Even the persons he got unfortunately too well acquainted with, (but whose company he soon shook off,) at Irvine and Kirk-Oswald—smugglers and their adherents, were, though a lawless and dangerous set, men of spunk, and spirit, and power, both of mind and body; nor was there anything the least degrading in an ardent, impassioned, and imaginative youth becoming for a time too much attached to such daring and adventurous, and even interesting characters. They had all a fine strong poetical smell of the sea, mingled to precisely the proper pitch with that of Bourdeaux brandy. As a poet, Burns must have been much the better of such temporary associates; as a man, let us hope, notwithstanding Gilbert's fears, not greatly the worse. The passions that boiled in his blood would have overflowed his life, often to disturb and destroy him, had there never been an Irvine and its steeple. But Burns's friends, up to the time he visited Edinburgh, had been chiefly his admirable brother, a few of the ministers round about, farmers, ploughmen, and farm-servants, and workers in the winds of heaven blowing over moors and mosses, corn-fields, and meadows beautiful as the very blue skies their blessed selves,—and if you call that low company, you had better fling your copy of Burns, Cottar's Saturday Night, Mary in Heaven, and all, into the fire. He, the noblest peasant that ever trode the greensward of Scotland, sought the society of other peasants, whose nature was like his own; and then, were the silken-snooded maidens whom he wooed on lea-rig, and 'mang the rigs o' barley, were they, who inspired at once his love and his genius, his passion and his poetry, till the whole land of Coila overflowed with his immortal song, so that now to the proud native's ear every stream murmurs a music not its own, but given it by sweet Robin's lays, and the lark, more lyrical than ever, seems singing his songs at the gates of heaven, for the shepherd, as through his half-closed hand he eyes the musical mote in the sunshine, remembers him who

"Sung her new-waken'd by the daisy's side,

were they, the virgin daughters o. Scotia, we demand of you on peril of your life, low company? Was Mary Morrison, with whom "he lived one hour of parting love" on the banks of the Ayr, and then as that last dear dim delicious hour of sinless passion was over, put into her hand, or her bosom, both so often pressed by him who hoped on her return from the far-off Highlands, in the transport of enamoured boyhood, to become her husband,—put into her bosom—a Bible, with his own name inscribed, and a holy text, silently swearing her

condition, and in a great measure bred in it too, whose names, "without offering a shew of violence to a thing so majestical," can be united in one brotherhood with that of Burns. Had they lived when Burns did, and each been more conspicuous than now, because standing alone, and subjected to the law of "select society," who can say that both of them might not have had cause to rue the folly and the malignity that assail Genius, when it has "clomb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?" They, too, would have had their most secret hours subjected to that base Inquisition which makes the whole world a Spain, of which the lay members are as cruel as the priests, and would fain dress up the Poet who has sinned against their bigoted faith, in all his laurels, and burn him at an *Auto-da-Fe.*

Would we could say that either the world or ourselves are getting wiser as we grow old! Yet surely there is more mercy—more justice shown in this than in a former age, to the character and conduct of men to whom God has given the gift of genius. We do not now long to divorce Genius and Virtue, to put asunder those whom Heaven hath united. When we see them wedded, we bestow a nuptial benediction, and a benediction in good time, on what Plato and Socrates have called "a progeny of noble thoughts;" and when we know that such holy union is not, we turn our eyes away, and yet shut not our hearts to hope that it may be otherwise, ere the shades of night descend, for human life is long—many feel it to be so—and many are the changes for better and for worse in every man that breathes, from the impetuous panting of passion in life's prime, to the feeble gaspings that stop in a moment, and leave us but a lump of clay.

Finally, that Burns did sometimes associate, while in Edinburgh, with persons not altogether worthy, or perhaps altogether unworthy of him, need not be denied, nor yet wondered at, for that was inevitable. He was not for ever beset with thoughts of his own excellence. His soul was too noble for that—nor was Prudence, in his system of morality, the queen of virtues. His genius, so far from separating him from his kind, impelled him towards it, without fear and without suspicion. What saint or prude was he, to shun the society of "Jolly companions every one?" Though never addicted to drinking, he had often set the table in a roar at Tarbolton, Mauchline, Kirk-Oswald, Irvine, and Ayr; and was he all at once to appear in the character of a dry quaker in Edinburgh? Were the joys that circle round the flowing bowl to be interdicted to him, the wittiest, the brightest, the most original and eloquent of all the men, rich or poor, high or low, of his day? Ought he to have confined himself to port-wine negus, and black tea? To cards and literary discussion, at bed and board? Enacted the part of a student of divinity, third year at the hall, and looked among the "sma' hours," as if destined for holy orders? But every glass of wine he drunk—like mere ordinary men fond of the festal hour—seems to have been set down against him, as a separate sin; and the world of fashion, and philosophy too, we fear, both of which used him rather scurvily at last, would not be satisfied, unless Burns could be made out to be a drunkard, which he never was, neither when, at Lochlea, for his father's sake, his boyish years were "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave;" or when at Dumfries, for his wife's and children's sake, he consumed his noble heart with the mean miseries of an exciseman, and dropt into the grave, the glory and the shame of his country.

Burns now left Edinburgh, and after a tour through the south of Scotland, with his friend Mr Robert Ainslie, he returned to Mauchline.

"It is pleasing to imagine the delight with which he must have been received by his family after the absence of six months, in which his fortunes and prospects had undergone so wonderful a change. He left them comparatively unknown, his tenderest feelings torn and wounded by the behaviour of the Armours, and so miserably poor, that he had been for some weeks obliged to skulk from the Sheriff's officers, to avoid the payment of a paltry debt. He returned, his poetical fame established, the whole country ringing with his praises, from a capital in which he was known to have formed the wonder and delight of the polite and the learned; if not rich, yet with more money already than any of his kindred had ever hoped to see him possess, and with prospects of future patronage and permanent elevation in the

scale of society which might have dazzled steadier eyes than those of maternal and fraternal affection. The prophet had at last honour in his own country; but the haughty spirit that had preserved its balance in Edinburgh, was not likely to lose it at Mauchline; and we have him writing from *the auld clay biggin* on the 18th of June, in terms as strongly expressive as any that ever came from his pen, of that jealous pride which formed the groundwork of his character; that dark suspiciousness of fortune, which the subsequent course of his history too well justified; that nervous intolerance of condescension, and consummate scorn of meanness, which attended him through life, and made the study of his species, for which nature had given him such extraordinary qualifications, the source of more pain than was ever counterbalanced by the exquisite capacity for enjoyment with which he was also endowed. There are few of his letters in which more of the dark places of his spirit come to light:—'I never, my friend, thought mankind capable of anything very generous; but the stateliness of the patricians of Edinburgh, and the servility of my plebeian brethren, (who, perhaps, formerly eyed me askance,) since I returned home, have nearly put me out of conceit altogether with my species. I have bought a pocket-Milton, which I carry perpetually about me, in order to study the sentiments, the dauntless magnanimity, the intrepid unyielding independence, the desperate daring, and noble defiance of hardship, in that great personage—Satan. . . . The many ties of acquaintance and friendship I have, or think I have, in life—I have felt along the lines, and, d—n them, they are almost all of them of such frail texture, that I am sure they would not stand the breath of the least adverse breeze of fortune.'

"Among those who, having formerly 'eyed him askance,' now appeared sufficiently ready to court his society, were the family of Jean Armour. Burns's affection for this beautiful young woman had outlived his resentment of her compliance with her father's commands in the preceding summer; and from the time of this reconciliation, it is probable he always looked forward to a permanent union with the mother of his children.

"Burns at least fancied himself to be busy with serious plans for his future establishment; and was very naturally disposed to avail himself, as far as he could, of the opportunities of travel and observation, which an interval of leisure, destined probably to be a short one, might present. Moreover, in spite of his gloomy language, a specimen of which has just been quoted, we are not to doubt that he derived much pleasure from witnessing the extensive popularity of his writings, and from the flattering homage he was sure to receive in his own person in the various districts of his native country; nor can any one wonder, that after the state of high excitement in which he had spent the winter and spring, he, fond as he was of his family, and eager to make them partakers in all his good fortune, should have, just at this time, found himself incapable of sitting down contentedly for any considerable period together, in so humble and quiet a circle as that of Mossgiel."

Mr Lockhart then follows Burns in his Highland tour, and his second visit to Edinburgh, when he finally settled with Mr Creech for his Poems, and found himself unexpectedly in possession of nearly L.600. This supply came truly in the hour of need, and his first act was to relieve his brother from his difficulties, by L.200 to assist him in the management of Mossgiel. Meanwhile his renewed intimacy with "Jean," had once more exposed her to the reproaches of her father, who had turned her out of doors. We agree with the excellent and amiable Mr Hamilton Paul, that at this time Jean Armour was the wife of Robert Burns, although she had formerly destroyed the document declarative of their marriage. He now, therefore, went through the ceremony of a Justice of Peace marriage, with her whom, first and last, he loved so truly, in the writing chambers of his friend Gavin Hamilton; and soon after, crossing the country to Dalswinton, concluded a bargain—long contemplated—with Mr Miller, for the farm of Elliesland. The terms were considered by both parties as highly favourable to the poet, and were indeed fixed by two of Burns's own friends, who accompanied him for that purpose from Ayrshire.

"The lease was for four successive terms, of nineteen years each,—in all seventy-six years; the rent for the first three years and crops fifty pounds; during the remainder of the period L.70. Mr Miller bound himself to defray the expense of any plantations which Burns

might please to make on the banks of the river; and, the farm-house and offices being in a dilapidated condition, the new tenant was to receive L.300, from the proprietor, for the erection of suitable buildings. 'The land,' says Allan Cunningham, 'was good, the rent moderate, and the markets were rising.'

"Burns entered on possession of his farm at Whitsuntide, 1788, but the necessary rebuilding of the house prevented his removing Mrs Burns thither until the season was far advanced. He had, moreover, to qualify himself for holding his excise commission by six weeks' attendance on the business of that profession at Ayr. From these circumstances, he led all the summer a wandering and unsettled life, and Dr Currie mentions this as one of his chief misfortunes. The poet, as he says, was continually riding between Ayrshire and Dumfries-shire, and, often spending a night on the road, 'sometimes fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed.'"

Burns complained sadly of his solitary condition, when living in the only hovel on his farm, for his house was not yet built. "This hovel that I shelter in while occasionally here, is pervious to every blast that blows, and every shower that falls, and I am only preserved from being chilled to death by being suffocated by smoke. You will be pleased to hear that I have laid aside *eclat*, and bind every day after my reapers." In November he brought home his wife and children, for his house had not taken much time in building. Of that wife he thus speaks in letters to Mrs Dunlop and Miss Chalmers:

"'Your surmise, madam,' he writes to Mrs Dunlop, 'is just. I am indeed a husband. I found a once much-loved, and still much-loved female, literally and truly cast out to the mercy of the naked elements, but as I enabled her to *purchase* a shelter; and there is no sporting with a fellow-creature's happiness or misery. The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me; vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure; these, I think, in a woman, may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page but the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, nor danced in a brighter assembly than a penny-pay wedding. . . . . To jealousy or infidelity I am an equal stranger; my preservative from the first, is the most thorough consciousness of her sentiments of honour, and her attachment to me; my antidote against the last, is my long and deep-rooted affection for her. In housewife matters, of aptness to learn, and activity to execute, she is eminently mistress; and during my absence in Nithsdale, she is regularly and constantly an apprentice to my mother and sisters in their dairy, and other rural business. . . . . You are right, that a bachelor state would have ensured me more friends; but from a cause you will easily guess, conscious peace in the enjoyment of my own mind, and unmistrusting confidence in approaching my God, would seldom have been of the number.'

"Some months later he tells Miss Chalmers, that his marriage 'was not, perhaps, in consequence of the attachment of romance,'—(he is addressing a young lady,)—'but,' he continues, 'I have no cause to repent it. If I have not got polite tattle, modish manners, and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disgusted with the multiform curse of boarding-school affectation; and I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the country. Mrs Burns believes as firmly as her creed, that I am *le plus bel esprit et le plus honnête homme* in the universe; although she scarcely ever, in her life, except the Scriptures and the Psalms of David in metre, spent five minutes together on either prose or verse—I must except also a certain late publication of Scots Poems, which she has perused very devoutly, and all the ballads of the country, as she has (O, the partial lover, you will say,) the finest woodnote-wild I ever heard.'

"It was during this honeymoon, as he calls it, while chiefly resident in a miserable hovel at Elliesland, and only occasionally spending a day or two in Ayrshire, that he wrote the beautiful song:

'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives, the lassie I lo'e best;
There wildwoods grow, and rivers row, and many a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft amang the leafy trees,
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale, bring hame the laden bees,
And bring the lassie back to me, that's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care, sae lovely is my Jean.'"

At Elliesland Burns was happy—but his "golden days" there, as Dr Currie justly calls them, were not destined to be many. This part of his life is written in Mr Lockhart's very happiest vein; and since this has become, contrary to our original intention, a regular article, we shall give a few beautiful quotations.

"Elliesland is beautifully situated on the banks of the Nith, about six miles above Dumfries, exactly opposite to the house of Dalswinton, of those noble woods and gardens amidst which Burns's landlord, the ingenious Mr Patrick Miller, found relaxation from the scientific studies and researches in which he so greatly excelled. On the Dalswinton side, the river washes lawns and groves; but over against these the bank rises into a long red *scaur*, of considerable height, along the verge of which, where the bare shingle of the precipice all but overhangs the stream, Burns had his favourite walk, and might now be seen striding alone, early and late, especially when the winds were loud, and the waters below him swollen and turbulent. For he was one of those that enjoy nature most in the more serious and severe of her aspects; and throughout his poetry, for one allusion to the liveliness of spring, or the splendour of summer, it would be easy to point out twenty in which he records the solemn delight with which he contemplated the melancholy grandeur of autumn, or the savage gloom of winter. Indeed, I cannot but think that the result of an exact inquiry into the composition of Burns's poems, would be, that 'his vein,' like that of Milton, 'flowed most happily from the autumnal equinox to the vernal.' Of Lord Byron, we know that his vein flowed best at midnight; and Burns has himself told us that it was his custom 'to take a gloamin' shot at the muses.'

"The poet was accustomed to say, that the most happy period of his life was the first winter he spent at Elliesland,—for the first time under a roof of his own—with his wife and children about him—and in spite of occasional lapses into the melancholy which had haunted his youth, looking forward to a life of well-regulated, and not ill-rewarded, industry."

. . . . . .

"Burns, in his letters of the year 1789, makes many apologies for doing but little in his poetical vocation; his farm, without doubt, occupied much of his attention, but the want of social intercourse, of which he complained on his first arrival in Nithsdale, had by this time totally disappeared. On the contrary, his company was courted eagerly, not only by his brother-farmers, but by the neighbouring gentry of all classes; and now, too, for the first time, he began to be visited continually in his own house by curious travellers of all sorts, who did not consider, any more than the generous poet himself, that an extensive practice of hospitality must cost more time than he ought to have had, and far more money than he ever had, at his disposal."

There he wrote many of his finest strains—and above all, that immortal burst of passion, "To Mary in Heaven." There too, he indited to Mrs Dunlop a letter, which Mr Lockhart rightly says "cannot be read too often," and it is indeed sublime. Is not this a noble passage? Nor is the commentary on it unworthy of its grandeur.

"'We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plover, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.'

"Few, it is to be hoped, can read such things as these without delight; none, surely, that taste the elevated pleasure they are calculated to inspire, can turn from them to the well-known issue of Burns's history, without being afflicted. It is difficult to imagine anything

more beautiful, more noble, than what such a person as Mrs Dunlop might at this period be supposed to contemplate as the probable tenor of his future life. What fame can bring of happiness he had already tasted: he had overleaped, by the force of his genius, all the painful barriers of society; and there was probably not a man in Scotland who would not have thought himself honoured by seeing Burns under his roof. He had it in his own power to place his poetical reputation on a level with the very highest names, by proceeding in the same course of study and exertion which had originally raised him into public notice and admiration. Surrounded by an affectionate family, occupied but not engrossed by the agricultural labours in which his youth and early manhood had delighted, communing with nature in one of the loveliest districts of his native land, and, from time to time, producing to the world some immortal addition to his verse,—thus advancing in years and in fame, with what respect would not Burns have been thought of; how venerable in the eyes of his contemporaries—how hallowed in those of after generations, would have been the roof of Ellieslaud, the field on which he 'bound every day after his reapers,' the solemn river by which he delighted to wander! The plain of Bannockburn would hardly have been holier ground."

The man who thus wrote was now become an exciseman! From that time he more and more neglected the concerns of his farm. Occasionally he might be seen holding the plough, an exercise in which he excelled, and was proud of excelling, or stalking down the furrows with the white sheet of grain wrapt about him, "a tenty seedsman," but he was more commonly occupied in far different pursuits. "I am now," he says in one of his letters, "a poor rascally gauger, condemned to gallop two hundred miles every week, to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels!"

"Burns, in his perpetual perambulations over the moors of Dumfries-shire, had every temptation to encounter, which bodily fatigue, the blandishments of hosts and hostesses, and the habitual manners of those who acted along with him in the duties of the excise, could present. He was, moreover, wherever he went exposed to perils of his own, by the reputation which he had earned as a poet and by his extraordinary powers of entertainment in conversation. From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach; and the old system of hospitality, then flourishing, rendered it difficult for the most soberly inclined guest to rise from any man's board in the same trim that he sat down to it. The farmer, if Burns was seen passing, left his reapers, and trotted by the side of Jenny Geddes, until he could persuade the bard that the day was hot enough to demand an extra libation. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled round the ingle; the largest punch-bowl was produced; and

'Be ours this night—who knows what comes to-morrow?'

was the language of every eye in the circle that welcomed him. The stateliest gentry of the county, whenever they had especial merriment in view, called in the wit and eloquence of Burns to enliven their carousals. The famous song of *The Whistle of Worth* commemorates a scene of this kind, more picturesque in some of its circumstances than every day occurred, yet strictly in character with the usual tenor of life among this jovial *squirearchy*. Three gentlemen of ancient descent, had met to determine, by a solemn drinking match, who should possess *the Whistle*, which a common ancestor of them all had earned ages before, in a Bacchanalian contest of the same sort with a noble toper from Denmark; and the poet was summoned to watch over and celebrate the issue of the debate.

'Then up rose the bard, like a prophet in drink,
Craigdarroch shall soar when creation shall sink;
But if thou would'st flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime.'

Nor, as has already been hinted, was he safe from temptations of this kind, even when he was at home, and most disposed to enjoy in quiet the society of his wife and children. Lion-gazers from all quarters beset him; they eat and drank at his cost, and often went away to criticise him and his fare, as if they had done Burns and his *black bowl* great honour in condescending to be entertained for a single evening, with such company and such liquor."

Here, at the suggestion of that humorous antiquary, Captain Grose, Burns composed out of an old Ayrshire tradition, his matchless Tam o'Shanter. Towards the close of 1791, he, finally despairing of his farm, determined to give up his lease, which

the kindness of his landlord rendered easy of arrangement; and procuring an appointment to the Dumfries division, which raised his salary from the revenue to £70 per annum, he removed his family to the county town, in which he terminated his days.

Burns was now about thirty-three years of age, and let us look back for a moment from this point, on his bypast life. We know from his brother Gilbert, and that most excellent man, Mr Murdoch, who had the tuition of some of his very early years, that in his boyhood he was free from all vice, thoughtful and grave, yet at the same time with all the generous and endearing qualities that never fail to mark the boyhood of genius. The necessities of his father's house did not allow long schooling-time; and he began to work, and that too with little intermission, at a time when most boys, even below his condition, know but a life of play. Indeed, he began to do full-grown man's work before he was even a stripling; and from his thirteenth year he thrashed in the barn, and held the plough, and wielded the scythe—labours in which, in the prime of youth or manhood, by none was he ever excelled. "We lived sparingly," said Gilbert; "for several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm; for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was very great. To think of our father growing old, (for he was now above fifty,) broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances, these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress. I doubt not but the hard labour and sorrow of this period of his life, was in a great measure the cause of that depression of spirits with which Robert was so often afflicted through his whole life afterwards. At this time he was almost constantly afflicted in the evenings with a dull headach, which, at a future period of his life, was exchanged for a palpitation of the heart, and a threatening of fainting and suffocation in his bed, in the night-time."

This life (it was slavery, but slavery of a noble kind) continued, with little interruption, till he reached the full strength of manhood. Here, then, from his twelfth (and we might go much farther back) to his twenty-fourth year, we have a being born to delight the world by his genius, helping to uphold his father's house, by wringing a scanty subsistence from the hard glebe, whose furrows he watered with the sweat of his noble brow,—nor ever complaining of his lot, except because it was before his eyes fast bringing that father to the grave. Yet, what a perilous period of the passions! How few of all those who afterwards traduced his character had passed through such a pure and heroic youth? Perhaps not one! His father was naturally an austere and stern man, and his rebuke was listened to with a kind of reverential awe. With two such sons as he had, his rebuke could not have been frequent; and, like most men of his character, he had a tender and affectionate heart. Pity indeed that such a household should so long have been so severely poor. Yet, "Mr Murdoch, who became the frequent inmate and confidential friend of the family, speaks with enthusiasm of the virtues of William Burnes, and of the peaceful and happy life of his humble abode." Who, under God, supported the roof-tree—who spread the board—who smoothed the pillow of the old man? His sons; and of those sons Robert was the elder, and, for years, of the more vigorous frame to battle with poverty and misfortune. Never did mortal man better understand and obey the beautiful and benign fifth commandment.

What were the first deep stains that his being suffered? The same that have from the beginning of all time, attested the power of the fairest and most fatal of all the passions. Burns sinned, but under no circumstances of aggravation. Faithless he was not, nor cruel;—in uttermost distress he desired in vain to marry the woman he loved; and when his genius soon afterwards brightened the horizon of life, with what he deemed a permanent, but, in truth, a most transitory lustre, he made her his wife before the world, who had long been so in the privacy of his heart's

best affections. Was this the conduct of a profligate? Error and frailty there were on both sides, but they were far more than redeemed by life-long, conjugal, and parental love; and even now, after so many long widowed years, the survivor's face brightens at the name of her husband. We have seen how he conducted himself in that trying triumph of his genius, when it may be said that Scotland, in her regal seat, did homage to her great peasant, and bid him hail as her own national poet. "Ne'er is flattery lost on poet's ear;" but it is something higher than flattery, when the voice of a people is lifted up in one wide acclaim, as it was when Burns was first seen—as an Apparition. It required less magnanimity in one of the old Romans to lay aside the consular gown, and return to the plough—for then such was the spirit of the whole nation—than in Burns, suddenly invested with a garb of glory, to withdraw from the gaze of admiration and wonder; and, as if genius had never tuned his heartstrings to poetry, nor inspiration touched his lips with fire, to take his place again on the corn-field among the reapers, or in his own person to realize the picture of the cottar, which, years before, he had drawn at his work, and which, when repeated by him in the silence of nature to his brother, had melted the strong man into tears!

> "November chill blaws loud wi' angry seugh,
> The shortening winter-day is near a close;
> The miry beasts retreating frae the pleuch;
> The blackening train of craws to their repose.
> The toil-worn cottar frae his labour goes,
> This night his weekly moil is at an end,
> Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
> Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
> And weary o'er the moor his course does homeward bend."

His poetry brought relief to his poverty, and, with five hundred pounds, Burns was rich. The half of it he gave to his beloved brother—an act of no extraordinary virtue—but beautiful, because simply done, and of a piece with every other act of his life towards kith and kindred. Such was once the prevalence of evil report against this man, that even now, in speaking of him, we insensibly put him on his defence and almost become his advocate. But his life up to this point needs no advocate. Our Age towards him, is now a just judge. If it be permitted to sing or say the praises of virtue,—if man, knowing the weakness of his nature, may yet eulogize his brother man, in spite of many grievous failings, for the sake of what has been nobly thought and greatly done,—then may we fear not to pronounce as high a panegyric on Burns as ever was earned and won by integrity struggling undismayed with wayward fortune, and striving to maintain, by suffering and sacrifice, by passive endurance and active exertion, that confederacy of nature's holiest ties and relations, which it is a woful sight to see broken beside the cold hearth and the deserted bed-place, and beneath the straw-roof no longer sending its smoke up to heaven.

At Ellisland Burns believed that at last he was about to be happy; for of all happiness the best is peace. That best happiness, we fear, he did not enjoy. Peace, to deserve the name, must be durable. A gentle rocking there may—must be—and breezes sometimes almost mustering into a blast—but no long black heavy swell, no howling from the far-off lurid skies—not one day of tempest, for it may be a day of wreck. His calling was not now among the furrows of the field—if it had, however scanty had been the return of the soil, Burns might have been most happy. But his calling was at best an arduous one, even to ordinary men—to him "most monstrous and unnatural." How far it injured his moral being, it is not for us, nor for any one, to say; but whatever loss he felt or suffered, or whatever degradation, still was he entitled, independently altogether of his genius, to hold high his head; all who visited him here were delighted with the unimpaired powers of his charming converse, and with what was far better still, the unostentatious exhibition of the domestic virtues, which never, even "when things ensued that wanted grace," forsook the affectionate and manly bosom of Robert Burns. It cannot be fairly said that he neglected his farm, but that

his other duties were incompatible with attention to it; his landlord, on making an arrangement with him, to enable him to leave it a year before the expiration of the lease, was satisfied—and so was the Excise! Here, sitting on a turf-dike, Burns—as we have seen—in a state of ecstatic enjoyment, wrote "Tam o' Shanter"—here, roaming at night round and round the tenement—till his wife prevailed on him to come within—he composed the address to "Mary in Heaven"! What mirth and melancholy must have visited that man's heart, who could thus, in the midst still of failing fortunes and so mean a calling, revel in fun and frolic, tinging it, at the same time, with absolute sublimity, and then with equal mastery unseal

"The sacred source of sympathetic tears!"

We come now to the few closing years of our great poet's life in Dumfries. They are at once the darkest and brightest of his career. Dumfries has always been a gay town and a pleasant one, and at that period being much the scene of public amusement, perhaps it would not be too much to say that the morals of the place were not a little corrupted. There was something like a return to his Edinburgh life on a smaller scale; and that, too, after his social habits had been polluted by pernicious intercourse with the idleness and profligacy that fell in the way of his exciseman's calling, and from which, if redeemed by the smallest portion of wit or humour, or what to his pregnant fancy seemed to be so, Burns, alas! too willingly gave up the inferior affections of his soul. Heron has truly said, "that in Dumfries his dissipation became still more deeply habitual. He was there, more than in the country, solicited to share the riot of the dissolute and idle. Foolish young men, such as writers' apprentices, young lawyers, merchants' clerks, and his brother excisemen, flocked eagerly about him, and from time to time pressed him to drink with them, that they might enjoy his wicked wit." The higher classes, too—the very highest—still patronized, in their own way, the genius who was something more than a mere nine-days wonder. His old friends, the Caledonian Club, invited him again to enjoy their hospitality; and the Dumfries and Galloway Hunts rejoiced in his presence at their orgies, as in that of their Poet-Laureate. Had Burns been a less extraordinary man in conversation, he might have enjoyed unhurt the fame of his poetry. The blaze of that fame too, must, in the ordinary course of this world's thoughts and feelings, have been tamed down; and Burns, though fond, was never the Fool of Fame. But what was reading his poetry, full as it was of mirth or pathos, to hearing the poet? All human beings alike, whatever their rank, age, sex, or character, were kindled into delight by the flashing eyes and musical lips of Burns. When all are desirous of the company of a man of such genius and such dispositions, is it in human nature to expect judicious selection or rejection of associates? Burns, we do believe, almost always, even to the very last, kept sacred his best and deepest emotions for communion with those who were held by him in honour as well as love. Profound was the well of feeling in his noble heart—and fed by a perennial spring, whose gushing waters felt neither the drought nor the frost. Read his letters, especially to his venerable benefactress Mrs Dunlop, and you will see that he breathes but to her "the thoughts that wander through Eternity." But all his thoughts and feelings—except the deepest and most solemn of all—Burns poured out like a sea, without suspicion or restraint, in the presence of all men and all women, often most unworthy of him—a positive degradation and disgrace. Where none—or almost none, were excluded from the cordiality of him who, in the largeness of his heart, could sympathize with the wicked and even with the base, provided he could strike out by the stroke of the keen-tempered steel of his own nature, some latent sparks of humanity from the flint of theirs—with what perpetual dangers must he have been surrounded by day and night, and how was it possible that he should have escaped deeper and deeper pollution? His genius and humour, his mirth and glee, his fun and frolic, and all the outrageous merriment of his exhilarated or maddened imagination, came to be considered almost as common property, to which all persons that did not so much as know Burns by sight, had a right which they knew would, by him, not be disputed, but acknowledged with open heart and

hand over the flowing bowl, either in changehouse, or his own home, or, on his gauging journeys, in theirs, did they even lie out of his way, by miles of moors and mosses. This was indeed a perilous life for such a man; for it at once afforded constant gratification to his mirth, and occasional solace to his melancholy—to that melancholy to which, by the temperament of his nature, he was prone from youth, and which often, when there was no especial cause beyond common, assumed the worst powers and privileges of despair! Here, as usual, Mr Lockhart speaks well.

"That Burns, dissipated enough long ere he went to Dumfries, became still more dissipated in a town, than he had been in the country, is certain. It may also be true, that his wife had her own particular causes, sometimes, for dissatisfaction. But that Burns ever sunk into a toper—that he ever was addicted to solitary drinking—that his bottle ever interfered with his discharge of his duties as an exciseman—or that, in spite of some transitory follies, he ever ceased to be a most affectionate husband—all these charges have been insinuated—and they are all false. His intemperance was, as Heron says, in *fits;* his aberrations of all kinds were occasional, not systematic; they were all to himself the sources of exquisite misery in the retrospect; they were the aberrations of a man whose moral sense was never deadened, of one who encountered more temptations from without and from within, than the immense majority of mankind, far from having to contend against, are even able to imagine;—of one, finally, who prayed for pardon, where alone effectual pardon could be found;—and who died ere he had reached that term of life up to which the passions of many, who, their mortal career being regarded as a whole, are honoured as among the most virtuous of mankind, have proved too strong for the control of reason. We have already seen that the poet was careful of decorum in all things during the brief space of his prosperity at Ellisland, and that he became less so on many points, as the prospects of his farming speculation darkened around him. It seems to be equally certain, that he entertained high hopes of promotion in the excise at the period of his removal to Dumfries; and that the comparative recklessness of his later conduct there, was consequent on a certain overclouding of these professional expectations. The case is broadly stated so by Walker and Paul; and there are hints to the same effect in the narrative of Currie."

Politics, too, shed over him—over his virtues and his happiness—their baleful influence; and the politics of those days were of a fierce and terrible character—newly-born as they were of the French Revolution, then shaking the whole civilized world as with an earthquake. Could Burns, notwithstanding the opinion of the Excise, "that it was no business of his to think," regard, without an awakened, a disturbed, an agitated spirit, the progress of that great moral and intellectual commotion? No. As Cowper finely says—

> "A terrible sagacity informs
> The poet's heart. He looks to distant storms,
> He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers,
> And, arm'd with strength surpassing human powers,
> Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
> And darts his soul into the dawning plan."

An event that shook the foundations on which so many old evils and abuses rested, and promised to restore to many millions their long-lost liberties, and by that restoration to benefit all mankind, must have been meditated upon by such a comprehensive and enthusiastic mind as Burns's, in moods of which ordinary intellects, vainly intermeddling with concerns far above their reach, could have formed no conception; and no wonder that, in those aroused times, he, with his eager and earnest spirit for ever on his lips, became to many the object of suspicion and fear, and acquired the character of a demagogue and a revolutionist. Mr Lockhart treats this most important part of his history with great talent.

"Many of the old elements of political disaffection in Scotland, put on a new shape at the outbreaking of the French revolution; and jacobites became half jacobins, ere they were at all aware in what the doctrines of jacobinism were to end. The Whigs naturally regarded the first dawn of freedom in France with feelings of sympathy, delight, exultation; in truth, few good men of any party regarded it with more of fear than of hope. The general, the all but universal tone of feeling, was favourable to the first assailants of the Bourbon despotism; and there

were few who more ardently participated in the general sentiment of the day than Burns.

"The revulsion of feeling that took place in this country at large, when wanton atrocities began to stain the course of the French revolution, and Burke lifted up his powerful voice to denounce its leaders, as, under pretence of love for freedom, the enemies of all social order, morality, and religion, was violent in proportion to the strength and ardour of the hopes in which good men had been eager to indulge, and cruelly disappointed. The great body of the Whigs, however, were slow to abandon the cause which they had espoused; and although their chiefs were wise enough to draw back when they at length perceived that serious plans for overturning the political institutions of our own country had been hatched and fostered, under the pretext of admiring and comforting the destroyers of a foreign tyranny—many of their provincial retainers, having uttered their sentiments all along with provincial vehemence and openness, found it no easy matter to retreat gracefully along with them. Scenes more painful at the time, and more so even now in the retrospect, than had for generations afflicted Scotland, were the consequences of the rancour into which party feelings on both sides now rose and fermented. Old and dear ties of friendship were torn in sunder; society was for a time shaken to its centre. In the most extravagant dreams of the jacobites there had always been much to command respect, high chivalrous devotion, reverence for old affections, ancestral loyalty, and the generosity of romance. In the new species of hostility, everything seemed mean as well as perilous; it was scorned even more than hated. The very name stained whatever it came near; and men that had known and loved each other from boyhood, stood aloof, if this influence interfered, as if it had been some loathsome pestilence.

"There was a great deal of stately Toryism at this time in the town of Dumfries, which was the favourite winter retreat of many of the best gentlemen's families of the South of Scotland. Feelings that worked more violently in Edinburgh than in London, acquired additional energy still, in this provincial capital. All men's eyes were upon Burns. He was the standing marvel of the place; his toasts, his jokes, his epigrams, his songs, were the daily food of conversation and scandal; and he, open and careless, and thinking he did no great harm in saying and singing what many of his superiors had not the least objection to hear and applaud, soon began to be considered, among the local admirers and disciples of the good old King and his minister, as the most dangerous of all the apostles of sedition,—and to be shunned accordingly.

"A gentleman of that county, whose name I have already more than once had occasion to refer to, has often told me, that he was seldom more grieved, than when riding into Dumfries one fine summer's evening, about this time, to attend a county-ball, he saw Burns walking alone, on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognise him. The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to him to cross the street, said, 'Nay, nay, my young friend,—that's all over now;' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Baillie's pathetic ballad,—

'His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane look'd better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himsell dowie upon the corn-bing.

'O were we young, as we ance hae been,
We sud hae been galloping doun on yon green,
And linking it o'er the lily-white lea,—
And werena my heart light I wad die.'

It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings, on certain subjects, escape in this fashion. He, immediately after citing these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner; and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably until the hour of the ball arrived, with a bowl of his usual potation, and Bonnie Jean's singing of some verses which he had recently composed."

Burns thus gave great offence to that fine, delicate, and most sensitive abstraction, the Board of Excise—and at one time there seems to have been some danger of his losing his splendid situation—no sinecure—of something less than a supervisor of the district, with an annual salary of L.70. The Excise rebuked him for "thinking"—a vice to which from infancy he had been sadly addicted, as well as to the kindred and even more dangerous one of feeling; and Burns, we believe, came under a sort of half-and-half promise and threat to do what he could to wean himself from that habit; but he made no promise at all *not to feel*, and feel he did, till his

heart bled at every pore with indignation, shame, and grief—a state in which he must have been found an easier and easier prey to the evils which beset him from other quarters, and to those social seductions to which, in the heroism of his hard-working youth, he had so often shown himself superior. Mr Lockhart enters at no inconsiderable length into the details of this paltry, but to Burns important business; but in our sketch we must pass them by. Mr Findlater, formerly collector at Glasgow, and who was at the period in question Burns's superior in the Dumfries district, asks, "What cause was there for depression of spirits on this account? Or how should he have been hurried thereby to a premature grave? *I* never saw his spirit fail till he was borne down by the pressure of disease and bodily weakness; and even then, it would occasionally revive, and like an expiring lamp, emit bright flashes to the last." Mr Findlater, as good a man as breathes, and as sensible a one too, seems here to have been correcting some eloquent but rather exaggerated assertions of Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the Quarterly Review; yet, it is true, after all, that Burns's mind was disturbed by such proceedings—he tells us so himself very passionately—and the public feeling and opinion about him was disturbed also—and in that way he was a sufferer probably far beyond what might have been supposed from a cause so insignificant. In the general strain of sentiment pervading the passage in the review, we therefore agree with Mr Lockhart in thinking that no one can refuse to concur; although some of the expressions may be rather too strong, and the whole overcharged. But we all know well, that Burns was all the while, and more especially after his enthusiasm in the cause of French freedom had been quenched by the blood atrociously spilt on its shrine, a good citizen, and a true patriot.

"When the war had fairly broken out, a battalion of volunteers was formed in Dumfries, and Burns was an original member of the corps. It is very true that his accession was objected to by some of his neighbours; but these were over-ruled by the gentlemen who took the lead in the business, and the poet soon became, as might have been expected, the greatest possible favourite with his brothers in arms. His commanding officer, Colonel de Peyster, attests his zealous discharge of his duties as a member of the corps; and their attachment to him was on the increase to the last. He was their laureate, and in that capacity did more good service to the government of the country, at a crisis of the darkest alarm and danger, than perhaps any one person of his rank and station, with the exception of Dibdin, had the power or the inclination to render. 'Burns,' says Allan Cunningham, 'was a zealous lover of his country, and has stamped his patriotic feelings in many a lasting verse. . . His *poor and honest Sodger* laid hold at once on the public feeling, and it was everywhere sung with an enthusiasm which only began to abate when Campbell's *Exile of Erin* and *Wounded Hussar* were published. Dumfries, which sent so many of her sons to the wars, rung with it from port to port; and the poet, wherever he went, heard it echoing from house to hall. I wish this exquisite and useful song, with *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*,—the *Song of Death*, and *Does haughty Gaul Invasion Threat*—all lyrics which enforce a love of country, and a martial enthusiasm into men's breasts, had obtained some reward for the poet. His perishable conversation was remembered by the rich to his prejudice—his imperishable lyrics were rewarded only by the admiration and tears of his fellow peasants.'"

Nobly said, honest Allan! Nor were these bold and martial strains the only birth of the genius of his latest days. His epistolary correspondence, that fills volumes—and would fill many more—his songs contributed to Johnson's Museum, till within a month of his death, and the great Collection of Mr George Thomson, furnish undeniable proof, as Mr Lockhart justly says, after the enthusiastic and excellent Gray, that, "in whatever fits of dissipation he unhappily indulged, he never could possibly have sunk into anything like that habitual grossness of manners and sottish degradation of mind, which some writers have not hesitated to hold out to the deepest commiseration, if not more than this, of mankind." Not a few absurd things have, in our opinion, been said of Burns's epistolary composition. His letters are said to be too elaborate, the expression more studied and artificial than belongs to that species of composition. Now, the truth is, that Burns never considered letter-writing "a species of compo-

sition," subject to certain rules of taste and criticism. That had never occurred to him—and so much the better. Accordingly, his letters are often full of all sorts of rant and rhodomontade—which, to us reading them coldly in our closets, and but little acquainted, and still less, perhaps, sympathizing, with the character of the facetious persons to whom they were written, not unfrequently appears too extravagant for common use, and not even either humorous or witty. But such strange stuff suited those to whom it was sent; and Burns, with all his own true and genuine humour and wit, enjoyed—and it is a proof of his original genius, that he did so—whatever sort of absurdity happened to be popular among his friends and boon companions. Besides, there can be no doubt that he was often tipsy when engaged in penning epistles, and we do not fear to say it, frequently intoxicated; on one occasion we know—the letter we believe is to Nicol, "that strong in-knee'd-soul of a schoolmaster"—perfectly drunk. Vast numbers of his letters were after-dinner effusions—many after-supper ones; and we beg that our forenoon and small-beer critical brethren will, if possible, attend to that peculiarity in Burns's character as a complete letter-writer in all their future octavos. But hundreds even of his most familiar letters are perfectly artless, though still most eloquent compositions. Simple we may not call them, so rich are they in fancy, so overflowing in feeling, and dashed off, every other paragraph, with the easy boldness of a great master, conscious of his strength, even at times when, of all things in this world, he was least solicitous about display. While some there are, so solemn—so sacred—so religious—that he who can read them with an unstirred heart, as he knows that they were written in the prospect of near and certain death, can have no trust—no hope of the Immortality of the Soul.

Then, of his Songs breathed forth during these few short and troubled years, from a fount of inspiration whose clear pure waters no mortal misery could reach, or at least disturb—for never did they "roll *drumly* and dark on their way,"—who shall fitly speak, unless his own hand has been taught by nature to touch that simple, few-stringed, but oh! sweetest-toned lyre, that ever tinkled in the solitary silence of Nature alistening her own melodies among the sheep-whitened braes—that lyre, which, as he leaned close to his own maiden s side, on the mossy stem of the old hawthorn, that ever and anon let drop over their heads a shower of delicate blossoms unfelt as the gloaming-dews, the inspired shepherd of old, before fatal Flodden was fought, and the "Flowers of the Forest a' wede away," touched, with a "hand that sang to the voice," till the wheeling moon hung, as if chained, over "broad Blacandro's oak," and the very stars, "with dim suffusion veiled," looked through the tender mist, as if those immortal eyes of heaven were not in that serene beatitude disinclined to tears—even like the two blessed mortal creatures, weeping as they pledged eternal troth, and young as they were on earth, looking forward, in the prophetic power of bliss, into the gates of Heaven!

The old nameless Song-writers, buried centuries ago in kirk-yards, that have themselves, perhaps, ceased to exist,—yet one sees sometimes lonesome burial places among the hills where man's dust continues to be deposited after the House of God has been removed elsewhere,—the old nameless song-writers took hold, out of their stored hearts, of some single thought or remembrance, surpassingly sweet at the moment over all others that lay stirless beside it, and instantly words as sweet had being, and breathed themselves forth along with some accordant melody of the still more olden time,—or when musical and poetical genius happily met together, both alike passion-inspired, then was born another new tune, or air, soon treasured within a thousand maidens' hearts, and soon flowing from lips that murmured near the living brooks a "music sweeter than their own!" Had boy or virgin faded away in untimely death, and the green mound that covered them, by the working of some secret power far within the heart, suddenly risen to fancy's eye, and then as suddenly sunk away into oblivion with all the wavering burial-place? Then was framed dirge—hymn—elegy, that long long after the mourned and the mourner were forgotten, continued to wail and la-

ment up and down all the vales of Scotland—for what vale is unvisited by such sorrow—in one same monotonous melancholy air, varied only as each separate singer had her heart touched and her face shaded with a fainter or stronger shade of pity or grief!—Had some great battle been lost and won of old—and, to the shepherd on the braes, had a faint and far-off sound seemed on a sudden to touch the horizon, like the echo of a trumpet? Then had some ballad its birth, heroic, yet with dying falls, for the singer wept even as his heart burned within him, over the princely head low prostrated with all its plumes, haply the lowly woodsman, whose horn had often startled the deer, as together they trode the forest-chase, lying humble even in faithful death, by his young lord's feet!—O, blue-eyed maiden, so beautiful of old, yet even more beloved than beautiful, how could'st thou ever find heart to desert thy minstrel, who for thy sake could have died, without one sigh given to the disappearing happiness of the blue-braided spring-sky, and the green-mantled spring-earth,—and witched by some evil spell, how could'st thou follow an outlaw to foreign lands, to find, alas! some day a burial in the great deep? Thus was enchained in sounds, the complaint of disappointed, defrauded, and despairing passion, and another Air filled the eyes of our Scottish maidens with a new luxury of tears—a low, flat tune, surcharged throughout with one groan-like sigh, and acknowledged, even by the gayest heart, to be indeed the language of an incurable grief!—Or, flashed the lover's raptured hour across the brain—yet, an hour in all its rapture, calm, bright, and deep as the summer sea—or the level summit of a far flushing forest asleep in sunshine, when there is not a breath in heaven? Then thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,—and in that wedded verse and music, you feel that "love is heaven, and heaven is love!"—But affection, sober, sedate, and solemn, has its sudden and strong inspirations—sudden and strong as those of the wildest and most fiery passion. Hence, the old grey-haired poet and musician, sitting haply blind in shade or sunshine, and bethinking him of the days of his youth, while the leading hand of his aged Alice gently touches his arm, and that voice of hers that once lilted like the linnet, is now like that of the dreaming dove asleep in the heart of its lonely tree,—feels as if "the forehead of age were twined with spring-tide flowers," mourns not for the past so bright, but gladdens in the present so calm, and sings a holy song—like one of the songs of Zion—for both feel that ere the sun brings another summer, their feet will be wandering by the waters of eternal life!

Thus haply might arise Verse and Air of Scotland's old pathetic melodies. And how her light and airy measures?

Streaks of sunshine come dancing down from heaven—on the darkest days—to bless and beautify the life of poverty dwelling in the wilderness. Labour, as he goes forth at morn from his rustic lodge, feels, to the small birds twitter, his whole being filled with joy—and, as he quickens his pace to field or wood, breaks into a song. Care is not always his black companion, but oft, at evening hour, Mirth,—while Innocence lingers, half-afraid, behind, yet still follows with thoughtful footsteps,—leads him to the circular seat beneath the tree, among whose exterior branches, hangs, creaking to and fro in the wind, the sign-board teaching friendship by the close grasp of two emblematical hands. And thence the catch and troll, "Hark! the merry Christ Church Bells;" while "Laughter, holding both his sides," sheds tears to song and ballad pathetic on the woes of wedded life, and all the ills that "one flesh is heir to." Fair, Rocking, Harvest-home, and a hundred rural festivals, are for ever giving wings to the flight of the circling year—or how could this lazy earth ever in so short a time whirl, spinning asleep on her axis, round that most attractive but distant sun? How loud, broad, deep, soul-and-body-shaking is the ploughman's or the shepherd's mirth, as a hundred bold, sun-burned visages, retired from the "crown of the causey," make the rafters of the old Hostel ring! Overhead the thunder of the time-keeping dance—and all the joyous tenement alive with love! The pathetic song, by genius steeped in tears, is forgotten,—roars of boorish laughter reward the fearless singer for the ballad that brings burning blushes on every female face, till the snooded

head can scarcely be lifted up again to meet the free kiss of affection, bold in the privilege of the festival, where bashfulness is out of season, and the chariest maid withholds not, even in that presence, the harmless boon only half-granted beneath the milk-white thorn. It seems as if all the profounder interests of life were destroyed, or had never existed. In moods like these, Genius plays with Grief, and sports with Sorrow. Broad Farce shakes hands with deep Tragedy. Vice seems almost to be Virtue's sister—the names and the natures of things are changed—and all that is most holy and most holily cherished by us strange mortal creatures,—for which thousands of men and women have died at the stake, and would die again rather than forfeit,—virgin love, and nuptial faith, and religion itself that saves us from being but as the beasts that perish, and equalizes us with the angels that live for ever—all become for a time seeming objects of scoff, derision, and merriment. But it is not so—as God is in heaven it is not so—there has been a flutter of strange dancing lights on life's surface, but that is all—its depths have remained undisturbed in the poor man's nature—and how deep these are, you may easily know, by looking in an hour or two through that small shining pane, the only one in his hut—and beholding and hearing him, his wife and children, on their knees in prayer,—(how beautiful in devotion that same maiden now!) not unseen by the eye of Him, who sitting in the heaven of heavens, doth make our earth his footstool!

And thus the many broad-mirth-songs, and tales, and ballads arose, that enliven Scotland's antique minstrelsy.

To Burns's ear all these lowly lays were familiar, and most dear were they all to his heart; nor less so the airs in which they have, as it were, been so long embalmed, and will be imperishable, unless some fatal change should ever be wrought in the national character of our people. From the first hour, and long indeed before it, that he composed his rudest verse, often had he "sung aloud old songs that are the music of the heart;" and some day or other to be able himself to breathe such strains, was his dearest, his highest ambition. His "genius and his moral frame" were thus embued with the spirit of our old traditionary ballad poetry, and as soon as all his manifold passions were ripe, and his whole glorious being in full maturity, the voice of song was on all occasions of deepest and tenderest human interest, the voice of his daily, his nightly speech. He wooed each maiden in song, that will, hundreds of years hence—as long as our Doric dialect is breathed by Love in Beauty's ear—be murmured close to the cheek of Innocence trembling in the arms of Passion. Was it in some such dim dream of delight, that wandering all by himself to seek the Muse by some "trotting burn's meander," he found his face breathed upon by the wind, as it was turned towards the region of the setting sun—and in a moment it was as the pure breath of his beloved, till, in that "trance ecstatic," he exclaimed to the conscious stars,—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best!"

How different, yet how congenial too that other strain, which ends like the last sound of a funeral bell, when the aged have been buried—

"We'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my joe!"

Those old songs were his models, because they were models of certain forms of feeling, having a necessary and eternal existence. Feel as those who breathed them felt—and if you utter your feelings, the utterance is song. Burns did feel as they felt—and looked with the same eyes on the same objects. So entirely was their language his language, that all the beautiful lines, and half lines, and single words, that, because of something in them more exquisitely true to nature, had survived all the rest of the compositions to which they had long ago belonged, were sometimes adopted by him, almost unconsciously it might seem, in his finest inspirations,—and oftener still sounded in his ear like a key-note, on which he pitched his own plaintive tune of the heart, till the voice and language of the old and the new days were but as one; and the maiden who sung to herself the song by her wheel or on the brae, quite lost in a wavering world of phantasy, could not, as she smiled, choose but also weep!

So far from detracting from the originality of his lyrics, this impulse

to composition greatly increased it, while it gave to them a more touching character than perhaps ever could have belonged to them, had they not breathed at all of antiquity. Old but not obsolete, a word familiar to the lips of human beings who lived ages ago, but tinged with a slight shade of strangeness as it flows from our own, connects the speaker or the singer in a way, though "mournful, yet pleasant to the soul," with past generations, and awakens a love at once more tender and more imaginative towards "Auld Scotland." We think even—at times—when thus excited—of other Burnses who died without their fame; and glorying in him and his name, we love his poetry the more deeply for the sake of him whose genius has given our native land a new title of honour among the nations. Assuredly Burns is felt to be a Scotsman *intus et in cute* in all his poetry—but not more even in his "Tam o' Shanter" and "Cottar's Saturday Night,"—his two longest and most elaborate compositions, than in one and all of his innumerable and inimitable songs, from "Dainty Davie" to "Thou lingering Star!" We know too, that the composition of songs was to him a perfect happiness that continued to the close of life,—an inspiration that shot its light and its heat, it may be said, into his very grave.

To write Scottish songs to be set to Scottish music, was the greatest and proudest delight Burns could enjoy on this earth. He felt that by this means his name would live for ever, where it was to him most glorious to think of it living, in the bosoms of our Scottish maidens, and of "a bold peasantry, their country's pride." To Johnson's Museum he continued to contribute to the last month of his life; and, besides writing for it some dozen of excellent original songs, his diligence, in collecting ancient pieces hitherto unpublished, and his taste and skill in eking out fragments, were largely and most happily exerted all along for its benefit. The connexion with the more important work of Mr Thomson began in September, 1792; and Mr Gray justly says, that whoever considers his correspondence with the editor, and the collection itself, must be satisfied, that from that time till the commencement of his last illness, not many days ever passed over his head without the production of some new stanzas for its pages. Besides old materials, for the most part embellished with lines, if not verses of his own, and a whole body of hints, suggestions, and criticisms, Burns gave Mr Thomson about sixty original songs. "These songs," as Mr Lockhart observes, "are by many eminent critics placed decidedly at the head of all our poet's performances: it is by none disputed that very many of them are worthy of his most felicitous inspiration. He bestowed much more care on them than on his contributions to the Museum; and the taste and feeling of the editor secured the work against any intrusions of that overwarm element which was too apt to mingle in his amatory effusions. Burns knew that he was now engaged on a work destined for the eye and ear of refinement; he laboured throughout, under the salutary feeling, 'virginibus puerisque canto;' and the consequences have been happy indeed for his own fame—for the literary taste, and the national music, of Scotland; and, what is of far higher importance, the moral and national feelings of his countrymen."

Of the delight with which Burns laboured for Mr Thomson's Collection, his letters contain some lively description.

"'You cannot imagine,' says he, 7th April, 1793, 'how much this business has added to my enjoyments. What with my early attachment to ballads, your book and ballad-making are now as completely my hobbyhorse as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's; so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race, (God grant I may take the right side of the winning-post,) and then, cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing, 'Sae merry as we a' hae been,' and raising my last looks to the whole human race, the last words of the voice of Coila shall be, 'Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!'"

This was indeed a divine daily occupation for an habitual and confirmed drunkard! Shame on the stupid folly that could thus, in blindness and deafness, traduce the dying bard! Mr Gray was the first who, independently of every other argument, proved the impossibility of the truth of such charges, by pointing to the almost daily effusions of his clear and unclouded genius. For this, and for his otherwise triumphant vindication of

the character of Burns from the worst obloquy it so long lay under, Scotland ought to be grateful to James Gray.*

During much of the time that Burns was thus almost constantly inspired by his Muse, who must, indeed, "have visited his slumbers nightly," he was visibly a dying man! "In how far the thoughtless follies of the poet," says Mr Lockhart, "did actually hasten his end, it is needless to conjecture. They had their share, unquestionably, along with other influences, which it would be inhuman to characterise as mere follies—such, for example, as that general depression of spirits which haunted him from his youth;" and then hinting at some other unhappy and dispiriting circumstances in the later years of his life—"All such sorrows as these," he well says, "must have acted with twofold harmfulness upon Burns—harassing, in the first place, one of the most sensitive minds that ever filled a human bosom,—and then, alas! by consequence tempting to additional excesses!" In a letter written to that warm-hearted man, Mr Alexander Cunningham,—one of the very truest friends he ever had,—towards the beginning of 1794, something more than a year before his death, Burns himself says, in that strong language which he sometimes used beyond the need of the occasion, but which must have meant all that met the ear—

"For these two months I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, blasted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria; which poisons my existence. Of late a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these ***** times—losses which, though trifling, were yet what I could ill bear, have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition."

With language of this kind there may be many, who, at the same time that they entertain all kindly feelings towards the memory of Burns, will be unable to sympathize. But the same letter does contain sentiments and opinions so nobly conceived and expressed, that we agree with all our hearts with Mr Lockhart, that "they who have been told that Burns was ever a degraded being—who have permitted themselves to believe, that his only consolations were those 'of the opiate guilt applies to grief,' will do well to pause over it and judge for themselves." The following passage, how beautiful—how sublime!

"Still there are two great pillars that bear us up, amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The ONE is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The OTHER is made up of those feelings and sentiments, which, however the sceptic may deny, or the enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul; those *senses of the mind*, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to those awful obscure realities—an all-powerful and equally beneficent God—and a world to come, beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field;—the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

"I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty FEW, to lead the undiscerning MANY; or at most as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know anything of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion, any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and to others, were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment, and taste, I shall thus add

* Mr Gray was for some time a teacher in Dumfries, and taught Burns's sons, was afterwards for many years one of the most distinguished masters of the High School of Edinburgh, and lately Principal of the Belfast Academy. He is now in holy orders, in the Church of England, and is a chaplain at the Presidency of Madras. As Maga visits India, we send him, in a few words, our kindest remembrances, and our best wishes for his health, honours, and happiness.—C. N.

largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart; and an imagination, delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales, and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring; himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God. His soul, by swift, delighted degrees, is rapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson,—

> 'These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God.—The rolling year
> Is full of thee;'

and so on, in all the spirit and ardour of that charming hymn.—These are no ideal pleasures; they are real delights; and I ask what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say, equal to them? And they have this precious, vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own; and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God."

Towards the close of 1795, Burns's prospects in the Excise seemed to brighten up a little; but his hopes were mingled and darkened with sorrow. For four months of that year his youngest child lingered through an illness, of which every week promised to be the last; and she was finally cut off when the poet, who had watched her with anxious tenderness, was from home on professional business. This was a severe blow; and his own nerves, though as yet he had not taken any serious alarm about his ailments, were ill fitted to withstand it. How was his heart then wrung by the agonizing fear, that were he dead, his family would be in misery!

"There had need," he writes to Mrs Dunlop, 15th December, "there had much need be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father, for God knows, they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious, sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks; me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigour of manhood as I am,—such things happen every day,—gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune.—A father on his death-bed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has indeed woe enough; but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I—but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject."

In another letter to the same lady, written soon after, he says, "What a transient business is life! Very lately I was a boy; but t'other day a young man; and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening limbs of old age coming fast upon me." Burns, as he wrote this, had just completed his thirty-seventh year! Strong bones, and thews, and sinews, were his; but what are they to the touch of that Power that had Burns in his eye—and now "his dart shook, but delayed to strike!" We utter this commonest of all common-places, because the death of Burns has been so often, until lately, attributed directly to his dissipation and debauchery. Mr Lockhart beautifully says, with much feeling,—

"The untimely death of one who, had he lived to anything like the usual term of human existence, might have done so much to increase his fame as a poet, and to purify and dignify his character as a man, was, it is too probable, hastened by his own intemperances and imprudences; but it seems to be extremely improbable, that, even if his manhood had been a course of saintlike virtue in all respects, the irritable and nervous bodily constitution which he inherited from his father, shaken as it was by the toils and miseries of his ill-starred youth, could have sustained, to anything like the psalmist's 'allotted span,' the exhausting excitements of an intensely poetical temperament. Since the first pages of this narrative were sent to the press, I have heard from an old acquaintance of the bard, who often shared his bed with him at Mossgiel, that even at that early period, when intemperance assuredly had nothing to do with the matter, those ominous symptoms of radical disorder in the digestive system, the 'palpitation and suffocation' of which Gilbert speaks, were so regularly his nocturnal visitants, that it was his custom to have a great tub of cold water by his bed-side, into which he usually plunged more than once in the course of the night, thereby procuring instant, though but shortlived relief. On

a frame thus originally constructed, and thus early tried with most severe afflictions, external and internal, what must not have been, under any subsequent course of circumstances, the effect of that exquisite sensibility of mind, but for which the world would never have heard anything either of the sins, or the sorrows, or the poetry of Burns!"

On the 31st January, 1796, he wrote to Mrs Dunlop—"I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child, and that at a distance too, and so rapidly, as to put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her. I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock, when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful; until, after many weeks of a sick-bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl about the room, and once indeed have been before my own door in the street."

A few months afterwards, 7th July, he writes to Mr Cunningham of Edinburgh, from the small village of Brow, on the Solway Frith, about ten miles above Dumfries, to which he had removed about the end of June—"I fear the voice of the Bard will soon be heard among you no more.—For these eight or ten months I have been ailing, sometimes bedfast and sometimes not; but these last three months I have been tortured with an excruciating rheumatism which has reduced me to nearly the last stage. You actually would not know me if you saw me—pale, emaciated, and so feeble, as occasionally to need help from my chair.—My spirits fled! fled! But I can no more on the subject."

Two days previous to the date of this affecting letter, Mrs Riddell of Glenriddel, a beautiful and very accomplished woman, and herself of no mean poetical genius, to whom many of Burns's most interesting letters, in the later years of his life, were addressed, and who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Brow, sent her carriage for his conveyance, and she thus has described his appearance and conversation on that occasion:—

"I was struck with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was impressed on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied, that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a poor state of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling—as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation—in hourly expectation of lying-in of a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he showed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation: that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame. He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers into a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion.—The conversation was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I have seldom seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise, damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwill-

ing to indulge.—We parted about sun-set on the evening of that day; (the 5th of July, 1796;) the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more!"

On the 7th of July, on which he had written his last letter to his friend Cunningham, he had also bade farewell to his beloved brother Gilbert:—"I am dangerously ill, and not likely to get better. God keep my wife and children!" And on the 12th, he penned the last letter he ever wrote, to his friend, Mrs Dunlop:—"Madam, I have written you so often, without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again, but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns*. Your friendship, with which for so many years you honoured me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!!"

Mr M'Diarmid has communicated the following impressive anecdote:—

"Rousseau, we all know, when dying, wished to be carried into the open air, that he might obtain a parting look of the glorious orb of day. A night or two before Burns left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy; and the evening being beautiful, and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Miss Craig (now Mrs Henry Duncan) was afraid the light might be too much for him, and rose with the view of letting down the window blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant; and, regarding the young lady with a look of great benignity, said, 'Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but, oh, let him shine; he will not shine long for me.'"

The final scene of all we give chiefly in the beautiful language of Allan Cunningham:—

"On the 18th, despairing of any benefit from the sea, our poet came back to Dumfries. Mr Allan Cunningham, who saw him arrive 'visibly changed in his looks, being with difficulty able to stand upright, and reach his own door,' has given a striking picture, in one of his essays, of the state of popular feeling in the town during the short space which intervened between his return and his death.—'Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame—and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one) were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.'

"'His good humour,' Cunningham adds, 'was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.' He repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them on some important points were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more.'

"'A tremor now pervaded his frame,' says Dr Currie, on the authority of the physician who attended him; 'his tongue was parched; and his mind sunk into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished.' On the fourth, July 21st, 1796, Robert Burns died.

"'I went to see him laid out for the grave,' says Mr Allan Cunningham; 'several elder people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face; and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but

death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity, and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death.' "

The whole of this Life of Burns, from beginning to end, is honourable alike to the biographer's head and heart;—and long as our article has proved to be, why deny ourselves and others the melancholy pleasure of reading a few of the beautiful passages in which he speaks, at the close of his volume, of the character and genius of this most extraordinary man.

"It is possible, perhaps for some it may be easy, to imagine a character of a much higher cast than that of Burns, developed, too, under circumstances in many respects not unlike those of his history—the character of a man of lowly birth, and powerful genius, elevated by that philosophy which is alone pure and divine, far above all those annoyances of terrestrial spleen and passion, which mixed from the beginning with the workings of his inspiration, and in the end were able to eat deep into the great heart which they had long tormented. Such a being would have received, no question, a species of devout reverence, I mean when the grave had closed on him, to which the warmest admirers of our poet can advance no pretensions for their unfortunate favourite; but could such a being have delighted his species—could he even have instructed them, like Burns? Ought we not to be thankful for every new variety of form and circumstance, in and under which the ennobling energies of true and lofty genius are found addressing themselves to the common brethren of the race? Would we have none but Miltons and Cowpers in poetry—but Brownes and Southeys in prose? Alas! if it were so, to how large a portion of the species would all the gifts of all the muses remain for ever a fountain shut up and a book sealed! Were the doctrine of intellectual excommunication to be thus expounded and enforced, how small the library that would remain to kindle the fancy, to draw out and refine the feelings, to enlighten the head by expanding the heart of man! From Aristophanes to Byron, how broad the sweep, how woeful the desolation!

"In the absence of that vehement sympathy with humanity as it is, its sorrows and its joys as they are, we might have had a great man, perhaps a great poet, but we could have had no Burns. It is very noble to despise the accidents of fortune; but what moral homily concerning these, could have equalled that which Burns's poetry, considered alongside of Burns's history, and the history of his fame, presents! It is very noble to be above the allurements of pleasure; but who preaches so effectually against them, as he who sets forth in immortal verse his own intense sympathy with those that yield, and in verse and in prose, in action and in passion, in life and in death, the dangers and the miseries of yielding?"

And, in another place, alluding to some passages in Burns's letters, he says,

"In such evacuations of indignant spleen the proud heart of many an unfortunate genius, besides this, has found or sought relief: and to other more dangerous indulgences, the affliction of such sensitive spirits had often, ere his time, condescended. The list is a long and a painful one; and it includes some names that can claim but a scanty share in the apology of Burns. Addison, himself, the elegant, the philosophical, the religious Addison, must be numbered with these offenders:—Jonson, Cotton, Prior, Parnell, Otway, Savage, all sinned in the same sort, and the transgressions of them all have been leniently dealt with, in comparison with those of one whose genius was probably greater than any of theirs; his appetites more fervid, his temptations more abundant, his repentance more severe. The beautiful genius of Collins sunk under similar contaminations; and those who have from dulness of head, or sourness of heart, joined in the too general clamour against Burns, may learn a lesson of candour, of mercy, and of justice, from the language in which one of the best of men, and loftiest of moralists, has commented on frailties that hurried a kindred spirit to a like untimely grave."

We conclude with one admirable passage on the genius of the poet.

"On one point there can be no controversy; the poetry of Burns has had most powerful influence in reviving and

strengthening the national feelings of his countrymen. Amidst penury and labour, his youth fed on the old minstrelsy and traditional glories of his nation, and his genius divined, that what he felt so deeply must belong to a spirit that might lie smothered around him, but could not be extinguished. The political circumstances of Scotland were, and had been, such as to starve the flame of patriotism; the popular literature had striven, and not in vain, to make itself English; and, above all, a new and a cold system of speculative philosophy had begun to spread widely among us. A peasant appeared, and set himself to check the creeping pestilence of this indifference. Whatever genius has since then been devoted to the illustration of the national manners, and sustaining thereby of the national feelings of the people, there can be no doubt that Burns will ever be remembered as the founder, and, alas! in his own person as the martyr, of this reformation.

"That what is now-a-days called, by solitary eminence, the *wealth* of the nation, had been on the increase ever since our incorporation with a greater and wealthier state—nay, that the laws had been improving, and, above all, the administration of the laws, it would be mere bigotry to dispute. It may also be conceded easily, that the national mind had been rapidly clearing itself of many injurious prejudices—that the people, as a people, had been gradually and surely advancing in knowledge and wisdom, as well as in wealth and security. But all this good had not been accomplished without rude work. If the improvement were valuable, it had been purchased dearly. 'The spring fire,' Allan Cunningham says beautifully somewhere, 'which destroys the furze, makes an end also of the nests of a thousand song-birds; and he who goes a-trouting with lime leaves little of life in the stream.' We were getting fast ashamed of many precious and beautiful things, only for that they were old and our own.

"The moral influence of his genius has not been confined to his own countrymen. 'The range of the *pastoral*,' said Johnson, 'is narrow. Poetry cannot dwell upon the minuter distinctions by which one species differs from another, without departing from that simplicity of grandeur which *fills the imagination*: nor dissect the latent qualities of things, without losing its *general power of gratifying every mind by recalling its own conceptions.* Not only the images of rural life, but the occasions on which they can be properly applied, are few and general. The state of a man confined to the employments and pleasures of the country, is so little diversified, and exposed to so few of those accidents which produce perplexities, terrors, and surprises, in more complicated transactions, that he can be shown but seldom in such circumstances as attract curiosity. His ambition is without policy, and his love without intrigue. He has no complaints to make of his rival, but that he is richer than himself; nor any disasters to lament, but a cruel mistress or a bad harvest.' Such were the notions of the great arbiter of taste, whose dicta formed the creed of the British world, at the time when Burns made his appearance to overturn all such dogmata at a single blow; to convince the loftiest of the noble, and the daintiest of the learned, that wherever human nature is at work, the eye of a poet may discover rich elements of his art—that over Christian Europe, at all events, the purity of sentiment and the fervour of passion may be found combined with sagacity of intellect, wit, shrewdness, humour, whatever elevates and whatever delights the mind, not more easily amidst the most 'complicated transactions' of the most polished societies, than

> 'In huts where poor men lie.'

"Burns did not place himself only within the estimation and admiration of those whom the world called his superiors—a solitary tree emerging into light and air, and leaving the parent underwood as low and as dark as before. He, as well as any man,

> 'Knew his own worth, and reverenced the lyre;'

but he ever announced himself as a peasant, the representative of his class, the painter of their manners, inspired by the same influences which ruled their bosoms; and whosoever sympathized with the verse of Burns, had his soul opened for the moment to the whole family of man. If, in too many instances, the matter has stopped there—the blame is not with the poet, but with the mad and unconquerable pride and coldness of the worldly heart—'man's inhumanity to man.' If, in spite of Burns, and all his successors, the boundary lines of society are observed with increasing strictness among us—if the various orders of men still, day by day, feel the chord of sympathy relaxing, let us lament over symptoms of a disease in the body politic, which, if it goes on, must find sooner or later a fatal ending: but let us not undervalue the antidote which has all along

been checking this strong poison. Who can doubt that at this moment thousands of 'the first-born of Egypt' look upon the smoke of a cottager's chimney with feelings which would never have been developed within their being, had there been no Burns?"

We shall not attempt the defence of the people of Scotland in their conduct towards Burns. Something—perhaps much—might, and some time or other ought and will, be said by us, in its extenuation. But it was bad. Let England, however—we say it in love and admiration of her character—let England look to herself, and settle all accounts with herself on the score of her own neglect of native genius, before she wastes any more of her high-toned moral indignation on us for our treatment of him, whom now we glory in as our greatest national poet. The gold coin of the genius of Burns, at least, be it remembered, never sustained, during his lifetime, any depreciation. He had this to comfort him—this to glory in—to the last; and this, by the poet, in his barest poverty, was doubtless often felt to be an exceeding great reward. And when he died—when it was known that Burns indeed was dead—not in vain, and idle, and pompous funeral rites alone—though these were paid him, and the volleying thunders pealed over his grave—not in unavailing attempts to lament his doom, by touching to elegiac strains the strings of that harp which now lay mute by its master's side—did Scotland show her remorse—her penitence—her gratitude. The widow and the fatherless became the objects of general tender concern. An ample subscription was soon raised for their behoof—a new edition of his Poems, by the enlightened and benevolent Currie, while it spread wider, and established more firmly his fame, added to the fund of charity—and this surely—and more than this—done at the time when there was a blessing on it—and every year since his death a more earnest and universal delight in his genius, even to passion—well entitles Scotland almost to forgive and forget her offence—to sink the past in the present—and even to pride herself on being, after all, not an ungrateful mother of such a son. To have failed in any duty she ever owed to such a son, when he was alive to rejoice and benefit, along with all he loved most dearly, from the bestowal of her regard, must always be set down to the discredit and disgrace of the country. Yet thus much we will say—and only thus much—that we ought to remember that the Dead Burns is more glorious than ever was the Living. He has now gathered all his fame. Nations have honoured his genius. He sits among the Immortals. This has rarely been the lot of any living man: not of Milton—not yet of Wordsworth. Can it be that man hates to honour man—till the power in which he may have wrought miracles be extinguished or withdrawn from earth—and then, when we fear, and hate, and pine, and envy about it no more, we confess its grandeur, bow down to it, and worship it? Then it was, like ourselves, human—now it is divine!

Up to the day on which Burns left his farm of Ellisland, (and had such rural occupation, entire and undivided, and under ordinarily happy circumstances, been always his, how different might have been the whole colour and complexion of his life!) we showed, that after fairly balancing the accounts of conscience, he was so far from being bankrupt in character, that no man was better entitled than he to hold his head up among the best of his fellow-beings, at church or market. How stands he at his last earthly audit? With many more sins to be judged and forgiven by God at the great day—with not many more—although some—to be judged—may we dare to use the word forgiven—even by man during his earthly sojourn! He had often erred—sometimes grossly and grievously—and "rueful had the expiation been." But were the sins of poor Robert Burns so much worse than those of most other men, that it became a moral and religious duty to emblazon them for an eternal warning to human nature? Alas! his sins bore no proportion to his sorrows! Long, long before the light of heaven had ever been darkened, obscured, or eclipsed in his conscience, even for a moment, by evil thoughts or evil deeds, when the bold, bright boy, with his thick black curling hair ennobling his noble forehead, was slaving for his parents' sake,—and if the blessing of God ever falls on mortal man, it must be on toils like these—Robert Burns used often to lie by his brother's side, all night long, without ever closing an eye in sleep—for that large heart of his, that loved all his eyes looked

upon of nature's works living or dead, divine as was its mechanism for the play of all lofty passions, would often get suddenly disarranged, as if approached the very hour of death. Who so skilled in nature's mysteries to dare to say, that many more years could have fallen to the lot of one so framed, had he all life long drank, as in youth, but of the well-water, lain down with the dove, and risen with the lark? If excesses, in which there was much blame, did in any degree injure his health and constitution—and most probably they did so—how much more did those other excesses certainly do so, in which there was both praise and virtue—over-anxious, over-working hours beneath the mid-day sun, when his hot beams shot downwards like arrows—yet, were faith in that beautiful Pagan Poetry for a moment restored for the sake of our great Pastoral, well might we believe that Apollo would not have hurt the Muse's son. But let us not fear to confess all his faults—failings—errors—vices—sins, in all their magnitude, and in all their darkest colours. They are known to the whole world. Yet still the whole world loves—admires—respects—venerates the memory of Burns. Not under the power of his genius alone does the world thus feel and judge. For how much is there of good and great in the character of the Man! What lessons of patience, endurance, contentment, resignation, magnanimity, devotion, does his earlier life teach! Was not his manhood, in all its better days, nay, on to the week of the final struggle, dignified, amidst all its stains, by independence, by patriotism, by integrity, by generosity—for he was generous as poor—and by the discharge of nature's primal duties under sorest difficulty and distress—for hard had he worked for that wife and those children, whom at last he piously delivered up to the care of their God on the bed of death. Who ever laid one mean, jealous, envious, unkind, or cruel thought or deed to the charge of Robert Burns? Ill-used as he had been by the world—by the great and the rich, and the learned and the wise—in short, by the powerful—who were proud to take him by the hand, and lift him up for a little while on a towering and conspicuous eminence, and then did let him wander away off into what might have been utter obscurity for them—into sufferings by them unmitigated—this, we say, was to use him ill indeed, and even this might have broken many a noble heart, as we know that for a time it shook his to its very core. But in spite of all this—in spite of the 'hope deferred that maketh the heart sick,' Burns never became a misanthrope. A few indignant flashes his genius occasionally gave forth against the littleness of the great—but nothing so paltry as personal pique at the bad and base usage of a few, or even many, who ought not thus to have dishonoured their birth, ever inspired Burns with feelings of hostility towards the highest orders. His was an imagination that clothed high rank with that dignity and splendour which some of the degenerate descendants of old and illustrious houses had seemed to have forgotten; and when an Athole, a Daer, or a Glencairn, "reverenced the lyre," and grasped the hand of the peasant, who had received it as his patrimony from nature, Burns felt it to be nowise inconsistent with the stubbornest independence that ever supported a son of the soil in his struggles with necessity, reverently to doff his bonnet, and bow his head in their presence, proud in his humility.

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown,
That on his head an hour hath been;

The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

Even this perfect freedom from uneasy, dissatisfied, and angry thoughts and feelings towards the rich and great, when we consider all things, proves the native magnanimity of Burns. After all, that is the highest eulogy which uses only the most common but the most holy words. Burns then, was a good Son, a good Brother, a good Friend, a good Husband, and a good Father.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

TO MEET AGAIN.

To meet again! Oh, that a cruel fate
  Should have compell'd us now, and thus, to part!
I feel as if the world lay desolate
  For me; a burden presses on my heart;
In vain I strive to ease my breast, in vain
Life's sole hope is, that we may meet again!

To meet again! that is the one lone ray,
  Which from the blackness of this midnight streams;
Cut off from thee, day shall crawl on to day,
  And thou be present only in my dreams;
I gaze around me in my spirit's dearth,
To know that nought like thee abides on earth!

I pine in solitude—I muse upon
  The days, that, meteor-like, have glided by,
When blessing my rapt sight thy beauty shone,
  And my heart thrill'd beneath thy conquering eye,
And when the music of thy deep, rich voice,
Taught all my thoughts to sadden, yet rejoice.

Methinks I see thee, in thy green retreat,
  Watering the glow of the flush'd summer flowers;
Or, while the streamlet murmurs at thy feet,
  Sitting with some loved book 'mid sylvan bowers,
And lending to the groves, and fields, and skies,
More lustrous beauty from thy soft blue eyes;—

Ah! changing, like our fortunes, wilt thou change,
  Smile with the gay, and with the giddy turn?
Forbid the thought! Could Time thy heart estrange,
  Less for the love of thee this heart should burn;
But if on earth Fidelity may find
A home for rest, 'tis in thy noble mind!

Yes! I will live in hope—it cannot be
  (—Oh, if it should, before that hateful day,
May Death—and welcome—set my spirit free—)
  That thou from cherish'd ties should'st turn away;
No! Nature never could be so unkind,
As link, with form so fair, a fickle mind!

I'll think of thee, I'll think, when joy would come
  To raise my lonely and desponding heart;
I'll think of thee, beloved, in hours of gloom,
  And happy feel, that thou hast not a part
In my afflictions,—Oh! without a cloud,
May all thy days shine o'er in lustre proud.

May a perpetual sunshine still illume
  Thy every thought—and not a woe or care
From thy soft cheek of beauty rob the bloom,
  Or dim the silken richness of thy hair;
And when sweet sleep comes o'er thee, oh, be bright
Thy sinless dreams with a celestial light!

None in the world like thee! oh, there are none—
  Or, if there were, my heart desires them not;
Flower of life's wilderness! my chosen one!
  The bright, the beautiful, the unforgot,
I murmur thy dear name, and, day by day,
Yield me more deeply to Dejection's sway.

None in the world like thee! oh everywhere
  I miss thee, where of yore I sought and found;
Fairest, at all times, never half so fair
  As now, when for thy form I gaze around
In vain—and feel that I am quite alone—
That life is pleasureless—and thou art gone!

None in the world like thee! for me the spring
  Vainly puts forth its buds and bells; I hear
The lark ascending on its summer wing,
  But its sweet music palls upon my ear;
Blue skies o'erarch green earth, which smileth glad;
The streams make music—yet my heart is sad.

None in the world like thee! I look around
  In vain to find thy likeness; thou wert given
To sanctify my soul, and from the ground
  Exalt my low thoughts, telling them of heaven;
For paltry were the heart, which, loving thee,
Could faithless, sinful, or degraded be.

I cannot sleep—when beats the heavy rain,
  And the winds murmur through the midnight deep,
I toss upon my couch, and turn in vain;
  The past crowds on my thoughts—I cannot sleep;
And doubly dear thou art, and doubly fair,
With thy calm brow, deep eyes, and sunny hair;—

And then thy voice—I list it in my dreams—
  It haunts my memory with its angel tones,
Till my heart bleeds; to it all music seems
  A tuneless discord, which mine ear disowns;
I hear it, in the silence of my thought,
A rich, sad melody, by memory brought.

Yes! I will walk in firmness—I will shake
  The world's pollutions from my thoughts, and be
More just, more pure, more upright, for thy sake,
  More true to heaven, and less unworthy thee:
Mourn o'er the past, and for the future prove
As one whose conduct would secure thy love!

And I will fly temptation—I will keep
  My heart in separation from all ill,
For thou wilt come to me at midnight deep,
  In holiest dreams, my troubled heart to still;
And thou wilt chase my fears, and cheer my gloom,
By pointing forth to happier days to come!

To meet again!—without this hope, for me
  Death would be more than welcome; for life seems
The flowerless desert, and the shoreless sea,
  Of which the melancholy madman dreams,
When not a ray of hope beams, shooting fair
Through the grey mists of his forlorn despair.

To meet again!—till then a sad adieu!—
  With thee all joy and comfort disappears,
And life grows dark and clouded on my view:—
  Farewell! While wandering through this vale of tears,
This one dear hope my spirit shall sustain,
That we may meet again—may meet again!

Δ

TO THE RHINE.

Majestic stream! whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my soul doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

'Tis not thy track, o'erhung with towers
Of antique mould—and clustering bowers—
'Tis not thy waves, romantic Rhine,
Rolling away 'mong hills of pine—
'Tis not the matchless beauty given
To thine o'erarching bowers—as heaven
Sighs o'er them with her airy spell—
That bids thee in my memory dwell.

Far other ties, majestic river,
Have bound thee to this heart for ever.
The mountains whence thy streams arise
Are gladden'd over by her eyes—
Her starry eyes—whose glance divine
Was oft in rapture turn'd on mine.
In vision, like a radiant gleam,
I see her mirror'd on thy stream:
I hear her voice of silvery tone
Arising from thy waters lone:
I hear her lute's bland echo come
With voice so soft—so all but dumb—
That sound hath wellnigh striven in vain
To mould the melancholy strain,
Which empty Silence fain would quell
For ever, in his voiceless cell.

River of rivers! unto me
Thy lucid breast shall ever be
A shrine with thousand gifts o'erflowing—
A spirit known though all unknowing.
When by thy wizard banks I stray,
Unnumber'd thoughts bestrew my way—
Thoughts rising, like thy gushing fountains,
Far off, from those romantic mountains
Where she doth dwell who rules my heart—
A solitary star apart—
A wild flower in her native glen,
Far from the busy strife of men.
What wonder then—O, lordly stream—
Since like an everlasting dream,
Her pictured memory dwells with thee,
That thou art all in all to me?
Sweet is thy course, and even the call
Of thunder—when thy waterfall
Grindeth his rebel waves to spray,
And shadoweth with mist the day.
I love thee in thy gentle path—
I love thee in thy moods of wrath—
I love thee when thou glidest under
The boughs unheard—or roll'st in thunder.
Yes, lordly stream, whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my heart doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

A Modern Pythagorean.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S NARRATIVE OF THE WAR IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.*

In whatever light we may regard it, whether we look to the spirit-stirring events to which its progress gave birth, to the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune which attended it, to the brilliant talent and devoted heroism which it called into view, to the splendour of its consummation, or to the magnitude of the consequences which have arisen out of it, we need not hesitate in pronouncing the Peninsular war to be at once the most glorious and the most instructive contest in which this country has ever been engaged. It is to the Peninsular war, and to it alone, that Great Britain is indebted for the elevated situation which she now fills among the nations of Europe; and many generations must be forgotten, before the very memory of that war shall cease to operate in her favour. It was in the fields of the Peninsula that British soldiers first established for their day a reputation which they had enjoyed no opportunity of acquiring since the days of Blenheim and Malplaquet. It was for their gallant bearing at Vimeira, Oporto, Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria, that the nations of the continent first learned to regard them as made of the same stuff, and animated by the same spirit, with the heroes of Trafalgar and the Nile; and were no other benefits than these to be traced back to that memorable struggle, we should still consider the advantages as having been cheaply earned. But when, in addition to these, the proud consciousness comes on our minds, that *we* first taught Europe how the universal conqueror was to be beaten; that our laurels were earned in the holiest and best cause which men ever fought to maintain; and that, but for our direct interference, Europe might have been at this moment in bondage —our recollections of six years of anxiety and suspense are mixed up with a sense of gratitude to a kind Providence, which, having given to us the power, moral as well as physical, to do as we have done, presented us with a fair field in which to exercise that power. It is a glorious reflection, that our triumphs have been obtained, not by the casting down, but by the raising up of oppressed nations; and that the brightest page in the military history of Great Britain, records a series of victories, every one of which was sanctified by the blessings and heartfelt congratulations of men, who looked to us alone for deliverance from a thraldom more intolerable than death.

But it is not alone because of the addition to our national glory obtained, (and whatever adds to the true glory of a nation adds to its strength,) that we are disposed to look upon the Peninsular war as different in its character from all the other wars in which this country has in modern times taken part. Up to the commencement of that contest, England appeared to have forgotten that she had ever been, and still retained the capability of being, a great military nation. With a navy everywhere triumphant, and secure in her insular situation, she looked, not indeed with indifference, but certainly without duly exerting herself, upon the progress of French domination from one end of Europe to another. If she stirred at all, it was not with men, but with money; and her resources were frittered away, in the vain attempt to get that effected by means of hirelings and foreigners, which her own sons, at one-half the cost, and in one-half the time, would have done much more effectually. We are sanguine enough to believe, that the issues of the Peninsular war have been such as to convince our rulers, in all time coming, of the impolicy, as well as the utter insufficiency, of the subsidising system. Whenever this country shall again be called upon to gird on the sword, may she do so, not as an ally, but as a principal; and if her strength be but directed by men capable of guiding it aright, no war in which she may engage will be of long continuance. It was simply because we persisted in acting wholly on the defensive during fifteen years, that after fifteen years of hostilities

* A Narrative of the War in Spain and Portugal, by Lieut-Gen. the Marquis of Londonderry. London. Quarto. Colburn. 1828.

the prospect of peace was as remote from us as ever; whereas we no sooner took the field in earnest, as our fathers were accustomed to do before us, than the happiest results followed. May we never forget the great political lesson which this important fact is calculated to teach.

Such being our ideas on the subject of the Peninsular war, it was with no common interest that we opened the Marquis of Londonderry's volume, in which he records events of which he was an eye-witness, and details operations in which he was himself a prominent actor. He served in Sir John Moore's army, as a general of brigade, in which capacity he commanded a regiment of German, and a regiment of English hussars; and with Lord Wellington he filled the important and confidential situation of adjutant-general. Now, it is hardly necessary to add, that an officer discharging the latter office, must necessarily have had access to information such as few, besides the commander-in-chief himself could possess,—indeed, we are disposed to believe, that, with the exception of the commander-in-chief alone, and perhaps of the quarter-master-general, no man in the army could tell so much, or hear more of what was going on, than the adjutant-general.

Thus favoured by circumstances, Lord Londonderry naturally stands forth as a mark for the bitterest and most severe criticism. The public expects, and has a right to expect from him, much more than from an ordinary writer, however talented; and it is as creditable to himself, as we are sure it will be satisfactory to others, to be told, that their expectations will not be disappointed. We have no hesitation to say, that we have read nothing descriptive of any portion of the Peninsular war at all to be compared, in point of interest and important information, with the volume now before us. It is a plain, straightforward tale, told without affectation and without reserve; and the style is always easy, sometimes eloquent, and never slovenly,—the descriptions, whether of natural scenery, or the movements of corps or armies, are uniformly clear and perspicuous,—whilst the remarks here and there hazarded upon passing events, are judicious as well as forcible. On the whole, this narrative bids fair to take its place among the few works which are destined to survive the age in which they were compiled,—and will doubtless be read a century hence with the same interest with which we read it now.

Lord Londonderry's narrative, properly so called, includes a space of something less than four years; beginning with an account of the campaign under Sir John Moore, and ending with a description of the siege and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. To this, however, is prefixed an introduction, in which the causes that led to the appearance of a British army in the field of continental warfare, are explained, and a brief but lucid view taken of the Military and Political condition of the Peninsular nations prior to their invasion by the French. We consider this as a very valuable portion of the work; for though it throws little additional light upon facts already known, it brings them all within the compass of a single glance, and enables the reader to embark with the livelier interest in the personal narrative which succeeds. We cannot do better than follow, in our analysis, the example which the gallant writer has set in the work itself.

Seldom have nations fallen to the depth of moral and political degradation, in which, from the year 1803 up to 1807, the sister kingdoms of Spain and Portugal were involved. With governments at once feeble and corrupt,—a despicable nobility, and a wretched clergy,—it is no wonder that the affairs of both were mismanaged; or that the one became, in point of fact, a mere tool in the hand of France, and that the other was glad to purchase, by heavy contributions, an insecure neutrality. At the court of Madrid, Godoy, the Prince of Peace, the favourite of the king, and the Paramour of the queen, caused everything to be done, not for the public good, but for his own private aggrandisement; whilst at the court of Lisbon, the confessor for the time being was equally influential in turning the undivided care of his master to the aggrandisement of the church. Under such heads, what could be expected from the people of either country?—Spain and Portugal became the most contemptible nations in Europe; so contemptible indeed, that instead of wondering at the feeble efforts which they afterwards made to resist the aggressions of Buonaparte, it ought rather to be with us a matter of surprise, that

they ever dreamed of opposing him at all.

But though such was the case among the higher classes,—though the nobility were sunk to the lowest pitch of degradation,—though the clergy were avaricious and domineering,—though every department in the state was mismanaged,—though the few soldiers which remained were without pay, without clothing, without arms; and the officers, taken from the dregs of the people, were not ashamed to wait as menials, in their uniforms, behind the chairs of their superiors;—though all this was true to its utmost letter, we nevertheless agree with our author in opinion, that "it would not be easy to point out, in any quarter of the world, a nobler or a finer race of men, than those who cultivated the vine on the banks of the Ebro, and led their long strings of mules from one end of the kingdom to another."

The true nobility of Spain, in other words, the real old and noble Spanish character, must be sought for among the peasantry alone. These, and especially the muleteers, retain all that proud sense of honour, that promptitude to take fire if an insult be offered, and that readiness to avenge it, which once animated all ranks in this unhappy country; and if, when brought into the field as soldiers, they rarely stood the shock of battle, their overthrow is to be accounted for, not by supposing that the men themselves were deficient in courage, but by believing, what was the fact, that the officers were almost all spiritless, and many of them positively disaffected. As we have already hinted, Spain may thank, not her own exertions, but the exertions of Great Britain, for her deliverance from a foreign yoke; for though among the people the elements of true valour always existed, there was no one to collect or unite them; and hence they never found an opportunity of efficiently displaying themselves.

The reader cannot have forgotten, that Godoy, alarmed at last by the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty at Naples, and apprehensive that schemes might eventually be devised for his own destruction, acceded, in the year 1807, to the popular wish, of abandoning the ruinous alliance which Spain had so long maintained with France. With this design a secret treaty was entered into, to which the Baron Strogonoff, the Portuguese Ambassador, and himself, were parties, the object of which was to organize a defection by Spain and Portugal from the French interests, at a moment when Napoleon should be engaged in opposing the Emperor of Russia in the North. Into this treaty it was proposed that England should be admitted, and that at an appointed time, France should be invaded on the south by a Spanish army, whilst a force of British troops should land somewhere on the eastern coast, and threaten Paris. With his usual precipitancy, however, Godoy betrayed the whole plot, by publishing certain extravagant proclamations long before any definite arrangements had been made; and thus a project, which, if properly matured and vigorously acted upon, might have led to the most splendid results, fell to the ground. Buonaparte was at once awakened by this abortive display of rancour, to a full sense of his danger. He discovered abundant evidence of the treachery of his ally in the palace at Berlin; and he determined from that moment that the houses of Bourbon and Braganza should cease to reign.

It is not necessary for us to enter into any minute detail of those acts of consummate treachery and villainy, by which Napoleon proceeded to carry his resolution into effect. Availing himself of the divisions which existed in the bosom of the Royal family of Spain, he brought all parties to appeal to him as an arbitrator and judge, and he kept matters so nicely balanced between them, that each strove to obtain a superiority of its rival by the extent of confidence which it reposed in his honour. At the same time, Spain was prevailed upon, by promises of aggrandisement to the Prince of Peace, to become a party in that infamous treaty, which decreed the dismemberment of Portugal; and all that could be collected of Spanish troops, were so arranged as to support the force already assembled about Bayonne for the occasion.

Lord Londonderry has given a concise and spirited description of the march of the army of observation of the Gironde, through Spain and Portugal, upon Lisbon; and he has drawn a lively picture of the embarrassment into which the Court of Lisbon was thrown, when, after acceding to every proposition on the part of France and

Spain, it became aware that all its humility would not save it from destruction. It was at this juncture, when rumours of the rapid approach of Junot's army poured in upon him, and all hope of successfully resisting was laid aside, that the memorable declaration in the Moniteur, "that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign," was shown to the Prince Regent. Hitherto he had listened with reluctance to the advices of the British minister and admiral, who strongly urged upon him the propriety of removing with his family and court to Brazil,—but now everything like irresolution left him. He embarked with his family, his plate, his treasures, and a large concourse of followers, on board of a squadron which had been already fitted up for him; and the whole crossed the bar at the mouth of the Tagus, under convoy of the British fleet, at the very moment when the advanced guard of the French army began to enter Lisbon.

Of the behaviour of Junot, thus made master of Portugal, we shall take no further notice, than by stating, that though at first it appeared to be conciliatory, and though there were many who began to hope, that no evil would befall the nation more serious than a mere change of dynasty, a very little while sufficed to alter the conduct of the former, and the expectations of the latter. Junot had precipitated his march upon the capital, with the view, if possible, of preventing the escape of the Royal family; and the consequence was, that his soldiers came in in weak detachments, half dead with hunger, fatigue, and the many privations which they had endured by the way. Under these circumstances, the French Marshal found it politic to assume for a time an appearance of lenity which he never intended to practise; but his regiments were no sooner complete, and his men and horses refreshed, than he hastened to lay aside the mask. The Portuguese army was disbanded, with the exception of one division, which, under Alorna, took the road to Bayonne; the militia were dismissed to their homes; the Portuguese flag gave place everywhere to the tricolor, and Portugal was formally declared to be a conquered country. Even the secret treaty of Fontainbleau ceased to be spoken of; and the three Spanish corps which had joined him in his incursion, found that they were mere tools in the hand of their powerful ally, employed, not to serve the interests of their own sovereign, but of the French Emperor. Then followed that succession of outrageous and insulting acts, which drove the poor Portuguese first to desperation, and then into open rebellion, and which furnished Junot with an opportunity of indulging in those cruelties and excesses which were but too congenial to his nature.

In the meanwhile strange deeds had been done in Spain; and a drama, the most extraordinary that ever was acted, was hastening to its consummation. Under the pretence of supporting Junot's army, fresh troops poured daily from France into Spain. All the frontier fortresses, partly by the duplicity of the invaders, and partly through the weakness or treachery of their governors, were given up, and the whole of the road between the Bidassoa and Madrid swarmed with foreign troops. At the same time, the divisions in the Royal family reached their height. One day, the people of the metropolis were informed, that Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, having conspired against his father, had been arrested and thrown into prison; on the next, Ferdinand having confessed his guilt, and expressed contrition, was reinstated in the favour of the King. Next came rumours of the intended emigration of the court to South America, at the earnest suggestion of Godoy, and in defiance of the strenuous remonstrances of the Prince. Tumults and seditious movements followed. The people assembling in crowds about the palace, cut the traces of the King's carriage, and compelled him to return; whilst they rushed in fury to the destruction of Godoy's residence, and the residences of all who were believed to be his adherents. At last Godoy himself was seized by the mob, and escaped instant destruction, only by the interference of Ferdinand in his favour, and his removal to the common jail.

Of the events which followed this, few of our readers can be ignorant. The imbecile Charles having proclaimed his own resignation of the crown, it was immediately seized by Ferdinand the Seventh, and though at this moment the French armies were within a few days' march of their gates, the people of Madrid appeared intoxicated with joy. Wherever he appear-

ed, Ferdinand was hailed as the saviour of his country; all classes seemed to vie with each other in demonstrations of affection; and if ever a monarch could be said to be enthroned in the hearts of his subjects, the young King of Spain might that day claim the distinction. But Ferdinand, as all his future conduct proves, was from the first unworthy of the general applause wasted upon him. Instead of taking advantage of the popular feeling, and boldly making a stand against the encroachments of Napoleon, he servilely courted the good-will of Murat, then the representative of the French Emperor at Madrid; and endeavoured to obtain from him a recognition of that title, which the universal consent of the Spanish nation had conferred upon him. Ferdinand received the reward which was due to so much political guilt, as well as pusillanimity. Insult upon insult was heaped upon him, and one aggression after another effected upon the independence of Spain, till at length it was announced that Napoleon himself was on the eve of his arrival at Madrid, for the purpose of effectually arranging all the divisions which prevailed there.

Of the events which followed, it is not necessary to give any account. The whole royal family of Spain, having been inveigled from their own capital, fell one by one into the hands of Buonaparte, and a drama was acted at Bayonne, such as finds no parallel in history, either ancient or modern. Finally, the House of Bourbon formally resigned its right to the throne of Spain and the Indies, and Joseph Buonaparte, ex-King of Naples, was, by the assembly of Notables convened for the purpose, acknowledged as sovereign in their room. Thus, to all human appearance at least, did Napoleon carry into effect the scheme of ambition and treachery which he had long meditated, and the whole of the peninsula appeared to be attached to the empire, by the bonds, not of alliance only, but of consanguinity.

But though the heads of the nation had thus basely bartered away its independence, the nation itself was not prepared to submit to the yoke which had been framed for its neck. At Madrid, the endeavour to remove the last branch of the Royal family, accompanied as it was with rumours of the proceedings at Bayonne, excited a tumult, which, as long as the memory of great events is nourished, will be remembered, not in Spain only, but throughout Europe. On the 2d of May 1808, Spain may be said to have risen against her oppressors; and that contest began, which, through the exertions of Great Britain, and the skill of her chief and of his followers, ended with the overthrow of the universal tyrant.

How this tumult was brought about, and how the spirit excited in the metropolis went abroad throughout the whole land, we leave to be discovered in the pages of Lord Londonderry's admirable introduction. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say, that the Spanish provinces rose in arms, under the guidance of separate Juntas, or meetings of the most influential of the patriots;—that, in the arrangement of this system of government, Seville took the lead;—that the rest immediately acknowledged the supremacy of a Central Junta; and that they vied with one another in the circulation of animating addresses, and in their efforts to enrol the youth of the Peninsula under the standard of liberty. Immediately the French were attacked, threatened, and alarmed in all quarters. Where their armies sojourned, there they were absolute masters, but all beyond was hostile to them; and hence, instead of setting himself to the agreeable task of adjusting the arrangements of his government, King Joseph found himself compelled to order out expeditions into all the provinces, for the purpose of quelling revolts, and conquering an enraged populace.

It was well for the cause of Spain, that the first affairs in which her patriot forces engaged were almost all successful. A corps, which under Moncey advanced to reduce Valencia, was repulsed with heavy loss, whilst the whole of Dupont's army, destined to secure Seville and occupy Cadiz, was compelled to surrender to the troops of Castanos. In like manner Saragoza, after sustaining the horrors of a siege during many months, found for herself a temporary escape from thraldom, by the retreat of the besieging army from before her walls. So great, indeed, was the alarm occasioned by the reverse at Baylen, that Joseph, after a residence of a few days only in Madrid, was fain to abandon it; and the French troops,

generally, were glad to concentrate behind the Ebro. Nor were affairs very differently conducted in Portugal. The determination to be free, which their neighbours had displayed, was soon taken up by the Portuguese, and Junot, like Joseph, saw a flame suddenly lighted in his viceroyalty, upon the progress and effects of which it was impossible to calculate. First of all, the Spanish garrison at Oporto mutinied; and having seized General Jeuxnel, the French officer in command, gave him up as a prisoner to the civil authorities, and marched away to join their comrades in Gallicia. By and by the provinces of Beira and Alentejo were stated to be in revolt, and even Lisbon itself was agitated by terrible convulsions. Junot saw his danger, and did his utmost to avert it; partly by a display of mildness—by remitting a portion of the heavy poll-tax, which, by his master's orders, had been imposed, and by flattering and conciliatory proclamations—and partly by exhibiting here and there tremendous examples of his fury, he hoped that he might yet induce the Portuguese to submit quietly to their fate. But there was another party even now preparing to enter the lists against him; and long before his efforts had been crowned with any semblance of success, that party appeared.

One of the first measures adopted by the Spanish and Portuguese Juntas, was to dispatch messengers to England, for the purpose of imploring the assistance of that power. How these entreaties were met, it needs not that we should record. England, herself free, and mighty in her freedom, listened to the cry of men animated, as then at least they certainly were, with the love of independence, and made all haste to support, both with her treasures and her troops, the defenders of so holy a cause. Arms, ammunition, clothes, money, — everything which the patriots requested, they obtained with a free hand; and it was announced to them, that before long a British army would appear among them, to fight side by side with them against the common enemy.

The latter promise was fulfilled by the sailing of an expedition under Sir Arthur Wellesley, early in the month of July, from the harbour of Cork. As the north of Spain appeared to offer advantages, superior to those held out in other quarters, Sir Arthur was directed to land at Corunna, and to operate against the line of the enemy's communications; and he himself proceeded onwards, with the design of arranging some plan of campaign with the local authorities; but, on reaching the coast, he found that the fatal battle of Medino Del Rio Seco had been fought, and that the Spanish armies, of late so full of boasting and confidence, were annihilated. Moreover, he found in the Junta of Gallicia, a spirit which never ceased to cast its baneful influence over the conduct of the entire war,—a jealousy of English interference, as groundless as it was absurd, and a positive disinclination to permit the landing of a single English soldier. Sir Arthur immediately withdrew with his force to the coast of Portugal, and finally made good his landing on the shores of Mondego Bay.

All this had been done, and the British troops had earned their first laurels at Roleia and Vimeira, when the noble author of the volume now before us arrived at the seat of war. Having been attached to that corps, which, under the command of Sir John Moore, followed Sir Arthur Wellesley's expedition,—"I failed," says he, "unfortunately for myself, in reaching Vimeira till the 24th, three days after the battle had been fought, and the campaign was, to all intents and purposes, at an end; for the heads of departments were, I perceived, all busily occupied in conducting a negotiation, of the origin and end of which the following is a brief account."

We will not extract that account, not because it is not well given or is wanting in interest, but because the Convention of Cintra is an arrangement of which we should be very glad, were it possible, to blot out all trace from the records of history. We transcribe, however, the following able and powerful extract from a letter received by our author at the time, and of which we have something more than presumptive evidence for saying, that his noble brother, then Lord Castlereagh, was the writer.

"The tumult of our joy on Wellesley's glorious conduct and success has been cruelly disturbed by a communication of a supposed Convention, the operations of which instrument would, if carried into effect, secure to the French advantages beyond their reach, under the most bril-

liant success; whilst their ten thousand men are now pressed upon by not less than thirty to forty thousand men, British and Portuguese.

"In the first place, it is a recognition, in the face of the instrument, of Buonaparte as Emperor of the French.

"2dly, It provides for the safe retreat of an enemy's corps, destitute of all other means of escape.

"3dly, It gives France the entire grace of saving for Russia her fleet, whilst, in truth, she had not a remnant of power left to protect it.

"4thly, It makes a gratuitous sacrifice of the fleet of an enemy, and, in the manner of doing it, recognises rights of neutrality on the part of Portugal towards Russia, which, if they could have even subsisted for a moment in a port occupied by a French army, were destroyed, even in pretence, by the formal appointment of Junot, as Buonaparte's Lieutenant of Portugal; and entails upon us all the encumbrance of watching, with a fleet, a port of our own, whilst we give the enemy forty-eight hours start of us, lest we should catch him.

5thly, It gives France not only the immediate use of her army, which, without our active assistance, she could not have, but gives her also the plunder of Portugal, under the mask of private property.

"6thly, It gives France all the grace of having protected those Portuguese who have betrayed their sovereign, whilst it entails upon us the disgrace of exposing our allies to be attacked hereafter by a fleet which France has had the authority and means to protect. Will Spain or Europe believe that this was preceded by triumphs on our part? and will not France be convinced of the reverse?

"7thly, It lastly appears, in its general result, to be a happy contrivance, by which England shall have made a mighty effort for no other purpose than making a dependent state the protector of one of its enemies, whilst it becomes itself the instrument by which the other shall remove an army from a position in which *it is lost*, to one in which it may recommence its operations to advantage."

To this document we add nothing. It exhibits at once the clearness of judgment and comprehensiveness of mind, which characterised the writer; and it states in few words all the true results of that extraordinary Convention. Happily for the credit of England, and thanks to the firmness of the admiral, that part of the prediction which had reference to the escape of the fleet, was not verified.

Lord Londonderry gives a lively and graphic description of the state of the British camp, after hostilities finally closed, by the ratification of the Convention; and his account of the entrance into Lisbon, as well as of the release of the Spanish troops from the hulks, and their restoration of their arms, will be read with deep interest. But even all these details we must hurry over, as we are anxious to bring our readers into the gist of the advance, which soon afterwards took place, into Spain.

Of the generals who originally commanded the British army, some having been recalled, and others asking and obtaining leave of absence, the command finally devolved upon Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore. Sir John Moore, it is well known, was then the idol of the soldiery, and the admiration of his country in general. Amiable in private life, active and vigilant as an officer, the highest expectations had been formed of his military talents, and though he had as yet appeared in the character only of a second in command, not a doubt was entertained of his perfect fitness to guide the movements of a great army. Thus esteemed by all parties, all parties rejoiced when the announcement came, that to him the command had been intrusted of the force destined to liberate Spain; and the promptitude with which he began his preparations for the anticipated campaign were such as to satisfy all concerned, that their satisfaction was not out of place.

We have already stated, that Lord Londonderry commanded, during this memorable excursion, a hussar brigade. The brigade consisted of his own regiment, the 18th, and a regiment of German cavalry; and being appointed to escort Sir John Hope's column, with which the mass of the artillery moved, it took the road through Alentejo, towards the frontiers, and by Badajos, Merida, Medellin, and the Escurial, towards Salamanca. We have seldom read a more pleasing or lively account of any journey than his lordship gives of this; but as we cannot attempt to abridge, we must content ourselves with transcribing a few passages as samples of the whole.

"In passing through the Alentejo," says he, "nothing occurred to ourselves particularly deserving of record. We found the country, indeed, in a state of

miserable destitution; fields unsown and hamlets burned and deserted; whilst it was not without great exertion, and a serious waste of time, that with all the previous arrangements which had been entered into, we found it practicable to procure sufficient food either for men or horses; but we met with no adventures by the way, nor beheld any objects which had a peculiar claim upon our attention. With such spectacles constantly before the eye, it was impossible not to indulge in a few idle surmises, as to what must have been the fate of the French army had it attempted to make good its retreat in this direction. The French are, unquestionably, a hardy and enduring race of men; they excel, moreover, in the art of discovering and bringing to account every morsel of nutritious matter which may lie in the direction of their movements; but it appeared as if all their ingenuity, and all their patience, would have failed in carrying them safely through the Alentejo. There was literally nothing left for them to consume. But the difficulty of procuring subsistence would not have been the only obstacle against which they must have contended. The very name of a Frenchman was, in that part of the country, a thing to be abhorred; the peasantry were all ready to fall upon their stragglers, whilst the Spanish army before Elvas, formidable at least in numbers, would have stood seriously in the way of troops disheartened by defeat, and broken down with fatigue and hunger. How sincerely we all regretted, that the Convention should have interfered to prevent a consummation so devoutly to be wished!"

The brigade enters Elvas, of which, as well as of Fort la Lippe which commands it, an accurate and well-drawn picture is given; after which, we have the following:—

"Having halted at Elvas during the night, we marched next morning soon after dawn; and passing through a plain of considerable extent, crossed the Guadiana at Badajos, the capital of Estremadura. This movement introduced us at once into Spain; and the contrast, both in personal appearance and in manners, between the two nations, which was instantly presented to us, I shall not readily forget. Generally speaking, the natives of frontier districts partake almost as much of the character of one nation as of another; the distinctions between them become, as it were, blended, till they totally disappear. It is not so on the borders of Spain and Portugal. The peasant who cultivates his little field, or tends his flock on the right bank of the Guadiana is, in all his habits and notions, a different being from the peasant who pursues similar occupations on its left; the first is a genuine Portuguese, the last a genuine Spaniard. Nor are they more alike in their amities than in their manners. They cordially detest one another, insomuch that their common wrongs and their common enmity to the French were not sufficient, even at this time, to eradicate the feeling.

"It was not, however, by the striking diversity of private character alone which subsisted between them, that we were made sensible, as soon as we had passed the Guadiana, that a new nation was before us. The Spaniards received us with a degree of indifference to which we had not hitherto been accustomed. They were certainly not uncivil; they poured no execrations upon us, nor did they hurt or rudely annoy us; but they gave themselves no trouble to evince to us, in any way, their satisfaction at our arrival. Whatever we required they gave us in return for our money; but as to enthusiasm, or a desire to anticipate our wants, there was not the shadow of the appearance of anything of the kind about them. How different all this from the poor Portuguese, who never failed to rend the air with their vivats, and were at all times full of promises and protestations, no matter how incapable they might be of fulfilling the one, and authenticating the other! The truth is, that the Spaniard is a proud, independent, and grave personage, possessing many excellent qualities, but quite conscious of their existence, and not unapt to over-rate them. On the present occasion, too, they seemed to be more than ordinarily self-important, in consequence of their late achievements. They were quick to take offence, even where none was intended, and not indisposed to provoke or engage in broils with our soldiers. Not that any serious disturbance occurred during our stay;—the discipline preserved in our ranks was too good to permit it; but numberless little incidents were continually taking place, which served sufficiently to make us aware of the spirit which actuated the natives. Yet, with all this, there was much about the air and manner of the Spaniards to deserve and command our regard. The Portuguese are a people that require rousing; they are indolent, lazy, and generally helpless; we may value these our ancient allies and render them useful; but it is impossible highly to respect them. In the Spanish character, on the contrary, there is mixed up with a great deal of

haughtiness, a sort of manly independence of spirit, which you cannot but admire, even though aware that it will render them by many degrees less amenable to your wishes than their neighbours."

As the column proceeded, the dispositions of the people, as well as the nature of the supplies furnished, were found greatly to improve; and at last a temporary halt was made at the village of Naval Camero. Whilst proceeding thither, various rumours had been poured in, some calculated to inspire confidence, others to take it away; but as little or no reliance could be placed on these, our author determined to seek for information at the fountain-head. Leaving his brigade, therefore, in their quarters, he himself proceeded onwards to the capital, and the following is the picture which he draws of the state of public feeling prevalent there.

"The first person whom I made it my business to see was Lord William Bentinck, at that time officially resident in Madrid, and in attendance upon the supreme government. I found him disconcerted, in no ordinary degree, at the manner in which all things were conducted. The Junta, it appeared, did nothing, or rather it was doing everything which Buonaparte could have desired. There was neither energy nor decision in the councils of the government—there was no money in the treasury—stores of every kind were wanting,—and anarchy and misrule seemed to prevail in every quarter. Morla was at this time secretary to the committee for the management of military affairs, and Morla was known to be an able, as he was then believed to be an honourable man; but the managing committee itself was made up of men as ignorant as they were credulous. In their meetings there was abundance of cabal and party-spirit, but neither talent nor information. Such were the accounts which Lord William gave of the Spaniards, whilst of our own situation he drew no more flattering picture. He was himself totally in the dark, and believed that others were equally so, touching the amount and situation of the French army. He knew only that they were rapidly advancing, and in great force; but where they were now, or whither they might move hereafter, he was completely ignorant. So much, indeed, was he struck with the absence of all vigour in the conduct of the Spanish authorities, that he already appeared to regard the game as desperate. Our columns might, he conceived, effect their junction at Salamanca; it was even probable, from the accounts which had recently reached him, that they would; but it was by no means impossible that the enemy might succeed in throwing a strong corps in the way of that junction, for there were no Spaniards up in a state to oppose them."

We wish it were possible for us to enter, as they deserve, into the bold, and at the same time judicious reflections, offered by our author on this occasion. Though he expresses himself with a delicacy and forbearance highly creditable to him, it is easy to discover, that his acquaintance with the true character of Sir John Moore's mind was even now tolerably accurate. Personally brave, and theoretically able, Sir John Moore shrank from responsibility, as a burden of all others the most difficult to bear; and of that which his courage was continually dictating, the apprehension lest disaster might follow, and the safety of the army be compromised, continually stood in the way of the accomplishment. Already had the dread of being surrounded by the whole of the French force then in Spain come over him; and even at the moment when he was directing his different columns to unite, it seemed as if a retreat—not an advance, were the subject of his calculations. God forbid, that we should give utterance to one harsh observation respecting Sir John Moore. The country never produced a better man, or a braver soldier; but the natural delicacy of his feelings rendered him quite incompetent to fill a situation, which requires, not perhaps so much talents of the highest order, as sound sense, and an inflexible moral courage. In the latter our gallant countryman was deficient; and hence the continual vacillation in his plans previous to the commencement of the campaign, and the rapidity and precipitation of his retreat at its close.

After detailing some of the principal events which occurred previous to the arrival of Sir John Hope's corps at head-quarters, Lord Londonderry gives an account of a visit paid by himself to the commander-in-chief. This we shall transcribe, because it appears to us to set the question, as to Sir John Moore's fitness or unfitness to command a great army, at rest for ever.

"Having waited upon the General, and the compliments usual on such occasions having passed, our conversation naturally took the turn, into which the present situation of affairs and the position of the army were calculated to guide it. It was then that Sir John explicitly stated to me, that he had come to a final determination to retreat. He had called the general officers together, he added, for the purpose of acquainting them with his decision, as well as with the reasons which led to it; but he had neither requested their opinions, nor demanded their judgment. He next entered at great length into the motives which swayed him, reasoning, in conversation, as he reasoned in his letters, with a decided leaning to the gloomy side of the picture. He spoke warmly in condemnation of the Spanish government, and of the nation generally, and enlarged upon the absence of all right understanding among the generals, as well as upon the absurdity of their military movements, which had subjected them all to be beaten in detail. He expressed his sincere regret, that they had not marched, as they ought to have done, when he first began to enter the country, so as to unite themselves with him; and declared, that with a force as yet uncollected, and having nothing but the remains of defeated corps on his flanks, a choice of evils alone remained for him. The determination to which he had at last come, was not formed without extreme pain to himself; but the duty of preserving his army, situated as it now was, presented to his mind a consideration paramount to every other, and he was therefore resolved to retreat.

"Though I could not but deeply feel at such a declaration, I deemed it my respectful duty to say little in reply, farther than by expressing my regret, that so strong a necessity for the measure should exist, and my apprehension of its consequences to the cause. The slightest indication of a retrograde movement, exhibited at such a moment, would, I feared, produce fatal effects; for Spain would fall, Portugal would fall, and Europe be once more at the feet of the enemy. Then what would become of Madrid, whose inhabitants were enduring the severest privations, chiefly with the hope of receiving aid from us;—and of Castanos, and Palafox, and Blake, all of whom, on the same explicit understanding, were labouring to re-assemble their scattered troops? No doubt, I added, the General's information was more likely to be correct than mine; but I dreaded the heavy disappointment which his proposed step would occasion to the people of England, whose very hearts seemed set upon the success of his undertaking; and whose mortification at his failure would be bitter, in proportion to the degree of hope with which they saw him embark upon it. I then retired, with the painful conviction on my mind, that the army would begin its backward journey in the course of a day or two at the farthest.

"The feelings of regret under which I laboured, were not, I soon found, confined to my own breast: they were shared by many in the army. Even the General's personal staff sought not to conceal their chagrin at the adoption of a system which seemed so unsatisfactory. General Hope having by this time joined, there were in Salamanca, and in the neighbourhood, full twenty thousand British troops, in a state, both from their equipment and discipline, to oppose almost any French force of almost double their number. General Baird, with a strong reinforcement, particularly in cavalry, was at Astorga; nor were there any impediments whatever in his way, which should hinder him from arriving within six days at the farthest. But if it should be deemed unsafe to wait so long here, why not move towards him, and concentrate the divisions behind the Douro, from whence offensive operations might be undertaken? Anything, in short, was pronounced preferable to a retreat, which, independently of the disgrace which it would bring upon the British army, must expose Madrid to destruction, and cause the certain annihilation of Castanos' and Palafox's armies."

"Notwithstanding these murmurs, of which he was not left in ignorance, General Moore exhibited no signs of any alteration in his previous resolutions. On the contrary, Lord Paget, who had been previously commanded to close up from Astorga, with the whole of the cavalry, received orders not to march, and it was given out that the retrograde movement would commence on the day after the morrow. One cavalry regiment only was summoned, but it was called in for the avowed purpose of strengthening the hussar brigade, and enabling it to cover more effectually the retreat of the column. Thus, on the night of the 5th, the troops retired to rest in the unshaken belief, that the proud hopes with which they had entered this country, were all doomed to suffer overthrow.

"Having remained during the night in Salamanca, I departed on the follow-

ing morning to the out-posts, which had been drawn in, and now occupied stations in the immediate front of the city. I had not resumed my ordinary routine of duty many hours, when, to my inexpressible satisfaction, intelligence was communicated to me, that the General had altered his plans. Sir David Baird, who had actually begun his retrograde movement from Astorga, was ordered to retrace his steps; and an advance, instead of a retreat, was understood to be in contemplation."

Now, without pausing to inquire why Sir John Moore thus frequently and speedily changed his plans, we are mistaken if all our military readers, at least, will not agree with us in opinion, that this plain narrative of facts carries with it evidence enough, that Sir John Moore did not possess the kind of talent required in the general-in-chief of an army. Who ever heard of the Duke of Wellington, or Napoleon, or Frederick, or Charles the XIIth, calling his generals together, in order to explain to them the nature of the plans which he had adopted, or the motives which swayed him in their adoption? This single circumstance, even were there no others to support it, were of itself sufficient to satisfy us, that Sir John Moore had no confidence in himself: and hence, that although he professed no inclination to transfer the responsibility, under which he groaned, to others, he would have been heartily pleased had these others, by concurring with him in opinion, at least taken a portion of it from his shoulders. But when, instead of approving his determination, they one and all dissented from it,—how did he act? Why, he delayed for a couple of days, and then, without any fresh causes of confidence coming in his way, he changes his mind, and determines to advance. It is not wonderful, that a man who acted thus, should have fled, instead of retiring before a superior force, as soon as it threatened him.

Our limits will not permit us to offer any detail, however general, of the arrangements and operations which followed. Few of our readers can have forgotten, that the British army, after communicating with Romana, made a push at Soult on the Carrion; and that whilst moving thither, an opportunity was afforded, as well to the noble author of this narrative, as to Lord Paget, of displaying their own address as cavalry officers, and the valour of the troops which they commanded. But just at the moment when all things were ready for the grand denouement,—when the troops, with minds wound up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, were waiting for the hour appointed for the attack, intelligence came in, which induced Sir John Moore once more to waver in his determinations, and led, within a few hours, to the commencement of that retreat, than which a British army, at least, has never witnessed any so severe, or latterly, we must believe, so little called for. The general having ascertained, that Napoleon in person, supported by three distinct corps d'armée, was advancing to surround him, suspended his meditated movement against Soult; and the army, instead of fighting, found itself, on the morrow, retiring in two columns, in the direction of the mountains of Gallicia.

We consider Lord Londonderry's narrative of this retreat to be one of the most vivid and interesting military stories which we have ever read. It is told with a degree of modesty highly honourable to the writer; and it brings before us scenes and rencounters, with a degree of power, such as few authors besides would have been able to exhibit. Every skirmish is described with a fidelity which would almost tempt the reader to believe that he had been himself an eye-witness of it,—whilst to the sketches of natural scenery, as well as of the sufferings of those who beheld it under circumstances so appalling, no praise of ours would do adequate justice. Let the reader judge for himself, after he has read the following passage:—

"The road from Astorga to Villa Franca leads through the villages of Torre, Bonevedre, Pinferrade, and over a country as much diversified, and as striking, as will be seen, perhaps, in any part of Europe. The first four or five leagues carry the traveller up one continued ascent, and along the face of a hill, steep, bare, and open; on gaining the summit of which, he arrives at the entrance of some tremendous passes, such as a thousand resolute men might easily maintain against ten times their number. These extend as far as the village of Torre, a distance of nearly three leagues; after which the landscape becomes as magni-

ficent as the intermingling of hill and valley, rock and mountain, wood and pasture, can render it. We of course beheld it under all the disadvantages of a season remarkably inclement, when the ridges were covered with deep snow, and the fields and woods little better than mere heaps of mud; yet even thus it was impossible to pass it by without feelings of the liveliest admiration, and a strong regret that it had not been our fortune to wander here when the forests were in full leaf, and the green hills in their glory. But it was not from its temporary bleakness alone that a scene like that around us stirred such a strange commingling of pleasurable and painful sensations. The condition of the army was at this time a most melancholy one; the rain came down upon us in torrents; men and horses were foundering at every step; the former fairly worn out through fatigue and want of nutriment, the latter sinking under their loads, and dying upon the spot. Nor was it only among the baggage animals that an absolute inability to proceed farther began to shew itself; the shoes of the cavalry horses dropped off, and the horses themselves soon became useless. It was a sad spectacle to see these fine creatures urged and goaded on till their strength failed them, and then shot to death by their riders, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Then again the few ammunition waggons which had hitherto kept up, fell one by one to the rear; the ammunition was immediately destroyed, and the waggons abandoned. Thus were misfortunes accumulating upon us as we proceeded; and it appeared extremely improbable, should our present system of forced marches be persisted in, that one half of the army would ever reach the coast."

During the whole of this disastrous retreat,—a retreat which never ought to have been continued beyond the pass of Torre,—the British cavalry took every opportunity of exchanging blows with the enemy, and on all occasions overthrew them. So decisive, indeed, was our superiority in this over the French, that Captain Jones of the 18th, did not hesitate, with only thirty dragoons, to attack one hundred of the enemy's hussars; and he put them to the rout, killing twenty, and making thirty prisoners. But we must close our analysis of this melancholy campaign, after we have indulged in one more extract.

"The country became from this point (Villa Franca) such as to render cavalry of no avail. It was universally steep, rocky, precipitous, and covered with wood; and in the few spots where it was otherwise, too much enclosed with vineyards and mulberry plantations, to allow even a squadron of horse to form up or act. The cavalry were accordingly sent on at once to Lugo, whither the infantry and artillery followed, as fast as extreme exhaustion, and the nature of the road by which they travelled, would allow. But they followed both painfully and slowly; for though as many as forty miles were performed in one march, that march comprehended not the day only, but the night also. This was more than men, reduced to the low ebb to which our soldiers had fallen, could endure. They dropped down by whole sections on the way-side, and died, some with curses, others with the voice of prayer, in their mouths. It was dreadful likewise to know that not men only, but women and children, were subjected to this miserable fate. By some strange neglect, or by the indulgence of a mistaken humanity, Sir John Moore's army had carried along with it more than the too large proportion of women allotted, by the rules of our service, to armies in the field; and these poor wretches were now heightening the horrors of passing events, by a display of suffering even more acute than that endured by their husbands. Some were taken in labour on the road; and in the open air, amid showers of sleet and snow, gave birth to infants, which, with their mothers, perished as soon as they had seen the light. Others, carrying, perhaps, each of them two children on their backs, would toil on, and when they came to look to the condition of their precious burdens, they would find one or both frozen to death. Then the depth of moral degradation to which they sank;—their oaths and cries, uttered under the influence of intoxication, were hardly less appalling than the groans which burst from them, as all hope of aid abandoned them, and they sat down to die. I am well aware that the horrors of this retreat have been again and again described in terms calculated to freeze the blood of such as read them; but I have no hesitation in saying, that the most harrowing accounts which have yet been laid before the public, fall short of the reality."

With this we gladly close our account of Sir John Moore's retreat. The empty triumph of Corunna, cloud-

ed as it was by the death of the gallant Moore, supplied the country with but meagre sources of consolation for the loss of so many brave men, sacrificed in the previous movements; and the state of utter disorganization in which the remnants of the army returned, gave proof, that some mighty error or another had been committed, either in thrusting it rashly into a field unprepared for it, or in the guidance of it after it had taken its ground on that field.

Undismayed by the unfortunate issues of their first essay, the government of Great Britain came to the wise determination of again making a bold effort to deliver the Peninsula from the sovereignty of France, and to fight its enemies upon the only stage which then lay open to it. In pursuance of this wise and patriotic resolution, a second expedition was fitted out, and a second army, of which, says our author, "the chief command was, by an extraordinary exertion of the war-minister of the day, intrusted to Sir Arthur Wellesley," sailed for Portugal. To the staff of that army, Lord Londonderry, then Major General the Hon. Charles Stuart, was attached, in the capacity of Adjutant General; and it would appear that he took his passage in the same vessel which conveyed the commander of the forces. After encountering a severe gale, in which the ship, with all on board, narrowly escaped destruction, the party landed in Lisbon on the 22d of April, 1809. They were received with an enthusiasm which bespoke the boundless confidence entertained by the Portuguese people in the ability and energy of the general; and the feeling of satisfaction evinced in the capital, was fully shared throughout all ranks in the army. At this moment, be it remarked, Portugal was not only threatened, but was actually suffering, at least in some of her provinces, the misery of a fresh invasion. Soult, at the head of one army, after defeating Romana and Silviera, had entered Oporto, and was expected daily to advance upon Lisbon; whilst Victor, having pursued Cuesta from one end of Spanish Estremadura to another, was menacing the Alentejo from the vicinity of Medelin. But Sir Arthur Wellesley was no sooner known to have arrived, than all apprehensions for the safety of the capital disappeared. The troops, English and Portuguese, which had hitherto remained inactive, and looking rather to the speediest means of escape than to battles and victories, were ordered to assemble at Coimbra; and thither, after having spent only a very few days amid the festivities and gaieties of Lisbon, the General, with his staff, repaired. Here a grand review of the allied forces took place; and here the plan of a campaign—which for boldness of undertaking, and activity and enterprise in the execution, has rarely been equalled—was arranged.

Sir Arthur Wellesley having determined to attack Soult in person with the main body of his army, detached General Mackenzie at the head of a separate corps, to cover Lisbon against the attempts of Victor, by guarding the bridges over the Tagus. At the head of the remainder, amounting in all to something less than sixteen thousand men, he began his march to the Douro; and after a variety of skirmishes and encounters, all of which are described with the liveliness and accuracy of an eye-witness, he arrived in the vicinity of the river. But here serious difficulties met him. The enemy, having withdrawn all their posts to the right bank, had broken down the bridge, and removed every boat, barge, and other craft, out of reach of the British general; and, covered by the Douro, here both deep and wide, seemed to set all the attempts of the assailants at defiance. In this extremity,

"Colonel Waters, of the Portuguese service, by whom the destruction of the bridge had been reported, was ordered to gallop forward, and to secure the means of transport at any risk. That intelligent officer instantly proceeded to the river's bank, at a spot where it forms a curve, opposite to the Convento da Cerra, and where, at the distance of a mile and a half from Oporto, its course is concealed by a thick wood. He found here a small boat hid among the bushes; and standing near it were the prior of the convent, and three or four peasants. The latter, partly at his entreaty, and partly by the exhortations of the prior, were persuaded to leap with him into the little skiff, and they made directly to the opposite bank, where there lay among the mud four large barges, of which they made themselves masters. The deed was a daring one, because patrols of the

enemy passed to and fro continually; but it was productive of the very best results. They returned with their prizes unobserved, into which General Paget, with three companies of the Buffs, instantly threw themselves, and crossing the river without a moment's delay, took possession of some houses on the opposite bank, before the enemy were at all aware of their intentions. They had not, however, taken their ground many minutes, when the French, awakening, as it were, from a trance, advanced to dislodge them. A severe action now ensued, in which our troops resolutely maintained themselves, in spite of odds the most overwhelming; nor was the slightest impression made upon them, till fresh companies arrived to their support, and all chance of a defeat had been averted."

This daring advance of General Paget's party was ably followed up by the rest of the army, to whom, as soon as they saw that the opposite bank was gained, the fishermen of Oporto brought over boats in great numbers. The consequence was, that Soult, who considered himself perfectly secure, was roused from his dreams of relaxation, by the alarming intelligence that English columns were approaching the city in all directions; and he found barely time enough to fly with his infantry and cavalry, before they actually entered. As we write from the best of all testimony, that of an eye-witness, (though we find no hint of the kind in Lord Londonderry's book,) we must take the liberty to add, that had all the officers in command of columns been as forward as General Paget, scarce a man of the French army would have escaped. But, unfortunately, this was not the case; and hence an affair, which at one moment gave every promise of securing the most striking advantages ever obtained since the commencement of the war, proved in the issue to be nothing more than a common victory.

Soult fled first upon the road to Chaves; but finding that Marshal Beresford was beforehand with him there, he ultimately directed his steps towards the rugged pass of the Sierra de Montalegre;—destroying, in his march, every article of baggage, except the knapsacks which the soldiers carried on their backs, and the ammunition in their cartouch-boxes,—and sacrificing, without scruple, artillery, tumbrils, stores, and even clothing, he was enabled to pursue tracks otherwise impervious, and to proceed with a velocity which no army, not equally disorganized, could attempt to imitate; and hence, after a hot pursuit of several days, during which the enemy's losses in men were enormous, the British general ceased to hang upon their rear. The description given by Lord Londonderry of the sufferings of the French in this retreat, is quite appalling; yet we firmly believe that it is not overdrawn, and we only regret that our limits will not allow of our attempting to extract it.

As soon as he discovered that Soult must escape him, Sir Arthur Wellesley lost no time in counter-marching his columns, and directing them to the opposite side of Portugal, for the purpose of attacking Victor. That general had defeated Cuesta in a great battle not far from Medelin; but so severely had his own troops been crippled in the action, that he had not been able to take advantage of his success, or follow up his beaten adversary. The consequence was, that Cuesta speedily recruited his army, and was now again sufficiently numerous, if not to engage, at all events to alarm and make head against the force which had so lately overthrown him. It was Sir Arthur's intention to form, if possible, a junction with the Spanish commander, and to make a combined attack upon Victor, before he should be able to receive reinforcements, or to make good his retreat towards the interior.

With this view the British army moved towards the Tagus; but it very soon appeared, that all idea of cordial co-operation with Cuesta was perfectly idle. Proud, bigotedly attached to his own opinions, and possessing no single quality required in a general, with the exception of personal courage, the Spaniard would not listen to the proposals which Sir Arthur made to him through his emissaries, and stood out stiffly for a plan of his own, as visionary as the turn of the man's mind was likely to produce. At last Sir Arthur determined to visit him in person; and the following is our author's description of that excursion and of its results:—

"As soon as the official business of the morning was discharged, and things put in a proper train, we set out from Plasencia, on the day above named, for Cuesta's head-quarters; and were met,

at a flying bridge, of which I have already spoken as thrown across the Zeitar, by a squadron of Spanish hussars. The hussars, who belonged to the regiment of Villa Viciosa, were, upon the whole, well mounted and equipped; indeed, we were not long in discovering that they had been selected to do the duty of an escort to us, simply because their appearance was superior to that of any other corps in the Spanish army. Unfortunately, however, in conducting us towards the bridge of boats upon the Tagus, our guides lost their way, and darkness had in consequence set in before we began to approach the camp. This was the more to be regretted, as Cuesta had drawn out his whole force for Sir Arthur Wellesley's inspection. The troops had been under arms during four hours, in momentary expectation of our arrival, whilst the poor old man himself, though still lame from the effects of his bruises at Medelin, sat on horseback at their head during the greater part of that time.

"Our arrival in the camp was announced by a general discharge of artillery, upon which an immense number of torches were made to blaze up, and we passed the entire Spanish line in review by their light. The effect produced by these arrangements was one of no ordinary character. As the torches were held aloft, at moderate intervals from one another, they threw a red and wavering light over the whole scene, permitting at the same time, its minuter parts to be here and there cast into shade, whilst the grim and swarthy visages of the soldiers, their bright arms and dark uniforms, appeared peculiarly picturesque as often as the flashes fell upon them. Then there was the frequent roar of cannon, the shouldering of firelocks, mingled with the brief word of command, as we passed from battalion to battalion;—all these served to interest the sense of hearing, to the full as much as the spectacle attracted the sense of sight. Nor was old Cuesta himself an object to be passed by without notice, even at such a moment and under such circumstances as these. The old man preceded us,—not so much sitting on his horse, as held upon it by two pages, at the imminent hazard of being overthrown when a cannon was discharged, or a torch flared out with peculiar brightness; indeed, his physical debility was so remarkable, as clearly to mark his total unfitness for the situation which he then held. As to his mental powers, he gave us little opportunity of judging,—inasmuch as he scarcely uttered five words, during the continuance of our visit; but his corporeal infirmities alone were at absolute variance with all a general's duties, and showed, that he was now fit only for the retirement of private life.

"In this manner we passed about 6000 cavalry, drawn up in rank entire, and not less than twenty battalions of infantry, each consisting of perhaps from seven to eight hundred men. These formed but one portion of the army, the rest being either at the bridge of Argobeser, or in position along the Tagus; and they were all, with a few exceptions, remarkably fine men. Some indeed were extremely young,—too young for service—particularly among the recruits which had lately joined; but take them for all in all, it would not be easy to point out a better-made, stouter, or more hardy-looking body of soldiers, in the service of any nation in Europe. Of their appointments it is not possible to speak in the same terms of commendation. There were, indeed, some battalions, whose arms, accoutrements, and even clothes, might be pronounced exceedingly respectable; but in general they were very deficient, particularly in shoes. It was easy to perceive, likewise, from the attitudes in which they stood, as well as from the manner in which they held their arms, that little or no discipline prevailed among them; and hence, that in general they could not be regarded in any other light, than as raw levies. Some corps there doubtless were, such as the Irish brigades, a battalion or two of marines from Cadiz, and the remnants of their grenadier battalions, which deserved a higher military character; but speaking of them in the aggregate, they were little better than bold peasants, armed indeed like soldiers, but completely unacquainted with a soldier's duty. This remark applied fully as much to the cavalry as to the infantry. The horses were many of them good, but their riders manifestly knew nothing of movement or discipline; and they were, as well on this account, as on the score of a miserable equipment, quite unfit for general service. The artillery, again, was numerous, but totally unlike, both in order and arrangement, to that of other armies; and the generals appeared to have been selected according to one rule alone, namely, that of seniority. They were almost all old men; and except O'Donoghoe and Largas, evidently incapable of bearing the fatigues or surmounting the difficulties of one hard campaign. It was not so with the colonels and commanders of battalions, who appeared to be almost all young and active, and of whom we had every reason to believe,

that many were rapidly learning to become skilful officers.

"The place at which we paid this visit and witnessed these events was called Casa del Puertos; there the head-quarters of the Spanish army were established in a wretched hovel. We alighted here after the review had ended, and as soon as we entered, Cuesta, who seemed quite overpowered by fatigue, retired to rest; but he returned again at 11 o'clock to supper; and sat with us till past midnight. He sat, however, as he always did under similar circumstances, in profound silence, neither seeking to take a share in the conversation which went on, nor, apparently at least, paying the slightest attention to it. I was much struck by this singularity of manner, and inquired of those around me whether it were assumed; but they all represented it as being perfectly natural, and gave rather a curious account of the aged chief. Everything, it appeared, went on throughout the army, rather in his name than by his immediate orders; for he governed his followers wholly by a system of silence and terror, of which all stood wonderfully in awe. Cuesta was a person of no talent whatever, but he was a brave, upright, and honourable man; full of prejudices, obstinate to a great degree, but abhorring the French with the hatred of personal rancour. On the latter account, and because they knew that he would never willingly betray them, the Spaniards reposed unbounded confidence in Cuesta; and they did so the more readily, that he never failed to hang or otherwise put to death every traitor that fell into his hands. Cuesta never gained a victory, yet he was constantly eager to fight; and when the battle began, he was always to be found in the post of greatest danger. That, however, was a matter of very little moment; for he gave no orders, except to push on; and as to arrangement, or the mode of executing manœuvres, they were things quite unknown in his army. It was said that Brigadier-General Jeustie, Cuesta's military secretary, was a man of talent. Him, however, we did not see; but O'Donoghoe struck me as being clever and sensible, though, like other favourites who act for their principal, an intriguer and a politician. Respecting the rest of the generals it was impossible to form any opinion, as Cuesta seemed particularly unwilling that they should hold any serious conversation with us. It is true that he presented them one by one, to Sir Arthur Wellesley—the ceremony taking place after breakfast on the 21st, but no words were exchanged on the occasion, and each withdrew after he had made his bow.

"This ceremony having been gone through, Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta withdrew, at the request of the former, to an inner apartment, where they held a conference which lasted four hours. What passed on the occasion I know not, as I did not happen to be present; but I heard that O'Donoghoe, who assisted his general, was the chief speaker; and that Cuesta was, as usual, almost wholly silent. When it came to a close, dinner was announced, and we sat down, about three o'clock, to about forty dishes, the principal ingredients in which were garlic and onions. Our meal did not occupy us long, and on Cuesta retiring, as was his custom, to enjoy his siesta, we mounted our horses and rode into the camp. By this means we were enabled to see more of the regiments separately, than we had seen during the torch-light review. We saw, however, nothing which in any degree served to raise our opinion of the general efficiency of our allies; and we returned to our host at a late hour, more than ever impressed with the persuasion, that if the deliverance of the Peninsula was to be effected at all, it must be done, not by the Spaniards, but by ourselves.

"At an early hour next morning, we took leave of Cuesta, and set out on our return to Plasencia. The old Spaniard brightened up as we bid him farewell, and embracing us after the manner of his country, repeated over and over again, that he was fully satisfied with the result of the communication with which Sir Arthur had honoured him. How far this feeling of satisfaction was mutual, I take it not upon me to determine; but that the journey had not been performed absolutely in vain, the orders which were issued, immediately on our arrival at head-quarters, for the troops to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, sufficiently attested."

The results of that movement were, as our readers doubtless recollect, rendered absolutely nugatory, by a fresh display of obstinacy, and something like ill-timed jealousy, on the part of the Spanish commander. An opportunity of attacking Victor, such as even the most sanguine could have hardly anticipated, presented itself; and of this Sir Arthur did his best to take advantage; but Cuesta, for some reason or other best known to himself, refused to move. The consequence

was, that Victor escaped; and having been strongly reinforced by the corps of Sebastiani, Joseph, and Jourdan, he returned to fight the battle of Talavera. The battle ended, it is true, gloriously for the British army. The enemy were everywhere foiled and driven back with loss; but no favourable events arose out of it. On the contrary, Sir Arthur, threatened on all hands by fresh enemies, and betrayed, not through evil design perhaps, but certainly through groundless terror on the part of the Spaniards, was compelled to retire with precipitation behind the Tagus, leaving a large proportion of his wounded to the mercy of the very men whom, a few days previously, he had defeated in a general action.

Lord Londonderry gives an interesting account of the privations and sufferings which our army underwent, whilst cantoned first in the country round Saraicijo, and afterwards in the unhealthy region of the Guadiana. From the Spaniards our people received no aid whatever, and even the ordinary means of transport for their stores and ammunition were withheld. Yet were the Spanish generals urgent for a forward movement, at a moment when they must have known that such movement, had it been practicable, would have been fatal to the troops which made it. Fortunately, however, the army was commanded by one who knew both when to advance and when to remain stationary, and whose natural firmness enabled him to set its true value both upon the applauses and reproaches of others. Sir Arthur steadily adhered to his own plan, and by doing so he saved the only force upon which the Peninsula could then reckon for its ultimate deliverance.

In the meanwhile, the French, having everywhere overcome the opposition of the Spaniards, were preparing to make another grand effort for the subjugation of Portugal. Early in the spring of 1810, upwards of 70,000 men showed themselves on the frontiers of Beira; and it was soon known that Massena, accounted one of the most skilful of the Marshals of France, would appear at their head. Lord Wellington (for he had now been raised to the peerage) made immediate preparations to meet the threatened danger. Leaving General Hill with a small corps to watch the movements of Mortier in the south, he himself broke up from his cantonments, and proceeded by quick marches to occupy a position on the Coa. Here, with no more than 27,000 British and 20,000 untried Portuguese troops, he prepared to make a stand for the defence of Portugal; and here, before many months elapsed, the excellence of his arrangements was put to the test.

After many delays, which Lord Wellington failed not to improve to the utmost, Massena opened the campaign, by sitting down in force before Ciudad Rodrigo. The fortress, though garrisoned only by Spaniards, made a gallant and protracted defence; so that the summer was far advanced before the enemy were in a condition to cross the Agueda; and even then it was anticipated that their farther progress would be materially retarded by the works at Almeida. But an unfortunate accident having compelled the governor to capitulate within a few days after his investment, all hope of arresting the invaders on the frontier evaporated. Lord Wellington, accordingly, began that retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras, which will long continue memorable among military operations, sweeping before him as he went, all the cattle, corn, and even inhabitants of the province, and leaving nothing upon which the enemy could subsist. We have already so far exceeded our limits, that we cannot spare room for any description, either of the retreat, of the battle of Busaco which enlivened it, or of the lines themselves. For all these we refer the reader to the work itself; but the following remarks of our author, accompanied as they are by an extract of a letter, written at the moment by the "Great Captain," we consider as too curious to be passed by. In tone and character, the letter contrasts strikingly with the language of Sir John Moore, uttered when in circumstances certainly not more alarming.

Lord Londonderry is taking a brief and judicious review of the prospects of the army at corresponding periods in the years 1810 and 1811. At the former he says,

"It is not, perhaps, going too far to affirm, that few men, situated as Lord Wellington then was, would have regard-

ed his case as otherwise than desperate. He was opposed, with less than fifty thousand effectives, to the undivided strength of the French Emperor; for there was no diversion going on in the north of Europe, nor any prospect of such diversion being speedily effected. It is true, that the lines were in his rear, fortified as carefully and skilfully as time and circumstances would allow, and that his retreat thither could never be prevented. But, formidable as the lines were, no one ventured to pronounce them impregnable, especially if assailed by the whole of the French troops then in the Peninsula. The truth, indeed, is, that among the heads of departments, and throughout the army at large, there were at this time few who did not look forward, with something like anxiety, to a speedy re-embarkation. Portugal has no gates, it was said, by closing which, thirty thousand British soldiers can pretend to shut out the French army; and to talk of defending it, now that Spain has been subdued, is as idle as it would be to talk of defending the solitary province of Gallicia, Andalusia, or Arragon. Embark we must before long; and happy shall we be if our embarkation be not impeded or prevented. Such, however, were not the sentiments of our chief; and it must be so interesting to posterity to record what passed in his mind at the period I allude to, that I hesitate not to give his opinions in nearly his own words, as communicated to myself.

"'There is no doubt, that the task which I have undertaken is Herculean, particularly now that the Spanish armies are all annihilated, and that there is nothing in the shape of an army in the field but ourselves. I think I am, however, in such a situation, that I can retire and embark when I please; and if that be the case the longer I stay the better for the cause, and the more honourable to the country. Whether I shall be able to hold my ground at last, must of course depend upon the numbers and the means by which I shall be attacked; and adverting to the difficulties of subsistence, even for small numbers, in this country, I hope that I shall not be attacked by more than I shall be able to manage. The necessity of keeping my rear open to the Tagus, is a difficulty; and I should be able to effect my object with greater ease, if I was not under the necessity of effecting everything not only without loss, but without risk, or even the appearance of risk, in order to please the good people of England.'

The remainder of the narrative is descriptive of the retreat of Massena from before the lines; of the first siege of Badajos, of the battle of Albuera, and the movements consequent upon it; of the retrogression of Lord Wellington's army upon Campo Major; of its sudden march from thence to the Agueda; the brilliant affair at Fuentes de Honore; and of the various events which befell, as well in the field as in cantonments, during the winter of 1811. Finally, we have a most exact and graphic delineation of the investment, siege, and capture, of Ciudad Rodrigo, with a single extract from which we must close our present paper.

"As the preceding orders appeared at an early hour in the day, ample time was afforded for making every preparation which the circumstances of the case required, and both men and officers were fully instructed in the duties which they were expected severally to perform. They were not inattentive to these instructions; and, exactly at the moment specified, each column took its station, in readiness to obey the signal of advance. It would be no easy matter to describe the state of men's feelings during the tremendous pause which ensued. The evening was calm and tranquil, and the moon, in her first quarter, shed over the scene a feeble light, which, without disclosing the shape or form of particular objects, rendered their rude outline distinctly visible. There stood the fortress, a confused mass of masonry, with its breaches like shadows cast upon the wall, whilst not a gun was fired from it, and all within was as still and motionless as if it were already a ruin, or that its inhabitants were buried in sleep. On our side, again, the trenches crowded with armed men, among whom not so much as a whisper might be heard, presented no inapt resemblance to a dark thunder-cloud, or to a volcano, in that state of tremendous quiet which usually precedes its most violent eruptions. But the delay was not of long continuance. At a few minutes past seven o'clock the word was quietly passed that all things were ready, and the troops poured forward with the coolness and impetuosity of which British soldiers alone are capable, and which nothing could successfully oppose.

"No piece of clock-work, however nicely arranged, could obey the will of its maker more accurately, than the different columns obeyed, that night, the

wishes of their chief; and his ideas were in consequence executed at every point with the same precision and regularity, as if he had been manœuvring so many battalions upon a review plateau. General M'Kinnon's brigades, amidst showers of grape and musketry, rushed without check to the foot of the great breach; and in spite of numerous obstacles, and the most determined resistance, succeeded in gaining the summit. But a serious opposition awaited them there. The enemy, driven from the main wall, took shelter behind an intrenchment, in front of which they had dug a ditch of considerable width; and whilst our men were vainly endeavouring to pass it, a mine was suddenly sprung. The havoc occasioned by that terrible explosion was prodigious, numbers of the bravest and most forward of the men being blown up and destroyed. Unfortunately for the army at large, the gallant M'Kinnon was among them; but the rest, nothing daunted by the fate of their comrades, only redoubled their exertions with a courage which seemed to rise in proportion to the difficulties opposed to it. They were thus situated when Major O'Toole's little column, which had acted under the guidance of Major Sturgeon upon the right, joined them; when finding that all their efforts were fruitless, and that it was impracticable to press farther till the results of other attacks should be made known, they reluctantly ceased to throw away their lives, and established themselves among the ruins.

"In the meanwhile both the light division under Crawford, and the Portuguese brigade under Pack, were following up with equal resolution the measures pointed out to them. The former, issuing from the convent, made for the lesser breach, their brave chief leading, as few besides himself could have done, when a musket-ball struck him in the arm, and, penetrating the side, lodged in his lungs. He fell to the ground, and was borne from the field in a dying state. Almost at the same moment Major Napier, commanding the storming party, Colonel Colbourne of the 52d, and General Vandaleur, received severe wounds; and the troops were left to the guidance of accidental leaders and their own bravery. But neither the one nor the other were wanting. The pause of a moment, and only of a moment, occurred, when, with a shout which was distinctly heard over the roar of musketry and cannon, they renewed the charge, and in five minutes had won the ascent. Then arose the cry of victory from every quarter, and from General Pack's Portuguese, who had succeeded in their escalade; and the troops, rushing along the ramparts, speedily opened their way to the 3d division, and the town was our own.

"The enemy fled in the utmost disorder. They were pursued from street to street, from house to house, with the fury which is irrepressible among men, flushed with conquest, and exasperated by the memory of their comrades slain; and all who continued to offer the slightest resistance, were immediately put to the sword. To the honour of British soldiers, however, be it recorded, that not a single life was taken in wantonness. He who threw down his arms was spared by the very hand which had been uplifted to destroy him; and here, out of a garrison which consisted originally of 1800 combatants, full 1500 were made prisoners.

"It were vain for me to attempt any description of the scenes of plunder and confusion which now presented themselves in every quarter of the town. The firing, which had ceased for a moment, because the contest was at an end, was renewed, here and there, in the extravagance of triumph; whilst shouting and screams mingled fearfully with the groans of the wounded, and the insane outcries of men in a state of horrible intoxication. Many houses, likewise, in different districts, burst forth into flames, whether wantonly or accidentally excited, it was impossible to determine; while the churches were ransacked, the wine and spirit-cellars emptied, and for several hours every species of enormity of which persons, not absolutely savage, are capable, was perpetrated. All these things occurring during the night, the darkness of which was but imperfectly dispelled by the light from the burning edifices, produced an effect which none who witnessed it will ever forget, and few desire to experience again:—but they came to an end at last. The drunken dropped gradually asleep, the wounded were removed to temporary hospitals; and of the houses already on fire, the greater proportion were burned to the ground, before the farther progress of the flames was arrested; and, by dawn on the following morning, a degree of order was restored, such as few who beheld the condition of things immediately posterior to the assault, could have anticipated.

"The casualties among the allied forces during the progress of this important siege, were, as might be expected, numerous,—9 officers and 217 men being killed, and 84 officers and 1000 men

wounded; and of these, 6 officers and 140 men were killed, and 60 officers and 500 men wounded, on the night of the assault alone. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the loss of so many valuable lives was keenly felt, not only by private friends, but by the army in general; but among them all, there fell not one so universally or so justly lamented as Major-General Crawford. He was an officer of whom the highest expectations had been formed, and who, on every occasion, had an opportunity to prove, that had his life been spared, the proudest hopes of his country would not have been disappointed; and he was a man, to know whom, without loving him, was impossible. To me his death occasioned that void which the removal of a bosom friend alone produces, and for which, nothing on this side of the grave can make amends. From the moment of receiving his wound, he knew that all hope of recovery was idle; he lingered on for a few days, and at last submitted to his fate with the magnanimity of a hero, and the resignation of a Christian. Poor Crawford! whilst the memory of the brave and the skilful shall continue to be cherished by British soldiers, thou wilt not be forgotten, and the hand which scrawls this tribute to thy worth, must be cold as thine own, ere the mind which dictates it shall cease to think of thee with affection and regret!"

Here we lay aside the pen, merely repeating, what we have already said at the commencement of our paper, that we consider this volume to be, not only the most interesting, but by far the most important work which has yet appeared on the subject of the Peninsular war. It combines the authenticity of history, with the attractive character of a personal narrative; and it is interspersed with anecdotes and observations, which will be read by all classes with infinite satisfaction. We rejoice to find that the noble writer promises, in the event of his present performance being favourably received, to give us, next year, a similar account of the war in the North, during 1813 and 1814. The subject is fresh, and if handled as he has handled that of the war in the Peninsula, we are certain that it will have a wider circulation, both in this country and on the Continent, than any detail of military movements extant.

THE IRISH YEOMAN.—A TALE OF THE YEAR NINETY-EIGHT.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Ireland is at this time a strange place, where a large proportion of the people live more according to fancy, than any fixed rule of conduct, yet it has within the last five-and-twenty years made wonderful progress in civilization. For twenty or thirty years before the Union, although it was a period in which some great and public-spirited ends were achieved in a very wild and theatrical fashion, public and private morals were in general horribly depressed.

Everything, whether for good or for evil, but more especially the latter, was carried to extravagant excess; prudence and common sense were nowhere to be met with. In the Court and in Parliament, corruption flourished on the one side, and on the other a glowing and extravagant energy of speech, which was mistaken for eloquence, while the men on both sides were habituated to a daring contempt of life, a readiness to insult, and an equal readiness to "give satisfaction," at any number of paces from three to thirteen. In the law courts, they minded anything but law—a barrister found it necessary to be provided, not with cases and precedents, but ready wit, some talent for declamation, duelling pistols, and an experienced friend to "go out" with him upon occasions. In the country they lived after the maxim of Horace:—

> Recepto
> Dulce mihi *furere* est amico.

The year was one long round of riotous hospitality. They hunted foxes—they ate—they drank—Ye Gods, how they did drink! The dawn found them asleep under the table, and three hours more found them on their horses' backs again, taking such leaps as would make the boldest sportsman in Leicestershire turn back and seek the gap or the gateway. Of this race of country Squires, was Cornelius Mac-

Cooney, Esq. of Castle MacCooney, in the county of Kildare, Justice of the Peace and Quorum, and M.P. for the borough of Ballycooley, a little town in the vicinity of the Castle. This Castle, by the way, was, as a native would say, "no castle at all, but only a piece of one that was intended to have been, had the old master lived;" but it so happened that death cut short his days and the castle together. In the midst of his building speculation, he was seized with the gout in his stomach, to which he applied his accustomed remedy of a glass or two of brandy; but finding it more obstinate than usual, to make certain of a cure, he swallowed the whole bottle-full, and was carried to bed, from which he arose no more—as no Coroner's inquest sat upon the body, I am unable to record whether he died by the visitation of gout, or of brandy. His son and successor had neither taste nor ready money for building. "There is," said he, "a cellar, and a dining-room, and some sleeping rooms already, and plenty of stables for the horses, and what the devil more does a man want?"

So the half-finished building was left as it was, and the new proprietor, with an estate which actually paid him two thousand a-year, and which under moderately good management would have produced nearly five, took up his residence in a house without a hall, and rooms that had never felt the brush of the painter. This, however, made almost no difference to him who had no notion of domestic comfort—all the time he passed within doors being spent either in sleep, or that rude jollification which disdains such trifling matters, as coloured walls or carpeted floors. Mr MacCooney was almost adored by his tenantry, for he let them do as they pleased. They idled and joked, and fought and cheated, and drank whisky, and shouted for joy as they saw "the masther" galloping over the country after the hounds, and before all his companions of the chase. Their fences to be sure were broken, but for this they cared the less, as they did not think it necessary to take the trouble of mending them again, and at all events they loved to see a bit of sport. As a Parliament man Mr MacCooney was not much known, except in the post-office, where the then unlimited privilege of franking brought his name continually before their eyes. To save himself and his friends the trouble, it was his custom to desire them to frank their own letters in his name, and the difference of the handwriting having caused some letters which actually bore his own scrawl to be charged, he hied in great wrath to the post-office, to threaten them with all the penalties of a violation of privilege. They pleaded the handwriting, as being totally unlike the other letters which also bore his name in the corner. "And do you dare," said he to the officer, "to presume to judge of how a *gentleman* shall write his name? I tell you, sir, that I sometimes frank letters when I am drunk, and sometimes when I am sober, and sometimes when I am not exactly the one thing nor the other. And do you think that I can be accountable for writing my name always in the same way? I insist, sir, that you pass every letter with my name upon it, no matter how it is written." The poor postman was terrified, and promised to be no more critical upon the writing of Mr MacCooney's franks.

It was upon the occasion of a parliamentary visit to Dublin, in the year 1778, that the worthy senator chanced to meet with a damsel from Cumberland, who had come over in one of the coal-ships to seek her fortune in Ireland; and calculating, no doubt, from the general reputation of the Green Isle for female virtue, that to bring any there would be like carrying coals to Whitehaven, she avoided encumbering her charms with any such commodity. Mr MacCooney, who, I should have mentioned, was unmarried, without much difficulty induced her to accompany him to the country, where she lived with him for two years, and at the end of the first brought him a son, who was called by his father's name. At length, having become heartily wearied of the perpetual riot in which the Squire lived, and longing to see the clean neat inside of an English house again, the young woman resolved to go away upon the first opportunity, and one soon presented itself. A detachment of cavalry, on their march from Cork to Dublin, stopped a night at Ballycooley, and one or two of the officers dined with Mr MacCooney and his fox-hunting friends. In the morning, at six o'clock, as was the custom in those days, the Squire mounted his

hunter, and rode off to cover; and, in half an hour after, his mistress mounted a baggage-cart, and covering her head with a cloak, that she might not be recognised as she passed out of the town, she bid it, her son, and her late protector, adieu for ever.

The little Cornelius, thus early left without a mother's care, was certainly in bad case for receiving "a regular education." But there was too much of real Irish kindness in the house, with all its loose and slovenly management, to allow of his infant wants being neglected. He had, to be sure, about once a-week, a narrow escape from being smothered, in consequence of the old woman who had the care of him taking him to bed with her when she was rather too drunk to know exactly whether she lay on him or beside him; but still he did escape, and throve amazingly upon the food they gave him, which was not, as I am credibly informed, either Indian arrow-root or asses' milk, but stirabout and buttermilk, with occasionally, as soon as he could grasp it in his little hand, a fine, smiling, mealy potatoe, a kind of victual which, notwithstanding the large proportion of "un-nutritive fibre," which modern philosophers have found it to contain, seems to encourage sound mischievous flesh in young Hibernians with great rapidity. As soon as the child was able to toddle about by himself, the manner of his breakfast was in this wise, which I venture to describe, as the like is seldom to be seen out of the good-humoured kingdom of Ireland: The huge pot, which boiled the stirabout every morning for the servants' breakfast, was not entirely emptied, a quantity sufficient for the young Cornelius being left in the bottom. It was then laid upon its side to cool; for a period of much painful and hungry expectation to the youngster, who well knew his portion; and when its heat had sufficiently abated, with a wooden noggin of buttermilk in one hand, and a spoon in the other, he crept into the pot, head, shoulders, knees, and all, and in due time cleared his way to a full and unobstructed view of the whole interior of his iron mansion. It sometimes happened, indeed, that when he was left alone, one of the pigs would make a sudden charge from the yard to the kitchen, and thrusting its head into the pot would endeavour to share his breakfast; but even at two years old, the boy was valorous enough to resent such unlawful intrusion, and boxed Mr Pig's face to such good purpose, as generally sent him away with a very slight taste of the savoury mess.

As the young Cornelius grew up, his habits and dispositions were of course formed according to the circumstances which surrounded him—circumstances which, however unfavourable in other respects to the training up of a child in the way he should go, were rendered particularly so by the notorious illegitimacy of his birth. His father never took the trouble of making decided arrangements about anything, and therefore it was never exactly ascertained whether the parlour or the kitchen was the boy's proper place; but if the question were to be decided according to the portion of time he spent in each, unquestionably the kitchen had the honour to have the greater claim upon him. Be that as it may, no boy in Leinster was happier than Cornelius—he was sharp-witted, full of good-humour, mischievous, unacquainted with fear, and a general favourite. "Master Cornelius," as he was called in the presence of the Squire, and more familiarly, "Corny" in his absence, was ready for anything, and some way engaged in everything, that was done in or about the house; and so little teaching did he require, that it was remarked that everything came "quite natheral" to him. Even the parish-clerk, who was engaged to teach him all he knew, that is to say, reading, writing, and arithmetic, as far as the "rule of three," and who had of all his teachers unquestionably the most difficulties to overcome, declared "he was the cutest boy ever he seen, and, when he could be got to pay attintion, would larn as much in two hours as another boy in six." The pedagogue was, however, the only one who had reason to complain of his want of attention; in the stable, which was his most favourite resort, he was up to everything. At fourteen years old few country farriers surpassed him in knowledge of horseflesh, and some declared that they "didn't b'lieve but he could shoe a horse himself if he was put to it,"—a confidence in his prowess which he amply verified one morning when his own "coult" had slipped a shoe, and the village smith, who had been up all night at a wake, was dead drunk, and

beyond all hope of resuscitation for at least six hours. His father had a pride in his horsemanship, and though he did not bring him along with him, he provided him with a good horse, and allowed him to join the fox-hunt, where Cornelius shone in all his glory. It was a common saying, "that the devil wouldn't stop young Corny." Certain it was, that no ditch or gate in all the country-side would; it was fearful to see the desperate leaps he took, wonderful that he kept his seat in so many of them, and still more wonderful that he did not break his neck in some of the frequent falls which, in common with all other fox-hunters, he received. The youth could handle his gun too, if indeed the rude instrument, composed of an old fowling-piece barrel, and a worn-out musket-lock, deserved that name; but such as it was, he pointed it to some purpose, and old Pat Welch, who was gate-keeper, game-keeper, and holder of several other important offices under the Squire, and who first taught "his young idea how to shoot," was very proud of his young pupil, declaring, that "to send out Masther Corny wid the goon in his hand, was as good as signing the death-warrant of a dozen brace of snipe the shortest day in the year." Indeed, Cornelius seldom missed killing, except when his gun missed fire, which, since truth must be told, it did about twice out of every three times the trigger was drawn.

So far the character and abilities of the young man—for he is now eighteen, if you please, gentle reader—were rather favourable than otherwise, but the sources from which he derived his knowledge were too impure not to convey much evil along with what was good or useful. He was in some respects mean—very cunning, very passionate, given to dissipation, and almost without any principle, and with very little feeling, of religion or morality. He was not of the priest's flock, for his father and mother were nominally Protestants, and as to his own place of worship, he might have said with Falstaff, "An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse." The Protestant clergy in the country parts of Ireland were in those days unfortunately but too lukewarm; they gave but a careless attention to the spiritual interests even of the few who professed their tenets, and those who like Cornelius did not seek them, were never sought for. If the Protestant clergy in Ireland for the last hundred years, had possessed but half the industry and zeal which at present animates them, the reformation would not yet have to be accomplished in that country. But whatever were the defects of his inner man, the outward form of Cornelius was such as, combined with the accomplishments we have enumerated, was sufficient to have put him on good terms with himself, and enabled him to find favour in the sight of the people in general, and the young women in particular, of the neighbourhood.

It is one of the seeming incongruities, yet real harmonies of nature, that women, whose breast is the seat of all the gentler emotions and more tender feelings which adorn and purify humanity, are more apt to be attached to men of bold and daring disposition, than to those whose characters assimilate more nearly to their own. The vine twines not with the vine, but flings its clasping tendrils around the sturdy elm, and gentle woman is most apt to feel that kind of admiration which is, much more than pity, akin to love, for those of whose stoutness of heart and boldness of execution she feels convinced. We shall find, whether we examine nature for ourselves, or consult her revelation in the pages of her inspired servant Shakspeare, that women love men "for the dangers they have passed, and we love them that they do pity us."

But this is a digression—My story is, that the prettiest, gentlest, and best-behaved girl in the neighbourhood, loved the young Cornelius better than if he had been a better man. Mary Kelly, for such was the young damsel's plain Irish name, was the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who had been happy enough to marry a good wife, and became in consequence a decent respectable man in his station, and the father of two sons and a daughter, who were a credit to him in his old days, and a pattern of good behaviour, which was admired, but not imitated, by their neighbours. Mary was as pretty a girl as one might meet in a summer day's walk; her hair was very dark, as were her well-arched brows and long eye-lashes, beneath which her full blue eyes floated, beaming with expression. Her fair cheek

was brightened with the bloom of the country, and her cherry lips, which opening displayed a set of fine white teeth, formed a mouth which even connoisseurs might have praised, though they would perhaps have found in it the common Irish fault, of being a little too large. She knew well enough she was pretty—most pretty girls know it too well—but to do her justice, she seldom thought about it, except when she felt its influence in attracting the attention of Master Cornelius, who "sat his horse so like a gintleman, was as bould as a lion," and knew the when, and the where, to say a kind flattering word, too, that failed not to make its due impression.

Cornelius was on the most friendly and familiar terms with all the young people in the neighbourhood; for the particular situation in which he stood towards the "Masther," whilst it gave him a ready access to all the tenants' houses, did not place him in that station which calls for respect rather than intimacy; but of all the houses which he frequented, it was well-known that Kelly's was the one which he oftenest called at, and tarried the longest in; and it was settled by the old women, in their conclaves to settle the affairs of their neighbours, or, as they say themselves, "to have a little bit of gossip,"—"that when the Squire settled Masther Corny in a bit of land, the young chap wouldn't be asy till he tuk home Mary Kelly." There was, however, another person, as different from the favoured lover as one Irishman could be from another, who, it was well known, had set—not his heart, for no one gave him credit for having any—but his inclination, upon having Mary for himself. This was one Fitzpatrick, who had been brought up from a child in the house of the priest of a neighbouring parish, and passed as a son of the priest's sister, who had died in distress; but it was suspected that he was really a nearer relation to his reverence. He had been taught to read and write a little Irish-English, but displayed such immitigable obstinacy when the Latin Grammar was attempted with him, that the priest sent him off at sixteen years of age to assist in a shop which sold something of "everything in the world," in the town of Naas. He had not, however, long sojourned there, when the unaccountable disappearance of certain monies and light goods, rendered an investigation necessary, which young Fitzpatrick thinking might not be productive of the most comfortable results to himself, left to be carried on in his absence, and set off one fine moonlight night for Dublin, without apprising any one of his departure, or even leaving a valedictory epistle on his dressing-table, according to the established custom of runaway masters and misses.

What was his career for some years after that, it is not for the present history to relate; but at the end of six years he returned to his native village, a sallow-faced, dark-browed young man, with a considerable number of "odd quare ways" about him, that gave an air of mystery to his conduct, and for some time puzzled the natives exceedingly. Fitzpatrick drank a great deal, but was never fairly, that is to say fightingly, drunk; he went regularly to mass, and had always a newspaper to read, and "a dale of discoorse" for the crowds of men who loitered about the chapel before and after service. He sometimes engaged in farming work, but it was evident his pockets were supplied from some other source than his own labour, and notwithstanding his injunctions to secrecy where he lodged, it was pretty well known that he frequently spent the night abroad, no one knew where. This man was a frequent visitor at Kelly's house, and seemed equally anxious to make love to his daughter, who detested him, and to draw her father into conversation about politics and religion, who listened to him with infinitely more attention and respect. For some years previously to this time, the principles which had been productive of such unutterable horrors in France, had been zealously inculcated in various parts of Ireland by men, whose cold and selfish ambition to become of some consequence in their country, led them into acts of heartless and widely extended atrocity, for which but too few of them suffered as they deserved. The poor Irish peasantry, whose misfortune it is always to follow their feelings rather than their judgment, were easily wrought upon by those leaders, who in many instances sacrificed the lives of their unfortunate victims, while they screened themselves, and even became the executioners of those whom they had

actually seduced into rebellion and murder.

For some time prior to 1798, very active means were taken, sometimes by the leaders themselves, but more frequently by hired emissaries, to sow disaffection among the cottages of the peasantry; and by one of those monstrous and revolting combinations by which guilt of the most abominable species is sometimes distinguished, the principles of the atheists of France, and their Irish disciples, were engrafted upon the religious bigotry of the Roman Catholic peasantry. The deluded wretches, while they waved their green ribbons above their heads, and shouted liberty, were ready to throw themselves on their knees before the priest, swearing a blind submission to his will, and binding themselves to shed the blood of their fellow-men, merely because they held a different religious belief from themselves.

Fitzpatrick, as the reader will have already surmised, was one of the emissaries employed to work up the people to that state of excitement which soon after burst forth in the rebellion of 1798. Already there were known to be numerous meetings held by night. Smiths' forges were observed to be at work long after the doors were shut, and all the lawful business disposed of, and it was not doubted that the manufacture of pikes caused all this extra industry. Ploughshares, spades, and every other article of iron inadvertently left abroad, were sure to be stolen, and never again seen in their original shape, while bands of armed men frequently attacked houses in the middle of the night, accurately specifying the quantity and description of fire-arms in the house, and demanding them to be handed out, on pain of death to the inhabitants.

In consequence of these manifestations of danger, corps of yeomanry were very generally raised over the country, by gentlemen of loyalty and consideration in their respective neighbourhoods; and this brings me back again to the line of my story, from which, in the wide field of general description, I have somewhat wandered. Mr MacCooney, with all the folly and grossness of his life, had sense and observation enough to perceive the change that was going on, and the crisis which was approaching; and he felt it his duty to his king, and the rank he himself held in his own vicinity, to take active measures to keep a check upon the disaffected, and to meet the expected explosion. He, therefore, entered into communication with government, and with their assistance, and that of the neighbouring gentry, he raised a troop of yeomanry cavalry, of which he was himself Captain; and though neither he nor those under him were much skilled in military tactics, yet, as they were well mounted and appointed, and most of them constitutionally fond of fighting, and insensible to fear, the corps formed for the neighbourhood a respectable and formidable force. The most active trooper of the corps was young Cornelius, who became his uniform well, and sat his horse "as if he were a part of him." Nature had given him a good figure for a soldier, though education had not supplied the grace which gives to such an advantage its most pleasing effect; yet, as he rode along with helmet and breastplate, and sabre glittering in the sun, Mary Kelly was not alone in thinking him "one o' the nicest lookin' young fellows ever she seen."

Matters were now brought to that crisis, that the rebel chiefs thought they might venture to levy open war upon the king; and one fine hot summer day, in the month of May, 1798, they simultaneously rose in various parts of the country. Armed men were to be seen in groups running in various directions across the open country to their various places of rendezvous, some of them with fire-arms, which they discharged at gentlemen's houses, as they passed along, out of mere wantonness, or as schoolboys fire their toy cannons to enjoy the loud report; but the greater number had nothing but long rudely-made pikes, which they flourished, and shouted,—"Erin-go-Brah!"

The dreadful work of civil war now commenced in all its horrors. In the fury of the first onset, nothing was spared but the lives of the women and the children, and to them terror was frequently as fatal as the pike and the flames were to their husbands and fathers.

The country at night was illuminated by the blaze from the consuming houses of the Protestant gentry, and property as well as life was put to wanton destruction. Not only the

dwelling-houses, but the hay-yards, the huge stacks of hay, and wheat, and oats, the stables, and, in many instances, the cattle which were in them, all were reduced to ashes, in this wild burst of bigoted fury. Happily, this open warfare was not general all over the island; many extensive districts were comparatively quiet, and the capital was tranquil and secure. To it, all who could afford to travel so far, eagerly escaped. The high-road from the south was covered with every description of vehicle that could be seized on for the occasion, to convey the families of the gentry, who were flying from the scene of terror.

Houses, furniture, property of all kinds, was abandoned and left desolate. Almost all the men who were Protestants, entered yeomanry corps in their own defence, while their wives and children, in endeavouring to conceal themselves or to escape, suffered dreadful hardships, which deprived many of their health, some of their reason, and not a few of their lives. That part of the country which I have designated "the neighbourhood of Ballycooley," was one of the places most violently disturbed. The houses of the Protestants were plundered and burned in every direction; and even the women, threatened with destruction, were obliged to take refuge in hovels and dry ditches, or in some instances in the houses of the priests, until they found some opportunity of escaping to a place of safety. Mr MacCooney's corps was of course put upon active duty, and had many rencontres with the rebels, in which it is reported the ferocious cruelty was not confined to one side, but that these raw soldiers displayed a degree of callous indifference to the shedding of blood, which one might have expected it would have required more experience in the trade of war, and more familiarity with scenes of slaughter, to have rendered possible. The concentration, however, of a considerable rebel force in this quarter, rendered it necessary to oppose them with additional strength; and fifty men were detached from a Scotch Fencible regiment in Dublin, to co-operate with the yeomanry corps in keeping the insurgents of that district in check. This company arrived, under the command of Captain Donald Fraser, a very valiant and prudent Scot, who had been a sergeant in a Highland regiment in the American war, and, in a smart affair with the enemy, in which the Ensign of his regiment was killed, and the colours about to be borne off in triumph, had rushed upon the spoiler, cleaved his head asunder with his broadsword, and recovered the colours, which he afterwards had the honour to bear as the just reward of his bravery. On the return of the army, Donald chanced to lodge in the city of Glasgow with "a decent woman, who had a gay pickle siller o' her ain," which thinking it would be a prudent step to make his also, he wooed and married her; and, becoming a man of substance, yet not liking altogether to quit his profession, he obtained a lieutenancy in a Fencible regiment, thinking to spend the remainder of his days at home; but the rebellion in Ireland put him once more upon active and dangerous service. Furnished with particular instructions from General Dundas, and a letter to Captain MacCooney, commanding the Ballycooley corps of yeomanry cavalry, requesting, that from Captain Fraser's great experience, the greatest attention might be paid to all his suggestions respecting the movements and disposition of the corps, the Highlander arrived with his seasonable reinforcement, and a large supply of ammunition, which was lodged in the Castle; and such hasty fortification, as time and the open condition of the place admitted, was resorted to, to defend it against a sudden attack. After they had done their best, however, the Captain shook his head at the defences, and declared his opinion that it would be better to engage the enemy, if it came to that, outside them, than to abide their onset within. Much time was not given them to deliberate. Late in the evening, positive information arrived that a body of rebels, to the amount, it was said, of three hundred, had just halted for the night about a mile on the other side of Ballycooley, and it was their intention to attack Castle MacCooney in the morning, chiefly for the purpose of obtaining the ammunition, of the arrival of which they had heard. In consequence of this information, a council of war was immediately held, when, after Captain Fraser had gained all the knowledge he could respecting the arms and mode of attack of these rebels, he addressed the company

in a short speech, something to the effect following :—

"I think, shentlemen, it would be neither prudent nor soldier-like to wait the coming of the enemy in this place, whilk is on every side open to attack. If, as you say, they come with burning peats on the end of their pikes, and make a desperate assault,—even if we beat them off, there's sma' chance, that in this tamned dry hot weather, they could be prevented from setting fire to the place; an' if they should, there's eneuch o' poother in it, I can tell ye, to make a tev'lish fearsome blaw-up. I recommend, therefore, that we take the first day-licht in the morning, and march to disperse them, before they commence their march towards us. I think we have eneuch of force for that, and at all events we maun do oor best; and, in the event of a retreat becoming necessary, we may then try what sort of defence we can mak here."

"It is a maxim with us Irish," said Mr MacCooney, "always to be more ready to go to a fight, than to wait for the fight to come to us,—so my corps will attend you with all the pleasure in life, Captain Fraser, as early in the morning as you plase. And now that's settled, Captain, sit down till I give you a tumbler of whisky-punch, which I'll venture to say is as good as any you ever drank in Scotland."

"I tasted some upon my march," said the Captain. "It's gude whusky, but it wants a wee peat-reek to gie it a flavour."

"Taste that, and see what you'll say to it," said Mr MacCooney, as he filled out a glass, and pushed over a tumbler to the Captain. "There's not a headach in a hogshead of it."

The Captain took the glass, and emptied the liquor down his throat as if it had been water. "Ay," said he, "that's gude; that's better than they gied me on the road."

"Upon my soul, I'm glad you seem to like it," said the Squire, gazing with some little astonishment at the empty glass; "but, Captain, we mix it here. I don't know how the devil you can swallow it raw?"

"Hoot, man," said the Captain, "it's just naething that. Whusky's gude ony way; but I dinna like the fash of mixing it sometimes, an' I can drink it just as weel by itsell."

"By Saint Patrick!" muttered the Squire to his companion on the other side; "I don't understand his Scotch, but I suppose it manes he likes it; and he shall have his bellyful before he stops."

This time, however, the Captain mixed his tumbler, and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, withdrew them again with an air of vexation, and seemed at a great loss for something.

"De you iver tak snuff?" said he at last to MacCooney; "I forgot my box in Dublin, and I snuffed the boxes of twa o' my sergeants—whilk was all that was in the company—empty, on my way doon. 'The hart never panted for cooling streams,' as King David says, mair than my nose does this moment for a pickle snuff."

"Faith, then, I'm very sorry to say," replied the Squire, "that there is not a grain of snuff in this house, for no one takes it; but you'll get plenty at the widow Rooney's, as we pass through Ballycooley in the morning."

"The morning!" said Captain Fraser. "By the Lord! you might as weel bid a man, that was perishing o' thirst, wait till the day o' judgment for a drink o' water. For God's sake, alloo me to send for the pepper-box, for I can thole this nae langer," continued he, laying hold of his nose.

Amidst roars of laughter, with which it was plain the Captain was not very well pleased, the pepper was sent for; but his good-humour was soon restored, by the messenger returning, not with the spice, but a box of Irish blackguard, which an old woman in the kitchen happened to possess.

To the astonishment and mortification of his host, he rose up at the end of his second tumbler, avowing his determination to drink no more.

"Why, botheration!—Nonsense, man. You don't mane to turn deserter, Captain?" said the Squire. "You haven't tasted your liquor yet.—I couldn't fall asleep, if I was to die for it, under seven tumblers; and you've taken only two!"

"We have some serious wark before us in the morning," replied Fraser; "and it would be the heicht of madness in me to get fou, and maybe be asleep when I should be feichting. Na, na! I'll awa to look at my men, and then to bed; and if I micht venture to mak a suggestion till a shentleman in his ain hoos, I would re-

commend that we all did the same; for we maun be early afit."

"We'll be ready for you, never fear, Captain," replied Mr MacCooney. "We're the boys for being up in the morning.—Good night to you, if you won't stay."

Captain Fraser went to give his orders for the morning, and, as he returned and passed up to his bed-room, he heard the carouse still going on, and the Squire singing in loud, and not unmelodious voice,—

"At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We set out for Balruddery in search of a fox."

CHAPTER SECOND.

At that time, when, as Lord Byron magnificently expresses it,

"Night wanes—the vapours, round the mountains curl'd,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world,"

Captain Donald Fraser was marshalling his men in the farm-yard of Castle MacCooney, and was soon joined by his companions of the preceding evening.

"Good morning, Captain," said the Squire; "you've got the start of us, I see."

"No that much," replied Fraser; "and by my word I'm mair pleased than I can weel tell ye, to see you there; bein' a wee fearsome that your caroose last night would have kept ye in your bed this morning."

"Poh!—not the laste fear in life," said the Squire. "I believe some of us went to-bed as well as you, but faith I'm not sure. We're now ready to march, however," he continued, as he saw his troopers mounting, and forming into line.

"Weel, then, let us place our sentries here, and then march," rejoined Fraser; "and tell your men, if ye please, Captain MacCooney, to be steady, and make nae needless clamour as we move along. If we come by surprise upon this body of the enemy, it will be sae much the better."

The orders were given—the troops formed, and filed off from the gate; while a few men, half-dressed, with open vests and ungartered stockings, and half a score of women, with uncombed hair and slippered feet, stood gazing after them as long as they continued in sight.

As yet, something of the chilliness and silence of night still remained; and morning looked like the face of beauty, seen through a sombre veil—clouds of mist lay heavily upon the sides of the hills—a single bird gave here and there a solitary chirrup, as if calling upon its companions to awake—and a hare or rabbit occasionally darted with frightened rapidity across the nooks of the fields. The soldiers even seemed almost still asleep as they marched silently along, except young Cornelius, who rode in the first rank of the yeomen, and whose tranquillity was exceedingly disturbed by the aforesaid hares and rabbits, the sight of which always brought his carabine to his shoulder, and called forth all his self-command to prevent him from drawing the trigger. The light, however, rapidly increased, and seemed to awake both man and nature to activity. The east became insupportably bright—the mists slowly swept away along the summits of the hills—and soon the sun burst forth in all the glory of a bright summer morning. On the left, the blue hills of the County Wicklow were visible in the remotest distance; and in the valley to the right, a small stream, tributary to the Liffey, which had till now been marked only by the thick line of narrow mist which hung above it, glanced like a winding line of silvery light through the uncut meadows. A thousand birds sang in the hawthorn hedges, which were loaded with white blossom, and the branches, bending with its weight, and that of the heavy dew which clung around it, dashed against the soldiers' heads, and filled the air with its delightful odour. All the charms of the morning and the scene, however, were lost upon the people whose track we are now pursuing, for their minds were occupied about other matters. The Squire was thinking of whether quietness would be restored by the time the fox-hunting season came round again—Fraser was thinking about his wife and weans, whom, before his departure for Ireland, he had lodged upon the

third "flat" of a house in the "Candleriggs" of Glasgow—Young Cornelius was considering the probability of Mary Kelly being up as they passed her father's house, which they should do in their line of march—and many were pondering upon the interesting question of whether the rebels would fight or run when they perceived them.

The little band had now arrived at the point where the road begins to slope rapidly down into the hollow in which lies the town, or rather village, of Ballycooley. A comfortable-looking farm-house, about a hundred yards off the road to the left, was the residence of Mary Kelly; and Cornelius, feeling an irresistible desire to tell her he was going to a battle, turned out of the ranks on pretence of adjusting something that had gone wrong about the trappings of his horse, and leaping over the ditch which separated the field from the road, was in a minute at the farm-house. All appeared silent, as if no one were yet awake in the house; and he was muttering something about lazy young women, and about to ride off in disappointment, when, turning round the corner of the house, the young girl suddenly met him, and he at the same time saw a man passing round the opposite corner. Mary almost screamed with surprise, and her face was covered with blushes at this unexpected meeting with the young soldier.

"Oh! good morrow, Mary; you're arely up, I see," said he.

"Morra kindly, Mr Cornelius—it is arely, sure enough."

"And you wasn't without company, I see."

"Company!—O weary on *him* for company," said the girl, with a smile that showed she meant a comparison.

"And who was that that came to pay his compliments at this genteel hour for paying a visit?" said Cornelius.

"It was Mr Fitzpatrick."

"Fitzpatrick!—What the devil was he doing here?—I was in hopes he was either shot or hanged by this time."

"Whisht, whisht! Mr Cornelius—maybe he's tryin' to listen to what you're sayin' this minute. Sure he's made a captain, or a general, or something, of the rebels; an' there's a whole army of them just two mile the other side of Ballycooley, that he belongs to. He come last night to try an' persuade my father to somethin'; an' my brother Phil, that hates him as bad as wicked sperrits hates holy wather, said somethin' to him that offended him mortally; so he swore he'd have revenge, and get him piked for an Orangeman, so he would. I know he was to go off at daylight this mornin'; so I got up to entrate of him and to get his promise that they wouldn't hurt poor Phil for what he said without manein' any harm."

"Where is he gone to now?" said Cornelius.

"Off to the army of the rebels. I hear they're goin' somewhere to-day," replied Mary.

"O, then, Mary, maybe it'll be his luck to get a headach to-day that he won't feel, and me to give it to him. We're going to attack them rebels, Mary; and if I see him there, maybe I won't put him past hurting any one. By my conscience I will, surely."

"My God!" said the girl. "Surely you're not going to attack the whole army of them?—Oh, don't go, Mr Cornelius; you'll be cut to pieces entirely!"

"Never you fear, my darlin'. Sure we've got a reinforcement from Dublin, an' a Scotch Captain that'll kill the devil an' ate him for dinner without a grain of salt. We're goin' to have a reg'lar battle, Mary, like them that Bryan Boroom and Julius Cayser used to fight in ould times."

"But sure you might be killed or wounded in the battle. Oh! it's a dreadful thing this fightin'," said Mary.

"Well, for fear I should be killed," said Cornelius, alighting from his horse, "you'd better give me a kiss, Mary, before I go."

"Oh fie, Mr Cornelius! How can you spake so lightly?" said Mary, trembling and blushing at the same time.

"Come, my sweet little girl, you must not refuse me this once," said the youth, as with gentle violence he carried his point. "And now, Mary, unless I've a mind to be shot for a deserther, I must bid you good-bye; an' if I meet Mr Fitzpatrick in my travels, there's one of us you won't be apt to see again at any rate."

He raised his head as he spoke, and, at the instant, he perceived at the far corner of the building from where he stood, the face of the man of whom he

spoke, looking at him with the dark scowl of a fiend, and quick as thought a pistol bullet whistled past his face, so close as almost to cut the skin without touching it. Cornelius rushed forward with his sabre in his hand, but his adversary was too quick for him. A high wall bounded the hay-yard on the side where he was, and he escaped through the gate, locking it after him before Cornelius could reach it. The young man returned, pale with fury, to where Mary stood, equally pale with fear. Again he bade her farewell, jumped upon his horse, and dashed across the fields by the shortest route to overtake his companions, while she, with clasped hands, prayed Christ and the Virgin to be his safe-guard.

A brief halt, which the little band had made in the town of Ballycooley, enabled Cornelius, by hard riding, to overtake them shortly after they gained the rising ground on the other side of the town. They now began to keep a sharp look-out for the rebels, whose position, they were aware, was at no great distance, and they very soon came in sight of them. At a sudden turning of the road, a break or gap in the high and ragged hawthorn hedge, gave them a view of a very extensive field, at the most distant extremity of which, the rebels, to the number of nearly three hundred, were drawn up; if indeed that term might be applied to the loose disposition of as unmilitary a looking body as ever ventured to fight in a cause ostensibly national. There was no uniformity of dress, of arms, or of position, observable amongst them. Some fluttered in rags, others had whole clothes—most of them wore the long loose coat, so much a favourite with the Irish peasantry—and some had short frieze jackets. For arms, a considerable number had guns, a few had pistols, and the rest were provided with pikes, or with a horrid weapon formed by fastening a mower's scythe to the end of a pole, in a line with it, like the blade of a huge carving-knife. It is impossible to describe the lines formed by their ranks. "Zig-zag" conveys an idea of regular irregularity which they did not possess. They appeared, indeed, to the eye, all jumbled together, and persons were seen rapidly moving up and down amongst them, and sometimes stopping, as if arguing with one another. The road was separated from the field in which they were, by the hedge I have already mentioned, and a wide ditch outside it, which rendered it a fence not easily surmounted. The troops marched slowly along, now hidden by the hedge from the view of the rebels, and undisturbed save by a solitary shot occasionally, which, whether intended for them or not, they could not tell. They soon observed that the ditch went along the whole length of the field, but the hedge terminated a little farther on. It had in fact been torn up root and branch, in the last snow, and carried away to be burned by some neighbouring cotters, who had been too lazy, or too improvident, to draw home turf from the bog in summer.

As it was evident that the moment the troops passed the boundary of the hedge, they would come in front, and in full view of the rebels, a halt was ordered, that the officers might consult on the mode of attack or defence that should be adopted. After some deliberation, it was agreed that the horse soldiers should halt under cover of the hedge, while the foot advancing, should form on the road in front of the rebels, protected by the ditch from the shock of the charge which they expected the rebels would make. Captain Fraser expected to do severe execution by a fire of musketry while they were crossing the ditch, and the cavalry were to charge them in flank as soon as they attempted to form upon the road. The cowardice or indecision of the rebels prevented this plan being carried into operation, as the drawing up of the Fencibles in their front only seemed to increase the confusion in their body, and to cause more debating between the leaders, while they neither advanced nor retreated.

After nearly an hour wasted in this way, the Highlander's patience being worn out, he determined himself to become the assailant; but his present distance was too great to admit of an effective fire, and the ditch was a serious obstacle to the foot, and still more to the horse, in the way of advancing. Upon consulting Mr MacCooney, his associate in command, he assured him that every man and horse there had leaped that ditch, or one like it, before now, in following the hounds, and they wouldn't ask better sport than to leap it now, if he thought well of making a charge.

"Hoot, toot!" said Fraser; "hunt-

in' the tod—fox, I mean—is ae thing, Mr MacCooney, and chargin' the enemy is anither. A dragoon has no business to leap, except in runnin' away."

"That is, in military phrase, retreating; isn't it, Captain Fraser?" observed MacCooney.

"No preceesely," said Fraser; "the difference is like that between suppin' kail wi' a spune, and puttin' your twa hauns to the luggie an' drinkin' it down like yil or whusky; in baith cases the kail gangs intil your stomach, but it's juist a difference in the manner of gettin' there; a retrate is a mair calm, purpose-like thing than rinnin' awa."

"But if we don't leap, what are we to do?" said MacCooney.

"Fill up the ditch," said Fraser. "The bank is on this side, and twenty men will do enough of it in half an hour to gie us room to pass over."

Some spades and shovels having been procured from a neighbouring house, Fraser set about putting his plan into execution, and picking out twenty of his strongest men, advanced at their head to the ditch, and, with his drawn sword in his hand, directed their operations, which they proceeded in with great rapidity. Still the rebels did not advance, but now and then a shot was fired, apparently at Captain Fraser, as the balls whistled by, very near him. Mr MacCooney, who stood at the head of his troops, still under cover of the hedge, felt uneasy at the danger to which he saw his colleague exposed, and alighting from his horse, went over to advise him not to expose himself so much.

"I'll tell you what, Captain Fraser," said he, "if you stand there, you run a mighty great chance of being shot."

"I maun do my duty though I should be shot," said Fraser, rather gruffly.

"Well, but blood an' ouns," urged MacCooney, "sure they can shovel dirt into a ditch, without you at their elbow, and you could see them from the shelter where I was just now."

"And where you should be still, if you'll allow me to tell you sae," said Fraser; "there is, at all events, no need for you to run the risk at present of being shot, whatever there may be for me."

"By my honour," said MacCooney, with a laugh, "'tis rather odd now, that though I saw your danger, and came here to tell you of it, it never once occurred to me till you mentioned it, that I was coming in the way of an odd bullet myself; but it's no matter—an Irishman doesn't mind danger."

"Nor a Hielan'man neither," said Fraser, sharply.

"So I percave, and meant no invidious comparison, I assure you," said MacCooney, making at the same time one of his best bows.

While in the act of making this courteous stoop, a shot was fired, and a bullet struck the top of his helmet, and glanced off without doing him any injury.

"Ha," said Fraser, "had you been standin' straught yon time, that bullet would have been through your harns."

"I had an old aunt, Captain," replied MacCooney, with great coolness, "who was brought up in France; she used to say no one ever lost anything by politeness, and now her words prove true."

"I'm very glad that I haven't to return you among the killed before the action commences, however," said Fraser.

"I hope," rejoined his companion, "they won't return the fellow that fired that shot, among the missing; at all events, he hit his mark fairly, only a little too high—and now, Captain, that your ditch is almost filled, what are we to do?"

"I mean to advance," said Fraser, "an' gie them a peppering within gude killing distance. Keep you steady where your men are, till you see me charge on the enemy, then advance, and dash at them. I'm not sure that they know your troop is here, and if you come on them suddenly after we have put them into disorder, you'll put them to the rout without much trouble."

"But sure you don't think we'll stand quiet while you're fighting?" said MacCooney.

"It's needful that you should for a while," replied Fraser; "never fear, you'll have your wark to do before the job's ended."

"I'll try to follow your advice, Captain Fraser," said MacCooney; "but, 'pon my soul, it won't be easy to do it; it's not natural to stand quiet while men are fighting before one's face."

Mr MacCooney having been prevailed upon to take his place again at the

head of his troop, and communicate to his impatient soldiers, the plan of attack by their more experienced leader of the infantry, Fraser, dividing his company into a rank only two deep, marched forward, and did not give the order to halt till he was nearly half across the field, and right in front of the rebel force, which now formed in a close crowded group, to receive the assault, which they seemed to expect at the point of the bayonet. "Now, my lads," said Fraser, "let me see ye dinna forget the trainin' I hae given you —Ye needna tak time to ram down your cartridges—just gie your guns a knock on the grun' when ye drop them in—ye'll fire the mair o' them—now—let me see—close, quick, and steady—Present — fire — There ye go — weel done—weel done!"

The roar of the musketry now prevented any other sound from being heard. The soldiers did do justice to Donald's training; the firing was so close and so rapid, that it did tremendous execution among the rebels, whose return-fire, on the contrary, was exceedingly loose and irregular. The powder which they had too, they knew to have been badly manufactured, and to be weak, and allowance being made for the circumstance, they were ordered to fire high; an order which they obeyed so much beyond what was intended, that the bullets passed in showers three yards over the heads of the soldiers at whom they were aimed, and so few took effect that only six or seven of the Fencibles were shot in the engagement.

Fraser, now perceiving the extreme confusion of the undisciplined rabble to which he was opposed, and that some were breaking through the hedge behind them, gave orders to advance with fixed bayonets in quick march; and, as he expected, in one minute, he heard the Irish yeomen galloping at his heels. The sight of this additional force coming down upon them, turned the confusion of the rebels into the wildest disorder; they no longer kept even the semblance of ranks, but fled, or gathered together in a confused crowd, while the dragoons, giving a loud shout of congratulation as they passed the Fencibles, dashed in amongst them, and committed the most terrible havoc.

The continued roar of the musketry was now silenced, and the conflict became, with sabre and pistol, and pike and bayonet, hand to hand, while the shouts and imprecations of the combatants struggling for life or death,—the screams of the wounded, crying out, some in Irish and some in English,—and the groans of the dying,—formed a confusion of horrid sounds, much more dreadful than the loud and deafening noise of the fire-arms. But the battle, if the engagement of a handful of men may be so called, was won; what remained was the slaughter; and the resistance was only the last desperate efforts which men who see death inevitable will make, to sell their lives as dearly as they can. Our hero, young Cornelius, for we must not forget him, was where the fight raged thickest,

—ὅθι πλεῖστοι κλονέοντο;

his sabre was covered with blood, and he vented his rage against Fitzpatrick, whom he in vain sought through the field, upon the wretched men with whom he was associated. And now the fight was confined to struggles with twos and threes who were overtaken in their endeavours to fly, and immediately put to death. Two of these unfortunate flying wretches were pursued by Cornelius, and overtaken. One of them had a pike, the other had thrown it down that he might run the faster. As Cornelius cut down the unarmed man with his sabre, the other made a thrust at his breast with the pike, which he avoided by bending to one side, and the weapon passing up beneath his arm, he grasped it below the blade, and, bending over, dealt a blow with all his force upon the unhappy rebel, which closed his mortal career; but Cornelius had twisted round so suddenly, and thrown so much of the weight of his body with the blow, that he lost his balance, and fell from his horse upon the dead man.

He was rising to his feet again, when he heard the report of a pistol, and at the same instant his foot slipping in the blood of the slaughtered man, he fell again upon him, and immediately heard a shout of triumph from the spot from whence the pistol appeared to have been discharged. He turned his eyes to the place, and saw within twelve yards of him the head and arm of Fitzpatrick visible above the bank of the ditch which ran below the hedge that bounded the field. The smoke was still issuing from the pistol

which he had fired, and as he thought, from Cornelius falling at the time, with fatal effect—indeed he had sent the ball so close as to cut the breast of the yeoman's coat, though he had not perceived it. His shout of triumph was therefore not repeated when he saw Cornelius spring with renewed rage to his feet; but being in the ditch, he was enabled to escape to the other side of the hedge, while the yeoman, having sprung to his horse again, had to ride some distance down before he could gain the next field, through which his adversary was now running to make his escape. Cornelius, who was now joined by one or two of his comrades, urged his horse to speed with all the fury which the combined passions of revenge and jealousy can supply, and gained rapidly upon Fitzpatrick, who made for the opposite ditch, the bank of which was high and steep. The flying wretch tried to leap it, but struck against the opposing bank and fell to the bottom. He sprung to his feet, and turning round saw his pursuer within thirty yards of him, his sabre already uplifted for the blow that was to cut him down. Escape now being impossible, the man, placing his back against the bank, folded his arms, as if prepared to meet his fate; but when Cornelius was within his horse's length of him, he quickly drew another pistol from beneath his coat, and fired. He did not this time miss his aim. Cornelius dropped his sabre and clapped both his hands upon his right breast, while his enemy burst forth in a yell of exultation. "Hah!" said he, "by Jesus you've got it at last; take that home to your sweetheart, an' tell her who it was gave it to you." Very brief was the interval of the wretched man's triumph, the exulting shout appeared almost to mingle with the man's dying groan, so closely were they upon each other; for within two or three seconds the sabre of one of the comrades of Cornelius laid open his temple with a horrid gash, and the life blood followed the steel as it was withdrawn with the rapidity of lightning, to repeat the blow. "Where did he hit you, Corny?" said the slayer, turning to his wounded companion; "I've put the rebelly villain out of the way of doing any more harm, anyhow."—"Somewhere in the breast here," said Cornelius; who spoke very faintly and had become pale as death. His jacket was quickly opened, and the ball was found to have entered a little below the right breast; very little blood flowed from the wound, but Cornelius complained of being very faint and sickish, and as they led his horse quietly towards the main body of the troop, he did actually faint, and was obliged to be supported on his horse. There was no one in the troop who even pretended to know anything of surgery, except one, who, being the amateur farrier of the corps, was supposed to understand something of the mystery of the living frame in general, and was called to give his opinion about poor Cornelius. "It isn't dead he is, I'm sure," said his companion, who had seen him shot,—"it's only a faint he 's in."—"By the powers, but I say he is dead," said the man of skill; "as dead as Joe Dunn's mare, that died last Easther; an' sorry I am for him, for he was a likely young fellow, an' killed a power of rebels this day, as I seen with my own two eyes."

Returning animation, however, proved the man of veterinary knowledge to be in error; and Cornelius having been conveyed to the road, a car was provided to bring him to the town of Ballycooley, which the troops determined on occupying after the dispersion of the rebels. Poor Corny was looked upon almost as a dead man; no one had any hope of him, and even his father while he gave orders concerning the way in which he should be taken care of, shook his head as one that had no hope that any care should save him.

Whilst they were arranging a place in which to put him to bed, and have him quietly attended to, the alarm was given of the rebels having rallied with a very considerable additional force, and being about to assault the little town. It was soon discovered that the alarm was correct; and it was resolved, that with the force of king's troops present, it would not be possible to defend the town against the large body which threatened it with so much advantage of the ground; Ballycooley, as I have mentioned, lying in a hollow.

A retreat, therefore, was ordered upon the castle, which they had quitted in the morning; and as it was well

known, that if the wounded Cornelius were found by the rebels on entering the town, he would be barbarously butchered, they procured a little "low-backed car," as it is called in Ireland, a kind of rural carriage, then and since much in vogue amongst the peasantry, and which, it may be mentioned by way of parenthesis, seemed contrived, with admirable Hibernian ingenuity, to carry the least possible weight with the greatest possible difficulty to the horse. Upon this, the wounded young man was placed, in an apparently dying state, and towards evening departed in the rear of the troop for his father's mansion, which, however, he was not destined to reach.

Perhaps the reader will recollect the situation of the house at which Cornelius stopped in the morning, in the joy and gladness of his heart to salute his sweetheart Mary Kelly, and from which he galloped away with love and vengeance in his heart, rejoicing in his strength, and meditating slaughter. The little day was not yet done, and he now approached it again, a wounded, dying man, trembling with pain and fear of dissolution, while bewildering and horrid recollections of the day's business swept in hurried and unconnected train through his mind, and disposed his soul to anything but peace.

Just as the troop reached the point where Cornelius had leaped the ditch in the morning to ride over to Kelly's house, a large party of rebels who had arrived there, by the same short cut as he had used in the morning to overtake his companions, suddenly rushed with loud shouts and yells upon the soldiers, and a smart skirmish took place, which, however, lasted but a short time, as the rebels, after the first onset, retired to wait for their companions who were coming up, which reason was the strongest possible for the soldiers, or "army,"—for that was the distinguishing designation of the king's troops in the rebellion of ninety-eight, however small their numbers,—not to wait, but to push on with all the rapidity they could towards head-quarters at the castle. In the assault of the rebels, it happened that they forced themselves between the troop of yeomanry, and the car in which poor Cornelius was lying, and he would probably have fallen into their savage hands, but for the timely intervention of Mary Kelly's brother Phil, who was a witness of the affray taking place before his father's house.

He saw the imminent danger in which his friend Cornelius was placed, and whilst the combatants were too busy to attend to what he was doing, he guided the car round to the lane which led to his father's hay-yard, and placed the wounded man beyond the reach of further and immediate mischief. When the "army" retreated therefore, Cornelius was left behind,—he was not even thought of at first, and when they missed him, which they did in a very few minutes, they concluded with a "poor fellow!" that he had fallen into the hands of the rebels. The danger, however, of his situation, was only momentarily postponed. The rebels after the skirmish occupied Kelly's house, not in hostile fashion, for through Fitzpatrick's agency he had come to be considered almost as one of them, though he did not bear arms along with them; but in the most friendly manner they devoured his bacon and potatoes, and drank his whisky, broke the ceiling of his parlour with their long pikes, and cursed and swore against all orangemen and yeomen, more especially against young Corny MacCooney the butcherin' young bastard, whom they threatened with the most savage vengeance whenever they got an opportunity.

Phil Kelly listened to all this with no slight apprehension for his friend's safety—he saw at once it would be necessary to hide him, and that was no easy task to accomplish without observation. It was, however, requisite to make the attempt without delay, and he returned to Cornelius, whose car was drawn by the back way into the yard, and placed behind one of the hay-stacks, where, favoured by the twilight of evening, it had as yet remained unnoticed. "What will we do, Master Cornelius?" said Phil, acquainting him with the extent of his apprehensions.

"Oh Phil," said the wounded sufferer, "take me and lay me anywhere, that I may die quietly, an' don't leave me to be cut to pieces by them villains' pikes. It won't last long wit' me anyhow, I'm afraid, for I'm very wake, Phil, an' perishin' wit' thirst."

"Don't be afear'd—don't be afear'd," said Phil, endeavouring to be as consolatory as he could. "I'll take you up in my arms to the loft above, and make a bed of hay for you to lie upon, behind the ould oat bin, where no one 'll take notice, an' then I'll get you a drink of water; an' plase God, if we can keep you safe till mornin', you'll be better, an' come round afther all."

"Ah, Phil," said Cornelius, "I'm afraid it's too little I've done to plase God all my life time; but I hope he'll reward you just the same for this kindness to a fellow-creature in the miserable state that I am in. I must trust everything to you, and I'll go wherever you like to put me."

The hay was spread behind the oat bin, and the young man carried up with great pain and difficulty, and placed upon it. The refreshing cup of cold water too was given, which seemed to revive him a little.

"An' now I must lave you," said Phil, "for fear'd I'd be missed, and some one 'id come here to look for me."

"You'll come back to me, won't you, Phil," said the sick man, in a supplicating tone.

"Yes, before we go to bed, I'll come an' see how you are, if I can come unknownst," (unnoticed).

"God bless you, Phil. Does Mary know I'm here in this condition?" added Cornelius, in a lower and more tremulous tone.

"No, not a word," said Phil; "I hadn't an opportunity to tell her yet, but I will now when I go in; only I'm afraid she'll be makin' some work about it, that 'll let them know somethin's the matter wit' her. I'll manage it the best way I can." So saying, he left the wounded man, and finding an opportunity, told his sister in a whisper of the fate of her friend, "Master Cornelius," and his present situation. The poor girl was bitterly grieved at the sad intelligence, and cried in secret, while the noisy riot of the rebels went on around her. She would have gone to see poor Cornelius—Start not at the indelicacy, ye fair ones of higher station, for poor Mary's mind knew not the nicer rules which regulate, and justly regulate, the state of society for which they are framed—She would have gone to nurse him, and speak comfort to him, but she knew that to attempt to do so, while so many men were loitering about the house, must lead to his instant discovery. Their gallantry, or rudeness, call it which you will, would not, as she well knew, have suffered them to let a young woman go *alone* into the farm-yard, particularly at that twilight hour, so favourable to that peculiar kind of eloquence which Irishmen are said to possess, how truly, I shall not pretend to say. So she was obliged, for the present, to hide her grief and her anxiety in her own breast, trusting that when night and darkness came, she might have an opportunity of stealing unperceived, to the comfortless hiding-place of her unfortunate and unhappy lover.

(*To be concluded in next Number.*)

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.*

BY R. MONTGOMERY.

There may be many more, but for the present we shall assume, that the classes of verse-writers are in *rerum naturâ*—Six. May we be permitted to characterize them, chiefly for the benefit of those more immediately concerned,—the ladies and gentlemen themselves clambering up, or down, or round about, the base of Parnassus, often in profuse perspiration, and for the behoof also of the pensive Public.

The First Class comprehends a vast multitude of the youth and age of both sexes, who are—why mince the matter?—absolute and utter born-idiots. No talents, or abilities, powers, faculties, feelings, opinions, sentiments, notions, ideas, doctrines, dogmas, maxims, or apophthegms, of any one sort whatever, have they under the sun. It would be unfair to a very worthy order of human beings to call them Blockheads. Blockheads we know—many—who have not only some, but considerable gumption. Blockheads often surprise you by communicating excellent and useful, nay, uncommon and amusing knowledge of men and things, whence and how acquired it is not for us to say, for verily it is a great mystery. Blockheads often rise, step by step, for there is no very great difficulty in putting the one foot before the other, to the top of their profession—witness the army and navy, the bar and the bench. Blockheads die rich, and shine with a grave and solemn lustre in obituaries. It would, therefore, be at once unfeeling and unjust to throw the slightest slur or stigma on the pretensionless character of a crowd of humble and high individuals, many of whom we are happy to number among our dearest and most honoured friends. Neither are the verse-writers of the first class, Ninnies—at least not what we understand by the word ninnies. Ninnies are persons of weak intellects, it is true,—as the etymology of the word—of which, however, we profess ourselves ignorant—no doubt denotes or implies; but then, ninnies, within their own small circle, provided you can keep them within it by smiles or frowns of face and fist, are often far from being unacquainted with the graces and charities of life,—are seen fond of their wives and children; and, when the grey mare is the better horse, why, really ninnies look remarkably well indeed as husbands and as fathers; and, extraordinary as it may seem to physiologists, have been known even to beget senior wranglers. We beg, therefore, all the blockheads and ninnies of our acquaintance, to believe, that we mean nothing personal to them in this article—quite the contrary, we assure them—for, independently altogether of the genuine regard we entertain for such worthies, we make a point of never insulting subscribers or contributors to the other magazines. The authors whom we have in our eye, and who deal extensively in odes, lines written on an Et Cetera, addresses to big people centres of their own circles, and sonnets to one another, which are not even scannable nonsense verses, may be designated by a term of which, we confess, we do not very distinctly understand either the origin or signification—but which seems characteristically opprobrious—Nincompoops.

The Second Class comprehends a numerous assortment of ladies and gentlemen to whom nature has been something kinder, inasmuch as, if you look at their eyes, mouths, and noses, you do not immediately discern any want either of understanding or of feeling—their eyes being grey, blue, brown, or black, and by no means altogether inexpressive—their mouths being of the common-run dimensions, wide, narrow, prim, pursy, blubber-lipped, rose-leaved, or cherry-ripe—their noses, Roman, Grecian, or cocked, just like their neighbours—and face, in general, such as you ordinarily see belonging to portraits in exhibitions. They have a natural taste, and even genius for words, of which they have always plenty at command; and, did they only

* London, Maunder. 1828.

know the principles on which words ought to be formed into sentences, so as to give a meaning not only to the separate parts of speech, but to whole passages and paragraphs, why, they could not well fail of being rather agreeable writers. Their ears are long and fine, and delighted with jingle. Some of them are wire-drawers, some hammermen, and some bell-hangers; all working very industriously, and whistling, humming, or singing at their work all day long, on their small stock of raw material, borrowed, or purchased on credit, or by bills at a long date. Their verses, when finished, have sometimes very much the appearance of poetry. But their articles are all plated—glittering very prettily, till you begin to rub or furbish them up, when they have chanced to get a little dim, and then you discover the take-in, and peer upbraidingly on the bit of tin or brass, of which the whole service is composed, and which, in utmost need, would be rejected at the pawnbroker's. They do not belong to that wicked set, who hate the light, because their deeds are evil; but, on the contrary, light, in all its hues, is what they love above all things else in heaven or on earth; and all their compositions are either resplendent with radiance, splendour, lustre, beams, and rays, or are shadowed with gloom, glimmer, thunder-clouds, and midnight darkness. Astronomy and meteorology are their favourite sciences, which they treat popularly; and they would think it sacrilege to indite a verse without a sun, a moon, or a star. They like to lose themselves occasionally in a mist, and "their hearts leap up when they behold a rainbow in the sky"—the sight is so pretty—and so are its many appellations, too:—the showery bow, heaven's aerial bow, the radiant arch, the glittering sky-bridge, the blended glory, the blue, yellow, violet apparition, the shining segment, the prismatic wonder, and so on, with many other epithets equally original and encomiastic. To commit to memory twenty lines of any such composition would have baffled Julius Scaliger. In they go at one ear—or rather eye—and out at the other, without touching one single phrenological faculty, except now and then, very slightly, the organ of lower individuality; and though you might not think it, they set you very soon asleep. To borrow the language of the school, just like the motes glimmering in the noon-tide sun before the half-closed eyes of a man or woman, lying in a soporific posture, with evident intentions of forgetting all the affairs of this life. "Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky," you see them glittering—yet surrounded with a dewy halo—in the Poet's Corner of an Evening Paper—or through the mists of the Melancholy Magazine.

In Class Third, which, in point of numbers, is to the second as the second is to the first, may be seen persons puzzled what to make of the white and brown matter that is stirring in their brains; and who possibly might produce something not entirely unrememberable, did they only know how to set about it. But then they answer that description of Christians of whom Wordsworth says, "Oh many are the poets that are sown by Nature," but "wanting the accomplishment of verse!" Of verse certainly they have no notion—probably from having skulls in which the organ of number is poorly or not at all developed; and hence, being naturally incapacitated for counting either their verses, feet and toes, or yet their own hands and fingers,—so that their lines are lame and halt, and hobble away dot and go one, after the fashion of wooden-leg or crutches. Call them not stupid. To count your fingers with the utmost accuracy—ay, without missing a single one of the whole on either hand, from both thumbs and little fingers inclusive,—may, to you, who have little or nothing else to do, be an easy task,—with nothing to disturb or distract your full powers of attention; which powers were, in fact, all that distinguished Sir Isaac Newton from other men;—but to a poet, a bard with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, and who scarcely knows, perhaps, whether he is standing on his head or his heels, as if he were looking at himself through an inverted telescope, the enumeration of his digits is a work often beyond the reach of the most respectable powers of inspired arithmetic; and in such cases, how seldom do we see it successfully achieved, even by a lineal or collateral descendant of Joseph Hume! Hence the poetry of such persons can only be reduced, or worked out into melody by the rule of three, or in the

more difficult questions, by vulgar or decimal fractions. Yet to persuade them that there is any error in the account—any mistake of fingers or figures—even a single cipher misplaced,—is beyond your eloquence and your logic.—" See the blind beggar dance—the cripple sing!"

Class Fourth, again, provides both promise and performance. Its denizens have sometimes drunk—not perhaps at the well-head of Hippocrene, but from springs in its neighbourhood, and fed from it; or from streams meandering from Hippocrene itself, away down into the lower grounds, within whose range it is still the privilege but of genius to stray. Yet, the wanderers through those enchanted grounds and gardens, are seldom, if ever, permitted to inhale a full draught of the water seeming air-woven—their thirst, however, though not fully gratified, is no painful, but a most pleasurable feeling — they sip away, not disappointed, but delighted, and in their hymns there is often the spirit of beauty as well as of gratitude. Though not masters of the lyre—their fingers frequently play delicately and sweetly among its strings—making the low notes, especially, discourse excellent music—and strains, and breathings, and broken fragments of uncompleted airs, do sometimes attest how genuine was their inspiration. As the world goes now, has gone, and ever will go, it is no small praise—no small honour—not to be sneezed at—to belong to this train, " trailing some clouds of glory as they come;" although, in their less happy hours, their effusions may " die away into the light of common day."

In the Fifth Class, behold the True Poets! to whom nature has given both " the vision and the faculty divine," and the "*os magnasonaturum!*" To them, from very earliest youth, were given glimpses of the glory yet to be—aye, even in those forgotten days and nights, when, between their eyes and the outward and inner worlds of the material senses, and of those finer senses still that own no kindred with the matter within which they dwell in their inscrutable mystery, was drawn the veil of infancy, in itself gorgeous as that other pictured veil, that of old floated before the eyes of Greece in the Parthenopean procession youth-led to the Temple of Minerva. As they grew " in stature and in grace," this very world on which we tread became " an unsubstantial fairy place that *was* fit home for *them.*" To them, under transfiguring imagination, it grew daily dearer and more dear—even than it ever could be to the common brotherhood of men, who loved it only with passions of flesh and blood, growing to life, clinging and clasping it with a thousand nerves and fibres, closer and more eating-in than those with which the ivy clings to, clasps, and kills the oak, when, plumed like a Prince or a King among the people, he falls in the midst of the forest. They are the MAKERS! " The great globe itself, and all that it inherit," are the materials of their new creations, on which the Eternal, seeing that it is good, looks well pleased! 'Tis theirs to beautify the earth—'Tis theirs to glorify the Heaven. Their souls are the shrines of natural religion. It was so of old—in Judea and Palestine—the Holy—the Ever-Holy Land,—

" When Chaldean shepherds, ranging trackless fields
Beneath the concave of unclouded skies,
Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
Look'd on the Polar Star, as on a guide
And guardian of their course that never closed
His steadfast eye. The planetary Five
With a submissive reverence they beheld,
Watch'd from the centre of their sleeping flocks
Those radiant messengers, that seem'd to move,
Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
Decrees and revolutions of the Gods;
And by their aspects, signifying works
Of dim futurity to men reveal'd!
The Imaginative Faculty was Lord
Of observations natural; and thus
Led on, those shepherds made reports of stars
In set rotation passing to and fro,
Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
And its invisible counterpart, adorn'd
With answering constellations, under earth,
Removed from all approach of living sight,
But present to the dead! who, so they deem'd,
Like those celestial messengers, beheld
All accidents, and judges were of all."

It is so now, even when the Race have had another revelation—and let the same Mighty One still speak of the

prophetic train whom he himself leads,—for of him we may say with Milton,

> "Hesperus, who led
> The starry host, shone brightest."

Of them—of himself—let Wordsworth speak,—as none else can speak,—of the thoughts of great poets—in their youth and in their age

> "A presence that disturbs them with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And in the mind of man—a soul that breathes
> And rolls through all things."

Yet of this Hierarchy there are many orders—nor of them all is there one that is the HIGHEST in the scale of humanity on which Heaven has breathed the spirit that is divine.

For, in the Sixth Class,—and their names alone it is enough to utter,—are the Few especial Favourites of the sky—Homer, and Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Pindar, and Dante, and our own Spenser, our own Milton, and our own Wordsworth,—and placed aloft, but not aloof, over the heads of them all—the whole world's own—sole-sitting Shakspeare!

Now, perhaps this preface to this critique may seem, in some parts, to be written in too light, and in others, in too solemn a spirit for the occasion; but the truth is, that we have indited it in a leisure hour, without having had Mr Montgomery's poem in our mind, although it has been lying on the table before us all the while—then unread—our mind being much prepossessed, however, in its favour, by extracts from it, which we had glanced over in the Literary Gazette, the Literary Chronicle, and the Athenæum; and by the high opinion expressed of it in these publications. We have now perused it more than once with very great pleasure; and—whether our judgment may please or displease its evidently most amiable and able author, we know not—nor, in our chair of critical authority, much care—though out of that chair we shall care considerably—we do now, with all due deliberation, place him, unhesitatingly, in Class Fourth, for the meanwhile,—and shall be delighted, and not surprised, to find him in good time in the Fifth,—though

> "Life is insecure,
> And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream!"

There has been of late years in poetry "a syncope and solemn pause;" and we should think that a young poet, if of the right and true breed—and Mr Montgomery belongs to that family—must be sure at present of a kind reception from the world, which is almost always pleased to meet with a new aspirant worthy of its admiration and regard. Others besides Mr Montgomery, indeed, have appeared within the last year or so—such as Malcolm, and Kennedy, and Pringle,—of whom it will some day or other ere very long please us to speak with kindness and approbation; but Mr Montgomery's attempt is of a more ambitious character than theirs, and has attracted fully more notice, and therefore we give it the precedence in the order of time. We have said that it is of a more ambitious character, and, we must add, rather too much so; nor can we bring ourselves to like the title of it—Omnipresence of the Deity. It is too daring, to say nothing of the subject, even admitting it to be proper for a poem, being far beyond the powers of so young and inexperienced a writer. All the poetry—all the piety in the composition, might have been breathed into another form; and the reader thus saved from what, judging by our own feelings, is often startling, and even in some passages painful—we may have used there too strong a word—to the devotion that is in all human hearts at the very name of the Deity. To hold His attributes for a long time together in that kind of contemplation required in composing poetry—to make them, for weeks and months together, a theme on which the powers of feeling and of fancy may be exercised and displayed, chiefly with an aim to the acquisition of a name in literature, is, we fear, a process of a very questionable character, unless when done by the highest minds of the highest order, and bent on the highest achievement, whose genius is commensurate with the utmost piety that can possess the soul, and in its moods divine itself a consecration. In such a state was the whole being of Milton as he builded up that lofty rhyme, Paradise Lost. It is—

multiform though it be—one sublime Hymn—Prayer—Invocation—Offering—Sacrifice. It is a work, we fear not to say, written in praise and glory of God. And although the ear of the Blind Bard no doubt heard at times the "far-off coming" of the acclamations of all the people of the earth in honour of his celestial song, the music that dwelt within it, when "with darkness and with danger compassed round," was the Hosannahs and Hallelujahs that for ever circle the immortal amaranth tree that grows fast by the Throne of God. By inferior spirits daring to dwell in such regions—gifted with genius though they be—is there no voice heard.

"Hence, avaunt, 'tis holy ground!"

Yet we give utterance to such thoughts—with most affectionate feelings towards the author of this meritorious poem—who, though to us altogether unknown personally, must be a man of a pure and pious mind. Religion is a sentiment as different in different men's souls, as any other of the great natural affections; and it has a thousand characters, each and all of them perfectly right and good. That Mr Montgomery has not only been able, but happy to hold continuedly before him "The Omnipresence of the Deity," as a subject of a long and elaborate composition, in which there certainly is some fine poetry, ought to prove to us—to convince us—that the constitution of his nature is such as to suffer him to dedicate his faculties to such work, without any loss or injury of that devotional spirit, which must overawe and subdue all more worldly feelings; and which, as soon as its sanctity is stained or violated by their touch or intrusion, changes its nature at once, loses its essence, and ceases to be.

Perhaps, too, in the enthusiasm of youthful imagination, poetry appears to be in itself something so divine, that its language may be used without irreverence, provided the mind by which it is inspired be conscious that its piety is sincere—at all times and in all moods, when meditating on the attributes of the Eternal. Youth has not begun to suspect or fear its emotions; its thoughts of the Maker of the universe, of man and nature, are always blended with thoughts of the beauty and magnificence of external existences; that more awful shadow has not yet fallen upon them, that in our mature or decaying years gives a profound, a voiceless, a breathless sanctity to all that in our souls is felt to be *religion*. Joy and love, rather than awe,—though awe is native to, and inseparable from, all piety,—are with them in their morning and evening orisons,—their strains, therefore, when genius kindles the heart within them, flow on in gladdened light rather than in solemn darkness—they are as rivers of joy, rather than like the heaving sea, that even in its calm still sends up, with all its isles, a dread homage and worship to Heaven.

We must know, then, the spirit in which a young poet may blamelessly breathe, before we judge his sacred poetry, when its subject is the Holy of Holies. A boy—in filial affection, which we approve delighted—may sport and play round the feet of his father, while his elder brethren sit, not without awe, in his presence. To the feeling with which we regard our earthly and our heavenly Father, we give one name—Piety; and in both alike, youth seems to be justified and prompted by nature in the indulgence of a mood, which, though still solemn and still sacred, is less awful, less dreadful, than that with which age must ever lift up its eyes to Him who reigneth for ever and ever.

The Poem is in three parts. It opens with an apostrophe to the Deity on the creation of all things—and the First Part treats of His agency as visible in all the on-goings of external nature—the thunder—the ocean-tempest and the ocean-calm—the seasons—the earth—the heavens. And towards its conclusion, the poet pauses, to show His footsteps in all the events of human life, and treats of His Providence. This is part of the introductory apostrophe:—

"Lord of all being! where can fancy fly,
To what far realms, unmeasured by Thine eye?
Where can we hide beneath thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st THOU not, the boundless, viewless One?
Shall guilt couch down within the cavern's gloom,
And quiv'ring, groaning, meditate her doom?

Or scale the mountains, where the whirlwinds rest,
And in the night-blast cool her fiery breast?
In vain, in vain, may guilt-stung Fancy fly,
Creation's mirror'd on thy sleepless eye;
Within the cavern-gloom, thine eye can see,
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to Thee!
Thy spirit rides upon the thunder-storms,
Dark'ning the skies into terrific forms!
Beams in the lightning, rocks upon the seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze;
In calm and storm, in Heaven and Earth Thou art,
Trace but Thy works—they bring Thee to the heart!"

There is nothing very remarkable in these lines, and the two in italics are to our ears very disagreeable—effeminately constructed on an old and bad model—jingling vilely—and steeped in common-place. Thousands, and tens of thousands of lines almost the same, exist in the very worst and meanest writers—and the effect of such see-saws in a passage otherwise naturally and simply expressed, is to make us, on a sudden, doubt and distrust the inspiration of the writer. Genius, in its lofty mood, disdains, or rather knows not, such paltry artifices of language, such mean shifts of versification. Some lines equally bad, or worse, follow—and then comes a passage, which, though not without faults too, is so good, that we shall not specify them; and as we quote it with pleasure, so we are sure will it be read with pleasure and with praise.

"There is a voiceless eloquence on earth,
Telling of Him who gave her wonders birth;
And long may I remain the adoring child
Of Nature's majesty, sublime or wild;
Hill, flood, and forest, mountain, rock, and sea,
All take their terrors and their charms from Thee:
From Thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world, a universal soul.

There's not a blossom fondled by the breeze,
There's not a fruit that beautifies the trees,
There's not a particle in sea or air,
But Nature owns Thy plastic influence there!
With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see
How all is fill'd and vivified by Thee;
Upon Thy mirror, earth's majestic view,
To paint Thy Presence, and to feel it too.

Ye giant winds! that from your gloomy sleep
Rise in your wrath, and revel on the deep;
Lightnings! that are the mystic gleams of God,
That glanced when on the sacred mount he trode;
And ye, ye thunders! that begird His form,
Pealing your loud hosannahs o'er the storm!
Around me rally in your mingled might,
And strike my being with a dread delight;
Sublimely musing, let me pause and see,
And pour my awe-struck soul, O God! to Thee."

The description of the ocean-tempest is very indifferent—at once tame and extravagant—and who can bear a poor picture of the sea in storm? Nor is the calm much better.

"List! now the cradled winds have hush'd their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While Nature seems to wake up fresh and clear
As Hope emerging from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes."

These are insufferable lines—and Mr Montgomery must, as he values our good opinion, and the good opinion of better and higher judges than we pretend to be—expunge them in the third edition. 'Tis a small weak pipe indeed, a most feeble falsetto. Cradles—infants—poutings—dew-beads on brambles—and beauty's eyes! Why, any clever boarding-school missy of fifteen might pour such prettyisms! They are followed by two lines perfectly laughable.

> "First comes the Sun, unveiling half his face,
> Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace."

Heaven and earth—the Sun a virgin! The moon may be a virgin—though that was doubted of old—but the sun, the genial sun, the very father of light and heat, and of all that grows and blows, a coy virgin with a veil!—That is too much for the gravity of a Quaker. The rest of the description, we think, is pretty—but scarcely more—others may like it better than we do—so here it is.

> "Next, breezes murmur with harmonious charm,
> Panting and wild, as children of the storm;
> Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
> Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;
> And thus the Tempest dies; and bright, and still,
> The rainbow drops upon the distant hill:
> And now, while bloom and breeze their charms unite,
> And all is glowing with a rich delight,
> God! who can tread upon the breathing ground;
> Nor feel Thee present, where Thy smiles abound!"

Then follows much description, good, bad, and indifferent—of various other appearances of nature, all inspiring the mind with a religious feeling of the presence of its Maker. The delight with which gratitude contemplates the fair sights on this earth, on recovery from sickness, is well expressed in these lines—but, like other young writers, Mr Montgomery does not know where and when to stop, and hurts the passage by some additional lines about Adam on the hour of his creation, which we shall omit.

> "When wan Disease exhales her with'ring breath,
> And dims his beauty with the damp of death;
> At some still hour the holy sigh will swell,
> The gushing tear of gratitude will tell
> That Thou art by, to temper and to tame
> The trembling anguish of the fever'd frame.
> But oh! when heal'd by love and heaven, we rise,
> With radiant cheek, and re-illumined eyes,
> Bright as a new-born sun, all nature beams,
> And through the spirit dart immortal dreams!
> Now for the breezy hills, and blooming plains,
> And pensive ramble when the noon-tide wanes;
> Now for the walk beside some haunted wood,
> And dreamy music of the distant flood;
> While far and wide the wand'ring eye surveys,
> And the heart leaps to pour away its praise!"

The Poet then turns to the contemplation of the starry heavens—and though still obliged to qualify our praise, on account of something too gaudy and artificial in the language, we think the following a fine passage:—

> "Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
> Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
> While half the world is lapped in downy dreams,
> And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
> How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
> In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
> And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
> At dead of night along some noiseless way,

How the heart mingles with the moon-lit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
See! not a cloud careers yon pensile sweep,
A waveless sea of azure, still as sleep;
Full in her dreamy light, the Moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam:
The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored,
Still'd by the presence of her living Lord!
And now, while through the ocean-mantling haze
A dizzy chain of yellow lustre plays,
And moonlight loveliness hath veil'd the land,
Go, stranger, muse thou by the wave-worn strand:
Cent'ries have glided o'er the balanced earth,
Myriads have bless'd, and myriads cursed their birth;
Still, yon sky-beacons keep a dimless glare,
Unsullied as the God who throned them there!
Though swelling earthquakes heave the astounded world,
And king and kingdom from their pride are hurl'd,
Sublimely calm, they run their bright career,
Unheedful of the storms and changes here.
We want no hymn to hear, or pomp to see,
For all around is deep divinity!"

Such a quotation as that speaks for itself; and should either Mr Montgomery or his admirers—and his admirers must be many—challenge the correctness of other parts of our criticism, and consider them too severe, we at least afford the poet an opportunity, in our review, of clearly shewing himself in his best colours. The First Part concludes with these excellent lines:

"E'en now, while voiceless Midnight walks the land,
And spreads the wings of Darkness with her wand,
What scenes are witness'd by Thy watchful eye!
What millions waft to Thee the prayer and sigh!
Some gaily vanish to an unfear'd grave,
Fleet as the sun-flash o'er a summer wave;
Some wear out life in smiles, and some in tears,
Some dare with hope, while others droop with fears;
The vagrant's roaming in his tatter'd vest,
The babe is sleeping on its mother's breast;
The captive mutt'ring o'er his rust-worn chain,
The widow weeping for her lord again,
While many a mourner shuts his languid eye,
To dream of heaven, and view it ere he die:
And yet, no sigh can swell, no tear-drop fall,
But Thou wilt see, and guide and solace all!"

The Second Part is devoted to a consideration of the Deity, as influencing human life, and is full of pleasing and pathetic pictures. Perhaps they follow each other with somewhat too much regularity, and are not sufficiently bound together by one pervading spirit. They are not felt—by us at least—to arise naturally, one out of another—but to take their place, artificially, according to a scheme, without any principle either of thought or passion regulating their order. This part of the Poem does not seem to evolve itself out into full-blown beauty, from a germ in the poet's mind. It consists of a series of passages of very unequal merit, not often borrowing light from each other, or mutually deepening their impression, which we humbly conceive ought to be, or rather will be, the case, in all compositions of a truly earnest character. Yet there is no want of earnestness—nor even of a very fine enthusiasm, in many passages; and though, as a whole, it is almost a failure, if tried by the highest rules,—and Mr Montgomery would not thank us for trying it by any other,—it contains some better, because more original things, than are to be found in the rest of the Poem. The picture of the wrecked sailor on the rock is short and good.

"Alone, and bark'd upon the bounding waves,
Behold a mariner the tempest braves!
Home, life, and love, and near-imagined death,
Nerve the stout limb, and lengthen out his breath:
A rock is reach'd; dash'd on a wave-worn peak
Lies the wreck'd sailor, shiv'ring, wan, and weak;
With livid face, and look of ghastly dread,
And locks, like sea-weeds, streaming from his head;
Unmoved his lips, but with his upturn'd eyes,
He shadows forth a Saviour in the skies;
Visions a viewless temple in the air,
Feels God around, and silence is his prayer!"

But excellent as this is, the lines we are going to quote are far better, and could neither have been so conceived, nor so expressed, but by a writer of true feeling and genius. They are his own;—he treads on ground that has been trodden by many great poets, and yet borrows from none of them; and we confess, that one such passage gives us a far higher idea of his powers, than twenty others of a more ambitious and magnificent character.

"Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view,—
The village wonder, and the widow's joy—
Dwells the poor, mindless, pale-faced maniac boy:
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
Reveal the wither'd thoughts that sleep below!—
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
Sometimes along the woodland's winding glade,
He starts, and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruin'd mind!—
Or on the shell-strewn beach, delighted strays,
Playing his fingers in the noon-tide rays;
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune;
Till o'er his soft'ning features seems to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.
"Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him,—near him—wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian angel tracks him from above!
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The mazy wand'rings of the maniac boy."

From the sins and sorrows of life, and "God's viewless spirit attendant on them all," Mr Montgomery turns to scenes of Sabbath-peace, and describes pleasantly, though not very forcefully, some of the simpler and more sublime services and ordinances of religion. We expected better things in this part of the poem than we have found; there is nothing, in fact, very striking, impressive, or original, in any of the picures here; we have such lines as,

"Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind."

And,

"On thy still dawn while holy music peals,
And far around the lingering echo steals,"

And,

"The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral anthem pealing to the skies."

And,

"Soon as thy smiles upon the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the bright'ning day."

And,

> "And when, with bending knees and sainted tone,
> His vows are breathed unto Jehovah's throne."

And scores of others equally ordinary and uninspired—with here and there a better couplet, such as

> "At noon, a ramble round the burial-ground.
> A moral tear on some lamented mound."

But languor hangs over all, not that pensive melancholy or joy profound that ought to have breathed in poetry inspired by the Holy Day, either in low parish church or high cathedral. For such unexpected and unaccountable failure, he, however, makes some amends, when he speaks of the favour which God, who is "Love," shews to the virtuous affections. The marriage scene is, still with not a few faults of language, unquestionably very beautiful.

> "Young, chaste, and lovely—pleased, yet half afraid,
> Before yon altar droops a plighted maid,
> Clad in her bridal robes of taintless white,
> Dumb with the scene, and trepid with delight;
> Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
> Each with a tender look, and feeling bland;
> And oft she turns her beauty-beaming eye,
> Dimm'd with a tear for happiness gone by!
> Then coyly views, in youth's commanding pride,
> Her own adored one panting by her side;
> Like lilies bending from the noon-tide blaze,
> Her bashful eye-lids droop beneath his gaze;
> While love and homage blend their blissful power,
> And shed a halo round his marriage hour!
> What though his chance-abounding life ordain
> A path of anguish and precarious pain;
> By want or woe, where'er compell'd he rove,
> A cot's a palace by the light of love!
> There beats one heart which, until death, will be
> A gushing, glowing fount of sympathy;
> One frownless eye to kindle with his own,
> One changeless friend, when other friends are flown;
> O! sanction Thou the love-united pair,
> Fountain of love! for Thou art present there."

This is followed by some amiable and occasionally poetical descriptions of the divine raptures arising from the retrospections, of the virtuous—a pleasing picture of a grandsire sitting by the fire, and retracing the scenes of his life, and some feeling lines on the happiness of virtuous friendship. Then comes a picture of a dying old man attended by his daughter—the blank misery that awaits the return from the funeral—and some pious breathings to the Almighty, ever present to relieve and comfort the most disconsolate and forsaken. Such themes as these are familiar to all hearts; but though all is pleasing, and some passages impressive, there is little or nothing that reaches either the pathetic or the sublime—no touches that suddenly melt to tears, or that awaken "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." There are human sensibilities, but not etherealized into poetry. Thus the conclusion, which is fully the best passage of the whole, though it may be read with pleasure, surely neither saddens the soul to grief or pity, nor elevates it, by any power in itself at least, to devotion and peace.

> "How sadly vacant turns the frequent gaze,
> To where the mourn'd one smiled in other days!
> The eye that glitter'd with the gen'rous thought,
> The glowing mind with worth and wisdom fraught!
> The twilight walk by some romantic stream,
> Where Friendship warm'd, while Fancy wove her dream;
> The smile, and wit,—all, all the faithful heart
> Delights to trace on Memory's mazy chart,

Return upon us: OMNIPRESENT POWER!
'Tis thine to lull this agonizing hour;
To charm the burden from the soul, and give
The tears that solace, and the hopes that live."

The Third Part is, in our judgment, very inferior indeed to the former two. In it, Mr Montgomery, at far too great length, refutes the doctrine of chance being the origin of the wonders of creation, and dwells as unnecessarily long on the consequences that arise from such "a distempered doctrine."—"By a natural and melancholy transition," to use his own words in the Analysis, "he is led to glance at atheism as partially influencing the horrors of the French Revolution;" and paints a picture of Marie Antoinette on the balcony during the tumults at Versailles. We are tired of the French Revolution, both in prose and in poetry; and Mr Montgomery, assuredly, does not shine in his attempts to describe its horrors. In proof of this we quote his most elaborate passage:—

"Let streets of blood, let dungeons choked with dead,
The tortured brave, the royal hearts that bled;
Let plunder'd cities, and polluted fanes,
The butcher'd thousands piled upon the plains—
Let the foul orgies of infuriate crime
Picture the raging havoc of that time,
When leagued Rebellion march'd to kindle man,
Fright in her rear, and Murder at her van!
"And thou, sweet flower of Austria, slaughter'd Queen,
Who dropp'd no tear upon the dreadful scene,
When gush'd the life-stream from thine angel form,
And martyr'd beauty perish'd in the storm;
Once worshipp'd paragon of all who saw,
Thy look obedience, and thy smile a law:
When midnight tumults agonized thy head,
And rebel daggers pierced thy regal bed;
While loud below, the assassin raised his yell,
And howl'd for victims while his hatchet fell;
Brave to the last, methinks I see thee stand,
Thine infants clinging to thy faithful hand,
And face majestical the murd'rous throng,
That ramp'd, and foam'd, and scream'd their loathsome song!
E'en then, thy queenly prowess hush'd their roar,
Till Mercy smiled, and Treason dared no more."

The first paragraph is the heaviest common-place possible; mere words—a hundred such lines may be written by anybody standing on one leg—it is like a bit of declamation from an old annual register, or Antijacobin newspaper versified. "Marched to kindle man," is a senseless expression; and,

"Fright in her rear, and Murder at her van!"

is a line that has been written many thousand times, "totidem verbis" in school-boy exercises, that failed to gain the prize.

The four first lines of the second paragraph are as poor as can be—cold, and even false. "Slaughtered Queen" is very sad indeed, for we all know that she was murdered, and of her murder it is that he speaks in the third line. The second line is absolute nonsense—

"Who dropp'd no tear upon the dreadful scene?"

Why, thousands gazed fiercely on her, and glutted their greedy hate on her beautiful face, white in the natural fear and horror of such a death. The scene was dreadful, because there were so few tears.

"And martyr'd beauty perish'd in the storm,"

is a bad line. Marie Antoinette was beautiful. But her beauty should not have been the sole image in the poet's eye at such a moment. It should then have been forgotten, though remembered before or afterwards—and the personification of Beauty here is to our feelings unimpassioned and untrue to

nature. Neither was Marie Antoinette a martyr. Her execution was a murder, and she behaved like a Christian woman and a queen. But in what cause was she a martyr? In that of liberty or religion? No. "Perished in the storm" is execrable. It is a vague, general, indefinite expression, where every expression should have been clear, plain, and appropriate to the place and the time—that is, to the scaffold and her last hour. The generality of this line is felt the more disappointingly, from the particularity of the preceding; and surely that writer has much to learn, who could thus shut his eyes, and lose sight altogether of the headless trunk spouting blood, and sink suddenly into such utter apathy as to pen so affected, feeble, and unfeeling, and nearly unmeaning line, as—

"And martyr'd Beauty *perish'd in the storm!*"

The lines about her being a Paragon, and so forth, remind the reader, to Mr Montgomery's utter annihilation, of Burke. "Agonized thy head," though meant to be strong, is weak, and indeed almost ridiculous. "Raised his yell," is not nearly so good as "yelled."—The lines that follow are neither good nor bad—and the two concluding ones, in which the whole strength of the poet should have been collected, are most unhappy—for *prowess* cannot be the right word, and never before was the name or smile of Mercy so profaned.

Mr Montgomery then proceeds to speak of the Immortality of the Soul; and here his genius ought to have kindled into sublimity. But his muse soars not—she rises from earth with weak wing, and aspires in vain to the Empyrean. Thus, when scorning the atheistic creed, he feebly and bombastically says—

"Ye cannot stifle Sorrow at her birth,
By hopes prevailing o'er the woes of earth;
Nor fire the lukewarm passions of the soul
By immortality's sublime control;
Share with the majesty of earth and sky,
Mount on a thought, and talk with DEITY!"

And more feebly still—

"Boast not of wisdom, if her precepts say
Th' immortal essence mingles with the clay;
In polar isles, where Wisdom's mellow beam
Ne'er chasten'd beauty's glance, or rapture's dream,
E'en there a Deity pervades the mind,
Speaks in the storm, and travels on the wind."

The best passage in this part of the poem is perhaps the following; but to us it seems little more than a hubbub of sounding words. It is a puerile imitation of Campbell.

"Illustrious beacons, spirits of the just,
Are ye embosom'd in perennial dust?
Shall ye, whose names, undimm'd by ages, shine
Bright as the flame that mark'd ye for divine,
For ever slumber—never meet again,
Too pure for sorrow, too sublime for pain?
Ah, no! celestial Fancy loves to fly
With eager pinion, and prophetic eye,
To radiant dwellings of immortal bliss
Far from a world so woe-begone as this;
There, as the choral melodies career,
Sublimely rolling through the seraph sphere,
In angel-forms you all again unite,
And bathe in streams of everlasting light."

Now, having read those lines, we request you to read the following lines of Wordsworth—to feel at once what is and what is not poetry.

"He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure,
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal—
The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the Sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

That is indeed majestic. The immortality of the soul is felt in reading such poetry as this; for, can the spirit of him who thought thus, perish for ever?

Have we quoted those verses—as noble ones as are in the English or any language—to extinguish the verses of so promising a young poet as Mr Montgomery? Far from us are ever such designs. We quote them that his mind may be awakened to the perception of the sole source of all grandeur and beauty, namely, steadfast Thought, expanding and brightening itself into inspiration, by a divine power of meditation in the soul, which, when it settles on great objects, gradually transforms even their native greatness into a vision of the truth, glorious, and still more glorious, till our highest heaven-ward longings are amply satisfied, and we

"Are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul!"

By the study of the works of this transcendent poet, Mr Montgomery will be benefited far beyond what he can now believe; and as he comes to think and feel more profoundly on man's nature and attributes, he will assuredly either lay wholly aside some of the models whom he now admires and imitates, or regard them with diminished reverence, because of a more thorough understanding of capacities in his own being, which not one of those on whose poetry he seems to have formed his style, beautiful and fine as is their genius, has ever breathed one conception, even in the happiest hour of inspiration, at all fitted at once to fill and to expand: And then he will know, not in despondency, but exultation, that thitherto he has but seen, as it were, the exterior shows of things that belong to the world within us, but now has had the visual nerve of the eye of his mind strengthened to see into their very life. Now his model evidently is—The Pleasures of Hope—one of the finest effusions, certainly, of youthful genius,—but then of genius how very youthful, for its illustrious author was but a boy. Better far had it been for Mr Montgomery, if, in his enthusiasm for the genius of Campbell, he had studied rather to catch the spirit of his grander national odes, or the exquisite tenderness, the delicate grace, the simple pathos and romantic beauty of Gertrude of Wyoming.

"And thou, for ever fond, for ever true,
Beneath whose smile the boy to manhood grew;
To sorrow gentle, and to error mild,
Shall Death for ever tear thee from thy child?
Ah, no! when thy bewilder'd days are o'er,
And toils and troubles shall prevail no more,
Thy renovated soul shall breathe above,
In amaranthine bowers of bliss and love;
There shall we muse amid the starry glow,
Or hear the fiery streams of Glory flow;
Or, on the living cars of lightning driven,
Triumphant wheel around the plains of heaven."

Does not Mr Montgomery see, the moment his attention is directed to it, that these lines are a mere repetition, in different words, of what he had said before of the joys of heaven—a repetition of that which we fear was not worth being said at all? What does he mean by the starry glow? To our mortal eyes, such is the seeming of the stars. It will be otherwise to eyes immortal. "Or hear the fiery streams of glory flow," is mere raving—to speak of souls gone to heaven being

"On living cars of lightning driven,"

is just as bad. And is not the line,

"Triumphant wheel around the plains of heaven,"

much too like Campbell's

"And wheel in triumph through the signs of heaven?"

Mr Campbell's line is a fine one; for it describes the triumphs of science in the Modern Astronomy. Mr Montgomery's line is far from being a fine one, for it describes nothing of which it is possible to form the least conception—or rather if it mean no more than meets the ear, its meaning is absurd and preposterous, and anything rather than rational or revealed religion. Take yet another passage, and one which Mr Montgomery has evidently worked up with all his power.

> "Lo! there, in yonder fancy-haunted room,
> What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom,
> When pale, and shiv'ring, and bedew'd with fear,
> The dying sceptic felt his hour drew near!
> From his parch'd tongue no sainted murmurs fell,
> No bright hopes kindled at his faint farewell;
> As the last throes of death convulsed his cheek,
> He gnash'd, and scowl'd, and raised a hideous shriek.
> Rounded his eyes into a ghastly glare,
> Lock'd his white lips—and all was mute despair!
> Go, child of darkness, see a Christian die;
> No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye;
> No dreadful doubts, or dreamy terrors, start
> The hope Religion pillows on his heart,
> When with a dying hand he waves adieu
> To all who love so well, and weep so true:
> Meek, as an infant to the mother's breast
> Turns fondly longing for its wonted rest,
> He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
> Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away!"

First, as to the execution of this passage. "Fancy-haunted" may do, but it is not a sufficiently strong expression for the occasion. In every such picture as this, we demand appropriate vigour in every word intended to be vigorous, and which is important to the effect of the whole.

> "From his parch'd tongue no sainted murmurs fell,
> No bright hopes kindled at the last farewell."

How could they?—The line but one before is,

> "What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom!"

This, then, is purely ridiculous, and we cannot doubt that Mr Montgomery will confess that it is so; but independently of that, he is describing the death-bed of a person who, *ex hypothesi*, could have no bright hopes, could breathe no sainted murmurs. He might as well, in a description of a negress, have told us that she had no long, smooth, shining, yellow locks—no light-blue eyes—no ruddy and rosy cheeks—nor yet a bosom white as snow. The execution of the picture of the Christian is not much better—it is too much to use, in the sense here given to them, no fewer than three verbs—pales—rolls—starts, in four lines.

> "The hope Religion pillows on the heart,"

is not a good line, and it is a borrowed one.

> "When with a dying hand he waves adieu,"

conveys an unnatural image. Dying men do not act so. Not thus are taken eternal farewells. The motion in the sea-song was more natural—

> "She waved adieu, and kiss'd her lily hand."

"*Weeps so true,*" means nothing, nor is it English. The grammar is not good of,

> "He *pants for where* congenial spirits—"

Neither is the word *pants* by any means the right one; and in such an awful crisis, admire who may the simile of the infant longing for its mother's breast, we never can in its present shape; while there is in the line,

> "Turns to his God, *and sighs his soul away,*"

a prettiness we very much dislike—alter one word, and it would be voluptuous—nor do we hesitate to call the passage a puling one altogether, and such as ought to be expunged and entirely rewritten.

But that is not all we have to say against it—it is radically and essentially bad, because it either proves nothing of what it is meant to prove—or what no human being on earth ever disputed. Be fair—be just in all that concerns religion. Take the best, the most moral, if the word can be used, the most enlightened Sceptic, and the true Christian, and compare their death-beds. That of the Sceptic will be disturbed or disconsolate—that of the Christian confiding or blessed. But to contrast the death-bed of an absolute maniac, muttering curses, gnashing and scowling, and "raising a hideous shriek," and "rounding his eyes with a ghastly glare,"—and convulsed, too, with severe bodily throes, with that of a convinced, confiding, and conscientious Christian, a calm, meek, undoubting believer, happy in the "hope religion pillows on his heart," and enduring no fleshly agonies, can serve no purpose under the sun. Men who have the misery of being unbelievers, are at all times to be pitied—most of all in their last hours—but though theirs be then dim melancholy, or dark despair, they express neither the one state nor the other by mutterings, curses, and hideous shrieks. Such a wretch there may sometimes be—like him "who died and made no sign;" but there is no more sense in seeking to brighten the character of the Christian, by its contrast with that of such an Atheist, than by contrast with a fiend to brighten the beauty of an angel.

Finally, are the death-beds of all good Christians so calm as this—and do they all thus meekly

"Pant for where congenial spirits stray,"

a line, besides its other vice, most unscriptural? Congenial spirits is not the language of the New Testament. Alas! for poor weak human nature at the dying hour! Not even can the Christian's soul always then retain unquaking trust in its Saviour! "This is the blood that was shed for thee," are words whose mystery quells not always nature's terror. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is renewed in vain—and he remembers, in doubt and dismay, words that, if misunderstood, would appal all the Christian world—"My God—my God—why hast thou forsaken me?" Perhaps, before the Faith that has waxed dim and died in his brain distracted by pain, and disease, and long sleeplessness, and a weight of woe—for he is a father who strove in vain to burst those silken ties, that winding all round and about his very soul and his very body, bound him to those dear little ones, who are of the same spirit and the same flesh,—we say, before that Faith could, by the prayers of holy men, be restored and revivified, and the Christian, once more comforted by thinking on him, who for all human beings did take upon him the rueful burden and agonies of the cross—Death may have come for his prey, and left the chamber, of late so hushed and silent, at full liberty to weep! Enough to know, that though Christianity be divine, we are human,—that the vessel is weak in which that glorious light may be enshrined—weak as the potter's clay,—and that though Christ died to save sinners, sinners who believe in him, and therefore shall not perish, may yet lose hold of the belief when their understandings are darkened by the shadow of death,—and like Peter, losing faith, and sinking in the sea, feel themselves descending into some fearful void, and cease to be, ere they find voice to call on the name of the Lord,—"Help, or I perish!"

Whether such trials of faith be or be not subjects permissible to poetry, we know not; but if they be, then only to those of whom Cowper says—

"The hallowed name
Of Poet and of Prophet was the same;"

and on no other theme could such Genius more widely promulgate and promote the Christian Religion.

What may be the nature of the thoughts and feelings of an Atheist, either when in great joy or great sorrow, full of life, and the spirit of life, or in mortal malady, and environed with the toils of death, it passes the power of our imagination, even dimly, to conceive; nor are we convinced that there ever was an utter Atheist. The thought of a God will enter in, barred though the doors be, both of the understanding and the heart, and all the windows supposed to be blocked up against the light. The soul, blind and deaf as it may often be, cannot always resist the intimations all lifelong, day and night, forced upon it from the mysterious world of eye and ear, "both what they see and what they half-create;" and its very necessities, nobler far than those of the

body, even when most degraded, importunate when denied their manna, are to it oftentimes a silent or a loud revelation. Then, not to feel and think as other beings do with "discourse of reason," is most hard and difficult indeed, even for a short time, and on occasions of very inferior moment. Being men, we are carried away, willing or unwilling, and often unconsciously, by the great common instinct; we keep sailing with the tide of humanity, whether in flow or ebb,—fierce as demons and the sons of perdition, if that be the temper of the congregating hour—mild and meek as Pity, or the new-born babe, when the afflatus of some divine sympathy has breathed through the multitude, nor one creature escaped its influence, like a spring-day that steals through a murmuring forest, till not a single tree, even in the darkest nook, is without some touch of the season's sunshine. Think, then, of one who would fain be an Atheist, conversing with the "sound, healthy children of the God of heaven!" To his reason, which is his solitary pride, arguments might in vain be addressed, for he exults in being "an Intellectual All in All," and is a bold-browed sophist to daunt even the eyes of Truth—eyes which can indeed "outstare the eagle," when their ken is directed to heaven, but which are turned away in aversion from the human countenance that would dare to deny God. Appeal not then to the reason of such a man, but to his heart; and let not even that appeal be conveyed in any fixed form of words—but let it be an appeal of the smiles and tears of affectionate and loving lips and eyes—of common joys and common griefs, whose contagion is often felt, beyond prevention or cure, where two or three are gathered together,—among families thinly sprinkled over the wilderness, where, on God's own day, they repair to God's own house, a lowly building on the brae, which the Creator of suns and systems despiseth not, nor yet the beatings of the few contrite hearts therein assembled to worship him,—in the cathedral's "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults,"—in mighty multitudes all crowded in silence, as beneath the shadow of a thunder-cloud, to see some one single human being die,—or swaying and swinging backwards and forwards, and to and fro, to hail a victorious armament returning from the war of Liberty, with him who hath "taken the start of this majestic world," conspicuous from afar in front, encircled with music, and with the standard of his unconquered country afloat above his head. Thus, and by many thousand other potent influences for ever at work, and from which the human heart can never make its safe escape, let it flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, to the loneliest of the multitude of the isles of the sea, are men, who vainly dream that they are Atheists, forced to feel God. Nor happens this but rarely—nor are such "angel-visits few and far between." As the most cruel have often, very often, thoughts tender as dew, so have the most dark often, very often, thoughts bright as day. The sun's "golden finger" writes the name of God on the clouds, rising or setting, and the Atheist, falsely so called, starts in wonder and in delight, which his soul, because it is immortal, cannot resist, to behold that Bible suddenly opened before his eyes on the sky. Or some old, decrepit, grey-haired crone, holds out her shrivelled hand, with dim eyes patiently fixed on his, silently asking charity,—silently, but in the holy name of God; and the Atheist, taken unawares, at the very core of his heart, bids "God bless her," as he relieves her uncomplaining miseries.

If then Atheists do exist, and if their death-beds may be described, for the awful or melancholy instruction of their fellow-men, let them be such Atheists as these, whom, let us not hesitate to say it, we may blamelessly love with a troubled affection, for our Faith may not have preserved us from sins from which they are free—and we may give even to many of the qualities of their most imperfect and unhappy characters almost the name of virtues. No curses on their death-beds will they be heard to utter. No black scowlings—no horrid gnashing of teeth—no hideous shriekings will there appal the loving ones who watch and weep by the side of him who is dying disconsolate. He will hope, and he will fear now that there is a God indeed everywhere present—visible now in the tears that fall, audible now in the sighs that breathe for his sake—in the still small voice. That Being forgets not those by whom he

has been forgotten; least of all, the poor "Fool who has said in his heart there is no God," and who knows at last that a God there is, not always in terror and trembling, but as often, perhaps, in the assurance of forgiveness, which, undeserved by the best of the good, may not be withheld even from the worst of the bad, if the thoughts of a God and a Saviour pass but for a moment through the darkness of the departing spirit,—like a dove shooting swiftly, with its fair plumage, through the deep but calm darkness that follows the subsided storm.

So, too, with respect to Deists. Of unbelievers in Christianity, there are many kinds—the reckless, the ignorant, the callous, the confirmed, the melancholy, the doubting, the despairing—the *good*. At their death-beds, too, may the Christian poet, in imagination, take his stand—and there may he even hear

"The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, but of amplest power
To soften and subdue!"

Oftener all the sounds and sights there will be full of most rueful anguish; and that anguish will groan in his lays when his human heart, relieved from its load of painful sympathies, shall long afterwards be inspired with the pity of poetry, and sing in elegies, sublime in their pathos, the sore sufferings and the dim distress that clouded and tore the dying spirit. Longing, but all unable—profound though its longings be—as life's daylight is about to close upon that awful gloaming, and the night of death to descend in oblivion—to believe in the Redeemer.

Why then,—turn but to such death-beds, if indeed religion, and not superstition, described that scene,—as that of Voltaire? Or even of Rousseau, whose dying eyes sought, in the last passion, the sight of the green earth, and the blue skies, and the sun shining so brightly, when all within the brain of his worshipper was fast growing dimmer and more dim—when the unsatisfied spirit, that scarcely hoped a future life, knew not how it could ever take farewell of the present with tenderness enough, and with enough of yearning and craving after its disappearing beauty, and when as if the whole earth were at that moment beloved even as his small peculiar birth-place—

"Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

The Christian poet, in his humane wisdom, will, for instruction's sake of his fellow-men, and for the discovery and the revealment of ever-sacred truth, keep aloof from such death-beds as these, or take his momentary stand beside them to drop the perplexed and pensive tear. For not in such scenes

—"the burden of the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lighten'd."

We know not what it is that we either hear or see; and holy Conscience, hearing through a confused sound, and seeing through an obscure light, fears to condemn, when perhaps she ought only to pity,—to judge another, when perhaps it is her duty but to use that inward eye,

"That broods and sleeps on its own heart."

He, then, who designs to benefit his kind by strains of high instruction, will turn from the death-bed of the famous Wit, whose brilliant fancy hath waxed dim as that of the clown,—whose malignant heart is quaking beneath the Power it had so long derided, with terrors over which his hated Christian triumphs,—and whose intellect, once so perspicacious, that it could see but too well the motes that are in the sun, the specks and stains that are on the flowing robe of nature herself,—prone, in miserable contradiction to its better being, to turn them as proofs against the power and goodness of the Holy One that inhabiteth eternity,—is now palsy-stricken as that of an idiot, and knows not even the sound of the name of its once vain and proud possessor,—whom crowded theatres had risen up with one rustle to honour, and then, with deafening acclamations,

"Raised a mortal to the skies!"

There he is—it matters not now whether on down or straw—stretched, already a skeleton—and gnashing—may it be in senselessness, for otherwise what pangs are these!—gnashing his teeth, within lips once so eloquent, now white with foam and slaver; and the whole mouth, of yore so musical, grinning ghastly, like the fleshless face of

fear-painted death! Is that Voltaire?

"The gay and laughing sage of France!"

he who, with wit, thought to shear the Son of God of all his beams!—with wit, to loosen the dreadful fastenings of the Cross!—with wit, to scoff at Him who hung thereon, while the blood and water came from the wound in his blessed side!—with wit to drive away those Shadows of Angels, that were said to have rolled off the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre of the resurrection!—with wit, to deride the ineffable glory of transfigured Godhead on the Mount, and the sweet and solemn semblance of the Man Jesus in the garden!—with wit, to darken all the decrees of Providence!—and with wit,

"To shut the gates of Mercy on mankind."

Nor yet will the Christian poet long dwell in his religious strains, though awhile he may linger there, "and from his eyelids wipe the tears that sacred pity hath engendered," beside the dying couch of Jean Jacques Rousseau—a couch of turf beneath trees,—for he was ever a lover of Nature, though he loved all things living or dead as madmen love. His soul, while most spiritual, was sensual still, and with tendrils of flesh and blood embraced—even as it did embrace the balm-breathing form of voluptuous woman—the very phantoms of his most etherealized imagination. Vice stained all his virtues,—as roses are seen, in some certain soils, and beneath some certain skies, always to be blighted, and their fairest petals to bear on them something like blots of blood. Over the surface of the mirror of his mind, which reflected so much of the imagery of man and nature, there was still, here and there, on the centre or round the edges, rust-spots, that gave back no image, and marred the proportions of the beauty and the grandeur that yet shone over the rest of the circle set in the rich carved gold. His disturbed, and distracted, and defeated friendships, that all vanished in insane suspicions, and seemed to leave his soul as well satisfied in its fierce or gloomy void, as when it was filled with airy and glittering visions, are all gone for ever now. Those many thoughts and feelings,—so melancholy, yet still fair, and lovely, and beautiful—which, like bright birds encaged, with ruffled and drooping wings, once so apt to soar, and their music mute, that used to make the wide woods to ring,—were confined within the wires of his jealous heart,—have now all flown away, and are at rest! Who sits beside the wild and wondrous genius, whose ravings entranced the world? Who wipes the death-sweat from that capacious forehead, once filled with such a multitude of disordered but aspiring fancies? Who, that his beloved air of heaven may kiss and cool it for the last time, lays open the covering that hid the marble sallowness of Rousseau's sin-and-sorrow-haunted breast? One of Nature's least gifted children,—to whose eyes nor earth nor heaven ever beamed with beauty—to whose heart were known but the meanest charities of nature—yet mean as they were, how much better in such an hour, than all his imaginings most magnificent! For had he not suffered his own offspring to pass away from his eyes, even like the wood-shadows, only less beloved and less regretted? And in the very midst of the prodigality of love and passion, which he had poured out over the creations of his ever-distempered fancy, let his living children, his own flesh and blood, disappear as paupers, in a chance-governed world? A world in which neither parental nor filial love were more than the names of nonentities—Father, Son, Daughter, Child, but empty syllables, which philosophy heeded not—or rather loved them in their emptiness, but despised, hated, or feared them, when for a moment they seemed pregnant with a meaning from heaven, and each in its holy utterance signifying God!

No great moral or religious lesson can well be drawn, or say rather so well, from such anomalous death-beds, as from those of common unbelievers. To show in all its divine power the blessedness of the Christian's faith, it must be compared, rather than contrasted, with the faith of the best and wisest of Deists. The ascendancy of the heavenly over the earthly will then be apparent—as apparent as the superior lustre of a star, to that of a lighted-up window in the night. For above all other things in which the Christian is happier than the Deist,—with the latter, the life beyond the grave is but a dark hope; to the former, "immortality has been brought to light by the gospel." That difference embraces the whole spirit. It may be less felt—less seen when

life is quick and strong, for this earth alone has much and many things to embrace and enchain man's soul; but in death, the difference is as between night and day.

To return to Mr Montgomery and his Poem—the time will come when he will meditate more deeply and truly on these things; and when some of the pictures in which he now, not altogether in vain, glories with the exultation of a young and not unsuccessful poet, will appear to him like water-colour paintings, that have been long exposed to the sun, and are faded quite, and that, never even when direct from the pallet, were tinted with the true hues of heaven.

The poem concludes with a description of the final doom, which had better been spared, and which it pained and distressed us to read, as a worse than presumptuous attempt to deal,—in a display of gorgeous and magnificent sounds, from which all true poetry and true piety are banished,—with the Day of Judgment. We beseech Mr Montgomery to let the poem conclude with

"And thus 'twill be, till heaven's last thunders roar,
And time and nature shall exist no more."

That is a right ending. All that follows is a piece of most unintentional blasphemy. Never was there such a huddle and hubbub of blood-dyed seas, terrific meteors,

"Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and downshot star,"

blazing furies, gigantic rays, wizard phantoms bright, roaring hurricanes, maniac winds, "white waves galloping with delirious roar," downward-rolling crags, leaping hills of snow, fiery chaos, and of course, much earthquakes. What can be worse than

"Imaginattion! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of immortality enroll'd;
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon and blacken'd is the sun!
The stars have bounded through the airy roar,
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosom'd with tremendous gloom,
Yawns on the ruin like Creation's tomb!"

Our solar system is destroyed—nay, the whole creation—and yet in the very midst of the wreck of the whole universe, in comes that pitiful and contemptible line,

"Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more."

He might as well have said,

"Glasses are broken, upset every table!"

Mr Montgomery must not be angry with us for the unrestrained freedom with which we tear his picture into tatters; nor must he deceive himself—nor allow others to encourage him in the deception—that his description of the burning universe is nearly as sublime as that of the destruction of the late Drury-Lane Theatre by fire, in the Morning Post.

Worst of all, he is not awe-struck by his own visions. Had he shewed himself to be so, we should not have blamed him for not having produced the same effect upon us; but set down our indifference to the score of our own unimpressible imagination.

What awe is there in such lines as these?—

"How shall we turn our terror-stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire-throned Deity?"

. . . . .

"But while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With starry banners at his feet unroll'd,
Earth's Judge: around seraphic minstrels throng,
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song;
While melodies aërial and sublime
Weave a wild death-dirge o'er departing Time."

The concluding is indeed a "*pauvre miserable.*"

In describing the joys of Heaven, Mr Montgomery spoke of the immortal spirits of men riding on lightning-cars round stars and planets, as if the universe were then all familiar to their flight. Here the whole universe, with all its suns, and moons, and stars, and planets, is annihilated—but into such senseless contradictions are men of genius led, when they undertake im-

possibilities, and strive to lash themselves up into a false inspiration. One would have thought that there was nonsense enough, and enough of worse than nonsense, in the preceding paragraph, to have opened Mr Montgomery's eyes to all its profane absurdities. But no—he keeps—not soaring on wings—rushing in where angels fear to tread,—but absolutely staggering along on stilts. Thus he gives us again, in more offensive repetition, the description of that which, as seraphs saw, they veiled their eyes with their wings.

"Upon the flaming Earth one farewell glance;
The billows of Eternity advance;
No motion, blast, or breeze, or waking sound!
In fiery slumber glares the world around!
'Tis o'er; from yonder cloven vault of heaven,
Throned on a car by living thunder driven,
Array'd in glory, see! th' Eternal come,
And, while the Universe is still and dumb,
And hell o'ershadow'd with terrific gloom,
T' immortal myriads deal the judgment doom!
Wing'd on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold! the blessed soar to realms above;
The cursed, with hell uncover'd to their eye,
Shriek—shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!"

Are there readers in all England, or Scotland, or Ireland, that will not only tolerate but admire this? What says to it, that learned, pious, and judicious man, the right reverend William Howley, D.D. Lord Bishop of London, to whom the poem is, by permission, most respectfully inscribed?

Yet there is one passage, and only one—even here—which shews power, and had it not been surrounded by such worthless, and worse than worthless trash, might have been read by us with much emotion. In justice to Mr Montgomery, and with that satisfaction which we feel at every more successful exhibition of his power, we make it our concluding quotation.

"Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west, it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls;
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The Sea has heard it:—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!
All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or felt;
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who career'd in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are raised from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom."

Such, then, is our opinion of a Poem, the beauties and deformities of which we have here pointed out with equal freedom, and in both cases enabled our readers, by sufficient specimens, to judge of the justice of our critical decisions. It has made a considerable impression on the public, and may almost be said to be a popular production. That is a proof of power in the young poet; and let his reception by the world, which has been more flattering than generally falls to the lot of a new poetical aspirant in these somewhat fastidious days, comfort him in any disappointment, or soothe him in any displeasure, which he may have felt in the perusal of this critique. Whatever may be thought by him or others of our critical taste and discernment in such matters, it seems to be generally felt and allowed that we speak from the heart; and that, whatever our errors may be in our judgment of poetry, they do not lie in the want of en-

thusiasm, nor in any indifference towards the ambitious hopes and desires of genius. With a theme, in itself happier, and better fitted to his peculiar powers, which we suspect lie chiefly in the provinces of pathos, feeling, and fancy, we have no fears but that Mr Montgomery will ere long produce a poem far superior to the present; and whenever he does so, we shall be among the first to hail his anticipated improvement and success. To show our kindness towards him, we willingly mention, that other critics have bestowed on him far higher and more unqualified praise than we could conscientiously do,—placing him in the very highest order of poets.—The Literary Gazette has said of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," "It is indeed, a magnificent and sublime composition, in the very highest class of English Sacred Poetry." The Literary Chronicle says, "Were the author never to write another line, he has wove a wreath which the most successful bard of the present day might be proud to wear." And the Athenæum, whose judgments are nearer our own, has said, "In the matter and substance of the Poem, originality and strength of talents are strongly visible; much beauty of description and pure feeling, a glowing and striking imagery, characterise its general style. We consider it as deserving a great share of public attention and applause." These respectable authorities are as much, some, perhaps, may think more, entitled to attention than ours; and we, therefore, most freely give Mr Montgomery the benefit of them, without wishing, in any degree, to quarrel with their opinion, or to qualify our own. That he may, and will, benefit by some of our strictures, we shall not for a moment allow ourselves to doubt; perhaps he may even be encouraged by our commendation. Let him by some nobler effort, prove that some of the former have been too severe or unjust, and that the latter has been too cautious or chary, and he will find us eager to make amends for any wrong done, or right omitted, to his genius, by a more eloquent and enthusiastic eulogy.

משא בבל

THE BURDEN OF BABYLON.

Song I.

God denounces vengeance on Babylon, and summons his armies for her overthrow.

"Where—where are the chiefs, and the hosts, whom the Lord
Hath appointed, for Babel's complete overturning?
Rise, spare not the arrow, the spear, and the sword;
Let the vengeance go forth, that within me is burning.

"In the clouds of the heaven, though her throne should be set,
Though brighter yon sun never burn'd than her fame;
In the dust, in my wrath, I will trample her yet—
Through ages I'll make her a byword for shame.

"Yes: my vengeance I'll slake, by a judgment as dire
As Sodom's, on her, my no less-hated foe;
So severe shall her fate be, I've sworn in mine ire,
So complete be the doom she shall soon undergo.

"Light your fires on the mountains, ye heroes! for war,
Let your standard there wave, and the trumpet be blown;
And be gather'd together, with speed, from afar;
And haste, let my wrath against Babel be shown.

"And her veteran warriors before you shall fail,
Her proudest and mightiest be speedily slain;
And the strength of her bulwarks shall nothing avail;
Since God is against her, all strongholds are vain.

"And ye, in your glory, shall vanquish the foe,
And righteous in judgment the Lord shall appear;
And Israel no longer her slavery shall know—
Her thraldom no longer my people shall fear."

Thus the mighty God of Heaven,
To his chosen men of war,
The commandment dire had given,
To come quickly from afar,
In their fiercest spirits' glow to the field;
And Babylon the Great,
To denude of all her state,
And to give her the due fate
For her seal'd.

And the Prophet saw, and knew
The dire command of Heaven,
And believed that vengeance due
Should to Babylon be given;
And then but shortly mute was his tongue,
When musing upon whom,
And revolving on her doom,
So dread and full of gloom,
Thus he sung:

Song II.

The Prophet sings the certainty of Babylon's downfall.

"Jehovah is holy, Jehovah is just,
And punish the sins of the sinner he must;
But Babel hath sinn'd—ay, her guilt who can tell?
It is great, as the guilt of the guilty in hell.
The God of our fathers, who God is alone,
She worships, and serves not, and deigns not to own;
And, reckless, the name of our God to profane,
She haughtily deems it as nothing and vain;
That she jests at the ravage His temple hath seen,
Where the light of His glory for ages hath been;
That our worship and laws too, she covers with scorn,
And that Abraham's children, who never were born
To be slaves to the Gentile, her fetters should wear,
And her sneers and oppression for ever should bear.
But Jehovah is holy, Jehovah is just,
And punish the sins of the sinner he must;
And Babylon's power shall soon, therefore, be crush'd,
And the voice of her vaunting for ever be hush'd.

And Jehovah is faithful, His truth shall not fail,
Though falsehood o'er earth and o'er heaven should prevail.
As the rock 'mid the waves of th' encircling wide ocean,
When the billows are raging in dreadest commotion,
Stands firm; so, though truth should from angels and men
Be banish'd, and never their converse again
Should bless with its virtue, yet sacred unmoved,
Amid all, should the truth of Jehovah be proved.
But the Lord hath uprisen, and hath wrathfully spoken,
And Babylon's pride he hath said shall be broken;
He hath stretch'd out his arm, o'er the gainsaying nation,
And sworn, in the fire of his hot indignation,
That, till the full weight of his ire she shall feel,
His right hand of wrath shall be stretch'd o'er her still.

Woe—woe to her, therefore, since such is his word,
For never was faithless the vow of the Lord.

"And Jehovah is powerful: His arm who can stay?
Did the proud hosts of heaven—and who stronger than they?—
When they warr'd with their Lord, a bright triumph acquire?
Oh! felt they not deeply the shock of his ire?
Aye, doth he not bolts of omnipotence wield?
Oh! where, in the day of his wrath, then, the shield
That can Babel protect? For her spear and her sword
Must be futile defence in the day of the Lord.—
If he vengefully rouse him, he may, in a breath,
Cut her off with complete desolation and death."

Thus far, the Prophet sung,
And in one unbroken strain,
Nor had on his visage hung
The least symptom, as of pain—
(As, in calmer mood, the case might have been)—
Of sympathetic woe
For the doom-devoted foe;
Yet upon his face a glow
There was seen.

It was that of holy ire,
And yet brighter it had grown,
As the aged Prophet sire
Had with his strain gone on;
For his wrath against the doom'd, for her sin,
In his bosom so had swell'd,
All soft feeling seem'd expell'd,
Which formerly had held
Reign within.

But anon roll'd wild his eyes—
Stood he strainingly upright—
His features spoke surprise,
And his face look'd deathly white;
And he listed, as in doubt and in fear:
For sounds he heard, he deem'd,
Which of coming armies seem'd,
Then, while of these he dream'd,
Thus the Seer:

Song III.

Babylon is attacked and overthrown.

"Hark! Hear ye the sounding—
The sounding afar?
The hills are rebounding
With noise as of war!
'Tis din of heaven's forces—
Their trumpets—their horses;
And earth's whole resources
Their march shall not mar.

"So weighty—no, never
So weighty a tread,
The earth made to quiver:
Oh! sure, must the dead,

In deepest residing,
Know earth is betiding
Some dread curse—abiding
Such quiv'ring their bed.

"That tremor enhancing,
And din still more loud,
Speak armies advancing
Not more brave and proud
Than numerous, burning
For Babel's o'erturning—
Her slavery spurning,
Which th' earth long has bow'd.

"That music, now filling
The vales with its sound—
Now causing the thrilling
Of hills to their ground,
The warrior's soul braces,
With strength, whose dire traces,
Through all future races
Of men, shall be found.

Yet—yet hear the sounding—
The sounding afar!
Still louder rebounding
The distant hills are,
With din of God's forces—
Their music—their horses:
Sure earth's whole resources
Their march shall not mar.

Like fires of heaven hasting,
Lo! now they come on!
Like fires of heaven wasting,
They waste—they have won!
And blood they are shedding,
And corpses are treading,
And ruin are spreading,
And Babel's undone."

Paused a while the Prophet now,
Died the wild glare of his eye,
And more pensive look'd his brow,
And he breathed a deep-drawn sigh;
As mused he on the fate of the doom'd,
Attack'd and overthrown:—
And the saintly seer, anon,
With soften'd look and tone,
Thus resumed:—

Song IV.

A song of lamentation over Babylon fallen.

"Howl! Babylon, howl! for the halls of thy mirth
Have been hush'd, as the house of the dead, in the earth;
Or echo the bitter bewailings of grief,
Which upon thee, unlooked for, has come like a thief.
The strings of thy harps and thy viols have been broken,
By the minstrel, as madden'd with grief he has spoken,

And sworn, since the hearts now are lifeless or sad
Past cheering, to rapture they oft have made glad,
They'll ne'er vibrate to gladden the heart of a foe,
Or to deepen, by sad recollections, thy woe.
Yes: thus they are silent, or fled has the skill
From the hand of the minstrel, now lifeless and chill.
All the music is mute, which enliven'd thy halls;
And the shoutings of mirth, late within thy proud walls,
That uprose, rending heaven, from the festival board,
Have suddenly ceased, at the frown of the Lord.
Ev'ry sound of rejoicing within thee has fled;
And the wailing of woe has arisen in its stead.
  Howl! Babylon, howl! for thy power has been crush'd;
And the blood of thy dearest and noblest has gush'd.
Late, thou, in thy walls and thine armies secure,
'Gainst the universe deemedst thy dynasty sure;
As if in the heights of the heaven thou hadst dwelt,
'Mong the stars, which the influence of men never felt;
Nor dreamedst that e'er any foe should be able
To bring woe on the proud powerful scoffers of Babel:
But now, loudly howl! for thy power has been crush'd,
And the blood of thy dearest and noblest has gush'd—
They have shiver'd thy sceptre, subverted thy throne,
And thy long-vaunted empire for ever has gone.
They have burst through thy bulwarks, and, boundless their wrath,
Thy warriors they've strew'd, heaps of dead, in their path.
With the blood of the noblest they've blench'd not to shed,
And the blood of the mightiest, their garments are red;
And thy daughters have fall'n, or for lust have been cherish'd;
And the infant and ancient, unpitied, have perish'd.
—Mortal stay thou hast none; and dost turn in despair
To thy temples! What boots it? The spoiler is there.
And thy gods are confounded—thine idols are shred:
Unmix'd is thy woe, ev'ry solace has fled.
  Nor, in visions of hope, may'st thou dream of a day,
When the clouds of thy sky shall have vanish'd away;
For their shadows shall deepen, till night, which shall never
See dawn, shall absorb thee in darkness for ever.—
Then wail, for the doom thou already hast met,
For the sun of thy fame, which for ever has set;
For the wreck of thy power, once so widely obey'd;
For the waste of thy blood, now so ruthlessly made;
For the varied destruction, Jehovah has brought
Upon thee, in wrath, for the sin thou has wrought.
And more loud may thy wail be, for time shall haste on,
And, deserted of mortal, left mouldering, lone,
'Mong thy ruins, the beasts of the desert shall prowl;
And hideous monsters shall dolefully howl;
And the ostrich shall dwell, mid thy mouldering walls;
And satyrs shall dance in thy desolate halls;
        And the hiss, and the howl,
        Of the dragon and owl,
Shall dismally rise, from the crumbling abodes
Of thy princes, and mouldering fanes of thy gods.
        And time shall, apace,
        Hasten on, and no trace
Shall remain of thy being, save only the name,
Made a proverb for sin, and for sorrow, and shame."

The illusion was complete,
On the holy prophet bard;
While he sang, in numbers meet,
Of Jehovah's just award,
To Babel, for her heaven-reaching crimes.
He, inspired, appear'd to see,
In their true reality,
The events, which were to be
In far times.

So, with look and tone of grief,
Had he sung his song of wail,
As if Persia's royal chief
Proud Babylon assail,
And the conquer'd city's woes, he had seen:
But his sorrow fled, apace,
And joy came in its place;
As testified his face,
And his mien.

For as mused he, on the fall,
Of the heaven-devoted foe,
He bethought him, of the thrall—
Its dishonour and its woe,
Under which she had made Israel to bow.
And, thus musing on her doom,
Full of justice as of gloom,
This triumphant strain assume
Did he now:

Song V.

A Song of Triumph.

"As Gomorrah and Sodom, of old, in his ire,
Zeboim and Admah, with brimstone and fire,
Jehovah consumed, and the world was made clean,
From the strains of those cities—the blots of their sin:
So shout! shout!
The world throughout;
Let vales resound,
And mountains rebound,
With trumpet and timbrel and shoutings of joy;
For Jehovah shall soon, as completely destroy
Not less wicked Babel, and the earth shall be clean,
From the stains of her stamping—the blots of her sin.

As of old, when the sea overwhelm'd their fell foes,
And loud the rejoicings of Israel arose;
For great had Jehovah, in judging, appear'd,
And the thraldom of Egypt, no longer, they fear'd:
So shout! shout!
The world throughout;
Let vales resound,
And mountains rebound,
With trumpet, and timbrel, and shoutings of mirth;
For the Lord shall sweep Babylon quite from the earth;
And great shall Jehovah, in judging, appear,
And her thraldom, no longer, the people shall fear."

Fitz-Andrew.

TO THE SWEET-SCENTED CYCLAMEN.

I LOVE thee well, my dainty flower!
My wee, white cowering thing,
That shrinketh like a cottage maid,
Of bold, uncivil eyes afraid,
Within thy leafy ring!

I love thee well, my dainty dear!
Not only that thou'rt fair—
Not only for thy downcast eye,
Nor thy sweet breath, so lovingly,
That wooes the caller air——

But that a world of dreamy thoughts
The sight of thee doth bring;
Like birds who've winter'd far from hence,
And come again (we know not whence)
At the first call of spring.

As here I stand and look on thee,
Before mine eyes doth pass—
(Clearing and quick'ning as I gaze)
An evening scene of other days,
As in a magic glass.

I see a small old-fashion'd room,
With pannell'd wainscot high—
Old portraits, round in order set,
Carved heavy tables, chairs, buffet
Of dark mahogany.

Four china jars, on brackets high,
With grinning Monsters crown'd;
And one, that like a Phœnix' nest,
Exhales all Araby the Blest,
From yon old bookcase round.

And there, a high-back'd, hard settee,
On six brown legs and paws,
Flow'r'd o'er with silk embroidery,
And there,—all rich with filigree,—
Tall skreens on gilded claws.

Down drops the damask curtain here
In many a lustrous fold;
The fire light flashing broad and high,
Floods its pale amber gorgeously
With waves of redder gold.

And lo! the flamy brightness wakes
Those pictured shapes to life—
My Lady's lip grows moist and warm,
And dark Sir Edward's mailed form,
Starts out for mortal strife—

And living, breathing forms are round—
Some, gently touch'd by Time,
Staid Elders, clust'ring by the hearth,
And *one*, the soul of youthful mirth
Outlasting youthful prime—

And there—where *she* presides so well,
With fair dispensing hands—
Where tapers shine, and porcelain gleams,
And muffins smoke, and tea-urn steams,
The Pembroke Table stands—

That heir-loom Tea-pot !—Graphic Muse !
Describe it if thou'rt able—
Methinks—were such advances meet—
On those three, tiny, tortoise feet,
'Twould toddle round the table.

And curtsey to the Coffee-pot,
(Coquettishly demure,)
Tall, quaint compeer !—fit partner he
To lead her out, so gracefully,
Le ménuét de la cour !

Ah, precious Monsters ! dear Antiques !
More beautiful to me,
Than modern, fine, affected things,
With classic claws, and beaks, and wings,
(" God save the mark !") can be—

How grateful tastes th' infused herb !
How pleasant its perfume !
Some sit and sip, with cup in hand—
One saunters round, when others stand
In knots about the room—

In cozy knots—*there* three and four—
And *here*, one, two, and three—
Here by my little dainty flower—
Oh fragrant thing ! Oh pleasant hour !
Oh gentle company !

Come, Idler, set that cup aside,
And tune the flute for me—
Then—there ! 'tis done. Now, prithee, play
That air I love—" Te bien aimér
Pour toujours ma Zelie."

Sweet air !—sweet flower !—sweet social looks !—
Dear friends !—young, happy heart !—
How now !—What ! all alone am I ?
Came they with cruel mockery
Like shadows to depart ?

Aye, shadows all—gone every face
I loved to look upon—
Hush'd every voice I loved to hear,
Or sounding in a distant ear—
" All gone !—all gone !—all gone !"

Some, far away in other lands—
In this—some worse than dead—
Some in their graves laid quietly—
One, slumb'ring in the deep, deep sea—
All gone !—all lost !—all fled !

And here am I—I live and breathe,
And stand, as *then* I stood,
Beside my little dainty flower—
But *now*, in what an alter'd hour !
In what an alter'd mood !

And yet I love to linger here—
To inhale this od'rous breath—
(Faint as a whisper from the tomb)
To gaze upon this pallid bloom
As on the face of Death.

C.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXXVI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

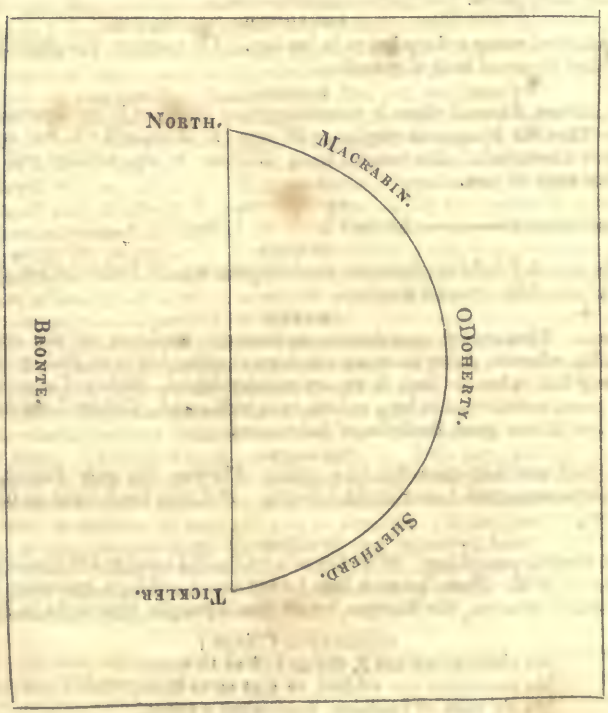
Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*Great Dining-Room, Buchanan Lodge—Time, after Cheese.*



NORTH.

John, the quaighs.—Here, gentlemen, is some Glenlivet—the same sort that carried the prize the last time our friends the Barons of Exchequer had a competition anent the dew.

SHEPHERD.

Rax me that meikle black ane. Safe us, Mr North, whare got ye a' this cleckin o' quaighs? My certy, there's aught o' them——

NORTH.

Whisky in glass is a gem set in brass, says the adage: Porter in glass is as heathen as the mass, quoth another. I stick in all these affairs to the wisdom of our ancestors.

MACRABIN.

This is a queer-looking little gentleman. Any history?

NORTH.

No quaigh unhistorical shall ever press my board. That lordly dish belonged to the Prince of Wales. He gave it to old Invernahyle, who left it to your humble servant. His Royal Highness had it in his holster at Drummossie.

MACRABIN.

A precious relic indeed! And what may this yellow-faced burly concern be?

NORTH.

Ah, Mac, my dear, that is a quaigh I set a very particular value upon. Tickler, it shall be yours, if, as in the course of nature, you see me out. That bit of boxwood has often touched the lip of our old comrade, Charlie Hay—You know it well.

TICKLER.

Ah, poor Charlie! I do remember it.—It was John Home's legacy to Lord Newton, youngsters.

SHEPHERD.

It has seen mony a deep booze in its day. I'll warrant the chields o' the Poker hae lippened to it a' round.

NORTH.

Ah, James, James! there is something very pleasing in such memorials as these. That Sir Morgan is playing with was Dr Webster's: it was originally Cardinal Carstairs's. He taught King William to sip whisky out of that identical chip of yew.

ODOHERTY.

The Glorious ——— for ever!

TICKLER.

This, which I hold in these reverend fingers, was, if I mistake not, the property of umwhile Deacon Brodie.

NORTH.

It was. That quaigh, gentlemen, is from the roof-tree of the cottage at Leadhills, wherein Allan Ramsay was born: Allan left it to Bishop Geddes; that holy father bequeathed it to my worthy friend, Bishop Cameron; and he, in turn, transferred it by a codicil to myself.—Ah, Tickler! we have had a sore loss in our good Bachelor of Salamanca.

TICKLER.

We shall not look upon his like again. He was the only Papist, except Kempferhausen, that I ever could tolerate. M'Crie's book went to his heart, I believe.

NORTH.

And Doyle's pamphlets. That fellow's tricks did more to kill Cameron than all the rest of it. Peace be with him! He was a noble, a generous character—a true Christian, Sir Morgan, by all that's purple, this night in Paradise.

ODOHERTY. (*Sings.*)

No churchman am I, for to rail or to write,
No statesman nor soldier, to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business, contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

Come, North, sound a retreat to your timbers.

NORTH.

John, the decanters.—Gentlemen, The King, God bless him!

(*Invisible Musicians play the National Anthem—three times three,* &c. &c. &c.)

NORTH.

Gentlemen, a bumper. His Grace the Duke of Wellington! Long life to him! and a fig for Rascals, Radicals, and Rats!—All the honours.

SHEPHERD.

Lord keep us, what a din! ye'll deave me, callants; ye should mind you're amang the Elders of Israel, and keep some decency wi' your daffin.

MACRABIN.

Mr President, I beg a bumper.—Gentlemen, long as I have been conversant with forensic disputation, and not entirely a stranger to the more ornate and elaborate eloquence of the festive board, I am free to say that my impressions at this moment go to impress me with a lively conviction that I never rose to address any assembly of Christian citizens under feelings and impressions of that character of trepidation, hesitation, and an accumulation of diffident scrupulosities, with which I, at this moment, rise to propose, gentlemen, a bumper toast to this Enlightened Society. I say, gentlemen, that it is the most anxious, the most nervous moment of my existence. And yet, gentlemen, when I look around me, and contemplate the benignity with which so many eminent and illustrious men are condescending enough to receive me upon this occasion, it asks no mighty effort of candour, gentlemen, to confess, as I now do not fear to confess, that I rise with pride and confidence in this very distinguished circle. Gentlemen, year follows year, lustrum lustrum, and decad decad. Time flows on, my lud; generations pass into oblivion, and are, in fact, lost sight of; but when the body fails, the spirit may be immortal; and that, my lud—that, gentlemen—that high, that heroic,—standing here as I do,—I will add, that holy thought, that it is, my lud, that in that way which I cannot adequately express, is uppermost in my bosom, and that I hope and trust meets with a responsive echo, gentlemen, in every bosom that beats on that bench. Gentlemen, I feel but too deeply that I have not sufficiently developed all the feelings which, at this moment, agitate, and, I may say, overwhelm my sensations; but, gentlemen, cold and unworthy as this brief address may be, I shall have miserably indeed disappointed my own most fervid wishes, the most ardent aspirations, gentlemen, of my own heart, mind, soul, and intellect, if, my luds, I have failed to convey to your lordships' bosoms some faint notices of these emotions—emotions, gentlemen, of which, while life continues to animate the veins in this hand,—while patriotism, gentlemen, while patriotism, honour, and faith, are not yet expelled from my heart of hearts,—I venture to assure you, gentlemen, I for one, shall never be ashamed—no—never! In one word, then, gentlemen, I perceive that all minor deficiencies and lapses are merged, as they ought to be, and ever will be, and ever have been, in that deep and sacred feeling of devotion and reverence with which you are all prepared to drink what, in spite of the two immortal names that have already received your plaudits, I will venture, gentlemen, to pronounce THE toast of this evening. Gentlemen, this is the 20th of March 1828. (*The devil it is.—Hear, hear!*) This day, gentlemen, is the anniversary of that day on which the illustrious Christopher North first opened his eyes upon a world which his genius and virtue were destined to illuminate, gentlemen, to delight, to instruct, and to revivify. (*Hear, hear!*) This, gentlemen, is the seventy-third birth-day of our immortal host. Gentlemen, I add no more. Here is Christopher North! Health, strength, and length of days, to the illustrious Caledonian, the Champion of the Faith! (*Immense applause—three times three,* &c. &c. &c.)

SHEPHERD.

Let's gie him time to think o' thanks. Here's a sang—ye'll no be backward at the Tchorus.—(*Sings.*)

TUNE,—*O'er the muir amang the heather.*

In Embro town they made a law,
In Embro at the Court o' Session,
That Kit and his lads were fautors a'!
An' guilty o' a high transgression.
Decreet o' the Court o' Session,
Act sederunt o' the Session;
Kit North and his crew were fautors a',
And guilty o' a high transgression.

In the Parliament House the Whigs were croose,
In the Parliament House at the Court o' Session;
There was Cobrun to blaw, and Jamffrey to craw—
Crooseness and gabs their best possession.
Decreet o' the Court o' Session,
Act sederunt o' their Session;
Whiggery's light, and Whigs are bright,
An' a Tory creed is a fool's transgression.

In Embro' town there dwalls a man
That never gangs near their Court o' Session,
A vif auld man, wi' a drap in his cann,
Has gien a' the Whigs in the land a threshin'.
Decreet o' his Court of Session,
Act sederunt o' his Session;
The Whigs they are neerdoweels, great and sma',
And cheap, cheap o' a hearty threshin.'

Frae Embro town his word gangs out,
Frae Ambrose' spence, his Court o' Session,
And the deevil a prig that stinks o' Whig,
But dumfounder'd he sinks in consternation.
Decreet o' this Court o' Session,
Act sederunt o' the Session;
The Whigs are found out, and in siccan a rout,
That their hurdies are scantily worth a threshin'.

NORTH, (*on his legs without crutch.*)

Gentlemen, many thanks to you for your prose eulogies and your verse eulogies, and for the strenuous eulogies of your hurras; and, above all, for the sterling and precious eulogies of your friendly looks. I feel myself very happy at this moment—I have done my duty—I have succeeded in all that I had wished to perform—and my health, thank God, is very tolerable for a Septegenarian Whig-hater. Gentlemen, I am not in the habit of making long speeches. I thank you heartily for your countenance on this occasion; and I beg leave to thank you very seriously in this bumper of port, for the support you have afforded the King, our royal and gracious master, my excellent friend the Duke of Wellington, and myself, all through the troublesome nine months which it cost us three to eject the Whigs, and to *damage* the Philo-whigs so completely, that it can no longer be of the smallest consequence either to Turk, Jew, or Christian, what they do or what they say, whether they be all out of place, or only all out of character, influence, and power. Gentlemen, fill your glasses. I beg to drink the immortal memories of the Right Honourable William Pitt, and the Most Noble Robert Marquis of Londonderry; and may the Duke of Wellington, acting steadily on their principles, and trusting exclusively to their friends and disciples, complete the great work he has so gallantly begun; and having heretofore saved England and Europe in the field, finally rescue his country and the cause of order and government all over the world, from the bad consequences of Whig and Philo-

whig practice, and the worse consequence of Whig and Philo-whig theories! Solemn silence, Gentlemen all,—Το γαρ γηρας εστι θανατου!

SHEPHERD.

Haud him there, Mr Tickler, if that's no twae words o' Latin I'm a Pagan Greek.

NORTH, (*filling two bumpers.*)

I sip corrected.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Macrabin, I think naething o' your way o' speakin'. Yon's no real oratory. It's a' made at hame, and muckle pains it maun cost you to gie't an extemporaneous air o' deception. You couldna' propose Mr North's health in anither speech the noo aff haun?

MACRABIN, (*hem.*)

I now rise, my lud, under sensations of that sort, my luds, that it may be difficult for you, sitting there as you do, to understand, gentlemen. Gentlemen, I beg leave to remind you, that this is the evening of the first day of April, anno domini, one thousand, eight hundred, and twenty-eight. (*hear, hear!*) And now, gentlemen, when I have mentioned this fact, for a fact I say it is, and I fear not to bottom this averment on all the almanacks of the day, be they Aberdeen, or Poor Robin, or Francis Moore, physician, or Henry Brougham, schoolmaster-in-chief of the nineteenth century. (*hear!*) But to return, gentlemen, I venture to observe, *in limine*, that there are a thousand reasons, gentlemen, why this particular night ought to be cherished, and hallowed, and venerated, and crowned with glory, and honour, and reverence, gentlemen, by every man, and woman, and child (*hear, hear!*) in the dominions of George the Fourth, by the grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, and his Sheriffs in that part, (*hear!*) (Confound it)—I say there is indubitable argument, why this evening should witness the shedding of a bumper of beer, porter, punch, port, or claret, by every human Christian nowextant in the whole circumnavigable globe! (*hear, hear!*) Gentlemen of the Jury, nor standing here as I do, is it at all incumbent that I should occupy a lengthy space of your precious time, with any detailed examination of the averments of the other party,—my learned friends will not suspect me of anything personal; no, no, my luds, looking merely to things in general, and the broad *ex facie* appearance of the case, I do not hesitate to affirm, that the counter-proposition is entirely, and totally, and wholly, and *funditus*, an untenable proposition,—a false, gentlemen, and a groundless, and an utterly absurd, and contemptible, and quackish, and ridiculous, and base, and vile, and irrelevant proposition, (*hear, hear, hear!*) Such an one, gentlemen, as no court, no, nor no jury, would ever listen to for a moment, were it not introduced, gentlemen, I will, and must say it, under that portentous and truly fascinating and basiliskian glare of gorgeous and rhetorical embellishment, (*hear!*) and amplification, with which no one, as we all know, knows better how to illustrate and decorate the most untenable and egregious humbug, (I use plain language on a plain subject, gentlemen,) than the learned gentleman, whom we have had the high satisfaction of hearing, my lud, since this court assembled. (*hear, hear!*) Now, to return, I venture to assert, that the reason of the case is as plain, clear, and distinct, and intelligible, as that two and two make four, or that the learned gentleman now in my eye, my luds, is—no conjuror—begging his pardon—(I mean no personality): in a word, to descend from things in general, to a brief statement of the case now before you, this, gentlemen, is the evening of the 1st of April,—this is the anniversary of a day, which will ever, I think, be hallowed in the eyes of the remotest generations of mankind, and which, at all events, has vivid claims, sitting here as we do, upon us, (*hear, hear!*) *Verbum non amplius*, (*hear, hear!*) Gentlemen all, fill your glasses; here's Christopher North, Esquire, who this evening completes the seventy-third year of his age, gentlemen, (*hear, hear!*) and many happy returns to him of the 1st of April. Christopher North, gentlemen, long life to him, and prosperity to Maga the Great!—(*All the honours.—Immense applause, &c. &c. &c.*)

NORTH, (*with his crutch.*)

Gentlemen, I beg leave to return you my best thanks, for the kind way in

which you have now drunk my health; and I must also take the opportunity, since I am on my legs, of thanking you for your valuable and steady support to Maga the Great, as our facetious guest has been pleased to call her; and especially for your efficient assistance and inflexible fidelity to the high and holy cause of Protestant Toryism, all through the late eventful crisis of the political concerns of this country. You, gentlemen, were faithful found among the faithless; (*hear, hear!*) and now, that the horizon is clearing, I believe I may venture to assure you, that neither pilot nor sailor, who helped to weather the storm, are at all likely to be forgotten by either owner or passengers. (*hear, hear, hear!*) Gentlemen, we have had a hard tussle; but Providence has been pleased to bestow blessing and success in the long run, where these were best deserved, (*hear!*) and I think my good friend the Duke of Wellington and myself may now be safely said to be pretty well upon our seats again. (*hear, hear!*) And, by the by, I don't think I can do better than propose his Grace's health, (*hear!*) He writes, to-day, that his tumble from his cab was a mere scratch, and that he has already quite recovered that, (*hear, hear!*) but nevertheless, here goes—Arthur, Duke of Wellington; may his days be many, and his glory full!

TICKLER.

With all my heart; and may I propose this small addition?—May he see clearly, and adhere steadily to the principle, that the nation is Tory, and that other vital principle, that conciliation is humbug. (*hear, hear, hear!*)

OMNES.

The Duke, God bless him! and hang conciliation!—(*Three-times-three.*)

TICKLER.

I believe, Sir Morgan, you have just arrived in Auld Reekie.

ODOHERTY.

Or you should have seen me at Southside. I came right through on the Mail; for you know I was absent last birth-day, and I could not think of playing the truant twice.

NORTH.

Thank ye, Odoherty. Well, and how left you the enemy?—all at blank, eh?—Quite down in the mouth?—No symptoms of resurrection?

ODOHERTY.

Not a twist.

TICKLER.

And the Duke looking well?

ODOHERTY.

Never better. I saw him cantering old Blanco White, as usual, down Whitehall, the morning I started, as fresh as a daisy. Hang it, he's not the boy to be worried and worn out like a parcel of prating mountebanks. Do's the word. Indeed I am told, the first address he made to his cabinet was,—"Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse me for one hint preliminary—Do as much as you can, and say as little."

TICKLER.

"*Imperatoria brevitas!*" I beg your pardon, James, give me the Bourdeaux.

SHEPHERD.

The schoolmaster is abroad, Hairy Brougham; and I hope ye'll find the length o' the taws yoursell belyve. You'll be nane the waur o' some mair schulin'. I wish the Duke wad ca' a new paurliament, and kick oot a' the dregs o' the Cannin pairty.

TICKLER.

Oh, nonsense! What signifies it whether they are all out of place, or only all and every mother's son of them out of character, influence, and power? (*hear, hear!*) They may make fair clerks, some of them. Let them alone, James.

SHEPHERD.

Od! but I wad mak a clean house o' the haill tott o' them. I have nae faith in sic creepy, sleiky, cunning creatures; they'll bear onything, or they would never hae staid wi' the Duke; and neither him nor Peel ever to gie

them, no even the whistle o' a bonny word, in favour o' either Navareen nor free tred. Ey! sirs, some folk hae grand stoot stamacks o' their ain!

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! pooh! Mr Hogg, you rusticals are apt to take things rather too seriously. Why, man, do but consider £4000, £5000, £6000, £10,000 per annum, James—these are pretty things, besides the pretty houses and the pretty pickings. Oh, dear sir, you don't understand the world as it is.

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins no; but I understand aboot eneugh, to gar me despise maist feck o' the upper pairt o't gayen heartily.

NORTH.

It is very sad to say it, James Hogg, even here among friends, but it is a world worse to know and feel it, that the character of our public men, in general, has sustained, during these twelve months bygone, a very considerable deal of damage. Who has escaped? Hang me, my cocks, if I can lay my hand on more than three at this moment.—The dear Duke, of course, being one.

SHEPHERD.

And honest auld John o' Eldon another.

ODOHERTY.

And Peel.

NORTH.

Peut-être—but no, I meant my Lord Melville—Scotland has reason to be proud of that Nobleman. As to Peel, nobody can admire his talents, or his principles, in the main, more than myself; but, between ourselves, he is afraid of bearding the Liberals; and if that feeling be not subdued, say and do as he may, he will never be an efficient House of Commons' Aaron for our admirable Moses—who, by the by, seems to need no Aaron at all, at all, in the Lords.

ODOHERTY.

He indeed? Why, no man speaks better—plain, clear, distinct, manly, downright—just as Lord Dudley said, the *imperatoria brevitas*. Why, the House of Lords have too much sense to listen to long speeches from anybody. Even poor dear Canning would have been extinguished there in a fortnight.

TICKLER.

Canning! extinguished!! O dear! O dear! what a world this is!

> "Ah! who would climb the solar height,
> To set in such a starless night?"

MACRABIN.

The tappit hen's with you, Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

Here, North—I shall shove her along the mantel-piece to you.—Pray, ODoherty, speaking quite among ourselves, what are the true people saying to it in town?

ODOHERTY.

Deuced little. But, hang it! there's no denying the fact, they are not pleased.

TICKLER.

I thought so. The Quarterly mum as a mouse as to things in general, but bold enough as to the corn, and on the right side, I am happy to see—John Bull grumbling audibly—the Post still at its post, as if Ellenborough were not gagged—the Standard dropping odd hints—why, the new God really seems to have no thoroughstitch advocate in the London press of any consequence, except the Courier and New Times, both of which concerns it will take time to place where they were before the *rat at the strike*. This looks baddish, don't it?

ODOHERTY.

Why, so far as the Duke is concerned, I believe there has been no minister since Pitt so universally trusted; but he, I daresay, had more difficulties to get over than we know of. And to speak the plain fact, he fell into one or two blunders. The leaving out old Eldon was one; and, with reverence be it

said, the taking in Lord Ellenborough, clever speaker as he may be, was another—he is a man without either blood, or land, or money even; and his stool might have been more efficiently filled.

NORTH.

I once heard him speak, and think he will turn out a valuable hand in the long run—why was he taken in?

ODOHERTY.

He can speak well, and fears no Whig—and he had heard so much of the private feelings, in certain quarters, about that bloody blunder of the noodle Codrington, that when mum was to be the word, it was, I suppose, thought or felt to be a matter of necessity to take him into the firm bodily.

NORTH.

So Metternich's coming over, I hear—How will he manage with Dudley?

ODOHERTY.

O, he'll manage them all except the Duke, who will manage him. He'll cut no jokes about the new Premier, such as he sent home to the sensitive heart of poor Canning.

NORTH.

Of Canning? Jokes?

ODOHERTY.

Aye, to be sure; did you never hear the real history of the Treaty of London?

NORTH.

Not I, truly.

ODOHERTY.

It was this. Metternich, writing to Princess Lieven about the St Petersburgh Protocol, said "*Parturiunt montes*—Canning's *bel enfant du nord*, will be, after all, *still-born*." My Lady, shortly after this, chose to resent some part of Metternich's proceedings,—his marriage, I believe; and Canning, who was at that time doing his *possible* in the corps diplomatique, chancing to be in her boudoir one pretty morning among "the wee short hours," the fair dame thought fit to show him the old Fox's taunting epistle. You may guess the effect on the vainest man in Europe. He went home biting his nails, and war, war, war—

NORTH.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? Good God! what are we made of? Yet was George Canning made of the finest clay.

MACRABIN.

What a scandalous concern was all that explanation-row! Upon my word, The Times made me sick for a week on end.

TICKLER.

No wonder—gabble, gabble, gabble—guarantee, guarantee, guarantee—pledge, pledge, pledge—fudge, fudge, fudge.

ODOHERTY.

Perhaps you have not heard the real history of the break-up of the patchwork neither?

NORTH.

Possibly not. But say on. Have you seen last Number?

ODOHERTY.

I don't take in your Magazine.

NORTH.

But every other, Editors and all.

SHEPHERD.

Hem!

ODOHERTY.

Truth never lies in a well, but always in a nut-shell. The Whigs at last, after months of work, extorted from a high quarter a most reluctant consent to the coming in of Lord Holland. The consent was given, but every one felt from that hour that the confidence was gone.—The Tories—Herries and Copley, I mean—took heart of grace accordingly, and so the smash. The immediate cause, however, was old Tierney's eternal babbling at Brookes's. That disgusted Huskisson; and when *he* was willing to separate from the

faction, what bolt had they to keep the concern together? Lord Goderich, who is worth fifty thousand Huskissons, had no more the sort of tact for managing matters among such a set of hungry griping tricksters, than for being an attorney or a stock-jobber.—There was, by the by, another original element of ruin.—Goderich never trusted Brougham—and Brougham, who had made Canning his own, soul and body, revolted, *in fact*, from the hour that Lansdowne failed for the Premiership. You can see the *gum* against Goderich in the last Edinburgh, plain enough—and that could be nothing but the Barrister's, and would-be Lord Chancellor's, own private *gum;* for he, in truth, sacrificed his Premiership to the Whig *leaders;* and moreover, was left out by the Duke, simply and solely on account of his feelings, of a personal nature, in regard to Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Holland, and Lord Carlisle.

NORTH.

Your story is probable, and may be gospel. But really *now*, who cares about these things? There are *present* difficulties enough, God knows.—There are, as Grant's speech anent the corn is, of itself, abundant evidence, *two* parties still in the Cabinet—and it is clear enough, that *de facto* there is all but a professed opposition of a worse sort still going on—I mean the opposition of the House of Commons to the House of Lords.

ODOHERTY.

Most true. Canning had completely taken possession of all the young fry in the Lower House, and there they are now, a pack of empty-headed, solemn economists, prigs and dolts, ready to stick to any leader who will cant the liberal slang of the day,—I mean to any one of that stamp *but* Huskisson. He has been damaged, so that, for the present, he is pretty nearly powerless with them—but time soon wipes out all impressions from light minds, and let Peel look to himself and his leadership against another session.

NORTH.

What an egregious pack of slumberers the old Tory Lords are!—Why can't they open their eyes, and see that it will not do to keep their seats in the Commons, lumbered with all this brood of idle Lord Johns and Lord Harries——that if they mean to save anything, they can only do it by looking about them, and putting in fellows that have both brains and tongues to do their business for them? The interest will go to pot if they persist much longer.

TICKLER.

Strange blindness!—Can't they look over the land, and perceive a fact which stares all but themselves in the face, that the literary talent and influence of this nation is, to a fraction, with them and their just cause; and then ask of themselves how the deuce it happens, that in the House of Commons the talent, and the influence of talent, are to a fraction against them?—By Heavens! if we had the Dukes of Rutland and Newcastle here, I think it would be no hard matter to put them up to a thing or two.

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! pooh!—They have as clever a fellow as any of us among themselves—Lord Lowther.

NORTH.

They have—but Lowther *is* one of themselves, and therefore the prayer of Timotheus may still stand,—

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourselves as others see us!"

SHEPHERD.

I wad like to be a member of it, war it but for ae single session. And aiblins when they were discussing corn, or sheep, or nowt, or the sawmon quastion, I could tell them as meikle practical sense as ever a laird or lord in the bang—it I could.

NORTH.

The honourable and learned member for Selkirk, Peebles, Lanark, and Linlithgow, hath said well. By the by, talking of Laidlaw, why does Allan Cunningham call him *Walter*?—and why does the Edinburgh Reviewer repeat the blunder?—I was glad, however, to see that Jeffrey had the sense to quote "Lucy's Flitting;" 'tis one of the sweetest things in the world—and William

Laidlaw should take courage and publish a volume. Not a few staves of his have I sung in the old days, when we used to wash our faces in the Douglas' Burn, and you, James, were the herd on the hill. Oh me! those sweet, sweet days o' langsyne, Jamie!—Here's Willie Laidlaw's health, gentlemen.—Oh dear!—(*great applause.*)

SHEPHERD.

Oh, Mr North! it's weel as I mind you the first time ye cam up Yarrow—thirty years come Lammas—yes, it was just the ninety-eight—and eh me! but ye war a buirdly ane in thae days—ye didna look meikle aboon five-and-thirty—and nae wonder, for I'm sure nae stranger wad take ye for meikle aboon sixty now.

NORTH.

And yet I have been no Cornaro, except as in keenness of appetite. Abernethy would speak less dogmatically about abstinence and his eternal fourteen ounces of simple food and small glass of Sarsaparilla water, if he had ever collogued with some of us. Eh, Tickler?

TICKLER.

Yes, indeed. What a capital book Abernethy's Lectures make! They have sucked them out of the Lancet now, and you may have them all in a single compact stout volume by themselves. I took it with me t'other day on the top of the mail to Glasgow, and I swear I passed my five hours most exquisitely. The *Hang its!* and *Egads!* and so forth, give a wonderful lightness and relief to the doctrine. But, as you say, the burden of the whole song is fourteen ounces and Sarsaparilla—a very Sangrado.

NORTH.

He has the honesty, however, to confess, that he has not always practised as he preaches. That shows life in a mussel. Oh! he must be the prince and king of all oral instructors. I only wish they had given us a face of the old boy, for I never saw him, and I think no *interesting* book ought ever to be published without a cut of the inditer's physiognomy.

SHEPHERD.

What a capital ane of your worship that is on the last new cover of Maga!—I wish Tammas Cammel would follow your example, and tip us a sample o' himsell with the New Monthly. I never saw Tammas Cammel—What like is he?

NORTH.

Never saw Campbell!—Is it possible? I love him, despite his politics.

TICKLER.

And I; but I must say, the personality of that Magazine of his begins to be very nauseous to me. Why, they used to speak of Ebony's personalities—there is more of that in every one Number of the New Monthly *now*, than there ever was in any three of ours in our wildest days—and of a worse kind. He has got some most filthy contributors in Dublin.

ODOHERTY.

Horrid creatures! I think their *late* attacks on Lord Manners are about *the* basest things I ever met with. For what class of readers can these be meant?

TICKLER.

For your delectable countrymen of the Association, of course—though I acquit O'Connell. Hang him, with all his faults, Dan is a gentleman.

ODOHERTY.

By libelling the dying and the dead,
Morgan has bread and cheese—and Shiel has bread.

Have any of you read my old chum, Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs?

NORTH.

Yes, and with edification. Are his facts facts, Odoherty?

ODOHERTY.

Not knowing, can't say; but they are amusing, and that's enough for me. As to the general truth of the picture, I have no doubt of that.

NORTH.

Does Barrington scribble in the New Monthly too?

ODOHERTY.

I think not.

TICKLER.

I hope your friend has better taste. What a vile system this is, of encouraging all the broken down *roués* of Boulogne and Dieppe to write their recollections of the Societies they were, in their better days, suffered to contaminate in town! I venture to say, that Harriette Wilson is nothing to the inditers of these "Clubs of London," "Drafts on Lafitte," "Anecdotes of the Beefsteaks," and so forth;—these escape valves of the bitterness of the black-balled and the ejected! Heavens! In what vile days we live. Grub-street has travelled westwards with a vengeance. Here, fill a bumper all round—*Confusion to the felon-traitors of the festive board—their panderers—and their paymasters!*

OMNES.

Confusion to the traitors of the festive board! (*Three rounds of a groan.*)

NORTH.

By the by, Sir Morgan, what could induce Campbell to stuff that last Magazine of his with that stupid piece of politics? Who wrote those drivels?

ODOHERTY.

Poor Mackintosh, I was told. He writes occasionally for Campbell—particularly that inimitable series of *jeux de-spleen*, entitled, "Opinions for 1826, 1827, 1828," &c. Poor Jemmy appears to be on his last legs. He was just in full scent, on a very good permanent snuggery, when the machinery of the Whig-jobbers suddenly broke the main-spring in January last.

NORTH.

Ah! he was one of a legion of such sufferers. What a pretty number of sly threads were a-weaving! We saw something of it here, but we had not time for a bellyfull. It was coming.

SHEPHERD.

Say as ye like; the Whigs are better friends than the Tories. They're no fear'd to lend a lift to folk that have stood by them when their backs were at the wa'. As for our folk, they're poor pluckless chields anent thae things in common. Let me see a single man of genius that they've done onything for in our time. There's Cammell has his pension, and there's Dugald Stewart got an eight-and-twenty years renewal of his patent sinecure, only the day afore the Omnigatherum were turned out. When will ye hear of our friends doing onything like that for the like of me or Allan Cynningham, or ony other man o' genius?

NORTH.

Never. And do you thank your God, sir, that you are above needing their assistance. In the present state of literature, James, such men as you need nothing but diligence to be rich, at least independent; and in the present state of this country—I don't mean to disguise my sentiments—James, the man who condescends to pocket either pension or sinecure, unless he has earned them by public service, and moreover can't live without the money, that man, be he high or low, deserves to bear any name but that of a TORY; for that, sir, is only a synonym for PATRIOT—and PATRIOT, if I have any skill in such affairs, means HONEST MAN.

TICKLER.

You are quite right, Christopher. The Finance Committee ought to cut to the quick—if they don't, it had been better for them never to be born. They may lose a few rotten members by such bold work; but the Duke can afford all that. Let him show them all, that though Whigs can chatter, it is Tories only who ever *will* reform.

NORTH.

Yes, yes, Timothy; it's no time for mincing matters now. We have a debt which no man ought to cry out against, because it was contracted in the noblest as well as the most necessary of all causes. The fact is, that we are horribly crippled by our debt; and whatever direct means may be ultimately taken to diminish the burden itself, (which must be diminished ere we can hold our heads heaven-high again,) the indirect means must be taken forthwith. I

mean that all unnecessary expenditure must be got rid of, because that alone can give real strength—the strength of vigorous, solid, general faith, to the government of the country; and nothing can we hope for but from a strong government—a gigantically strong one—a real thorough Tory one. What says Timotheus?

TICKLER.

Timotheus says that he knocks down Odoherty for a song.

ODOHERTY, (*sings.*)

AIR,—"*They may rail at this life.*"

They may rail at the city, where first I was born,
  But it's there they've the whisky, and butter, and pork,
An' a *nate* little spot for to walk in each morn,
  They calls it Daunt's Square, and the city is Cork!
The square has two sides, why, one east, and one west;
  And convanient's the ragion of frolic and spree,
Where salmon, drisheens, and beef-stakes are cook'd best,
  Och! *Fishamble's* the *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

If you want to behold the sublime and the beauteous,
  Put your toes in your brogues, and see sweet Blarney lane,
Where the parents and *childer* is comely and duteous,
  And "dry lodgin" both rider and beast entertain:
In the cellars below dines the slashin' young fellows,
  What comes with the butter from distant Tralee;
While the lan'lady, chalking the score on the bellows,
  Sings, Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

Blackpool is another sweet place of that city,
  Where pigs, twigs, and wavers, they all grow together,
With its smart little tanyards—och, more is the pity—
  To strip the poor beasts to convert them to leather!
Farther up to the east, is a place great and famous,
  It is called Mallow Lane—antiquaries agree
That it holds the *Shibbeen* which once held King *Shamus.*—
  Oh! Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

Then go back to Daunt's bridge, though you'll think it is *quare,*
  That you can't see the bridge—faix! you ne'er saw the like
Of that bridge, nor of one-sided Buckingham square,
  Nor the narrow Broadlane, that leads up to the Dyke!
Where turning his wheel sits that Saint "Holy Joe,"
  And *numbrellas* are made of the best quality,
And young *vargints* sing "*Colleen das croothin a mo*"—
  And—Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me.

When you gets to the Dyke, there's a beautiful prospect
  Of a long gravel walk between two rows of trees;
On one side, with a beautiful southern aspect,
  Is Blairs Castle, that trembles above in the breeze!—
Far off to the west lies the lakes of Killarney,
  Which some hills intervening prevents you to see;
But you smell the sweet wind from the wild groves of Blarney—
  Och! Cork is the *Aiden* for you, love, and me!

Take the road to Glanmire, the road to Blackrock, or
  The sweet Boreemannah, to charm your eyes,
If you do what is *Wise,* take a dram of Tom Walker,
  And if you're a *Walker,* toss off Tommy Wise!

I give you my word that they're both lads of *spirit*;
But if a "*raw-chaw*" with your gums don't agree,
Beamish, Crawford, and Lane, brew some porter of merit,
Tho' *Potteen* is the nectar for you, love, and me.

Oh, long life to you, Cork, with your pepper-box steeple,
Your girls, your whisky, your curds, and sweet whey!
Your hill of Glanmire, and shops where the people
Gets decent new clothes down *beyont* the coal quay.—
Long life to sweet Fair Lane, its pipers and jigs,
And to sweet Sunday's-well, and the banks of the Lee,
Likewise to your *coort*-house, where judges in wigs
Sing, Cork is an *Aiden* for you, love, and me!

SHEPHERD.

The devil the like i' this warld o' thae Eerish Sangs for doonericht unintelligible nonsense—Yet they're fu' o' natur, and natur o' a maist deevertin sort, too—but oh, man, ODoherty! sing us something pathetic.

ODOHERTY.

Out with your fogle then, James—Here goes one, if not of the old Bailey, at least one of the new Bailey songs.

I.

I'd be a bottle-fly, buzzing and blue,
With a Chuny proboscis, and nothing to do,
But to dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
The choicest of meats, when the summer days glow!
Let the hater of sentiment, dew-drops, and flowers,
Scorn the insect that flutters in sun-beams and bowers;
There's a pleasure that none but the blue-bottle knows,—
'Tis to buzz in the ear of a man in a doze!

II.

How charming to haunt a sick-chamber, and revel
O'er the invalid's pillow, like any blue devil;
When pursued, to bounce off to the window, and then
From the pane to the counter-pane fly back again!
I'd be a bottle-fly, buzzing and blue,
With a Chuny proboscis, and nothing to do,
But to dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
The choicest of meats when the summer days glow!

Mr North, I knock you down for a stave. Come, old un. Cant.

NORTH.

"Oh yes!" by the same author.

OH YES!

I.

Oh yes! my soul the leaf resembles,
Which, fann'd by lightest zephyrs, trembles
As though each fibre thrill'd with life,
And shrunk from elemental strife—
What though the moon is full and bright,
And Philomela charms the night?
Can melody or moonshine cheer
The sorrow that is rooted *here*?

II.

Oh no! the lip may seem to smile,
And shroud a breaking heart the while!
The burning, throbbing, aching brow,
May seem as smooth as mine is now

And pain intense may *flush* the cheek!
Then ask me not why still I seek
The festive haunts of heartless folly—
'Tis but to feed—my melancholy!

III.

The red rose hath no charms for me;
'Tis too much like a peony.
Give me the lily, pure as bright,
The chaste, the delicate, the white!
Fit type of me! and oh! ye powers,
If souls of poets dwell in flowers,
When fate has sealed my body's doom,
Oh! let me in the lily bloom!

SHEPHERD.

I ca' that singing. Nane o' your falsettos—and damn your shakes—but clear as a bell.—

NORTH.

No flattery—my beloved James. I hate all puffing.

SHEPHERD.

And what think you, then, o' Maister Cobrun, the great London Publisher?

TICKLER.

Evils work their own cure—'tis a general rule; and in the issue this will prove no exception. The thing already disgusts everybody that has sense enough, as old Tully says, to keep a hog from putrefaction.—No allusion, to you, Jemmy.

SHEPHERD.

Allude as ye like, Timothy. For me, I'm free to own that if I was a bookseller, and fand that way was best wi' a view to the till, it wadna be nae delicate nonsenses o' scrupulosities that wad gar me refrean frae turning the penny to the outermost farthing. Hang it, what signifies palaver? Colburn began't, to be sure, but there's ither folk following in his tail now—and they'll a' be at the same tricks, belyve—there's naething can haud against the paragraphing.

NORTH.

I differ from you, James. God knows how any gentleman should even for a moment endure the degradation of seeing his name paraded in this fashion—but *they* will ere long—sooner or later *they* must open their eyes, and see what we onlookers have seen from the beginning—and act accordingly. Such men as Ward, now—what sort of poison must it be to them not to be able to take up a newspaper, without seeing themselves stuck up in this horrid style, to the wonder, the pity, must I add the contempt, of the rational public? Sir, if I were a novelist, I am by no means sure that I should have any objections to deal with Mr Colburn, for I hear the man's a civil man, and an economical, and an exact, and a thriving; but one thing I am sure of, and that is, that I would make it my *sine qua non* with the gentleman, that he should leave my book to sink or swim, as might happen, without any of his infernal bladder-work.

TICKLER.

What! You are sensitive, Kit? You could not bear to see it said of you, as it is in all the papers of Mr Lister, (a fine fellow he is, notwithstanding,) that you had just returned from a tour on the Continent, where your fame as the author of Yes or No, or Herbert Milton, or Herbert Lacy, or Vivian Gray, or George Godfrey, or whatever else it might be, had procured you the honour of invitations to the tables of several crowned heads!!! This would stomach you,—would it, my dear?

NORTH.

Och! och! och! Give me the brandy, Macrabin. No claret could wash that down.

SHEPHERD.

Or aiblins ye wad like weel to light on a small bit of news, as it were, extracted frae some country chronicle or gazette, certifying, that the innkeeper at siccan a place, in the immediate vicinity of siccan a hall, or castle, or hill, or dunghill, had sent a cask o' porter, and a side o' beef, to Christopher North, Esq., in humble acknowledgment of the great addition to his custom, since his last splendid romance of De Gammon, or Fitzfiddle—had rendered the neighbourhood the haunt of visitors,—noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies, &c. &c. &c., frae the four winds o' Heaven.—Ye wad notice the puff lately about Torrhill meikle to that effect; and, od! I daursay ye wad hae liket weel to be in honest Horautio's shoon on the occasion.

NORTH.

Οτοτοι! τοτατοι! φευ! παπαι! Ω!

MACRABIN.

And then to have your birth and parentage displayed,—"We understand that Christopher North, Esq., the celebrated author of *De Bore*, is a gentleman of independent fortune, holding extensive landed property in the counties of Perth, Kincardine, Kirkcudbright, Argyll, and Mid-Lothian. The family is ancient, and of the first distinction. Mr North is first cousin to his Grace the Duke of Bamff, and brother-in-law to Sir Craw M'Craw of that ilk. The Guildford family are understood to be descended from a collateral branch of the same distinguished house. John North, Esq. the eminent Dublin barrister, has also, we hear, some pretensions to a connexion with the great Novelist's family."

TICKLER.

Go on.—"It is a truly agreeable symptom of the spread of taste, when persons of this caste condescend to enlighten and entertain their contemporaries with their vivid recollections of those splendid circles, in which, from station and accomplishment, they must ever have been welcome guests." Would that do?

MACRABIN—(*Sings.*)

Run, ladies, run—there's nothing like beginning it—
Reading of Crim. Con. is better far than sinning it;
Buy, mothers, buy, the Miss will be a sober 'un,
That meditates nightly the Novelists of Colburn.

Run, ladies, run—'tis written by no Garrèteer—
We encourage only aristocratic merit here;
No Wapping merriment, nor Strand sentimentality,
Gilt-edged paper, dears, and real ink of quality.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht. That's stoopit.

NORTH.

Thank you, Peter. Upon my word, I see no reason why Wright and Warren should have all the poetry to themselves.

ODOHERTY.

A good hint, d—me! I'll make Colburn fork out five pounds for the suggestion. There's so many hands engaged already in the prose department, that I suppose one could have no chance of a birth there, Macrabin; but if you be disposed to try your fortune in town, I think it highly probable I could lend you a lift to something snug in the verse line. Hang it, that very song would do.

MACRABIN.

Faith, if songs would do, he should have no lack of them. But I'll tell you what, Sir Morgan, between you and me, I think I have a better idea than that to suggest.—By jingo, I have it—it will do, sir—it will do—it will do—

NORTH.

What will do, my chuck?

MACRABIN.

Chalk.

NORTH.

What do you mean?

MACRABIN.

Chalk.

TICKLER.

Confound him, what does he mean by *chalk?*

SHEPHERD.

Cawk.

MACRABIN.

ODoherty, you are au fait at such things—what would it cost to cover all the walls about Cockneyland with tri-uncials, after this fashion?—(*dips his finger in wine.*)

ODOHERTY.

Let me see——I'll engage to find a trusty fellow at sixteen shillings a-week——

NORTH.

Not extravagant. Upon my word, the plan might be worth considering——

SHEPHERD.

Worth considering! Why, as I hae a saul to be savit, it's worth gowd in goupins—Here, fill us a bumper all round—Here's Colburn and the Crayons for ever!—three times three—aye, that's your sorts.—Now for a stave—a ballad o' the best.—(*Sings.*)

Chalk! chalk! why the devil dinna ye chalk?
Stand to your ladders, and blaze in good order;
Up wi' your capitals, catch, catch the Cockneys all,
Frae the Hampstead hills and the Battersea border.
Chalk! chalk! puffing-men,
Fyke nae mair wi' the pen,
Here's better service, and cheaper for Colburn;
Try the new-farrant hum,
Gar gable, yett, and lum,
Stare like a strumpet, frae Hounslow to Holborn.

Chalk! chalk! baith "GRANBY" and "NORMANBY,"
Chalk them ahint ye and chalk them afore ye;
Chalk ilka crossing, and canny bit corner by,
"HARRIETTE WILSON," and "CLUB-LAND, A STORY."
Chalk every mither's son,
Till we read as we run
WRIGHT'S IN THE COLONNADE!—SOHO HOLDS EADY!
BUY, IF YOU BEN'T A BEAR,
BUY BOBBY WARD'S DE VERE!
Glower, gaupus, and shool out the ready!

MACRABIN. (*The trombone—poker and tongs—sings.*—AIR, "*Di piacer me balza il cuor.*")

Del ciakar' confounda lo corps;
E perche? Per Gingho io so:
I puffanti del orribil bore
Perche non pillorono nel row?
Scampo mi disgustera?
Boro sempre bothera?
Gran Editor confido in te!
Deh! tu lascia Cobron e Leigh!
Cento ragamuffi ciakrons intorno?
Piu fouli scorno
Scornar non puo:
No—no—no—

NORTH.

Non bisogno cangiar ni voce ni faccia per esser angelo!

SHEPHERD.

Come, lads, ye're sinning against the fundamentals—Fill your glasses, baith o' you. Polly botho dammero gablebo skinki fordoitikinibragh? Come, come, ye heathen Greeks!

TICKLER.

There, now, Translate your stave, Macrabin, *in usum porci.*

MACRABIN. (*Bagpipes—sings*—AIR, "*Waters of Elle.*"

Yarrow and Ettrick, now your streams are flowing,
Purer than silver to sweet Selkirk town;
On Altrive-brae once more the broom is blowing,
Lambkins are gay on soft Mont Benger's down.

There 'twas, at eve, in yonder byre reclining,
Hogg, ever dear, first fill'd a cup for me;
"Drink, drink," he cried, to me his quaigh consigning,
Far in the north they brew'd this barley-bree.

Hogg's cherish'd quaigh, with eager lips I drain'd it,
I would have drain'd it had it been a bowl;
Minister, session, never had restrain'd it,
Nor yet the Tweeddale presbytery's control.

(*Great applause.*)

NORTH.

Adjutant,—that was an extemporaneous touch of Macrabin's. It was, I assure you. You used to improvis—(confound it, I'm getting muzzy) admirably yourself—though not quite a Theodore Hook.—Come—Rough and Ready—be your theme that bottle of whisky.

ODOHERTY (*chaunts.*)

WHISKY.

Sing, jovial Muse, how, from the furrow'd field,
By hands laborious till'd, arose that grain,
By Gods and Men adored; whose vital juice,
Fermented and sublimed, in copper still
Ascending clear, (sweeter than morning dew
On Summer fields, or breath of odorous beds
Of blushing roses, pinks, or violets,)
Gives life to drooping Nature, wit to fools,
To cowards courage, and, on many a nose,
Erst unadorn'd, bids mimic blossoms grow.
Whisky, ycleped, soul-fascinating draught!
Thee I invoke, whilst thy unrivall'd power
I sing in lofty verse; Goddess of Stills!
Divine Malthea! O thine aid bestow,
As thou art wont, when oft my drowsy pate
I scratch for verses, and my pen assault
With tooth poetic:—So may'st thou never see,
Within thy Temple more, the odious face
Of Gauger, or more odious far and dread,
Surveyor or Inspector, dreaded more
Than midnight Goblin, whose insidious ken,
Greedy of seizures, darts from hole to hole,
Inquisitive.—But, lo! my glass is out,
And with the inspiring potion halts my song.

* * *

SHEPHERD.

Noo—that tanker's owre—Mr Tickler, you too, sir, maun contribute to the conviviality o' the company. Either sing or spoot.

TICKLER.

James,—I will spoot.

ODE ON THE DISTANT PROSPECT OF A GOOD DINNER.

Ye distant dishes, sideboards blest
With Halford's peptic pill—
Where grateful gourmands still attest
Illustrious Robert's skill;
And ye that, girt with *legumes* round,
Or in the purest pastry bound,
On silvery surface lie;
Where *pâté—salmi—sauce tomate,*
Fricandeau framed with nicest art
Attract the glist'ning eye.

Ah! richest scent! perfume beloved!
Blest odours breathed in vain—
Where once my raptured palate roved,
And fain would rove again.
I feel the gales that now ascend,
A momentary craving lend—
As curling round the vapours seem
My faded faculties t'excite,
Restore my long-pall'd appetite,
And soothe me with their steam.

Say, Monsieur Ude, for thou hast seen
Full many a jovial set
Discoursing on *la bonne cuisine,*
In social union met—
Who foremost now prepare to pray
Des cotelettes à la chicorée?
Sauté de saumon—qui l'attend?
What young Amphitryons now vote
Nothing like *pigeons en compote,*
Or taste the *vol-au-vent?*

While some at lighter viands aim,
And towards digestion lean,
Poularde aux truffes, or *à la crême,*
Or *agneau aux racines;*
Some hardier epicures disdain
The distant chance of doubtful pain,
And *queue d'esturgeon* try;
Still as they eat they long to cease,
They feel a pang as every piece
Passes their palate by.

But lo! the *entremets* are placed
To greet the gourmand's nose,
Bedeck'd with all the pride of paste,
Confective prowess shows.
One earnestly devotes his praise
To *beignets a la lyonnaise,*
Others survey with mix'd delight
Gelée's d'orange—de marasquin;
While some, with looks ecstatic, scan
The *soufflé's* buoyant height.

Best fare is theirs by —— fed,
Less pleasing to digest;
The taste soon gone, and in its stead,
Oppression on the chest.

Theirs joyous hours, and jocund nights,
Wit's playful sallies, fancy's flights,
And goodly cheer as e'er was seen—
The aged Hock—the Champagne bright,
Burgundia's best, and Claret light,
The vintage of nineteen.

Alas! regardless of their doom
Each rich ragout they take,
No sense have they of pains to come,
Of head or stomach-ache.
Yet see how all around them press,
Th' attendants of each night's excess;
Fell Indigestion's followers vile:
Ah! show them where the hateful crew
Scoff calomel and pills of blue,
Ah! tell them they have bile.

These shall the Gout tormenting rack,
The Vampire of the toes,
Night-mare, Lumbago in the back,
And Cholic's painful throes;
Or languid liver waste their youth,
Or caries of a double tooth,
Its victim's nerves that nightly gnaws.
Vertigo—Apoplexy—Spleen,
The feverish hand—the visage green,
The lengthen'd lanthorn jaws.

This, a *consommé*, precious prize!
Is tempted now to try;
To restless nights a sacrifice,
And dire acidity.
Till throbs of heart-burn—ague's pangs,
And Cholera's fiercely-fixing fangs,
Have left him, liverless, to moan,
The bloated form—the pimpled face,
The tottering step—th' expiring trace
Of good digestion gone.

To each his twitches, all are men,
Condemned to pick their bone;
The poor man in another's den,
The rich man in his own.
Yet, why should I of torments treat?
Since we were made to drink and eat,
Why should I prophesy their pain?
Stomachs were form'd for holding food,
No more—while our digestion's good,
'Tis folly to abstain.

NORTH.

Most excellent, my dear Timothy.—After all, you are the man among us for a——

TICKLER.

I knew you would like it. But the author is thirty years, at least, my junior.

NORTH.

But the parody is not complete without the lines that usually——

TICKLER—(*spouts.*)

BY A LADY.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF THE ODE, ON THE DISTANT PROSPECT OF A GOOD DINNER.

PLEASURES of eating! oh! supremely blest,
And healthy far beyond e'en Halford's skill,
If thy strong stomach can indeed digest
All that thy palate loves, without a pill;
By me how envied—for to me
The herald still of misery,
Good eating makes its influence known
By aches, and pains, and qualms alone;
I greet it as the fiend to whom belong
Dyspepsia's vulture train, and Nightmare's prancing throng.
It tells of bright Champagne and Sauterne iced,
Of patties, sauces, *soufflé* and *aspic*,
Of meats too fondly loved, too richly spiced,
Of many a cause to fear I shall be sick!
For what, but dread lest I should soon
Be sorely ill, withholds my spoon;
When turtle—soup of soups—is near;
What but the sad-restraining fear,
Lest heart-burn, tyrant dire, usurp his reign,
And realize the pangs that friends and doctors feign.

SHEPHERD.

That's gude Poetry, ony hoo. What's it and the precedin' odd Parroddics on?

NORTH.

Nay, James, that would be painting his name below the picture of the Blue Lion.—What! you are not all going to leave me at this early hour?

OMNES.

Dochandhurras!

SHEPHERD—(*sings.*)

The day may daw,
The cock may craw,
But we will taste the barley-bree!

NORTH.

Whate'er the standard tipple, whisky's best
To greet the coming, speed the going guest.—(*rings.*)

Enter JOHN, *with the black bottle.*

MACRABIN, (*sings.*)

AIR,—"*Sweet Home.*"

'Mong poets and novelists on we may jogg;
Be they ever so clever, there's none like our Hogg.
A light from the skies seems to centre on him,
And leave everything round it imperfect and dim.
Hogg—Hogg—great, great Hogg!—
There's no bard like Hogg!
There's no bard like Hogg!

Without genius like Hogg's learning dazzles in vain;
Oh give us, we cry, our bright Shepherd again.
The wit and the rhyme jump to life at his call,
And the true native sentiment better than all.
Hogg—Hogg—sweet, sweet Hogg!
There's no man like Hogg!
There's no man like Hogg!

(*Great Applause.*)

NORTH.

Dearly beloved Shepherd—your paw. How the dunces wince, my lad, at the honour in which the author of the Queen's Wake is held all over Scotland, and most of all, in Maga the Magnificent—the focus of the many lights—the concentrated essence of the many liquids of Scotland.

SHEPHERD.

Puir deevils—but they do that—and oh, sir! they're bitter, bitter, bitteres o' a' at the Noctes Ambrosianæ. Some o' them hae even had the impudence to tak the leeberty in my ain house to——

NORTH.

I understand you, James. But by the spirit of Robert Burns, I swear——

SHEPHERD.

Whisht. Nae swearin' in this hoose. Was na't verra kind, very freenly in John Lockhart to dedicate "the Life" to me and Allan Kinningham?

NORTH.

Not a whit. What else could he have done? The best pledge a writer can give, James, of the sincerity of his admiration of dead genius, is his love of the living—and——

SHEPHERD.

O pity me the day—sir—how the dunces do hate him and you—and the Magazine—and Edinbro'—and a' Scotland—and indeed, some o' them, for your three sakes, the wide warld, and a' mankind—this life, and the life to come!

NORTH.

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

SHEPHERD.

I ken that quotation—and can translate it too—

Kick the confounded scoun'rels to Auld Nick,
'Tis kick and come again—and come again and kick!

NORTH.

Yes! they will come sneaking, James, up along my avenue, to the sore annoyance, no doubt, of the flowers, that nod their heads to such visitors as my Shepherd, and smile a welcome to him with a thousand eyes—

SHEPHERD.

Oh! the dear dummies! may nae untimely blight ever blast or blacken their brichtness—but their dewy lives a' be blest, whether short and sweet, as that o' the puir bit annals that see but ae spring and ae simmer, and never ken winter ava', ignorant, as is easy to be discerned frae their thochtless faces, as they keep drying their locks in the sun, that there is in natur sic things as sleet and hail, and frost, and ice, and snaw—naething but saft dews and rains, that mak a' thing sgrow and glow, and the earth murmur to hersell, like a bonnie sleeping lassie dreamin' o' her sweetheart—or langer and mair checkered, like that o' the perannals, that often keep blumein' on to Christmas, and are gathered by some tender haun', to furnish a winter posey for the breast o' beauty, or a winter garland wi' whilk to wreath her hair.

NORTH.

Beautiful, my James—quite beautiful—exquisite—quite exquisite.

SHEPHERD.

What! the impident cretures come to you too, sir, wi' their Albums and their trash aneath their oxters?

NORTH.

Too often. Be my gates open, day and night, to every honest man—and to share my hospitality with sons of genius from afar, shall be my delight till I die.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna tawk o' deein'—dinna tawk o' deein', even in a metaphor. Were North dead, the Sun micht as weel die too; for what in this warld could he see worth shinin' on *then!*

NORTH.

But 'tis hateful to have one's Dulce Domum—one's Sanctum Sanctorum, profaned by hollow-hearted intruders, with a bill of lading in their pockets, who afterwards libel the very spider on your wall, and accuse him of murdering flies, in a way offensive to the shade of his great ancestress—the first

weaver of the web of his house—Arachne. Is it not so, Bronte? Won't ye henceforth bark at the beggars?

BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—whurrrrwhurrrwhurr!

SHEPHERD.

What'n tosks! Savage and sagawcious! Tear the trampers, Bronte.

BRONTE.

Whurrurrrwhurrur—bow—wow—wow!

SHEPHERD.

The gang! Some o' them wi' claes unco napless, and a bit sair-worn tippenny watch-chain, that changes colour every time you look at it; and, safe us, siccan a hat! And ithers o' them again wi' sirtoos, nae less, and a fur foraging cap, and a bunch o' seals as big's my nieve—but a's no goold that glitters—wi' their coats o' arms, forsooth, engraven on the chucky-stanes, and beasts they pretend to be their crests—but wi' little siller in their pouch, or I'm deceived sairly—neither cash, credit, nor character—which, if you please, sir, let us drink in a bumper-toast.

NORTH.

The Three C's.—Cash, Credit, and Character! Hurra—hurra—hurra!

SHEPHERD.

Weel, sir—as I was sayin'—in they come—you ken the door out-by—lootin' their heads aneath the lintel, though it's better than sax feet ony day, just like a gander gaun in at a gate that he cou'dna touch the arch o', war he to try to flap himsell up into a flee,—and there they keep fummlin' in the trance wi' their Spanish clocks, nae less, fastened round their thrapples, (Heaven grant it may never be waur wi' them,) and it's a gude quarter o' an hour o' precious time lost, afore they can get their daft-neerdowell-lookin' head-gear to tak' haud o' yon pegs. Then they canna eat this, and they canna eat that, wi' their tale; but let them alane a wee, and, hech sirs! but you see they're desperate hungry—maist vorawcious—four-meal-a-day-chiels, when they get them, which is plainly no aften—at breakfast eatin' the verra shells o' the fowre eggs—in the forenoon chowin' cheese and crusts, and drinkin' porter gin you were to let them hae't—at denner helpin' themsells afore the mistress, and never offerin' to put so muckle's a potatto on the plate o' my bonny wee Jamie, God bless him!

NORTH.

The mistress—my dearest Shepherd—wee Jamie, and a' the lave o' them—here's to them all—and God bless them indeed—well do they deserve his blessing, James—and thou too, my friend. Come, James, sit nearer the old man.

SHEPHERD.

I canna get ony closer for the crutch. Oh! Sir—Mr North—but I do like you weel, weel. Faith, I'm maist greetin'.

NORTH.

That Glenlivet is very strong, James.

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue—it's no that—But to return to thae stravaigers—after eatin' and drinkin' you out o' house and ha', and stupifyin' ye wi' their Cockney clishmaclavers till you're like to scunner, aff they set in the mornin' early, without lettin' the servant lass ken the colour o' their coin, wi' a shirt on their backs and a pair o' stockings on their legs, and a silk pocky handkerchief in their pouch—no belangin' to them—and sailin' awa' to Lunnan in the steerage o' some dirt-gabbert, for they canna afford smack or steamer. In a month or twa you see them libelling you in periodicals, or what's mair unendurable yet, laudin' you with their flattery, sickenin' to my stammach, as whuppit-up soor-milk, that stauns in the middle o' the table, and's ca'd Flummery.

NORTH.

The Athenæum?

SHEPHERD.

Just sae. Yon young Eerisher had better keep a calm sugh.

NORTH.

Yes—Mum's the word for him, and some of his compeers. What think you

of that story of the dressing-case? It was a bad sign of the Times. The New Times are, I fear, not so good as the Old.

SHEPHERD.

Ten guineas for a dressing-case! Wull ye tell me, sir, what *is* a dressing-case? Does the whalp shave wi' gowden razors? But hoo did the bizziness terminate? Did the auld lang-bearded Jew carry aff his article?

NORTH.

Ask at Bow-street.

SHEPHERD.

Nae doubt he's weel acquainted with Gray's Elegy—and really when I saw the cretur out at Mount-Benger, lying sae conceity on a bit knowe, I cudna help saying intil mysell—

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

NORTH.

I much fear he has no talents—poor fellow. Yet he might speak the truth. He ought not to say what he knows to be false. You remember a saying of Dr Johnson's, James?

SHEPHERD.

No me. It passes the power o' my understandin' to comprehend hoo sic a clever chiel as that Buckingham can thole contributors o' that class. Ane wad hae thocht, that after a' his travellin' through this wide and weary warld, he wad hae fund out by this time which side his bread was buttered on—but that cawve, that coof Creeto—the Cawker—and Pert Paddy, are cretures that wull soon kill ony critical, for naething sae deadly to a young new wark as a feelin' towards it in the public mind o' cool contempt. He'll no be lang i' findin' that out—let him kick all such out o' the concern—and under his able owspices, the Athenæum, I hope, will flourish.

NORTH.

I hope it will. Buckingham's politics and mine are wide as the poles asunder—but I respect the independent spirit of the man, the energy of his character, and his talents.

SHEPHERD.

Nane o' a' the new weekly periodicals wull ever cut out the Literary Gazette.

NORTH.

Never, James. And simply for one reason—Mr Jerdan is a gentleman, and is assisted by none but gentlemen.

SHEPHERD.

And havein' taen the start he'll keep it—let the lave whup and spur as they like after his heels. But I like to see a gude race, so I houp nane o' them 'll be distanced.

NORTH.

'Tis a pretty race. The Athenæum is well laid in upon his flank—and there goes the Sphynx and Atlas at a spanking rate—looking within the ropes like winners; but the rider of the Ould Horse has him in hand, and letting him loose within a rod of the judges' stand, he will win the gold cup by two lengths at least—and I take him at even against the field for the Derby.

TICKLER—ODOHERTY—MACRABIN—(*una voce*).

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil are you ne'erdoweels guffawin' at?

MACRABIN.

The best caricature of you both ever drawn, by ODoherty! See here!

SHEPHERD.

Hae ye daured, ODoherty, to draw a carricatoor o' us twa? A wee thing wad gar me gie you the braid o' your back on the Turkey carpet.

ODOHERTY.

I cry you mercy.

NORTH.

One other toast before we part—Here's to the health and happiness of the only Whig I ever knew whom it was possible to love—the amiable, ingenious, enlightened, and most eloquent—whom?

OMNES.

Jeffrey—Jeffrey—Jeffrey—Jeffrey—Jeffrey! Hurra, hurra, hurra!

SHEPHERD.

And no Sir Walter?

NORTH.

He, my dear Shepherd, is at all times in our hearts.

TICKLER.

Come, now, hands all round the table—are the quaighs filled? Aye, John, you may well stare wild like a goshawk. Here goes—(*sings.*)

AIR,—*Isabel.*

Come, jolly boys, and never disunited,
One cup for friendship's sake,
Let's now with claret nobly freighted
Our dochandhurras take!

We up Leith Walk, ere now, have often stoited,
With a' the warld awake—
Jolly boys, jolly boys, jolly boys—
Farewell, dear host, be soon and blythe our meeting,
Jolly boys, jolly boys, jolly boys.

SHEPHERD.

Nae harm, my dear lads, in partin' wi' a bit bonny sang o' my ain—no sae merry, but yet no melancholy.

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

THE night is wearing to the wane,
And daylight glimmering east awa';
The little sternies dance amain,
And the moon bobs aboon the shaw.
But though the tempest tout an' blaw
Upon his loudest midnight horn,
Good night an' joy be wi' you a',
We'll maybe meet again the morn.

O, we hae wander'd far and wide,
O'er Scotia's land of firth and fell;
And mony a bonny flower we've pu'd,
And twined them wi' the heather bell;
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The hamlet and the Baron's ha',
Now let us take a kind farewell,—
Good night and joy be wi' you a'.

Ye hae been kind as I was keen,
And follow'd where I led the way,
Till ilka poet's love we've seen
Of this and mony a former day.
If e'er I led your steps astray,
Forgie your Minstrel aince for a';
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay,—
Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.

Omnes—Gude nicht and joy be wi' us a'. (*Exeunt.*)

NORTH,—(*Demi-Transatlantic.*)

John, open the windows—upon my word 'tis a very fine morning. Get the hot-bath ready, John, and my dressing things—I must get through the rest of that infernal Emigration Report yet before breakfast.

(*Left yawning.*)

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OLD NORTH AND YOUNG NORTH,

OR

CHRISTOPHER IN EDINBURGH, AND CHRISTOPHER IN LONDON.

A Midsummer-day's Dream.

We have no idea what is thought of us in the fashionable world. Most probably we are looked on as a pretty considerable Quiz. Our external, or personal appearance, is, we cheerfully confess, somewhat odd, both face and figure. It is not easy for you to pass us by on the streets without a stare at our singularity, or to help turning round, as soon as you think you are out of reach of our crutch, which, by the by, we sometimes use as a missile, and can throw almost as far as that celebrated Gymnast of the Six Foot Club can swing the thirteen pound sledge-hammer; while, with a placid smile of well-pleased surprise, you wonder if that can indeed be the veritable and venerable Christopher North.

Such is our natural and acquired modesty, that so far from being flattered by these proofs of public esteem and popular favour, they fret and annoy us more than we care to express. The truth is, we can seldom, on such occasions, help feeling as if there were a hole in our black silk stocking, the white peeping through like a patch of snow—a shoe minus a silver-buckle—a button off some part of our dress—the back part of our hat in front—the half-expanded white rose-bud-tie of our neckcloth, of which we are alike proud and particular, dissolved into two long slips, which more than anything else appertaining to a man's habiliments, give your person the impress of a weaver expert at the treddle and fly-shuttle—or, to us who keep a regular barber on the chin establishment, with a salary of L.80, worst suspicion of all, and if verified to the touch, death to that day, a Beard! A Beard! fair reader, as rough as the brush—naughty little mermaid—with which you keep combing your glossy locks in that mirror—no, you do not think it flatters—both, before you "lie down in your loveliness," and after you rise up in it,—alarmed by the unexpected and apparently endless ringing of the breakfast bell.

Yet, we are not so very much of a Quiz, after all; and considering how the storms of so many seasons have beat against us, it is astonishing how well we wear, both in root, branch, and stem. We cannot help—in our pride—Heaven forgive and pity us!—sometimes likening ourselves to an old Ash beside a Church. There stands the tree, with bark thick as cork, and hard as iron—hoary arms overshadowing with a pleasant glimmer—for

his leaves are beautiful as those of some little plant, come late and go early, and are never so umbrageous as to exclude the blue sky—overshadowing with a pleasant glimmer a whole family of tombstones,—stem with difficulty circled by the united arm-lengths of some half-dozen school-boys, never for a day satisfied, without, during a pause of their play, once more measuring the giant,—roots, many of them visible like cables along the gravel-walk leading from the kirk-yard-gate, where on Sabbath stands the elder beside the plate, and each Christian passing by droppeth in the tinkling charity, from rich man's gold to widow's mite—and many of them hidden, and then reappearing far off from among the graves—while the tap-root, that feeds and upholds all the visible glory, hath for ages struck through the very rock-foundation of that humble house of the Most High! Solemn image! and never to be by us remembered, but through a haze of tears! How kindred the nature of mirth and melancholy! What resemblance seemeth that tree now to have to a poor, world-wearied, and almost life-sick old man! For in a few short years more, we shall have passed away like a shadow, and shall no more be anywhere found; but Thou, many and many a midsummer, while centuries run their course, wilt hang thy pensive, "thy dim religious light"—over other and other generations, while at that mystic and awful table, whiter than the unstained mountain snow, sit almost in the open air, for the heavens are seen in their beauty through the open roof of that living temple, the children of the hamlet and the hall, partaking of the sacrament,—or, ere that holiest rite be solemnized in simplicity, all listening to the eloquence of some grey-haired man inspired by his great goodness, and with the Bible open before him, making, feeble as he seemed an hour ago before he walked up into the Tent, the hearts of the whole congregation to burn within them, and the very circle of the green hills to ring with joy!

What a blessed order of Nature it is, that the footsteps of Time are "inaudible and noiseless," and that the seasons of life are like those of the year, so indistinguishably brought on, in gentle progress, and imperceptibly blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint and not unpleasant feeling, that he is growing old! The boy looks on the youth, the youth on the man, the man in his prime on the grey-headed sire, each on the other, as on a separate existence in a separate world. It seems sometimes as if they had no sympathies, no thoughts in common, that each smiled and wept on account of things for which the other cared not, and that such smiles and tears were all foolish, idle, and most vain; but as the hours, days, weeks, months and years go by, how changes the one into the other, till, without any violence, lo! as if close together at last, the cradle and the grave! In this how Nature and Man agree, pacing on and on to the completion of a year—of a life! The Spring how soft and tender indeed, with its buds and blossoms, and the blessedness of the light of heaven so fresh, young, and new, a blessedness to feel, to hear, to see, and to breathe! Yet the Spring is often touched by frost—as if it had its own Winter, and is felt to urge and be urged on upon that Summer, of which the green earth, as it murmurs, seems to have some secret forethought. The Summer, as it lies on the broad blooming bosom of the earth, is yet faintly conscious of the coming-on of Autumn with "sere and yellow leaf,"—the sunshine owns the presence of the shade—and there is at times a pause as of melancholy amid the transitory mirth! Autumn comes with its full or decaying ripeness, and its colours grave or gorgeous—the noise of song and sickle—of the wheels of wains—and all the busy toils of prophetic man gathering up against the bare cold Winter, provision for the body and for the soul! Winter! and cold and bare as fancy pictured—yet not without beauty and joy of its own, while something belonging to the other seasons that are fled, some gleamings as of spring-light, and flowers fair as of Spring among the snow—meridians bright as Summer morns, and woods bearing the magnificent hues of Autumn on into the Christmas frost—clothe the Old Year with beauty and with glory, not his own—and just so with Old Age, the Winter, the last season of man's ever-varying, yet never wholly changed Life!

Then blessings on the Sages and the Bards who, in the strength of the trust that was within them, have

feared not to crown Old Age with a diadem of flowers and light! Shame on the satirists, who, in their vain regret, and worse ingratitude, have sought to strip it of all "impulses of soul and sense," and leave it a sorry and shivering sight, almost too degraded for pity's tears! True, that to outward things the eye may be dim, the ear deaf, and the touch dull; but there are lights that die not away with the dying sunbeams—there are sounds that cease not when the singing of birds is silent—there are motions that still stir the soul, delightful as the thrill of a daughter's hand pressing her father's knee in prayer; and therefore, how calm, how happy, how reverend, beneath unoffended Heaven, is the head of Old Age! Walk on the mountain, wander down the valley, enter the humble hut,—the scarcely less humble kirk,—and you will know how sacred a thing is the hoary hair that lies on the temples of him who, during his long journey, forgot not his Maker, and feels that his Old Age shall be renewed into immortal youth!

"That strain I heard was of a higher mood!"

But now we must wake a lowlier measure;—and, gentle reader! thou wilt not refuse to go with us, who, in comparison with thee are old, for thou art in thy prime—and be not, we implore thee, a prodigal of its blessings—into the little humming room, whose open window looks over the lilacs and laburnums now in all their glory almost painful to look on, so dazzling are they in their blue and yellowburnished array—and while away an hour with—start not at the name—the very living flesh-and-blood Christopher North, whose voice has often been with thee, as the voice of a solemn or sportive spirit, when rivers and seas rolled and flowed between, he lying under the birch-tree's, and thou, perhaps, under the Banana's shade! Let us both be silent. Look at those faces on the wall—how mild! how meek! how magnificent! You know them, by an instinct for beauty and grandeur, to be the Shadows of the Spirits whose works have sanctified your sleeping and your waking dreams. The great poets!—Ay, you may gaze till twilight on that bust! Blind Melesigines!—But hark! the front-door bell is ringing—then tap, tap, tap, tap—and lo! a bevy of beauty, matrons, and maids, who have all been a-Maying, and come to lay their wreaths and garlands at the old man's feet! Is our Age deserted and forsaken—childless, wifeless though it be—for the whole world knows that we are a bachelor—when subjected, in the benignity of Providence, to such visionary visitations as these? Visionary call them not—though lovelier than poet's dreams beside the Castalian fountain—for these are living locks of auburn braided over a living brow of snow—these tresses, black in their glossy richness as the raven's wing, are no work of glamoury—no shadow She with the light-blue laughing eyes—She, whose dark orbs are filled with the divine melancholy of genius,

"Like Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old Romance,"

bears, in her soul-fraught beauty, a soft, sweet, familiar Christian name—but, lo! like fair sea-birds, they all gather together, floating round the Lord of the Mansion—and is not Buchanan-Lodge the happiest, the pleasantest of dwellings, and old Christopher North the happiest and the pleasantest of men?

Perhaps, to see and hear us in another character of our perfection, you should mistake the gateway of the Lodge for that of some other sylvan abode, and come upon us as we are sitting under the blossom-fall of a laburnum; or lying carelessly diffused in a small circle of flower-fringed greensward, like Love among the roses. Our face, then, has no expression but that of mildness—you see a man who would not hurt even a wasp—our intellectual is merged, not lost, in our moral being—and if you have read Tacitus, you feel the full meaning of his beautiful sentence about Agricola,—"Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter."

Awaking sufficiently to see that some one is present before us, we motion the light or shadow to lie down, and begin conversing so benignly and so wisely, that the stranger feels at home as if in his birth-place, even as a son returned from afar to his father. The cheerful stillness of the retirement, for there is no stir but of birds and bees,—the sea-murmur is not heard

to-day, and the city bells are silent,—is felt to be accordant with the spirit of our green old age, and as the various philosophy of human life overflows the garden, our visitor regards us now as the indolent and indulgent Epicurus—now as the severe and searching Stagyrite—now as the Poet-Sage, on whose lips in infancy fell that shower of bees, the Divine Plato—now Pythagoras, the silent and the silencing—now "that old man eloquent," Socrates, the loving and beloved; and unconsciously at the close of some strain of our discourse he recites to himself that fine line of Byron,

> "Well hast thou said, Athena's wisest son!"

Or, were you to fall in with us as we were angling our way down the Tweed, on some half-spring half-summer day, some day so made up of cloud and sunshine that you know not whether it be light or dark,—

> "That beautiful uncertain weather,
> When gloom and glory meet together,"

some day, when at this hour the air is alive with dancing insects, and at that every gauzy and gaudy winglet hushed—some day on which you could wander wild as a red deer over the high mountains and by the shores of the long-winding loch, or sit fixed as the cushat in the grove, and eye the ruins of an old castle;—were you to fall in with us on such a forenoon, by the pool below Nidpath, or the meadow-mound of sweet Cardrona-mains, or the ford of Traquair, near the lively Inverleithen, or the sylvan dens of Dryburgh, or the rocky rushings of the Trows, or—But sit down beneath the umbrage of that sycamore—Heavens! what a tree!—and be thou Charles Cotton and we Isaac Walton, and let both of us experience that high and humane delight which youth and age do mutually communicate, when kindness is repaid with gratitude, and love with reverence.

Yet even as we hobble along the City street—the street of Princes—with one or two filial youngsters at our side—for old men are our aversion, so nut-deaf are they, so sand-blind, so perverse, and so cell-bound are their souls—our company and our converse is not undelightful, pitched as the latter then is, on a low but lively key, like the twitter of a bird, even of a sparrow, who, let the world say what it will, chirps a pleasant song as he frisks along the eaves, and both in love and war—though there, alas! the parallel between us falls to the ground—yields to no brother of his size in the whole aviary of nature. Or if sparrow please you not, why then we are even as the swallow, lover too of the abodes of men—a true household bird—and seeming, as he wheels in the sunshine, to be ever at his pastime, yet all the while gathering sustenance for the nest he loves, and never so happy as when sitting in his "auld clay biggin," breast to breast—but there again, woe is us! fails the similitude—breast to breast, with his white-throated mate, whom, in another month, he will accompany, along with their full-fledged family, over the wide wide seas, and, their voyage ended, renew their loves beneath the eaves of other human dwellings, afar off and in foreign lands, for all their life is love, and still they make

> "Their annual visit round the globe,
> Companions of the spring."

Nay, you would be pleased to sit beside, or before, or behind us, in pit or box of our theatre, and list our genial eulogiums on Murray, and Mackay, and Mason, and Stanley, and Pritchard; or Him from London Town, the Inimitable, for the name of the actor is lost in that of Long Tom. No critics, it is well known, are we; but, when a true son or daughter of nature, "some well-graced actor decks the stage," the best of our remarks might grace the Journal. Yea, the very beauty of the Siddons herself becomes more starlike—for, mind ye, a star is ever gentle in its brightest glow,—as if kindling before your eyes in the fine enthusiasm of our praise. Or, if Pasta, or Paton—Eliza the modest and the musical—hush the room, it is pleasant to see old Christopher North sitting almost ghostlike amid the pathos! In his younger days, the harp was the instrument on which he loved to play, but now he seldom touches a string; yet when beauty with a smile hints the wish to hear some ancient melody, the old man is not unwilling, in a rare hour, to try his trembling hand, repaid at the close of the Broom o' the Cowdenknows, or the Flowers o' the Forest—nor has his voice been silent—repaid, oh, soft-eyed daughter

of the son of the dead brother of our youth, a thousand times repaid by one single tear!

Or seek you the saloon, "Grandeur's most magnificent saloon," and mingle, mingle, mingle, with the restless and glittering flow of fashionable life, a sea of tossing plumes! Why even there, you may perchance see Christopher sitting all by himself in a nook—silent but not sad—grave but not gloomy—critical but not censorious—in love with the few, in liking with the many—in good-will with all. His gracious eye is not averted even from the flying waltz; for, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and if yours be the heart of a man, what evil thought can be inspired into it by the breath of innocence! Youth is the season of love and joy, and inhale therefore into thy inmost soul the bliss of that balmy breath, and hug to thy inmost soul the ideal embrace, so faint—so very faint—of that young virgin, whose waist now thine arm is privileged blamelessly to encircle; for where virtue glides in all her blushing beauty, the touch even of passion's self shall be reverential, and that bright girl and bright boy shall part as they met, as pure in thought as two doves, that happen to intersect each other's flight, and after a few airy evolutions in the sunshine, flee away, each to its own place of pleasure or rest.

Or, need we allude to ourselves sitting by the ingle-cheek, so crouse and canty, at the sober—yea, the sober orgies of our Noctes Ambrosianæ? We are no cameleons—we neither feed on air, nor change our colour. Of much of the Glenlivet we gulp, the parent barley is yet unborn—the only Ether we imbibe is the ether of the imagination—Opium, in drop or pill, touches not our lips, but in the feast of fancy; though one Choice Spirit doth occasionally sit and shine among us, to whom that drug is dear—and the oyster-beds along the sounding shores of the mighty sea, have reason to bless their stars that the accounts they have from the fishermen, of the innumerous barrels so unmercifully emptied in Picardy, are apocryphal. See there is our outstretched arm, and on the point of that little finger—not unfrequently turned up so—lies untrembling the drop of the mountain-dew! So steady is every sinew of Sobriety—who often rises with the Sun, and often sits up for him too—the Sun, who, washed and dressed almost in a moment, takes a stage by steam before breakfast, and whom you see dining on a dessert of fruits of all glorious sorts and sizes about mid-day, right over your head, sitting beneath the Deas, in the Blue Chamber, ceiling'd and fretted by the sky! Not brighter is that Blue Chamber of the Sun, than the Parlour where we hold our Parliament—North in the chair, and unlike that solemn Silence in St Stephens, a Speaker indeed! No rat or radical from rotten borough here—each of us member for a county, Lowland or Highland,—the Representatives of Scotland—ay, of England, too,—for lo! "England sends her men, of men the chief"—Seward of Christchurch, and Buller of Brazennose;—and as for Ireland, the green and glorious,—lo! the bold, the dauntless ODoherty,—the Adjutant good-at-need,—the Ensign, with whom no Hope is forlorn,—the Standard-bearer, who plants the staff of Joy in the centre of our table, in a hole bored by the gleg gimlet of his nation's wit, so that the genial board is overshadowed by its bright emblazonry, and at every rustle of its folds, Tickler seems to rise in stature, Macrabin to become more and more the grave Covenanter, Mullion's mirth to grow broader as the crump farl on the gridiron, and our Shepherd to shine like a rowan-tree in Autumn, brightening the greensward where lie his sheep-like lambs. Invincibles all! It is indeed a bright, a benign, a beautiful little circular world, inhabited but by a few choicest spirits—some of them—oh! may we dare to hope it—even on earth immortal! The winged words—some like bees and some like birds—keep working and lurking, stinging and singing, wherever they alight—yet no pernicious pain in the wound, no cruel enchantment in the strain. The winged words—bee or bird-like—are still murmuring among flowers,—

"Flowers, worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers!"

Some faint echo of the sounds that then circle round the inner shrine, not unheard by the outward world, makes its heart to beat or burn within it, its nerves to tingle, or haply even brings the dim haze across its eye. The mean and malignant are cowed like poultry by the crowing of a far-off game-cock, on his airy walk on a pleasant hill-farm. The son of Genius pining in the shade—Oh! why should genius ever pine beneath the sun, moon, and stars?—feels encouragement breathed into his spirit, and knows that one day or other he shall emerge from the gloom in glory, cheered by the cordial strain of us kindred spirits, who, one and all, will take him by the hand, the mirthful as well as the melancholy, for their likings and loves are the same, and place him among the Ὁμότιμοι, the Equal-honoured, the Sacred Band, Brothers all, who, to the sound of flutes and soft recorders, in firmest phalanx move on in music to everlasting Fame.

We were some half hour ago speaking of the Fashionable World—were we not—of Edinburgh? Why, in Edinburgh, there is par-excellence no fashionable world. We are—as the King—God bless him—once very well observed, when all we Sawnies happened to be dressed in our Sunday's best—a Nation of Gentlemen;—and in a Nation of Gentlemen, you have no notion how difficult, or rather how impossible, it is to make a Fashionable World. We are all so vastly pleasant and polite—low-breeding among us is so like high-breeding in any other less distinguished district of the globe,—that persons who desire to be conspicuous for the especial elegance of their manners, or the especial splendour of their blow-outs, know not how to set about it,—and let the highest among them be as fashionable as they will, they will hear an army of chairmen "gurgling Gaelic half way down their throats," as they keep depositing dowager after dowager, matron after matron, mawsey after mawsey, virgin after virgin, all with feathers "swaling in their bonnets," and every father's daughter among them more fashionable than another, in the gas-lighted hall of a palace in Moray Place, inhabited by a most fashionable Doubleyou Ess—about a dozen of whose offspring of various sizes and sexes, at each new arrival, keep glowering and guffawing through the bannisters on the nursery story, the most fashionable little dirty red-headed dears that ever squalled in a scrubbing-tub on the Plotter's Saturday Night,—while ever and anon fashionable servant maids, some in female curiosity—proof of an enlightened mind—and others, of whom it appears "the house-affairs do call them hence," keep tripping to and fro, one with a child's night-cap in her hand, and another with something else equally essential to its comfort before getting into bed—while it inspires you with a fine dash of melancholy, to behold on such a night of fashionable festivities, here and there among the many men apparently butlers, footmen, valets, waiters, and so forth—many of them fashionably powdered with oat and barley meal of the finest quality—some in and some out of livery, blue breeches and red, black breeches and grey—you are inspired, we say, with a fine spirit of melancholy, to discern, among "these liveried angels lackeying you," the faces of Sawlies, well known at fashionable funerals, and who smile upon you as you move from room to room, as if to recall to your remembrance the last time you had the satisfaction of being preceded by them into that place of Fashionable Resort—the Grey Friars' Church-yard—

"Those funeral-baked mates
Do coldly furnish up the supper tables."

Another consequence of our being a Nation of Gentlemen is, that in all broad Scotland there is no such thing as—a Man of Ton. An occasional puppy—a not unfrequent prig—is to be met with, in persons ambitious of being distinguished among a nation of gentlemen, each by the possession of his own peculiarity, in itself perhaps more becoming a cur than a Christian, a barber's block than a head with tongue and brains. But a Man of Ton, we repeat, is, in such a nation, an impossible production; and we appeal to our readers, if they ever beheld that phenomenon in Edinburgh,—or even in Glasgow, where, on the given principle, a few might reasonably enough be expected to be found in winter quarters about the Gorbals, or summer ones, down at the Auld-kirk,—(so, in the west, do they pronounce Innerkip,)—or the Largs.

There is another general consequence

of our being a Nation of Gentlemen, which deserves notice in this patriotic Periodical. Here no man is permitted to pride himself on his superior skill and excellence in the broad, open-day violation of all the bonds and duties of life. This of itself prevents the appearance in a century of a single Man of Ton. We do not mean to say, that there is no wickedness among us in this pleasant place,—no vice,—no licentiousness,—no dishonour. But they hide their heads in the dark.—Here the adultress does not show her face—brazen, or blushing with paint. Were she to do so, there are no Men of Ton to caper by her side, on horseback, along street, or round square, or lead her, at concert, assembly, or play, up the fair lane of stainless matrons, and virgins pure, whose ears abhor the meretricious rustle of the wanton's flaunting habiliments. This is not fashionable among the Nation of Gentlemen, fashionable as we are. The lady who should act thus, would soon find herself in a nunnery, and the gentleman would pay a visit to the Great Seat of the ribbon trade.

The Queen of the North is of an excellent size; and we hope that, during our day, she will not greatly expand her dimensions. There ought always to be a bright embroidered belt of villas, a mile broad at least, between her and the sea; and surely She will not tread upon the feet of the old Pentlands. We could heave the pensive sigh—almost drop the pensive tear—to remember the hundreds of sweet, snug, sheltered, cozy cottages—not thatched, but slated—with lattice-windows, and haply Venetian-blinds—front-trelliced—and with gable-end rich in its jargonelle, "all wede away" by the irresistible "march of stone and lime," charging in close street, and then taking up position in hollow square, on every knoll and brae in the neighbourhood. How many pretty little blossoming gardens does the Spring now in vain desiderate! Are there any such things now-a-days, we wonder, as retired citizens? Old, decent, venerable husband and wife, living about a mile, or two miles even, out of town, always to be found at home when you stroll out to see how the worthy pair are getting on, either sitting each on an opposite arm-chair, with a bit sma' lassie, grandchild perhaps, or perhaps only an orphan servant girl, treated as if she were a grandchild, between them on a stool, and who was evidently reading the Bible as you entered; or the two, not far from one another in the garden—he pruning, it may be, the fruit-trees, for he is a great gardener, and rejoices in the Golden Pippin—she busy with the flowers, among which we offer you a pound for every weed, so exquisitely fine the care that tends those gorgeous beds of anemones and polyanthuses, or pinks, and carnations, on which every dewy morning Flora descends from heaven to brighten the glory with her smiles! But we are relapsing into the pathetic, so let us remark that a Capital should always be proportioned to a Country—and verily, Scotland carries hers, like a head with a fine phrenological developement, on a broad back and shoulders, and looks stately among the nations. And never—never—this is our morning and evening prayer—never may she need to hang down that head in shame, but may she lift it up, crested with glory, till the blue skies themselves shall be no more—till cease the ebbing and the flowing of that sun-bright sea!

But never in all her annals were found together Shame and Scotland. Sir William Wallace has not left Shame one single dark cavern wherein to hide her head. Be thou Bold, Free, Patriotic, as of old, gathered up in thyself within thy native mountains, yet hospitable to the high-souled Southron, as thou wert ever wont to be even in the days of Bannockburn and Flodden!—To thine eye, as of old, be dear each slip of blue sky, glimpsing through the storm—each cloud-cleaving hill-top, Bennevis, Cairngorm, Cruachan—Rannoch's black, bright, purple heather-sea—Gowrie's Carse, beloved of Ceres—and Clydesdale, to Pomona dear—Spire pointing to heaven through the dense city-cloud, or from the solitary brae—Baronial hall or castle sternly dilapidating in slow decay—humble hut, that sinks an unregarded ruin, like some traditionless cairn—or shieling, that, like the nest of the small brown moorland bird, is renewed every spring, lasting but one summer in its remotest glen! To thine ears, as of old, be

"Dear the wild music of the mountain wave,
Breaking along the shores of liberty!"

Dear the thunder of the cataract heard, when the sky is without a cloud, and

the rain is over and gone—heard by the deer-stalker, standing like a shadow, leagues off, or moving for hours slow as a shadow, guided by the antlers. Dear be the yell of the unseen eagle in the sky, and dear, where "no falcon is abroad for prey," the happy moaning of the cushat in the grove—the lilting of the lintwhite among broom and brier—the rustle of the wing of the lonesome Robin-redbreast in the summer-woods—his sweet pipe on the barn or byre-riggin' in autumn, through all winter long his peck at the casement, and his dark-eyed hopping round the hearth! Be thine ever a native, not an alien spirit, and ever on thy lips, sweet Scotia! may there hang the music of thy own Doric tongue.

Nor vain the hope, for it is in heaven! A high philosophy has gone out from the sages of thy cities into the loneliest recesses of the hills. The student sits by the ingle of his father's straw-roofed shed, or lies in leisure, released from labour, among the broomy banks and braes of the wimpling burn, and pores and meditates over the pages of Reid, and Fergusson, and Stewart, and Brown,—wise benefactors of the race. Each vale "sings aloud old songs, the music of the heart,"—the poetry of Burns the deathless shall brighten for ever the cottar's hearth—Campbell is by all beloved—and the high harp of Scott shall sound for ever in all thy halls. And more solemn, more sacred, all over the land are heard,—

"Those strains that once did sweet in Sion glide,"

the songs, mournful in their majesty, of the woe-denouncing, sin-dooming Prophets of old, of which the meanings are still profound to the ear of nations that listen to them aright—for there is a taint at the core of all their hearts, and not one single land on the face of the whole earth, strong as it may be in its simplicity, that hath not reason to dread that one day or other may be its own—the doom of the mighty Babylon!

But lo! a soft sweet smile of showery sunshine—and our hearts are touched by a sudden mirth.

"Then said I, Master, pleasant is this place."

A pleasanter city is nowhere to be seen—neither sea-shore nor inland, but between the two, and uniting the restlessness of the one situation with the quietness of the other,—there green waves leaping like Furies, here green hills fixed like Fate,—there white sails gliding, here white tents pitched,—there—you can hardly see it even with a telescopic eye—the far-off Bass, from whose cliffs, perhaps at this very moment, the flashing fowling-piece has scared a yelling cloud of sea-birds,—there the near Castle-Rock thundering a royal salute, for it is the anniversary of the birthday of our most gracious and glorious King,—there masts unnumbered, here roofs multitudinous,—there Neptune, here Apollo,—together, sea, sun, earth, and heaven, all in one—a perfect Poem!

Verily it is a pleasant place, and pleasant are the people who inhabit it, through all their grades. The students at the University are pleasant—so are the professors. The shopkeepers are pleasant—so are the citizens in general, especially such of them as are Tories—though for thy sake, dear friend,—now at far-off Cacra-bank—we could almost become a little Whiggish—pleasant are the advocates—pleasant every W.S.—are not the ministers of the city pleasant as they are pious—and were not those pleasant polemicals all, about the Apocrypha? Pleasant are the country gentlemen who come hither to educate their sons and daughters, forgetful of corn bills—and pleasant, O, Edina! are the strangers within thy gates! Up and down, down and up the various steps of thy society do we delight to crutch it; nor can we complain of a cold reception from the palace in Moray Place to the box at Newington. Yea, verily, Edinburgh is a pleasant place, and pleasant are its inhabitants.

We are too much a Nation of Gentlemen to talk long about ourselves, and this city of ours, with its Castle-Rock,—its Arthur's Seat,—its Calton Hill,—and its Parthenon of Seven Pillars, standing unemployed like the seven young men of yore, in the now poor, dear, dead Scots Magazine, but unlike them—unfinished! There will the poor Pillars be,—in summer's heat and winter's cold,—without a roof to cover them, nor, after the scaffolding shall have been removed, so much as a timber skeleton to stand between them and the easterly harr, seeming to say to every stranger as he as-

cends the hill,—"Oh, master, we are Seven!"

So let us off to London for an hour or two, not by that unhappy mail-coach, which is not once suffered to cool its axle-tree all the way from this to York Minster,—(that is an edifice we must ere long be describing,)—and in which we have committed no crime of sufficient atrocity to deserve imprisonment. Neither have we any desire to die of indigestion, and constipation and inflammation of the bowels, mortification, and gangrene. That is the death of a bag-man. No—ours be the stiff, breeze-loving Smack, with her bowsprit right in the wind's eye, and eating out of it, as the helmsman luffs up to catch every capful, all such craft as custom-house cutters, and be hanged to them,—even the King's ones,—gun-brigs cruizing on the station,—Southampton schooners of the Yacht Club,—or crack-collier from Newcastle, trying it on in ballast, whose captain served last with old Collingwood, and, in youth, with

"Gallant Admiral Howe, sung out, Yo! heave O!"—

Or gallant Steamer, that, never gunwale in, but ever upright as the stately swan, cleaves blast and breaker as they both come right a-head,—the one blackening, and the other whitening,—while Bain's trumpet is heard in the mingled roar, and under his intrepid skill all the hundreds on board feel as safe as in their own beds, though it is near nightfall, and we are now among the shores and shallows of the Swin, where ships untold have gone to pieces.—See, there, a wreck!

As for London, it is long since we have sported our figure in Bond Street or the Park. We have had no box at the Opera for a good many years. We have never condescended to put our nose into St Stephen's Chapel since we accepted the Chilterns—the House of Lords has long been the object of our most distant respect—and, generally speaking, at the West End, we verily believe we are about as well known as Captain Parry, or any other British officer, will ever be at the North Pole.

Yet once we knew London well—both by day when it was broad awake, and by night "when all that mighty heart was lying still." We remember, now, as yesterday, the eve on which we first—all alone and on foot, reached Hyde-Park Corner. All alone! Yes—thousands and hundreds of thousands were on foot then, as well as ourselves, and on horses and in chariots. But still we were alone. Not in misanthropy—no—no—no—for then, as now, and with more intense, more burning passion, with stronger-winged and farther-flighted imagination did we love our kind, for our thoughts were merry as nightingales, untamed as eagles, and tender as doves. But we were young—and we were in a manner foreigners—and few friends had we but the sunbeams and the shadows of our own restless soul. From the solemn and sacred inclosure of thy bell-chiming and cloistered haunts—Rhedicyna! did we come,—the tomes of the old world's treasures closed for a season—Homer, and Pindar, and Eschylus, and Plato, and the Stagyrite, and Demosthenes, and Thucydides, left for a while asleep on the shelves of the Gothic-windowed Library, where so many musing days had cloudlike floated by, nor failed to leave behind them an immortal inspiration, pure and high as that breathed from the beauty and the grandeur of the regions of setting suns,—and all at once, from the companionship of the dead did we plunge into that of the living!

From the companionship of the dead! For having bade farewell to our sweet native Scotland, and kissed, ere we parted, the grass and the flowers with a shower of filial tears—having bade farewell to all her glens, now aglimmer in the blended light of imagination and memory—with their cairns and kirks, their low-chimneyed huts and their high turreted halls—their free-flowing rivers, and lochs dashing like seas—we were all at once buried, not in the Cimmerian gloom, but the Cerulean glitter, of Oxford's ancient academic Groves. The Genius of the place fell upon us—yes! we hear now, in the renewed delight of the awe of our youthful spirit, the pealing organ in that Chapel called the Beautiful—we see the Saints on the stained windows—at the Altar the picture of one up Calvary meekly bearing the cross! It seemed, then, that our hearts had no need even of the kindness of kindred—of the country where we were born, and that had received the continued blessings of

our enlarging love! Yet away went, even then, sometimes our thoughts to Scotland, like carrier-pigeons wafting love-messages beneath their unwearied wings! They went and they returned, and still their going and coming was blest. But ambition touched us, as with the wand of a magician from a vanished world and a vanished time. The Greek tongue—multitudinous as the sea—kept like the sea sounding in our ears, through the stillness of that world of towers and temples. Lo! Zeno, with his arguments hard and high, beneath the Porch! Plato divinely discoursing in Grove and Garden! The Stagyrite searching for truth in the profounder gloom! The sweet voice of the smiling Socrates, cheering the cloister's shade and the court's sunshine! And when the thunders of Demosthenes ceased, we heard the harping of the old blind glorious Mendicant, whom, for the loss of eyes, Apollo rewarded with the gift of immortal song! And that was our companionship of the dead!

But the voice—the loud and near voice of the living world came upon us—and starting up, like a man wakened from the world of sleep and dreams, we flew to meet it on the wind—onwards and onwards to its source humming louder and louder as we approached, a magnificent hum as from a city with a thousand gates of everlasting ingress and egress to all the nations of the earth!

Not till then had we known anything of our own being. Before, all had been dream and vision, through which we had sunk, and kept sink sinking, like flowers surcharged with liquid radiance, down to the palaces of naiads, and mermaids, and fairy folk, inhabiting the emerald caves, and walking through the pearl-leaved forests and asphodel meadows of an unreal and unsubstantial world! For a cloudy curtain had still seemed to hang between us and the old world—darkening even the fields of Marathon and Platæa, whose heroes were but as shadows. Now we were in the eddies—the vortices—the whirlpools of the great roaring sea of life! and away we were carried, not afraid, yet somewhat trembling in the awe of our new delight, into the heart of the habitations of all this world's most imperial, most servile—most tyrannous and most slavish passions! All that was most elevating and most degrading—most startling and most subduing too—most trying by temptation of pleasure, and by repulsion of pain—into the heart of all joy and all grief—all calm and all storm—all dangerous trouble, and more dangerous rest—all rapture and all agony—crime, guilt, misery, madness and despair. A thousand voices, each with a different tone, cried us on—yet over them all one voice, with which the rest were still in unison—the voice of the hidden wickedness that is in the soul of every man who is born of a woman, and that sometimes as if it were of guardian angel, and sometimes of familiar Demon, now lured, persuaded, urged, drove us on—on, on, in amongst shoals and shallows of that dim heaving sea, where many wrecks were visible, sheer hulks heaved up on the dark dry—or mast-heads but a foot out of the foam—here what seemed a beacon, and there a lighthouse, but on we bore, all sail set, to the very sky-scrapers, with flags flying, and all the Ship of Life manned by a crew of rebellious passions—and Prudence, that old Palinurus, at the helm fast asleep, and then, as if in his own doom prophetic of ours, overboard amongst breakers!

For a moment, we thought of the great cataracts of Scotland—Corra-Linn—Foyers—thousands of nameless torrents tumbling over mountains to the sea—her murmuring forests and caves a-moaning for ever to the winds and waves round the cliff-bound coast of Cape Wrath! But that was the voice of Nature—dead in her thunders, even as in the silence of the grave. This was the voice of Life—sublimer far—and smiting the soul with a sublimer sympathy. Now, our whole being was indeed broad awake—hitherto, in its deepest stirrings, it had been as asleep. All those beautiful and delightful reveries vanished away, as something too airy and indolent for the spirit—passive no more—but rejoicing in its strength, like a full-fledged young eagle, leaping from the edge of its eyry, fearlessly and at once, over the cliff, and away off into the bosom of the storm!

Whither shall we look? Whither shall we fly? Denizens of a new world—a new universe—chartered libertines, as yet unblamed by Conscience,

who took part with the passions, knowing not that even her own sacred light might be obscured by the flapping of their demon-wings! And why should Conscience, even in that danger, have been afraid? It is not one of her duties to start at shadows. God-given to the human breast, she suffers not her state to be troubled by crowds of vain apprehensions, or she would fall in her fear. Even then, Virtue had her sacred allies in our heart. The love of that nature on whose bosom we had been bred—a sleeping spark of something like poetry in our souls unextinguishable, and preservative of the innocence it enlightened—reverence of the primitive simplicity of beloved Scotland's Faith—the memory of her old, holy, and heroic songs—the unforgotten blessing of a mother's living lips, of a father's dying eyes—the ambition, neither low nor ignoble, of youth's aspiring hopes, for, not altogether uncrowned had been our temples, even with the Muses' wreath—a whisper of Hope faint, far-off, and uncertain, and haply even now unrealised its promise—and far down buried, but instinct with spirit, beneath them all, a life-deep love for Her, that Orphan-maid—so human, yet so visionary—afar-off in the beauty of her heaven-protected innocence, beneath the shadow of that old castle, where by day the starlings looked down on her loveliness, sole-sitting among the ruins, and for her the wood-lark, Scotia's nightingale, did sing all night long—a life-deep love, call it passion, pity, friendship, brotherly affection, all united together by smiles, sighs, and tears—songs sung as by an angel in the moonlight glen—prayers in that oratory among the cliffs—the bliss of meetings and of partings among the glimmering woods, sanctified by her presence—of that long, last, eternal farewell!

Therefore, our spirit bore a charmed life into that world of danger and death. That face to us was holy, though then all alive in its loveliness—and, oh! that it should ever have been dead—holy as the face of some figure—some marble figure of a saint lying on a tomb. Its smile was with us even when our eyes knew it not—its voice as the dying close of music, when our ear was given to other sounds less pensive and divine.

With all its senses in a transport, our soul was now in the mighty London! Every single street-musician seemed to us as an Orpheus. Each band of female singers, some harping as they sung, and others, with light guitar ribbon-bound to their graceful shoulders, to us were as the Muses—each airy group very Goddesses,

> "Knit with the Graces and the Loves in dance,"

and leading on the Hours along the illuminated atmosphere, where each lamp was as a star! The whole World seemed houses, palaces, domes, theatres, and temples—and London the universal name! Yet there was often a shudder as the stream of terrible enjoyment went roaring by—and the faces of all those lost creatures—those daughters of sin and sorrow—with fair but wan faces, hollow bright eyes—and shrieks of laughter, appalled the heart that wondered at their beauty, and then started to hear afar off, and as in a whisper, the word "Innocence," as if it were the name of something sacred in another life and another world; for here guilt was in its glory and its grief, women angels of light no more, but fiends of darkness, hunting and hunted to despair and death!

Fear cannot live in youth's bosom; and gay and glad we penetrated, like a young bird that loves the sunshine of the open sky, yet dreads not to drop down, or dart into the black forest gloom—into haunts where the old grey grim Iniquity had, from time immemorial, established his strongholds. The ruffian's scowl fell off our face, like darkness from a new-trimmed lamp, of which the oil failed not—our eye, which neither grief nor guilt had clouded, made that of the robber, the burglar, and the murderer to quail—convicts even then to conscience, and doomed to die on the scaffold—curses and execrations passed by our heads, like blasts by the top of the strong young trees. And will Law, bloody penal Law, quell crimes in such hearts as these, or strike their hands with palsy? Shall the hangman terrify, when conscience is a bugbear? Other ministers must disarm the murderers. Another light than the torch in the iron grasp of criminal justice, discovering and dragging the felon from his haunt, must pene-

trate and dispel the darkness, till it is broad as day, and therein wickedness can hatch and hide no more—the light of mercy, and the jurisprudence of the New Testament. But on reascending from the dolorous region into the blessed day, there was the dome of St Paul's in heaven, or there the holy Abbey, where sleep England's holiest dead, and the Thames, with all his floating glories, moored, or adrifting with the tide down to the sea, like giants rejoicing to run a race to the uttermost parts of the earth!

How dreamlike the flowings of the Isis by Godstow's ivied Ruin, where blossomed, bloomed, and perished in an hour, Rosamunda—flower of the world! How cheerful, as if waked from a dream, glides on the famous stream by Christ-Church' Cathedral grove! How sweet by Iffley's Saxon tower! By Nuneham's lime-tree shade how serene as peace! But here thou hast changed thy name and thy nature into the sea-seeking Thames, alive and loud with the tide that murmurs of the ocean-foam, and bridged magnificently as becomes the river that makes glad the City of the Kings who are the umpires of the whole world's wars! Down sailed our spirit, along with the floating standard of England, to the Nore. There her Fleet lay moored, like a thunder-cloud whose lightning rules the sea—

> "Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
> Her home is on the deep!"

Woe to all the Isle, when the sons of ocean walk their decks in mutiny! Woe to France and Spain, and all the banded naval powers of the world, when, calm as clouds, the Fleet bears down in white-winged line of battle, and the foemen's crescent breaks into fragments, and melts away, with all its struck flags, into fatal overthrow! And what, O London! were Tyre and Sidon, whose merchants were princes—what were Tyre and Sidon to thee! Even now the sun is rising, and the sun is setting, on thy countless sails. We almost cease now to feel

> "Of the old sea, some reverential fear!"

The ocean obeys the "meteor-flag of England," even as its ebbing and flowing obeys the Planet.

But it is night, and lo! the crowded Theatre is ablaze with Beauty; and as Tragedy, "with solemn stole, comes sweeping by," the piled-up multitude is all as hush as death. Then first the "buried Majesty of Denmark"—though mimic all the scene—was awful and full of dread to our young imagination, as if indeed "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," on the old battlements of Elsineur—the fine, pensive, high philosophy of the melancholy, world-distracted Hamlet, flowed as if from his own very princely lips—the fair Ophelia, as she went singing and scattering her flowers, was to us a new Image of a purer innocence, a more woful sorrow, than we knew before to have ever had its birth or burial-place on this earth. There we saw the Shadow of the mightiest Julius standing—imperial still—before his beloved Brutus in the Tent; and as he waved a majestic upbraiding, threatening, and warning, from the hand that had subdued the world, we heard the Cæsar say, "We will meet again at Philippi." There we, too, as well as the Thane, heard a voice cry to all the house, "Sleep no more—Glammis hath murdered sleep—and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more!"—and in glided, with stone eyes and bloodless face, sleep-walking Remorse, in the form of a stately Lady wringing her hands, and groaning, "Out, damned spot," while the Haunted felt in her dream, that "not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten that little hand!"

Then there was eloquence in the world, that is, in London, in those days; or did the soul then half-create the thunders she heard pealing from the lips of Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, the great orators of England, and startle at the flash of her own lightning? But the old pillars of the social edifice then seemed to rock as to an earthquake—and the lips of common men, in the general inspiration, were often touched with fire. Even now we see their flashing eyes, their knit brows, their clenched hands, their outstretched arms—their "face inflamed"—even now we hear their voices, flowing like majestic streams, or loud as the headlong cataract—of those whom the world consents to call great. We thought, as we looked and listened, of Him who

> "Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece—
> From Macedon to Artaxerxes' throne;"

nor felt that the son of Chatham was less than "the Thunderer," as he

stood proudly denouncing vengeance against the legions of the Tricolor, and prophesying the triumph of the glorious Isle, "whose shores beat back the ocean's foamy feet," and whose sons have ever been the true children of Liberty.

The spirit of the world was then awakened by dreadful outcries from too long a sleep—and the alarum-bell that then kept tolling far and wide over the sky, though now its iron tongue is at rest, or but trembling in that "hollow," so soon and so easy made to give forth its sullen music, hangs still over the nations, who, under even the silence of its shadow, shall sink no more into disgraceful slumbers. The ears of kings, and princes, and nobles, were astounded; and all Europe groaned or gloried when the Bourbon's in-vain-anointed head, was with the few fatal words held up dissevered, "Behold the head of a tyrant!" and the axe, that made no respect of persons, bit the fair neck of Marie Antoinette, nathless all those glorious tresses whose beauty had dazzled the world. Life was then struck, over all its surface and all its depths, with a stormy sunshine—dread alternations of brightness and blackness, that made the soul to quake alike in its hopes and in its fears. Who wished, then, to escape the contagion?—Not even the gentlest, the most fervent, the most devoted lovers of domestic peace. They, too, joined the hymn of thanksgiving—and one Pæan seemed to stun the sky. But the very clouds ere long began to drop blood, and then good men paused even to obey the stern voice of Justice, in fear that the dewy voice of Mercy should never more be heard on earth. Call it not a reaction—for that is a paltry word—but thankful to the Great God did men become, when at last, standing silent on the desolate shore, they saw the first ebb of that fiercely-flowing tide, and knew that the sea was to return to its former limits, and sweep away no more the peasant's hut and the prince's palace.

That was a time indeed, for men to speak, to whom Heaven had granted the gift of eloquence. And London then held many eloquent, who, when the storm was hushed, relapsed into men of common speech.

But poor, vain, and empty all, is the glory of great orators, compared with that of poets and sages, or conquerors. The poet and sage walk hand in hand together through the moral and intellectual empire of mind—nor, in the world's admiration, is the triumphal car of victory unworthy of being placed near the Muses' bower. What mighty ones have breathed the air of that Great City—have walked in inspiration along the banks of England's metropolitan-river—have been inhumed in her burial-places, humble or high, frequented by common and careless feet, or by footsteps treading reverentially, while the visitor's eyes are fixed on marble image or monument, sacred to virtue, to valour, or to genius, the memory of the prime men of the earth! These, London, are thy guardian spirits—these thy tutelary gods. When the horrid howl of night—the howl of all those distracted passions is hushed—and the soul, relieved from the sorrow in which it thinks of sin, when an eye or ear-witness to its unhallowed orgies, lifts up its eyes to the stars so bright and beautiful, so silent and so serene—then remembereth she the names, the endowments, the achievements, of the immortal dead. There—largest and most lustrous—that star that "dwells apart"—is the image of Milton! That other, soft-burning, dewy, and almost twinkling star—now seeming to shine out into intenser beauty, and now almost dim, from no obscuring cloud or mist, but as if some internal spirit shaded the light for a moment, even as an angel may veil his countenance with his wings—that is the star of Spenser! And of all the bright people of the skies, to fancy's gaze, thou, most lovely Planet, art the very Fairy-queen!

Therefore, to us, enthusiasts then in poetry—and may that enthusiasm survive even the season "of brightness in the grass and glory in the flower," which has almost now passed away—to us, who thought of Poets as beings set apart from the world which their lays illumined—how solemn—how sacred—how sublime a delight—deaf and blind to all the sights and sounds of the common day—to look on the very house in which some great Poet had been born—lived—or died! Were the house itself gone, and some ordinary pile erected in its stead, still we saw down into the old consecrated foundation! Had the very street been swept away—its name and

its dust—still the air was holy—and more beautiful overhead the blue gleam of the sky!

And in the midst of all that noisy world of the present, that noisy and miserable world—in the midst of it and pervading it—might not even our youthful eye see the spirit of Religion? And feel, even when most astounded with sights and sounds of wickedness, that in life there was still a *mens divinior*—

"Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet."

Christianity spoke in Sabbath-bells, not "swinging slow with sullen roar," like the curfew of old, extinguishing the household fires on all hearths; but, high up in the clearer air, the belfry of tower and spire sent a sweet summons, each over its own region, to families to repair again to the house of God, where the fires of faith, hope, and charity, might be rekindled on the altar of the religion of peace. The sweet solemn faces of old men—of husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers—the fair faces of matrons and virgins—the gladsome faces of children—

"For piety is sweet to infant minds"—

were seen passing along the sobered streets, whose stones, but a few hours ago, clanked to the mad rushing to and fro of unhallowed feet, while the air, now so still, or murmuring but with happy voices, attuned to the spirit of the day, was lately all astir with rage, riot, and blasphemy!

"Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn!"

Sweet is the triumph of religion on the Sabbath-day, in some solitary glen, to which come trooping from a hundred braes, all the rural dwellers, disappearing, one small family party after another, into the hushed kirk—now, as the congregation has collected, exhaling to heaven, as a flower-bank exhales its fragrance, the voice of Psalms! But there Piety has only deepened Peace! Here—though yet the voice of the great city will not be hushed—and there is heard ever a suppressed murmur—a sound—a noise—a growl—dissatisfied with the Sabbath—here, the power that descends from the sky upon men's hearts stilling them against their wills into a sanctity so alien to their usual life, is felt to have even a more sublime consecration! "The still small voice" speaks, in the midst of all that unrepressed stir, the more distinctly, because so unlike to the other sounds, with which it mingles not; that there is another life, "not of this noisy world, but silent and divine," is felt from the very disturbances that will not lie at rest; and though hundreds of thousands heed it not, the tolling of that great bell from the Cathedral strikes of death and judgment. Yes, England! with all thy sins, thou holdest, with fast devotion, to the Faith, for which so many of thy sainted sons did perish in the fires of persecution. The smoke of those fierce faggots is dead—but, as that inspired man prophesied, while he held up his withered hand in the scorching flame—such a fire has been kindled as lights all the land—centuries after his martyred ashes were given to the heedless winds,—and the names of Cranmer and Ridley are reverenced for evermore!

High ministrations—solemn services of religion!—in which the Church of England, in its reverential awe, delights—from the first hour in which we participated in the holy rites, they breathed into our being the full, deep, divine spirit of devotion, sanctifying, at burst or close of the organ-peal, the chapel's pillared shade!—How sweetly rose our souls to heaven on the hymn of the young white-robed choristers!—How sunk they and swelled, rejoiced and saddened, and when the thought of some of our own peculiar sorrows also touched us, how they even wept, over the worship of that beautiful liturgy, composed so scripturally by pious men, to whom the language of the Bible had been familiar almost as their mother tongue! Of the great old English divines, so laden with heavenly erudition, and who had brought all human wisdom and human science to establish and to illustrate the religion of the lowly Jesus, remembrance often crossed us like a shadow, at each wide-murmured response. Apostles of a later time, inspired by their own faith! Yet true still were our hearts to the memory of that simpler service, nor less divine—for blessed ever are all modes of worship in which the human being seeks in sincerity to draw near to God—that simpler service, so well suited to a sim-

pler land, in which we had from infancy been instructed, and which, to preserve in its purity, had our own forefathers bled. In the high cathedral,

> "Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,"

we called to mind the low kirk and its Psalms. The kirk near the modest manse, in which our boyhood flew away—with its decent pews, little loft, and unambitious pulpit—the friendly faces of the rural congregation—the grave elders sitting in their place of honour—the pious preacher, who to us had been as a father!—Oh! many-toned are the voices on the Sabbath, all praising and worshipping God!—List—list, in the hush of thy spirit, and all Christian lands are sounding with one various hymn!

And then London, ere long, became to us—in all its vastness—even as our very home! For all undisturbed amidst the din, and murmuring internally, each with its own peculiar character of domestic joys, with laughter and with song—how many dwellings for us did open their hospitable doors, and welcome us in, with blessings, beneath their social roofs! Our presence brought a brighter expression into their partial eyes; our mirth never seemed otherwise than well-timed to them, nor yet did our melancholy—nor failed either to awaken congenial feelings in the breasts of those to whom we were too undeservedly dear—smiles went round the hearth or table circle to our quaint ditty and tale of glee—and the tears have fallen, when in the "parlour twilight" we sang

> "One of those Scottish tunes so sad and slow,"

or told some one of those old, pathetic, traditionary stories, that still, cloud-like, keep floating over all the hills of Scotland! Oh! the great pleasure of friendships formed in youth! where chance awakens sympathy, accident kindles affection—and Fortune, blind and restless on her revolving wheel, favours, as if she were some serene-eyed and steadfast divinity, the purest passions of the soul! As one friendship was added to another—and base creed it is—most shallow and fantastic—that would confine amity, even in its dearest meaning—for how different is friendship from love—to communicate but with some single chosen one, excluding all our other brethren from approach to the heart—although true it is, that some one, in our greatest bale and our greatest bliss, will be more tenderly, more profoundly, more gratefully embraced than all the rest—as Friendship was added to Friendship, as Family after Family, Household after Household, became each a new part of our enlarged being, how delightful, almost every successive day, to feel our knowledge growing wider and warmer of the virtues of the character of England! Perhaps some unconscious nationality had been brought with us from our native braes—narrowing our range of feeling, and inclining sometimes to unjust judgments and unkindly thoughts. But all that was poor or bad in that prejudice, soon melted away before the light of bold English eyes, before the music of bold English speech. Sons and daughters of the Free! As brothers and as sisters we loved you soon—without suspicion, without reserve, without jealousy, without envy of your many superior and surpassing endowments of nature, and accomplishments of art! For, with all deduction on the score of inevitable human fault and frailty, how high the morals of England, her manners how becoming the Children of such a Birth!

The Friends, too, whom in those sacred hours we had taken to our hearts, linked, along with other more human ties, by the love of literature and poetry—and with whom we had striven to enter

> "The cave obscure of old Philosophy,"

and when starry midnight shone serenely over Oxford's towers and temples, sighed—vainly sighed—with unsatisfied longings and aspirations, that would not let us rest, to "unsphere the spirit of Plato"—they too were often with us in the wide metropolis, where, wide as it is, dear friends cannot almost be for a single day, but by some happy fortune they meet! How grasped—clasped were then our hands and our hearts! How all college recollections—cheerful and full of glee—or high and of a solemn shade—came over us from the silence of those still retreats, in the noise of the restless London! Magdalen, Mertoun,

Oriel, Christ-Church, Trinity—how pleasant were your names!

Hundreds of morning, meridian, evening, midnight meetings! Each with its own—nor let us fear to declare it beneath those sunny skies—with its blameless, at least not sinful, charm. Now carried on a stream of endless, various, fluctuating converse, with a friend, more earnest, more enthusiastic, more impassioned than ourselves—and nature filled not our veins with frozen blood—along streets and squares, all dimly seen or unseen, and the faces and figures of the crowds that went thronging by, like the faces and figures in some regardless dream! Now walking in, on a sudden, and as if by some divine impulse, into that Cathedral—or that Abbey—ask not their names—and there, apart and silent, standing with fixed eyes before statue or tomb! Now glide-gliding in light canoe with wind and tide adown the Great River, in indolent yet imaginative reverie, while masts and sails, and trees and towers, as they all went floating through the air, seemed scarcely to belong to any world—or proud of the skuller's skill, and emulous of the strength of the broad-breasted watermen whom Father Thames sustains, striving, stripped, against the waves a-ripple and a-foam with the rapid ebb, impatient to return to the sea! Now a-foot along pleasant pathways, for a time leading through retired and sylvan places, and then suddenly past a cluster of cottages, or into a pretty village, almost a town, and purposely withholding our eyes from the prospect, till we had reached one well remembered eminence—and then the glorious vision seen from Richmond Hill! Where, where, on the face of all the earth, can the roaming eye rest in more delighted repose than on the "pleasant villages and farms" that far and wide compose that suburban world, so rich in trees alone, that were there no other beauty, the poet could even find a paradise both for week-day and Sabbath hours, in the bright neighbourhood of London! Endless profusion and prodigality of art, coping almost successfully with nature! Wealth is a glorious thing in such creations. Riches are the wands of Magicians. Poverty bleakens the earth—in her region grandeur is bare—and we sigh for something that is not among the naked rocks. But here from the buried gold, groves rise with such loads of verdure, that but for their giant boughs and branches, their heads would be bowed down to the lawns and gardens, gorgeous all with their flushing flowers, naturalized in the all-bearing soil of England, from all climes, from the occident to the orient!

But where cease the suburban charms of the Queen of Cities? Mansion after mansion—each more beautifully embowered than another—or more beautifully seated on some gently undulating height, above the far-sweeping windings of the silver Thames, is still seen by the roamer's eye, not without some touch of vain envy at his heart of those fortunate ones, for whom life thus lavishes all its elegance and all its ease—Oh, vain envy indeed! for who knows not that all happiness is seated alone in the heart!—till, ere he remembers that far-off London has vanished quite away, he looks up, and lo! the Towers of Windsor—the Palace of Old England's Kings!

Nor are those "sylvan scenes" unworthily inhabited. Travel city-crowded continents, sail in some circumnavigating ship to far and fair isles, that seem dropt from heaven into the sea, yet shall your eyes behold no lovelier living visions than the daughters of England. Lovelier never visited poet's slumbers nightly—not even when before him in youth

> "Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved
> her golden hair!"

And of England's "*interrita pubes,*" let speak the shore of every sea—

> "A race in faith unstain'd, invincible in
> arms."

Wafted away, we knew not, cared not whither, on the wings of wonder and admiration,—when, during the long Summer silence, the towers of Oxford kept chiming to deserted courts and cloisters,—all England, its downs, its wolds, its meadows, its plains, its vales, its hills, its mountains, minsters, abbeys, cathedrals, castles, palaces, villages, towns, and cities, all became tributary to our imagination, gazing upon her glories with a thousand eyes. Now we breathed the fragrance of Devonia's myrtle bowers—now from St Michael's Mount "looked to Bayona and the Giant's Hold," now

wept and worshipped at the grave of Shakspeare, or down the yellow Avon thought we saw sailing her own sweet stately swan! Now gazed in dread astonishment on Portsmouth's naval arsenal, and all that machinery—sublime, because of the power that sets it a-going, and far more, because of the power that it sends abroad, winged and surcharged with thunder, all over the main—ships without masts, sheer-hulks, majestic and magnificent even in that bare black magnitude, looming through the morning or evening gloaming—and lo! a First-rater, deck above deck, tier above tier of guns, sending up, as she sails in sunshine, her clouds into the sky; and as the Ocean-Queen bears up in the blast, how grand her stern—and what a height above the waves tumbling a-foam in her wake! Now seated on the highest knoll of all the bright Malvern Hills in breathless delight, slowly turning round our head in obedience to the beauty and grandeur of that panorama—matchless on earth—we surveyed at one moment county upon county, of rich, merry, sylvan England, mansioned, abbeyed, towered, spired, castled; and at another, different, and yet not discordant, say, rather, most harmonious with that other level scene, the innumerous mountains of Wales, cloud-crested, or clearly cutting with outlines free, flowing or fantastic, here the deep blue, there the dark purple, and yonder the bright crimson sky! Wales, glorious, even were she without other glory, with Plinlimmon, Cader-Idris, Snowdon,

"Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay."

Now borne as on an angel's wing, and in the "very waist and middle of the night," we sat down a Solitary on Derwent Water's shore,

"While the cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to our orisons!"

Now while Luna and her nymphs delighted to behold their own beauty on its breathless bosom, we hung in a little skiff, like a water-lily moored in moonshine, in the fairest of all fair scenes in nature, and the brightest of all the bright—how sweet the music of her name, as it falls from our lips with a blessing—Windermere—Windermere!

And thus we robbed all England of her beauty and her sublimity, her grandeur and her magnificence, and bore it all off and away treasured in our heart of hearts. Thus, the towers and temples of Oxford were haunted with new visions—thus in London we were assailed by sounds and sights from the far-off solitude of rocks, and cliffs, and woods, and mountains, on whose summits hung setting suns, or rose up in spiritual beauty the young crescent moon, or crowded unnumbered planets, or shone alone in its lustre,

"The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,"

as if the other eyes of heaven were afraid to sustain the serenity of that one orb divine!

But still as the few soul-brightening, soul-strengthening suns of youth rolled on,—those untamed years, of which every day, it might seem indeed every hour, brought the consciousness of some new knowledge, some new feeling, that made the present greater than the past, and was giving perpetual promise of a still greater future,—promise that was the divine manna of hope—while the world of nature continued to our eyes, our hearts, and our imaginations, dearer and more dear, saddened or sublimed by associations clothing with green gladness the growth of the young, with hoary sadness, the decay of the old trees,

"Moulding to beauty many a mouldering tower;"

and in storm or sunshine, investing with a more awful or a more peaceful character the aspect of the many-shipped sea,—even then, when the world of the senses was in its prime, and light and music did most prodigally abound in the air and the waters, in the heavens and on the earth, we rejoiced with yet a far exceeding joy, we longed with yet a far exceeding desire, we burned with yet a far exceeding passion, for all that was growing momently brighter and more bright, darker and more dark, vaster and more vast, within the self-discovered region of mind and spirit! There swept along each passion, like a great wind—there the sudden thought

"Shot from the zenith like a falling star!"

We wished not to "have lightened the burden of the mystery of all that unintelligible world!" It was the

mystery which, trembling, we loved—awaking suddenly to the quaking of our own hearts, at solitary midnight from the divine communion of dreams, that like spirits for ever haunted our sleep.

" 'Tis mind alone—bear witness, heaven and earth!—
'Tis mind alone that in itself contains
The beauteous or sublime!"

Where are the blasts born that bring the clouds across the stars? Where are the thoughts born that bring clouds across our souls? The study of physics is sublime, for the student feels as if mounting the lower steps of the ladder leading up to God in the skies. But the metaphysics of our own moral, our own intellectual being, sublimer far! when reason is her own object, and conscience, by her own light, sees into her own essence!

And where shall such studies be best pursued? Not alone in the sacred silence of the Academic Grove—although there should be their glimmering beginnings, and there their glorified but still obscurest end. But through the dim, doubting, and often sorely disturbed intermediate time, when man is commanded by the being within him to mingle with man, when smiles, and sighs, and tears, are most irresistible, and when the look of an eye can startle the soul into a passion of love or hate, then it is that human nature must be studied—or it will remain unknown and hidden for ever—must be studied by every human being for himself, in the poetry and philosophy of Life! As that life lies spread before us like a sea! At first, like delighted, wondering, and fearful children, who keep gazing on the waves that are racing like living creatures from some far-off region to these their own lovely and beloved shores,—or still with unabated admiration, at morning, see the level sands yellowing far away, with bands of beautiful birds walking in the sun, or, having trimmed their snowy plumage, wheeling in their pastime, with many wild-mingled cries, in the glittering air,—with here—there—yonder some vessel seemingly stranded, and fallen helpless on her side, but waiting only for the tide to waken her from her rest, and again to waft her, on her re-expanded wings, away into the main! Then, as the growing boy becomes more familiar with the ebb and the flow—with all the smiles and frowns on the aspect—all the low and sweet, all the loud and sullen, tones of the voice of the sea—in his doubled delight he loses half his dread, launches his own skiff, paddles with his own oar, hoists his own little sail—and, ere long, impatient of the passion that devours him, the passion for the wonders and dangers that dwell on the great deep, on some day disappears from his birthplace and his parents' eyes, and, years afterwards, returns a thoughtful man from his voyaging round the globe!

Therefore, to know ourselves, we sought to penetrate into the souls of other men—to be with them, in the very interior of their conscience, when they thought no eye was upon them but the eye of God. 'Twas no seclusion of the spirit within itself to take cognizance of its own acts and movements; but we were led over the fortunes and works of human beings wherever their minds have acted or their steps have trod. All sorrow and all joy, the calamities which have shaken empires, the crimes which have hurried single souls into perdition, the grounds of stability, just order, and power, in the great societies of men—the peace and happiness that have blossomed in the bosom of innocent life, the loves that have interwoven joy with grief, the hopes that no misery can overwhelm, the fears that no pleasure can assuage, the gnawing of the worm that never dies, the bliss of conscience, the bale of remorse, the virtue of the moral, and the piety of the religious spirit,—all these, and everything that human life, in its inexhaustible variety, could disclose, became the subjects of inquiry, emotion, thought, to our intellect seeking knowledge of human nature, to us a student desirous, in restless and aspiring youth, to understand something of his own soul—of that common being in which he lives and breathes, and of which, from no other source, and no other aid, can he ever have any uninspired revelation.

Is it wonderful then that we, like other youths with a soul within them, mingled ourselves and our very being with the dark, bright, roaring, hushed, vast, beautiful, magnificent, guilty and glorious London!

Coleridge, that rich-freighted Argosie tilting in sunshine over Imagination's Seas, feared not—why should

he have feared?—in a poem of his youth—to declare to all men,

> "To me hath Heaven, with bounteous hand, assign'd
> Energic reason and a shaping mind."

That boast may not pass our lips! Yet what forbids us even now exultingly to say, that nature had not withheld from us the power of genial delight in all the creations of genius; and that she shrouded, as with a gorgeous canopy, our youth, with the beauty and magnificence of a million dreams? Lovely to our eyes was all the loveliness that emanated from more gifted spirits, and in the love with which we embraced it, it became our very own! We caught the shadows of high thoughts as they passed along the wall, reflected from the great minds meditating in the hallowed shade! And thenceforth they peopled our being! Nor haply did our own minds not originate some intellectual forms and combinations, in their newness fair, or august—recognized as the product of our own more elevated moods, although unarrayed, it might be, in words, or passing away with their symbols into oblivion, nor leaving a trace behind—only a sense of their transitory presence, consolatory and sublime! Even then, in thy loud streets, O London! as the remembrance of Scotland's silent valleys came suddenly and softly upon our hearts, a wish, a hope, a belief arose that the day might come, when even our voice might not be altogether unlistened to by the happy dwellers there,—haply faint, low, and irregular, like the song of some bird—one of the many linnets—in its happiness half-afraid to tune its melodies, amidst the minstrelsy of Merle and Mavis, with which the whole forest rings!

Often do we vainly dream that Time works changes only by ages—by centuries! But who can tell what even an hour may bring forth? Decay and destruction have "ample room and verge enough," in such a City; and in one year they can do the work of many generations. This century is but young—scarcely hath it reached its prime. But since its first year rolled round the sun, how many towers and temples have in ever-changeful London "gone to the earth!" How many risen up whose "statures reach the sky!" Dead is the old King in his darkness, whom all England loved and reverenced. Princes have died, and some of them left not a name—mighty men of war have sunk, with all their victories and all their trophies, vainly deemed immortal, into oblivion!—Mute is the eloquence of Pitt's and of Canning's voice!—In that Abbey, the thought of whose sacred silence did often touch his high heart, when all his fleet was moored in peace, or bearing down in line of battle, now Nelson sleeps!—And thousands, unknown and unhonoured, as wise, or brave, in themselves as good and as great as those whose temples fame hath crowned with everlasting halo, have dropt the body, and gone to God. How many thousand fairest faces, brightest eyes, have been extinguished and faded quite away! Fairer and brighter far to him whose youth they charmed and illumined, than any eyes that shall ever more gaze on the flowers of earth, or the stars of heaven!

Methinks the westering sun shines cooler in the garden—that the shades are somewhat deepened—that the birds are not hopping round our head, as they did some hour ago—that in their afternoon siesta they are mute. Another set of insects are in the air. The flowers, that erewhile were broad and bright awake, with slumbering eyne are now hanging down their heads; and those that erewhile seemed to slumber, have awoke from their day-dreams, and look almost as if they were going to speak. Have you a language of your own—dear creatures—for we know that ye have loves? But, hark, the Gong—the Gong! in the hand of John, smiting it like the slave of some Malay-chief. In our Paradise there is "fear that dinner cool," mortal man must eat—and thus endeth

"Our Midsummer-Day's Dream."

A STRANGE SECRET.

Related in a Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd.

Dear Sir,

Yesterday there was a poor man named Thomas Henderson came to our door, and presented me with a letter from a valued friend. I was kind to the man; and as an acknowledgment, he gave me his history in that plain, simple, and drawling style, which removed all doubts of its authenticity. It is not deserving of a recital; but as I am constantly on the look-out for fundamental documents of any sort relating to Scotland, there was one little story of his that I deemed worthy of preservation; and consequently here have I sat down to write it out in the man's own words, while yet they are fresh in my memory.

I was nine years a servant to the Earl of ——, and when I left him, he made me a very handsome present; but it was on condition that I should never again come within a hundred miles of his house. The truth is, that I would have been there to this day, had I not chanced to come at the knowledge of something relating to the family that I ought not to have known, and which I never would have known, had I gotten my own will.

"Pray, what was that, Thomas? Above all things, I should like to hear some of the secrets of a noble family."

Weel, ye shall hear a' that I ken, sir; which, to say the truth, is but very little after a'. But it was this. When the auld Earl died there was an unca rumpus an' confusion, and at length the young lord came hame frae abroad, an' tuke the command. An' I think he hadna been master aboon twa years when he rings the bell ae morning, an' sends for me. I was merely a groom, and no used to gang up stairs to my lord; but he often spoke to me in the stables, for I had the charge o' his favourites Cleopatra and Venus, and I thought he wanted to gie me some directions about them. Weel, up the stair I rins, wanting the jacket and bonnet, and I opens the door and I says, "What is't, my lord?" "Shut the door and come in," says he. "Hech! what in the world is in the wind now!" thinks I. "Am I gaun to be made some grand secreter?"

"Tom, has the Lady Julia ordered the coach to-day?" says he.

"I believe she has, my lord. I think Hector was saying so."

"And is it still to the old spot again in the forest?"

"That winna be kend till Hector is on the speat. But there is little doubt that it is to the same place. She never drives to any other."

"Tom, I was long absent from home, but you have been in the family all the while, and must know all its secrets. What is it supposed my sister Julia has always ado with the forester's wife at the shieling of Aberduchra?"

"That has never been kend to ane o' us, my lord. But it is supposed there is some secret business connected wi' her visits there."

"That is a great stretch of supposition, indeed, Tom! Of that there can be no doubt. But what do the servants suppose the secret relates to? Or what do *you* suppose it does? Come, tell me honestly and freely."

"O, naebody kens that, my lord; for Lady Julia just lights at a certain point o' the road, and orders the coach to be there again at a certain hour at night; an' that's a' that has ever been kend about it. But we a' notice that Lady Julia is sair altered. An' the folks say,—but as to that I'm ignorant—The folks say, ye ken, that auld Eppie Cowan's a witch."

"And that it is on some business of enchantment or divination that my sister goes to her?"

"Na, na, I dinna say that, my lord; for a' that I say is just this, that I believe naebody in this world, excepting Lady Julia an' auld Eppie themsells twa, kens what their business is thegither, or how they came to be connected."

"Well, well, Tom, that is what I want particularly to know. Do you set out just now; go over the shoulder of Beinny-Veol, and through Glen-Ellich, by the straight route. Get to Aberduchra before my sister. Conceal yourself somewhere, in the house or out of the house, in a thicket or in a tree. Note all that you see Lady

Julia engaged in—who meets her there—what they do, and what they say, and bring me a true report of everything, and your reward shall be according to your success."

Weel, aff I rins, and ower the hills at the nearest, and sair wark had I afore I got mysell concealed, for auld Eppie was running out and in, and in and out again, in an unco fike, weel kenning wha was to be her visitor that day; for every time she came to the door she gae a lang look down the glen, and then a' round about her, as if feared for being catched in a fault.

I had by this time got up to the top of a great elm-tree that almost overlooked the door o' the shieling, but when I saw the auld roudess looking about her sae sternly, I grew frighted, for I thought, if she be a witch, I shall soon be discovered; and then, should she cast any cantrips that may dumfounder me, or should I see ought to put me beside myself, what a devil of a fa' I will get! I wad now hae gien a' the claes on my back to have been safe down again, and had begun to study a quick descent, when I perceived Lady Julia coming rapidly up the glen, with manifestly a kind o' trepidation o' manner. My heart began now to quake like an aspin leaf, for I suspected that some awesome scene was gaun to be transacted, that could bring the accomplished Lady Julia to that wild retired spot. And yet when she drew near, her modest mien and fading beauty were sae unlike onything wicked or hellish, that in short I didna ken what to think or what to fear, but I had a considerable allowance o' baith.

With many kind and obsequious courtesies did old Eppie receive the lady on the green, and after exchanging a few words, they both vanished into the cottage, and shut the door. Now, thinks I, the infernal wark will begin; but goodness be thankit, I'll see nane o't frae here. I changed my place on the tree, however, and came as near to the top of the lum as the branches would carry me. From thence I heard the voices of the two, but knew not what they were saying. The Lady Julia's voice was seldom heard, but when it was, it had the sounds of mental agony; and I certainly thought she was imploring the old hag to desist from something which the other persisted in. The voice of the latter never ceased; it went on with one continued mumble, like the sound of a distant waterfall. The sounds still increased, and I sometimes made myself believe that I heard the voice of a third person. I cannot tell what I would then have given to have heard what was going on, but though I strained my hearing to the uttermost, I could not attain it.

At length, all at once, I heard a piercing shriek, which was followed by low stifled moanings. "L—d J——s, they are murdering a bairn, an' what *will* I do!" said I to myself, sobbing till my heart was like to burst. And finding that I was just going to lose my senses, as well as my hold, and fall from the tree, I descended with all expedition, and straightway ran and hid myself in below the bank of the burn behind the house, that thereby I might drown the cries of the suffering innocent, and secure myself from a fall.

"Now, here shall be my watch," thinks I; "for here I can see every ane that passes out or into the house; and as for what is gaun on in the inside, that's mair than I'll meddle wi'."

I had got a nice situation now, and a safe ane, for there was a thick natural hedge of briers, broom, and brambles, down the back o' the kail-yard. These overhung the burn-brae, so that I could hide mysell frae every human ee in case of great danger, and there was an opening in the hedge, a kind of thin bit, through which I could see all that passed, and there I coured down on my knees, and lay wi' my een stelled on that shieling o' sin and iniquity.

I hadna lain lang in this position till out comes the twasome, cheek for chowe, and the auld ane had a coffin under her arm; and straight on they comes for the very opening o' the hedge where I was lying. Now, thinks I, I'm a gone man; for in below this very bank where I am sitting, are they coming to hide the corpse o' the poor bairn, and here ten might lie till they consumed, unkend to the haill warld. Ay, here they are coming, indeed, for there is not another bit in the whole thicket where they can win through; and in half a minute, I will have the witch and the murderess baith hinging at my throat like twa wul-cats. I was aince just setting a' my joints to make a clean splash down the middle of the burn like an otter; but the power was denied me, an' a' that I could do, was

to draw mysell close into my cove, like a hare into her form; an' there I sat and heard the following dialogue, and I think I remember it every word.

"Now, my *good Eppie*, are you certain that no person will come upon us, or within view of us, before we have done?" (*Good* Eppie! thinks I, Heaven preserve us a' frae sic goodness!)

"Ay, ay, weel am I sure o' that, Lady Julia, for my ain goodman is on the watch, an' he has a signal that I can ken, which will warn us in good time if anybody leave the high-way."

"Then open the lid and let me look into it once more; for the poor inanimate remains that are in that chest have a hold of this disconsolate and broken heart, which nothing else in this world can ever have again. O my dear boy! My comely, my beautiful, my murdered boy!"

Here Lady Julia burst into the most violent and passionate grief, shrieking and weeping like one in distraction. I was terrified out of a' bounds, but I coudna help thinking to mysell what a strange unconsistent creature a woman was, first to take away a dear little boy's life, and then rair and scraugh over what she had done, like a madwoman. Her passion was sae violent and sae loud that I coudna take up what the auld crone was saying, although her tongue never lay for a moment; but I thought a' the time that she was trying to pacify and comfort Lady Julia; and I thought I heard her saying that the boy wasna murdered. Now, thinks I, that dings a' that ever I heard! If a man aince understands a woman, he needna be feared to try ought in nature.

"Now here they are, my Lady July, just as your own fair hands laid them. There's no ane o' them out o' its place yet. There they a' lie, little an' muckle, frae the crown o' the head to the soles o' the feet."

"Gude forgi'e the woman!" says I into mysell—"Can these be the banes o' bairns that she is speaking about? It is a question how many has been put into that black kisty afore this time, and there their banes will be lying, tier aboon tier, like the contents of a candlemaker's box!"

"Look, here is the first, my leddy. This is the first year's anes. Then, below that sheet o' silver paper, is the second year's, and on sae to the third and the fourth."

"I didna think there had been as muckle wickedness in human nature," thought I; "but if thae twa escape out o' this world without some visible judgment, I'm unco sair mista'en."

"Come now, Leddy July, and let us gae through them a' regularly, an' gie ower greeting. See, as I said, this contains the first year's suits of a' kinds, and here, amang others, is the frock she was baptized in, far, far frae here. Ay, weel I mind that day, an' sae may ye, Leddy July; when the bishop flung the water on your boy's face, how the little chub looked at him! Ech—ech—ech—I'll never forget it! He didna whimper and whine like ither bairns, but his little arms gae a quiver wi' anger, an' sic a look as he gae the priest! Ay, it was as plain as he had said it in gude Scots, 'Billy, I'll be about wi' you for this yet.' Hee—hee—hee—my brave boy! Ay, there needed nae confessions, nor parish registers, to declare wha was his father! 'Faith, billy, I'll be about wi' you for this insult!' Hee—hee—hee. That was what he thought plainly enough, and he looket *very* angry at the Bishop the hale night. O fie, Leddy July, dinna stain the bonny frock wi' your tears. Troth, they are sae warm and sae saut, that they will never wash out again. There now, there now. We will hing them a' out to the sun ane by ane."

Shame fa' my stupidity, says I into mysell. Is the haill terrible affair endit in a bichel o' baby-clouts? As I then heard that they were moving farther away from me, I ventured to peep through the boughs, and saw the coffin standing open, about three feet from my nose. It was a small low trunk, covered with green velvet, lined with white satin, and filled with clothes that had belonged to a princely boy, who, it appeared, from what I overheard, had either been privately murdered, or stolen away, or had somehow unaccountably disappeared. This I gathered from the parts of the dialogue that reached me, for always when they came to the trunk, they were close beside me, and I heard every word; but as they went farther away, hanging out the bairn's claes to air, I lost the parts between. Auld Eppie spake without intromission, but Lady Julia did little else save cry, and weet the different parts of the dress with tears. It was excessively affecting to see the bonny young lady, wha was the flower o' the haill country,

bending ower a wheen claes, pressing them to her bosom, and greeting till the very heart within her was like to melt, and aye crying, between every fit o' sobbing, "O my boy, my dear boy! my noble, my beautiful boy! How my soul yearns after thee! Oh, Eppie, may you never know what the misery is to have but one only son, and to be bereaved of him in such a way as I have been!"

At one time I heard the old wife say, "See, here is the silk corslet that he wore next his breast that very day;" on which Lady Julia seized the little tucker, and kissed it an hundred times, and then said, "Since it once was warmed in his dear little bosom, it shall never cool again as long as his mother's is warm." So saying, she opened her gown, and laid the remnant on her breast, weeping bitterly.

Eppie's anecdotes of the boy were without end; the bereaved and beautiful mother often rebuking her, but all the while manifestly indulging in a painful pleasure. She showed her a pair of trews that were discoloured, and added, "Ah, I ken brawly what made them sae din. His foster-brother, Ranald, and he were after a fine painted butterfly one day. The creature took across a mire, a perfect stank. Ranald stopped short, but Lewie made a bauld spring to clear it. He hardly wan by the mids, where he stuck up to the waist in mire. Afore my goodman reached him, there was naething aboon but the blue bonnet and the feather. 'You little imp o' darkness, how gat you in there?' said my husband. 'That's not your concern, sir, but how I shall get out again,' says the little pestilence. Ah, he was the bairn that had the kind heart when kindness was shown to him; but no ae thing in this versal world wad he do by compulsion. We could never make him comprehend the power of death; he always bit his lip and scowled wi' his eebrows, as if determined to resist it. At first he held him at defiance, threatening to shoot or run him through the body; but when checked so that he durst not openly defy him, his resolution was evidently unchanged. Ha! he was the gallant boy; and if he lives to be a man, he winna have his match in the three kingdoms."

"Alack, alack! my dear boy," exclaimed Lady Julia; "his beauty is long ago defaced, his princely form decayed, and his little unripe bones lying mouldering in some pit or concealed grave. Perhaps he was flung from these rocks, and his fair and mangled form become the prey of the raven and the eagle."

The lady's vehemence some way affected my heart, an' raised sickan a disposition in me to join her in crying, that in spite o' my heart I fell a fuffing like a goose as I was, in below the burn brae. I was overheard; and then all was silence and consternation for about the space of a minute, till I hears Eppie say, "Did you hear that, Lady July? What say ye? What in the world was that? I wish there may be nae concealed spies. I hope nae unhallowed ee has seen our wark the day, or unbleat ear heard our words. Eh?

"Neck butt, neck ben,
I find the smell o' quick men;
But be he living or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to mix my bread."

So saying, the old hag in one moment rushed through the thin part of the brake, in a retrograde position, and drapping down from the hanging bank in the same way, she chanced to light precisely with a foot on each side of my neck. I tried to withdraw my head quietly and peaceably, but she held me as if my head had been in a vice, and, with the most unearthly yells, called out for *a knife! a knife!* I had now no other resource left but to make a tremendous bolt forward, by which I easily overturned the old dame, and off I ran plash for plash down the burn, till I came to an opening, by which I reached the only path down the glen. I had lost my bonnet between the old wife's feet, but got off with my head, which was more than the roudess intended.

Such screaming and howling as the two carried on behind me, I never heard. Their grand secret was now out; and I suppose they looked upon the discovery as utter ruin, for both of them knew me perfectly well, and guessed by whom I had been sent. I made the best of my way home, where I arrived before dark, and gave my master the Earl a full and faithful account of all that I had seen and all that I had heard. He said not a word until I had ended, but his face grew dark, and his eyes as red as a coal, and I

easily perceived that he repented having sent me. When I had concluded my narrative, he bit his lip for some time, and then said in a low smothered voice,—" I see how it has been—I see how it has been; I understand it all perfectly well. Good G—! what a fate has been mine! But I believe, Tom, it will be unsafe for you to stay longer here; for, if you do, you will not be alive before to-morrow at midnight. Therefore haste to the south, and never for your life come north of the Tweed again, or you are a dead man, depend on that. If you promise me this, I will make you a present of L.10, over and above your wages; but if you refuse, I will take my chance of having your motions watched, and you may take yours."

As I had often heard that some certain officious people had vanished from my Lord's mansion before this time, I was glad to make my escape; and taking him at his offer, I was conveyed on shipboard that same night, and have never again looked towards the north.

" It is a great loss, Thomas," said I, " that you can give me no account of the boy, whose son he was, or what became of him. Was Lady Julia ever married?"

I coudna say, sir. I never heard it said either that she was married or unmarried. I never had the slightest suspicion that she was married till that day; but I certainly believe sinsyne, that she aince *had* been married at ony rate. Last year I met with one John Ferguson from that country, who told me the Earl was dead, and that there was some dispute about the heirship, and that some strange secrets had come out; and he added, " For you know very weel, Thomas, that that family never could do anything like other people."

" Think you there is no person in that country to whom I could apply," said I, " for a developement of these mysterious circumstances?"

" There is only one person," said Henderson, " and I am sure he knows everything about it, and that is the Bishop; for he was almost constantly in the family, was sent for on every emergency, and was often away on long jaunts with Lady Julia alone. I am sure he can inform you of every circumstance; but the danger is, that he may not dare to disclose them."

Having twice met with the Bishop, and been exceedingly happy with him, I wrote to him on the instant, requesting some explanation of the curious story related by Henderson. I am almost certain he will not withhold it; and if it be of such a nature as to suit publicity, I shall send it you as soon as it arrives.

Mount Benger, May 10th.

THE WIG.

One day last summer, happening to be at Belfast, I was shown into the traveller's room of the inn at which I put up, where half a dozen of strangers were seated round the table listening to a tall, military-looking gentleman, who seemed in the act of amusing them with some story or other which he was relating. At least I judged that they were *amused*, from a loud peal of laughter set up by the whole body of listeners just as I entered the room. He who appeared to afford this entertainment was a very singular personage. He might be about sixty years of age, was considerably above six feet high, and one of the thinnest men I ever met with. His head was bald, except behind, where a few remaining grey hairs were drawn into a *queue*, which descended down his back. His countenance was of a brown or dingy tint, his nose and chin hooked, his mouth large, and he squinted powerfully with both eyes. He was dressed in a blue military surtout, long Hessian boots, and buckskin breeches. In addition to this he wore huge, brazen spurs, and held in his right hand a long jockey whip. Altogether his appearance was striking; and when he spoke, his body was in incessant motion, his mouth drawn up into a grim smile, and his language rich, fluent, and Irish. His appearance, I must say, interested me; and, by a sort of involuntary movement, I placed myself at the table beside the rest, resolved to hear a little of that amusement which seemed to have such influence upon the risible faculties of the audience. As soon as the laughter had subsided, the old gentleman recommenced nearly in the following

strain,—what truth there may be in his narrative I know not,—"I tell it as 'twas told to me."—

"What I have told you, gentlemen, proves that great events sometimes spring from trifling causes; but I shall relate to you a circumstance still more wonderful, and I pledge my honour that every word of it is true.

"It chanced, then, just thirty years ago, that the East India Company, in whose service I at that time was, declared war against the Peishwa of Surindab. The cause of this war was never made public, but I knew well what gave rise to it; and you will hardly believe me when I tell you, that the whole continent of Hindostan was convulsed, a thousand lacks of rupees expended, and a hundred and fifty thousand human lives lost, on account of a wig! Yes, by the powers, a wig! This was the cause of the war. A wig,—a wig,—a wig! Let it be written in letters of brass, that the continent of India was convulsed, a thousand lacks of rupees expended, and a hundred and fifty thousand human beings sacrificed, about a wig!—You will perhaps wonder how all this botheration could proceed from so inadequate a cause, but I shall tell you how it happened.

"The baggage of the Governor-General was one night robbed, and a patent peruke belonging to his wife taken out of it. This patent peruke was sold to the Peishwa of Surindab for half a lack of rupees; and he, considering that it became his own by purchase, put it upon his bald pate, and acquired thereby much dignity in his own estimation, and much honour in the eyes of his subjects. No sooner was the wig amissing, than the Governor's wife fell into a dreadful passion, and caused proclamations to be posted up through Calcutta, in the Hindoo, Persic, Syriac, Coptic, Sanscrit, Arabic, Hebrew, and Chinese tongues, offering a large reward for the recovery of the same, and threatening to immolate those in whose possession it should be found, at the altar of the great god Juggernaut. I assure you, gentlemen, that the people of Calcutta were in a devil of a stew. The Hindoos turned up the whites of their eyes, and commended themselves to the crocodiles of the Ganges; the Mahometans chewed an extra allowance of opium, and smoked with redoubled zeal, ejaculating between every puff the name of the prophet, and consoling themselves with the thought, that if they did die on account of the wig, they would be straightway transported to the arms of the houris in the bowers of Paradise. As for the Chinese, they invoked the god Fum to their assistance, and vowed in good round style, that, if any evil were done to them, their celestial emperor, the mighty Kien Long, would come with his multitude of immortals, and sweep Calcutta from the face of the earth.—How the business might have ended no human being can tell, when word was brought to the lady, that her wig adorned the royal head of the Peishwa of Surindab. This enraged her more than ever; and, sending for me one evening, she commanded me to proceed to the capital city of the Peishwa, and demand the peruke. I accordingly set out with an elegant equipage, which her ladyship ordered to be prepared for me; and, after hard travelling, reached the palace of his highness, to whom I communicated my message.

"The Peishwa was a short, squat, flat-nosed, mahogany-faced fellow, of about fifty-three. His limbs were cased in wide linen trowsers and sandals. He wore a white jewelled turban upon his head; and from his shoulders flowed a loose robe of purple silk, inwrought with all the mysteries of the Hindoo mythology. Around his waist, a girdle, studded with amethysts, was bound; and in this girdle were stuck a diamond-hilted hanger, a long scymitar, and a brace of Spanish pistols. He was seated on a throne of gold and ivory, surrounded by a crowd of grim-looking fellows, with sabres in their hands, and daggers at their sides, after the fashion of their master. On being introduced, I was desired to prostrate myself, and make a certain number of *salaams*, but this I declined, alleging that I would not bend the knee to any man on earth except my own sovereign. This boldness, I thought, staggered him a little; and he put on such an iron aspect, that I looked for nothing short of the bowstring, or bastinado at least. However my contumaciousness was allowed to pass unpunished, and he asked me with as much civility as he could muster, what was the object of my mission.

"'Most noble Peishwa of Surindab,' said I, 'I come hither as the appointed ambassador of that chaste and virtuous lady, the spouse of our invincible Governor-General of all the Indies, to demand a wig, which some of your people have purloined, and which I have good reason to know is at this moment on your royal head.' Such was my speech, and at the conclusion of it his highness looked as if struck with a *coup de soleil*. His face grew as black as logwood, his eyes bulged from their sockets, and his teeth gnashed together with absolute amazement. He even laid his hand upon his sword, then upon his scymitar, then upon his pistols. Altogether I could not help apprehending some dreadful consequences, and every moment expected to feel either a foot of cold steel, or an ounce of lead, riddling my body. At last he grew somewhat cooler, and after conversing with his vizier, spoke to me as follows:

"'And pray, young sir, what if I refuse to surrender the wig which the chaste and virtuous spouse of your invincible Governor-General of all the Indies, has thought fit to demand of me?'

"'In that case,' said I, 'I am commanded by her ladyship to assure you that war will be instantly declared against your highness; that, like many other native princes, you will be stripped of your dominions, which will be added to those of the Company; and farther, that your name will be declared infamous, and yourself tried, condemned, and executed, as a resetter of theft.'

"I believe I never spoke in my whole life with so much energy. My language was absolutely sublime, and made the Peishwa's copper face assume all the colours of the rainbow. It was black, blue, brown, and green by turns, while the foam rolled in volumes from his mouth, and he cursed me in the name of Brama and Vishnu, and Seeva, and swore to hand me over to the priests, who would offer me up as a victim, to appease their offended deities. 'Away with him,' said he, as soon as he could speak, 'throw him into prison! Thus to insult the dignity of Surindab?—thus to outbrave the cousin of the moon, the brother of the sun, the ruler of the stars, the king of ten thousand crocodiles, the commander of elephants, the father of snakes, the famous drinker of wine, the illustrious eater of buffaloes' flesh—who weighs twenty stones, who has five hundred wives, nine hundred concubines, and a whole army of eunuchs! Away with him, cut him in pieces, bow-string him, bastinade him, shave his head, put out his eyes!' Such were the frantic exclamations of the infuriated Peishwa; and I was hurried off without ceremony, and thrown into a dismal vault some twenty feet under ground.

"As soon as I was fairly lodged in this place, I began to reflect upon my situation, and soon came to the conclusion that it was far from being an enviable one. I had got into the tiger's den, and how to get out of it puzzled me in no small degree. To tell the truth, I considered death as inevitable: in all likelihood I had only a few hours to live, and I resolved to behave like a man, and not disgrace my country and profession by playing the coward in my last moments.

"Death, however, is death; and let people put what face they may upon the matter, it is not a thing to be sneezed at, or treated with indifference. It is very well for those who have never been in danger to philosophize upon the subject, and vaunt what they would do in this situation or in that. So long as our bodies are flesh and blood, and our minds compounded of hopes and fears, and other passions of a like kind, the grim tyrant will be an unwelcome visitor. For my part, young as I was and full of high expectations of future fame, I had not the least wish to shake hands with him; and would much rather have been smoking at Calcutta with my fellow-comrades, than roasted at the stake, or even strangled, for the sake of my illustrious mistress and her patent peruke. Full of these cogitations, time wore on; hour after hour went by, and I was still alive, having neither been beheaded, burned, bow-stringed, bastinadoed, or even shaved, all of which terrible punishments were contained in the threatenings of the Peishwa. Day at last closed: the few beams which found their way into my grated prison, gradually melted into darkness, and I was left in the solitude and silence of the tomb. What could I do?—pipe I had none for smoking—liquor I had

none for drinking. Deprived of these invaluable friends to misfortune, I felt dull, drooping, and melancholy, and, had not the guards taken the precaution of removing my arms, I verily believe I should have committed some act of violence. My mind became sad, bewildered, and visionary. I felt that all my gay hopes were crushed in the bud; that the grave was opening its jaws to receive me, and that the darkness in which I was now immured, was but a type of that last and sepulchral gloom which would soon be mine. Nor when slumber came down upon my eyes was I better off. Instead of flinging a veil over my future lot, it only rendered it more painfully distinct and revolting. I fancied myself led out to execution in the presence of the revengeful Peishwa. I saw all instruments of punishment before my eyes—the scymitar, the cord, and the rack. I saw my adversary seated on his throne, surrounded by barbaric splendour, by thousands of armed and obsequious slaves, while the gods of his country looked down with an approving aspect from their tabernacles in the sky, and urged his dark spirit to slaughter and revenge. These visions continued for some hours, when I was awakened from them by the opening of my prison door. 'Now,' said I, 'the horrors of fancy are to be exchanged for those of reality—the hour of death is at hand.' Such were the thoughts which possessed my understanding, and I must confess that the appearance of those who now entered had no great effect in dispelling them. They were a party of the Peishwa's guards, each with a drawn scymitar in his hand, and the foremost having, in addition, a coil of rope twisted round his arm.

"You will probably think that these fellows came with the charitable purpose of strangling or beheading me, in compliance with the commands of their sublime master; but not at all, for after pinioning me with the cord, in spite of abundance of kicking and bawling on my part, they proceeded with the utmost coolness to shave my head, and so effectually were their operations performed, that not a single pile of hair was left remaining. Having accomplished this ceremony, in a way that would have done honour to the most dexterous tonsor, they unbound the cords which tied me, led me to the prison door, and, giving me a parting kick on the seat of honour, they advised me to betake myself home as soon as I pleased, for that if I were found another day in the territories of the Peishwa, I should assuredly be put to death, and my body left a prey to the vultures.

"Behold me now, shorn of my locks, stripped of my armour and of my retinue, a poor pennyless, houseless wanderer in the country of the vindictive Peishwa. My heart was boiling with indignation, and I longed, with intense ardour, to revenge the insults heaped upon me. I would, had I followed the dictates of passion, have challenged my enemy on the spot; but I was not mad enough to resort to an expedient which would only hurl destruction upon my own head. 'No, base ruler of Suriudab, I shall take a surer plan with you,' were the exclamations of my wounded spirit. 'I shall return to the city from whence I came, and lay my wrongs before my illustrious mistress; and if she refuses to make my cause her own, justice does not abide on the earth, and truth and honour are empty names.' Such were my resolutions; and my first step was to endeavour to find out some of my comrades, that we might travel home together, and lay our complaints at the feet of her by whom we were assured of being avenged. But no comrade was to be found: my retinue was as utterly gone, as if it had been swept away from the face of the earth, or had never existed. In this predicament I had no recourse but to pursue my journey alone.

"Most fortunately, a few hours after quitting the capital of the Peishwa, I observed a fine charger, thoroughly caparisoned, walking about as if it had lost its owner. Considering the dreadful circumstances in which I was placed, I made no scruple of mounting this animal—which seemed as if sent by Heaven for my use—more especially as, by the cut of its accoutrements, I was satisfied that it belonged to the cavalry of my oppressor, by whom I had been so harshly used, that to take anything appertaining to him could scarce be deemed a robbery. Thus mounted, I pursued my way, sometimes by the glare of the fierce Indian sun, sometimes by

the cool lustre of the moon, which shone in the deep vault of heaven, as a kind spirit attempering the ardour of her fiery and magnificent lord. After a multitude of adventures—after being pursued, times without number, by hordes of roving Pindarees—after witnessing the huge boa-constrictor and the gaunt tiger writhing on the sand plains, in the agonies of unendurable thirst—after having scaled mountains, whose bases basked in the heat of perpetual summer, whose zones were bound by the girdle of ceaseless spring, and whose summits shot up into the cold empire of ice—after witnessing all these, and going through innumerable hardships, I arrived at last at Calcutta, the termination of my pilgrimage, and the fountain from which my vengeance was to rush in one vast deluge upon the head of the Peishwa of Surindab.

"The first thing I did was to call upon the lady, and lay my complaint before her. When she saw my bald pate, my tattered dress, and my body worn and emaciated in her service, she was seized with pity, and wept aloud; but when I informed her of the cause of my misfortunes, and how contemptuously she had been treated by his highness of Surindab, she changed her tones of pity for those of rage and vengeance.

"'The villain shall suffer for it!' said she, in the first moment of passion; 'he shall, by heaven, and that in a shorter period than he is prepared for.' So saying, she went, followed by me, according to her orders, into the presence of the Governor-General, who was busy smoking his pipe, and listening to his Pundit, who was reading to him a parcel of dispatches. His excellency was a little, snappish man, ill-natured to the world in general, but to his wife the most submissive creature in existence. He tyrannized over India, and she, in her turn, tyrannized over him. He was, in fact, wife-ridden, his good lady wearing the breeches, and being, of the two, the better horse.

"'My lord,' said she, 'you remember the story of my wig?'

"'I do, my love,' ejaculated the Governor, emitting at the same time a huge puff of tobacco-smoke, and looking at her with an expression of intolerable peevishness, mixed with dread. And no wonder, for that eternal wig had been forced down his throat, till he was utterly sick of the subject; and, I have no doubt, he wished his wife and her peruke at the bottom of the Red Sea.

"'Well then, my lord, it is fit you should know that not only has my wig been villainously purloined by the Peishwa of Surindab, but this young man, my messenger, whom I sent to obtain it, has been disgracefully treated. Look at him—look at his head!'

"The Governor looked at me attentively. I thought I saw his lips curled into an air of derision; and blowing out another immense cloud of vapour from his mouth, he assured his wife that he was very sorry for what had occurred, but that wigs were not so scarce but what her ladyship could get another in Calcutta. This was certainly one of the most unlucky speeches ever uttered, and failed wofully in the effect it was intended to have, of soothing her irritated feelings. She burst forth, like a long-restrained volcano, into a volley of wrath, stamped with her feet, and so utterly terrified her husband, that he laid aside his pipe, took her affectionately by the hand, and entreated her to say what steps she would wish him to take.

"'Declare war against the Peishwa,' was her indignant reply.

"'Zounds!' said the Governor, startled at this demand, 'declare war on account of a wig? It is not possible, my lady, that you can be serious.'

"'But I *am* serious!' exclaimed her ladyship, 'and that you shall find to your cost, if you don't commence hostilities without loss of time.' So saying, she bounced out of the room, leaving her husband utterly confounded by so absurd a proposition. The poor man knew not what in heaven to do. He dared not for the soul of him disoblige his wife; but to enter into a dangerous war with a friendly state about a pound of human hair, staggered even his obsequiousness, and made him pause. For some minutes he walked hurriedly up and down the apartment with a pipe in his mouth, puffing in the most prodigious style, and muttering through his teeth, 'War about a wig—war about a wig!—The thing is impossible. What will the Company think of me—What will the Government at home think of me?—Zounds! it cannot be.' He then sat

down, and his Pundit being one of the most erudite men of the East, he asked him if there was ever an instance of war having arisen in India from such a cause. The Pundit answered, that wigs, being unknown in that country, could not give rise to wars —ergo, no wars had ever arisen on account of wigs;—but that wars having frequently arisen from causes equally trifling, there was no philosophical reason why wigs might not as well give rise to wars as they. This solution pleased the Governor. He sent for his wife, and informed her that war would instantly be commenced in compliance with her wishes, but that, for various reasons, some other cause than the real one must be assigned for it.

"When the Peishwa heard of the operations about to commence against him, he was confounded. He had always been on good terms with the Company, and could not comprehend why they should so unwarrantably begin an attack. Neither he, nor any one else, save the Governor, his wife, his Pundit, and myself, had the slightest notion of the real grounds, else universal amazement and indignation would naturally have been excited. The true cause was the wig, the pretended one a mere tub to amuse the whale. The latter, even supposing it well-founded, was utterly insignificant and contemptible; but so fond are people of magnifying everything beyond its just dimensions, that the mole-hill soon swelled into a mountain, and it was proved to demonstration by all the *quidnuncs* of the day, that the Peishwa had given us huge cause of offence, and that nothing could satisfy our just resentment but his deposition, and the cession of his dominions to our own. There were, indeed, some politicians both in India and in the mother-country, who looked upon the imputed cause as totally insufficient to justify such preparations and such expense; but these were regarded as disaffected persons—enemies to the government; and their croakings were accordingly unheard, or treated with contempt by all true lovers of their country.

"War soon commenced in sober earnest; but before quitting Calcutta with my regiment, I was sent for by the governor's lady, with whom I had the honour of a *tete-à-tete* in her private boudoir. 'Colonel,' said she, 'you are a young man, and it is in my power to do much for you, and advance your prospects in life. The cause of this war I need not tell you—that you know as well as I do—but I trust, as you value my good opinion, that you will be *mum*, and say not a word upon the subject to any human being. As I suppose you aspire after valiant enterprises, even as Don Quixote did, I shall give you one, in which if you are successful, you shall rank in my estimation even higher than that illustrious knight-errant; and I shall consider you the pink and pearl of modern chivalry, besides rewarding you well.'

"'Name not rewards, most accomplished lady,' said I, kneeling before her, and pressing the fair hand which she presented to my lips—'Name them not. I am more than rewarded in having the honour of labouring in your service; and I trust I shall so conduct myself as to win a place in your admiration, not inferior to that possessed by the renowned knight of La Mancha.'

"'I know it, my dear Colonel,' said she, smiling; 'but praise, though honey to a noble mind, will be yet sweeter if accompanied with something of a more solid description. What I, therefore, wish to tell you is, that if you recover that peruke, which the unprincipled Peishwa has dared to purloin, I shall give you half a lack of rupees; and if you shall succeed in bringing me the head of the audacious traitor, as well as the wig, double the number shall be yours.' Lovely lady! no sooner had she pronounced these words, than, suffused in blushes, she arose and went away, leaving me upon my knees, struck with admiration at the tenderness of her feelings and the nobleness of her spirit. My heart was full; emotion stifled my utterance; and I wept like a child at the contemplation of such perfection, and at the thought of being selected the champion of one so pure-minded, and so exalted in station above her sex. Those sweet words which she uttered fell like music upon my ear, and at the same time stirred me up to heroic deeds, like the sound of a trumpet. 'Peishwa of Surindab, beware my arm. Innocence and virtue urge it against thy bosom, and thou or I shall perish in the coming struggle.' Such were the words I involuntarily uttered as I poured out

a glass of brandy, which the lovely lady had taken care to place upon the table for my use.

"The war which ensued was one of the most sanguinary that ever took place in India. The capital of Surindab was many days' march from Calcutta, and the intervening country in every respect unfavourable for the progress of an army. It was a barren, mountainous district, studded in some places with verdure, but generally devoid of everything indicative of vegetable life. The plains lying between the hills were covered with arid sand, and bore a miniature resemblance to the deserts of Africa and Arabia, which I have more than once had occasion to pass over. Notwithstanding these disadvantages to an invading force, the Peishwa was beat at all points, the stockades which he raised up forced, his elephants destroyed, and a whole caravan of wives and concubines made captive. This last circumstance annoyed him more than anything else; and he swore, by the golden beard of his brother the sun, and the petticoats of his cousin the moon, to immolate us to his wrath, and to tumble our whole force, body and soul, into the waters of the Ganges.

"At one time he was very near effecting his threat; and had it not been for a most notable expedient which I put in practice, the whole of our army, British and Sepoys, horses, elephants, and camels, must have perished without redemption. Upon my honour, gentlemen, I saved the army;—had it not been for me, a despised and neglected colonel in the Company's service, that magnificent force, which left Calcutta with beat of drum, clang of cymbal, and sound of trumpet, must have been lost, unutterably lost, —and left not even a name behind. You will naturally be anxious to learn how this took place; well, then, it was as follows:

"After being defeated in several sanguinary actions, as I have just mentioned, the Peishwa retired with the remnant of his army towards that vast range of mountains which run between Thibet and India. They are the Imaus of the ancients, and the Himmallah or Snowy ridge of the moderns, and stand like huge pyramids of ice between the two continents. The summits of some of them are so lofty that they are hidden in eternal clouds, and are commonly supposed by the natives to be the citadels on which Indra, the god of the elements, has placed his throne. The approach to these mountains is exceedingly difficult, being intersected in all directions by rocks, ravines, gullies, sandpits, and marshes.

"Now, what think you the Peishwa did? He intrenched himself in this abominable swamp, and so fortified every assailable point with stockades and mock batteries, as to render his position one of the most formidable ever chosen. To surround him, with such a bulwark of mountains at his back, was out of the question; to starve him into a surrender impossible, as he had many months' provisions at his command; and to drive him from his entrenchments, an undertaking of immense hazard. Our army was, in fact, brought to a regular pull-up. That valour which, in fair fight, had foiled the enemy times without number, was bootless here; and we had the mortification of seeing ourselves pointed at by those barbarians with the finger of ridicule, and every effort we made to assault them in their fastnesses utterly unavailing. Nor was this all; for when our situation was perceived, and the inadequacy of our offensive means made known to them, they assumed new courage, and ventured to make different sallies upon us from their stockades, by which we lost a number of valuable men, without the satisfaction of thinking that we had done them much damage in return. Besides this, they sent out parties who beat up our quarters, and ravaged the country on all sides,—stripping it of whatever forage it possessed, and reducing us to the greatest straits for want of provender for our cattle. Altogether our situation was most unpleasant; and, to add to our other misfortunes, a mutiny was on the point of breaking out among the men.

"In this dreadful predicament I requested an audience of the Commander-in-Chief.

"'Most noble sir,' said I, bowing gracefully, and putting my hand upon my heart, 'it grieves me from the bottom of my *sowl* to witness the slow progress which our valiant army is now making against the Peishwa of Surindab. It is evident, that till we know the precise situation of his army

among these swamps and rocks, nothing can be done against him in the way of attack. Entrenched as he is behind artificial and natural obstacles, it is clear that we are fighting against an invisible foe. A foe being invisible, cannot be seen; a foe who cannot be seen, cannot be conquered; ergo, we cannot conquer the Peishwa of Surindab. Now what I have to propose is this,—that your Excellency would please to order a balloon to be constructed without loss of time; and if I do not show the enemy a trick worth any ten of his own, I am, as the immortal Sir John Falstaff says, a souced gurnet.'

"Thus far had I proceeded, when the Commander-in-Chief, taking out a pair of silver spectacles, stuck them upon his carbuncled nose, and eyed me with a glance in which it would be difficult to say whether amazement or admiration most predominated.

"'And pray, most sapient Colonel,' said he, with a sneer not to be misunderstood, 'what may be your pleasure with a balloon? Of a truth, you are a worthy young man, and deserve our most hearty thanks for wishing to amuse us in these dull times. A balloon—ah—so it is your august pleasure to have a balloon—to go a-star-gazing I suppose? What would you think of taking a flight across Dwalagiri to give yourself an appetite for breakfast?' These words were spoken in a tone of such derisive sarcasm that the blood mounted indignantly to my cheeks; and as I looked at the ruddy-faced, bald-pated, satirical old man, I confess it required all the consciousness that he was my superior officer, to check the retort which, almost in spite of myself, was rising to my lips. However, I curbed my irritated feelings, and answered as follows:

"'Mistake me not, most valiant sir. I am neither mad nor selfish, but have the honour of the army most deeply at heart. Let not your excellency suppose that I would so far degrade myself as to become a mere aeronaut for the gratification of spectators, and still less that, in the dreadful circumstances in which we are placed, I would ascend for my own amusement. No, my aim is nobler: my aim is to mount the sky and gaze like the eagle upon the positions which our enemies hold in these infernal entrenchments, whose very nature is hidden in such obscurity as to render all attack upon them hopeless. My object, most excellent sir, is to map out their fastnesses in such a manner that their most intricate labyrinths may be unravelled, and a passage opened up by which our gallant troops may enter, and sacrifice them to the infernal gods.'

"'O glorious young man,' exclaimed the General, as I concluded my somewhat sublime oration; 'what a thought! what a magnificent idea! Zounds, sir, you are a man of genius! Dædalus was nothing to you—Archimedes a mere tyro—Cohorn a ninny—Vauban an ass!' And, getting up from his seat, he shook me warmly by the hand, assuring me that I was the greatest prodigy the world ever saw; that my fame would stretch from pole to pole, and that I had found out the philosopher's stone, which would cause all the fortresses in Europe to be no better than cracked pitchers. Nor did his approval of my scheme confine itself to words, for he straightway ordered a balloon to be prepared on the most approved principles, and announced to the army, that in six days my ascent would take place with all the honours. This immediately put the troops in good humour: the mutiny was quelled in a moment. Every man seemed delighted; some being tickled with the idea of seeing my ascent, and others pleased at the thought that it would be the means of ending the war, and releasing them from their unpleasant situation.

"The balloon was prepared in the stipulated time, conformably to orders. It was certainly a magnificent machine, some forty feet in diameter, and glittering all over with purple and gold. A car shaped like the nautilus, and made of bamboo, was appended to it with silken cords; and into this car did I place myself in the midst of acclamations from the assembled multitude. This was the proudest moment of my life. Surrounded by ten thousand British troops, forty thousand sepoys, and numberless crowds of Bramins, Pundits, concubines, sherbet-makers, and camel-drivers, I was the object of universal admiration. No one doubted my success; and in the consciousness of anticipated victory, they rent the air with their cries. On taking my seat, I used the precaution to place a bottle of brandy beside me, well knowing the icy cold-

ness of those regions into which I was about to ascend; and to keep myself still more comfortable, I threw around my shoulders a mantle of rich ermine, of which one of the Peishwa's captive wives, who had taken a fancy to me, made me a present the day before. Thus equipped, I gave the signal; those who held the cords of the car relaxed their grasp; and up, up, up, like a stupendous soap-bubble blown from the pipe of Polyphemus, sprung the mighty globe towards the vault of heaven.

"There is no conveyance in the world equal to a balloon. It combines the two grand requisites of speed and ease. There is no jogging or shaking of one's bones, as occur in a coach—no stopping to pay tolls or change horses—no infernal twang of horn from iron-lunged guard—no 'hip, woa,' from driver. Even a steam-boat, or Mr Burstall's steam-carriage, is not to be named in the same breath. I have often thought that an eagle was the most glorious creature in existence, as with his broad, proud pinions he clove the winds of heaven, making for himself a passage through empty space, and soaring on his way with a majesty beyond the state of kings; but even an eagle is nothing to a man in a balloon—and, while mounting upwards, like Satan from the infernal gulf, I envied not the strongest of the feathered tribe that ever swept its way through the fields of ether.

"But, hollo! what the devil am I about? I am getting into heroics with a vengeance; and if I don't set a stopper to my eloquence, the Peishwa of Surindab will play the deuce with the British army. And to tell you the truth, gentlemen, the Peishwa was much nearer accomplishing this object than I had any idea of; but this you shall hear by and by.

"Suppose me now poised between heaven and earth, with the ermine cloak of the Sultana around my shoulders, my sextant in my hand, taking the bearings of the hostile encampment, and a sheet of foolscap before me, on which my plans and observations were to be noted down. The friends I had left below were in ecstacies. I heard their voices mellowed into a distant and indistinct hum as they struggled upwards through space to meet the object of their acclamations. The cannon, whose thunder rolled so loud in the rocks below, sounded like pop-guns; and those shells and rockets which were shot up, by way of parting salute, seemed to me, in my vast elevation, scarcely to rise above the ground. I felt myself etherealised beyond the race of men. I was no longer a human being. I was no longer my former self. I had ceased to be a denizen of earth, and spurned the vile world on which I drew my existence. However, although I did all this, I was not so negligent of my duty as to forget the mission on which I had gone. I remembered the Peishwa and his entrenchments; and, before I was half an hour in the upper regions, I had every nook and cranny of these fortresses drawn out in my chart. 'Now,' thought I to myself, 'most sublime sovereign of Surindab, I have got the key to your fortifications; and if the Commander-in-Chief and his valiant army of British and Sepoys don't find their way into your inmost recesses"——

Most unfortunately, at this part of the story the waiter made his appearance, and announced to the military gentleman that his horse was ready. Upon which he got up from his seat, made the company a profound bow, and said he would finish his adventures some other time. Our disappointment was extreme, and so, I daresay, will be that of the reader. The conjectures of us all as to his character and the nature of his story were innumerable. One swore he was Captain Bobadil, another that he was Major Longbow, a third that he was Baron Munchausen. To settle the dispute, I rung for the waiter and inquired if he knew the name of the stranger who had just left us.

"Lord, sir," said the fellow, "his name is Colonel O'Shaughnessy."

A Modern Pythagorean.

THE MAN OF TON. A SATIRE.*

What a noble Poem would that be which did justice to its name of "London, a Satire!" The highest kind of satire belongs to the highest kind of poetry. Isaiah and Jeremiah were satirists—and is London not another Babylon? But those bards were prophets—the generations now are the uninspired sons of little men. Yet let no poet but of the highest order stir up with a long pole the wild beasts in that den of many cages, whether he desires to show up and off lions, bears, tigers, panthers, ounces, jaguars, hyenas, wolves, asleep or feeding—or desires, by some gentler touch, to exhibit in their natural attitudes and postures zebras, quagas, nylghaus, antelopes, kangaroos, opossums, apes, and monkeys—standing boldly or gracefully as if in their own African or Asiatic deserts, or sitting anomalously on their hurdies, as if in New Holland or Van Diemen's Land, or swinging all a-grin and a-chatter over bar and to wire, as if gathering a "pretty considerable snatch of nuts, I guess," in the woods of the New World, "and then right slick away," in terror of Jonathan's rifle, paid for at five dollars a-day by a naturalist in Philadelphia.

Dr Johnson's "London, a Satire," is a noble poem. But his great moral genius was constrained in composition by the perpetual parody on his powerful prototype, Juvenal. To have shown so much genius and so much ingenuity at one and the same time, to have been so original even in imitation, places him in the highest order of minds. But his range was here circumscribed; for he had to move parallel with the Roman,—finding out in every passage corresponding and kindred sins,—and in order to preserve—which he did wondrously—the similitude—

> "To bridle in his struggling muse with pain,
> Which long'd to launch into a nobler strain."

He had noble faculties and noble feelings—a hate high as heaven of wickedness, a scorn as high of all that was base or mean—wide knowledge of the World, of London, of Life—severe judgment—imagination not very various, perhaps, but very vivid, and, when conjoined with such an intellect, even wonder-working in realms that seemed scarcely of right to belong to the solemn sage—witness the Happy Valley of Rasselas, and indeed all that as yet unsurpassed Story, where, on the wings of fancy and feeling, you are wafted along over the earth, yet never lose sight of its flesh-and-blood inhabitants working and weeping, yet not unhappy still in their toils and their tears, and dying but to live again in no cold, glittering, poetic heaven, but in the abodes of bliss, seen by the eyes of nature through the light of religion, builded in the skies.

Dryden was a fine, bold, stout, strong, and sweeping satirist; but, vacillating in his own principles and practice, in many of the highest affairs which a man has to discuss and settle with his own soul, "Glorious John," with the native strength of a giant, sometimes felt his own knees smiting against one another, his legs tottering, his footing unsure; and therefore he not unfrequently failed to pour out the whole force of his fury, often most wordy when weakest far—for surely, had it been otherwise, he needed not to have feared—or at least not to have fancied—such a sumph as Shadwell. Dryden seems to have been a man of wavering principles, but warm and generous feelings; so he had one of the best, and one of the worst qualities, which a satirist can possess. But then, what an ear for music!

> "The long resounding march, the energy divine!"

What clearness too of diction, through all his easy-flowing versification of various murmur! So that you are never wearied with the delight of listening to the voice of the stream on which you float down between majestic banks. Even when the satire languishes, the poetry is magnificent; and you are brought back, with a refreshed

* Colburn, London.

appetite, to devour the castigation of the knave or fool whom you and the poet had for a while forgotten. But we shall have an article erelong on Dryden, possibly, nay probably, not much inferior in talent, and most certainly greatly superior in truth, to that able and eloquent one in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review by Commissioner Macaulay.

Pope was an exquisite satirist—but it is not an exquisite satirist that is to show up such a City as London to scorn. His pigmy and puny body did somewhat affect the character of his mind. We fear that poor Pope was often ailing—that perhaps he never in all his life enjoyed one day of perfect health. This gave something, at times, touching to his character—and to his situation much that was even pathetic. In his serious poetry, sorrow is seen, we think, through many passages; and his mirth, which is rare, is still seldom without a tinge—a dash of melancholy. It was only when he gave vent to love or indignation that he was a great writer. Witness his Eloisa to Abelard—and his Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady—and the glorious Dunciad. In the first of these poems, the Eloisa, Pope treated the bitterness of the passion of love, under circumstances so peculiar and strange, that none but such a man could ever have dreamt of meddling with them;—poor unfortunate little fellow! And in the Dunciad, when his ire was kindled, on a subject where he felt himself strong as on the other he was weak—his literary, not his amatory powers—how in mud he drowned the dunces!—His love for "the Blount" was tender, passionate, undeserved, and ill-requited, by an ordinary woman, who could never help despising the very being of whom she was nevertheless proud—for the contempt was the more natural emotion of the two to such a creature—the pride was secondary and acquired. How bitterly he calumniated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, for reasons plain enough—till her fair face grew as red as her petticoat, and as blue as her stockings. Then he became a courtier, in the feebleness of his person. He panegyrized such lords as Marchmont and Cobham, till they both must have blushed black;—but posterity heeds not their blushes, for posterity has forgotten them both, embalmed though they be in Epistles, which whether they be indeed poetry or not, you must consult the late Lord Byron and the present Mr Bowles, the late Mr Gilchrist and the present Mr Roscoe—Mr Campbell, whose opinion, even when wrong, is worth its weight in gold, and that immeasurable donkey, MacDermot on Taste and Tragedy, whose ears, "casting their shadows before," have been known to frighten out of their wits children at play in the churchyard, where he had chanced to be on the look-out for thistles, and who were thus saved—poor dear innocents—by insensibility, from the prolonged horrors of his super-asinine bray.

Talking of churchyards, old big-wigged Dr Young, author of the Night Thoughts, a Poem which will always be read by thoughtful people who have but few books, are poor, and live in the country, was no small shakes in satire. He was himself the prey of his own epigrammatic genius, that would never let him rest in ordinary speech, but kept pointing every line as it came up, often at the wrong end, so that the careless reader is sometimes unexpectedly stung, and loses his temper, like an old woman taking up without due caution a needle by the sharp nose, instead of the blunt eye—or a pin out of her mouth in like predicament. Yet the doctor had a clear far-seeing eye to vice and folly. He did not, however, "shoot folly as it flies," for he was afraid of missing, but let bang at her in the seat; and it is funny to see her, like a hare shot in form, jumping up some six feet or so, and then down again to the ground with a thud, a quadrupedal sprawl, and then over on her back or side, stone-dead. The doctor sometimes makes "much ado about nothing," and mouths as if in the pulpit. You always know that you are reading a satire written by a man in black, and with bands. He sometimes seems to be angry with sins solely because they insult him in his character of a clergyman, and have no respect for the cloth. He writes, at other times, like a disappointed man who had no hopes of ever becoming a bishop; and perhaps in lawn sleeves he had been less truculent about trifles, for spiritual peers are in general more pompous than savage. To cut up poor curates and such small deer would be monstrous in a Mitre. Men of the world used, we believe, to laugh at

the doctor's satire, but we suspect on the left side of their mouths; for instead of tickling, he stabbed them in the midriff, and the Lorenzo of his Night Thoughts, who is there always a gentleman, was transmogrified in his regular satires into a mere vile and vulgar sceptic. All his writings, however, want keeping—are distinguished by exaggeration and disproportion. He hammers vice well when laid on the anvil, but he is not expert at hitting the right nail on the head; and often, when wielding his mace against a fly sticking to the wall, merely shatters the wainscot. But Young was a poet, nevertheless, of a high order. He had a fine imagination, and deep sensibilities; and has produced single lines, and passages, seldom if ever excelled, and in their meaning perhaps more profound than the poet himself knew, for he was subject to fits of inspiration.

Churchill was a poor, low, unprincipled, vicious, coarse creature, with smartness that sometimes was almost strength; and what to us must in such a person always be a mystery, he had a command over the English language, as far as his mind enabled him to go in it, which made everything he said tell, far beyond its native worth or power, and has secured him no contemptible place among English satirists. His style certainly is pure and idiomatic. He was the terror of pimps and players—and his ghost probably haunted Garrick, although it was hardly worth its while to come up for such a purpose. Let a thing be but well executed,—poor, paltry, and pitiful, as in its own nature it may be,—and it lasts. It is so with the Rosciad. The splendour of that farthing candle burned bright during Garrick's life,—not only illuminating the green-room, but all London, all England; long after his decease, it continued to glimmer away very respectably; and we have heard elderly gentlemen within these twenty years, (one of them lived in Ludlow,) belonging to the school whose day was just wearing out, quote the Rosciad by screeds; lines in it are still recognised when they meet the ear or the eye; and possibly the entire affair may never be, from beginning to end, utterly forgotten as long as there are theatres.

> "That Davies has a very pretty wife,"

was reckoned one of the severest and happiest lines ever written, and "ex uno disce omnes." Oh dear! but a little wit goes a long way in this stupid world. Then Churchill had much rancour, and a large spleen, which is always in an inverse ratio to the size of the heart. This gave him spirit for a spurt. But he had no bottom. He was also a coward; and, like a coward, liked to frighten the feeble into fits of fear. Had Hogarth, instead of caricaturing him badly, floored him by a right-handed facer, or lunge in the kidneys,—John Bee is our authority for saying that Hogarth could spar a bit,—Churchill had been cowed, and bit his nail and pen in insolent malice. Why Dr Johnson, whom he libelled as Pomposo, did not break his bones, we cannot conjecture; perhaps because the scamp was a parson; and Samuel had such a respect for the Church, that he would not even inflict personal chastisement on a blackguard who had once preached from an Episcopalian pulpit. Yet we believe he once threatened to drub Churchill; and probably forbore carrying the threat into execution, because he had attacked Scotland. Some of the lines in his Prophecy of Famine, about the poverty of Scotland, are well turned; but the satire is commonplace; and after the first pleasure of surprise arising from the image—images from natural history always please—

> "Where half-starved spiders feed on half-starved flies,"

it is felt that such grotesque exaggerations are easy—for once pitch the key, and all the rest of the monotonous strain, called satire, follows of course. Severe as was the state of starvation in which Scotland then pined, the poorest cottar that dug in ditch was better, because more honestly fed, on meal and water, with no milk, and little salt, than this hungry knave bilking his bill in taverns—to-day feasting on ortolans, yesterday tearing tripe, and to-morrow eyeing an empty trencher; but still, on Saturday and Sunday alike, no better than a thief. Scotland must have been very stupid in those days, not to have settled the hash of such a scribbler—for, after all, he was not much better; and had he lived now, we would have gagged him in a single Number, and made him for life a dummy. If any one of his

admirers scoff at us for thinking and saying so, why let him play a similar part—put himself into Churchill's shoes—publish a satire on Scotland—and await a month or six weeks for the result. We will so scourge his posteriors with the original of the pretty picture of the Scotch Thistle on the cover of the Magazine, that he shall not be able to take his seat among the satirists, though with a seven-fold shield of diaculum-plaster. Tarring and feathering would be a joke to our pastime—to have no resting-place for the sole of your foot must be very wearisome indeed; but oh! worse, many million times, to have chairs, and sofas, and ottomans, pressed upon you in all parties, in parlour and dining-room, and yet not to dare to sit down for one moment, in fear of perishing of prickles! The very corpse of such a culprit would need to be laid out on its face. Such, as a satirist—and he was nothing else—was Churchill.

Savage was a man of a superior class—but he was a villain. He was made so either by nature or his stars. Yet he must have had a strong semblance of some virtue, since Samuel Johnson loved him—for Samuel would not have loved a man merely on account of his talents. There was, however, a sympathy of situation and condition; for they were both poor, and necessity, as often and as much as choice, made them stroll together—moralizing and philosophizing—yet, we fear, not always so—up and down the midnight streets, and lanes, and alleys of London. It was just as well that the Lexicographer was not with Savage in that house of ill-fame, when, in a doubtful brawl, he became a stabber; afterwards condemned to die on the scaffold. Savage showed the blackness of his heart in his conduct to the Countess of Macclesfield, whom, if he indeed believed her to be his mother, he treated as unnaturally as he accused her of treating himself; and in that case, like mother like son. But though Savage was no doubt somebody's bastard, he was not the bastard of that lady, as Boswell has proved; and we hope, for his own sake, that he never thought he was; in which case, he was not an unnatural monster, but merely an audacious swindler. A swindler he certainly was; and his insolent ingratitude to Pope, who either relieved him in prison, or kept him out of it—we forget which—the detail, we think, is in one of our friend D'Israeli's admirable books—was of itself quite enough to show his character in its real and odious light. Such a man could never have been a great satirist. His own conscience could never have been sufficiently at ease to allow him to chastise the crimes or vices of others; for it may be laid down as a general rule, admitting no exceptions, that a great satirist must be a good man. Yet there are admirable lines in Savage, as

"Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot,"

And,

"No tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

You think you see the young Esquire—and his long line of ancestors—and his posterity too, for the Face will continue to be handed down, depend upon it, till death destroys a direct descendant before he has had time to propagate; and a nephew or cousin steps in to vary a little the physiognomy at the Hall, though the same dull, dead, large, grey goggle eye, remains ungouged; and in a few descents the Face will to a moral certainty reappear in its pristine foolishness. Savage, besides, was probably something of a scholar, though Johnson's fine philosophical biography of him must be read with many salvoes; for nothing is more common than for men of great acquirements to transfer, in a fit of enthusiasm for some unworthy associate, the glory that is in themselves alone, to one whose endowments may be considerable, but who, on the whole, is but a very inferior character. Yet Savage is a sort of name in English literature; and the Wanderer is a vigorous, and, had he been an honest man, would have been a pathetic composition.

Different from Savage as light from darkness was Cowper as a moral creature, and as an intellectual one so infinitely his superior, that by the side of the immortal author of the Task, the transitory writer of the Wanderer sinks down dwarfed into the obscurest name. Cowper was a man, not only of the finest and profoundest sensibilities, but of very strong passions, which, cruelly thwarted and disappointed, and defrauded of their just joy in very early youth, shook the whole constitution of his being, and tainted it with melancholy and with madness,

or aggravated and brought out the hereditary disease. His later life—indeed almost all his life, after he had reached the prime of manhood—was so calm and quiet in its ongoings to the outward eye, and for the most part was really so indeed;—The hearth, at which he and Mrs Unwin sat—the Mary, whose tender affection and its uncommon ties his genius has consecrated and immortalized—burned with such a seemingly cheerful and tender uniformity, except when disturbed by thoughts for which at times there was no relief, not even the voice from heaven;—The Poet was so devoted to his flowers, and his hot-house plants, and his pigeons and his rabbits,—that is, to everything fair or harmless in animate or inanimate nature;—His intercourse with the world was so small, it being like that of some benevolent hermit who had sought refuge in retirement from the troubles that beset him in society, without being in the least an ascetic, or his sympathies being either deadened or narrowed with the human beings living in another sphere;—All his more serious studies, (we make no allusion to his religion which was more than serious, always solemn, and too often dreadful,) were of a kind so remote from the every-day interests of the passing time, and even from the intellectual pursuits most popular and most powerful, for good or for evil, in the world which he had so nearly forsaken;—His ambition and love of fame, which though deep, and strong, and pure, and high, because they were born and sustained by the consciousness of genius, that, beyond all things else, rejoiced in interpreting the word of God, as it is written in the fair volume of nature, and in the book which reveals what in nature is hidden, and beyond all finding out, were so linked with holy undertakings and achievements in which God alone should be glorified, that they seem to be hardly compatible with any permanent design of busying himself with drawing pictures of passions rife in common existence, so as to embody moral instruction in a satirical form;—Altogether there seems something so soft, so sweet, so delicate, so tender, almost so fragile in the peculiar structure of his bodily frame,—a spirit of cohesion among all his faculties both of thought and feeling so very unworldly—and such a refinement of manners about him as may not be called fastidiousness, but rather a shrinking timidity, so that, like the sensitive plant, he was as it were, paralized by the least touch of rudeness, and, perhaps unknown to his own heart, courted retirement the more to escape the chance of such shocks as carelessness or coarseness often unintentionally inflict;—That we are not prepared to think of such a being, if such Cowper were, standing forth a satirist of the follies and absurdities of his kind, no less than of their worst and most flagrant delinquencies, and to see him with a bold grasp shaking the blossom of the full-blown sins of the People. Yet this Cowper did; and his satire is sublime. There is not anywhere that we know of in the language such satires as his Table Talk, Progress of Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, Conversation, Retirement. Perhaps we ought to call those compositions by some other name, for they are full of almost all kinds of the noblest poetry. Never were the principles of the real wealth of nations more grandly expounded, illustrated, and enforced—national honour, faith, freedom, patriotism, independence, religion, all sung in magnificent strains, kindled alternately by the pride and indignation of a Briton, exulting in, or ashamed of, the land of saints and heroes. No want of individual portraits of fools, knaves, and even ruffians. The same man, who was well satisfied to sit day after day beside an elderly lady, sewing caps and tippets, except when he was obliged to go and water the flowers, or feed the rabbits, rose up, when Poetry came upon him, sinewy and muscular as a mailed man dallying for a while with a two-edged sword, as if to try its weight and temper, when about to sheer down the Philistines. Cowper goes forth in his holy ire like a man inspired and commissioned. You see his soul glowing and burning with fires kindled on the altar of religion. He comes strong from the study of the old prophets. And in some of his most magnificent marches, you think that you hear the Bible transformed into another shape of poetry, the essence being the same, nor are the sacred strains profaned by being sounded to a lyre smote by such a hand—a hand uplifted duly, many times and oft, besides night and morn, in prayer, and ever "open as day to

melting charity." How he sheds sudden day into the midnight darkness of London, lying bare with all her sins and iniquities! The dark City quakes as she is suddenly brightened, and stands confessed in all her guilt, in which she dares not to glory, now that the hand of heaven seems stretched forth to avenge and destroy. There is nothing in Byron of such sustained majesty as Cowper's Expostulation with this Queen of the Cities of the earth—nor even in Wordsworth. In a comparison or parallel between these two great bards, Cowper and Wordsworth, which we intend ere long to attempt, we shall venture on some quotations even from the poetry of the author of the Task, for we believe that by the Task he is chiefly known; nor is it wrong, or wonderful, that he should be—but assuredly in his earlier poems, there is more of the *vivida vis animi*, even of the *Mens Divinior*, although for reasons that will be afterwards given to those who wish or want them, they never can be so incorporated with the *read* poetry of England. Even as a personal satirist—that is the satirist of particular vices, as they are exhibited in individual characters whose portraits are unsparingly drawn, we know of nobody with whom Cowper may not take rank; while, as a general satirist of that mysterious compound of good and evil, Man, we know nobody who may take rank with him,—for spleen, rancour, bile, in his loftiest moods, he has none,—there is a profound melancholy often mingling with his ire, for he knows that he too is of the same blind race, whom he upbraids with their folly and their wickedness; he hates sin, but he loves and pities the sinner;—his is not the railing of sanctimonious pride, but as a Christian, he feels that he "does well to be angry;"—his Morality is always pure and high, but his Religion is a power purer and higher far—its denunciations are altogether of a different nature, appealing to other fears, and other hopes, and other sanctions; and in the spirit of religion alone will any satire ever be poured from the lips of man, which, because of its influence on human happiness and virtue, may be named sacred, holy, divine, and enrolled among the other records of Immortal Song.

To Cowper, Byron, as a satirist, was far inferior in divine energy. Indeed his energy in that department, so far from being divine, was intensely human, and in that intensity lay its power, often great and triumphant, but irregular and misdirected, and just as often defeating itself,—the chief emotions produced in our mind being pain to see such noble gifts abused,—indignation at the recklessness of his injustice,—and, in some striking instances, a high sympathy with the scorn of the men vainly imagined by him to be his victims—but, in truth, unscathed, in their genius and virtue, by the charges that, though launched in lightning, either fall harmless at their feet, and expire in smoke, or recoil dangerously on him from whose unhallowed hand they had been let loose, and bring the hurt and ignominy which were designed for theirs on his own head—to the entire satisfaction of the world looking on the unprovoked assault, and for a while fearful of the issue. It is a humbling—a shocking—a revolting sight—to see a man of transcendent endowments, like Byron, vulgarly abusing the genius from which, in the highest inspiration of his poetry, he delights to borrow; to hear him expressing hatred and scorn of those men who had taught him so much of what was wise, and good, and great, in his own thoughts and feelings; and but for whom his own works, glorious as they are, had been less glorious; the wanderings of the "Noble Childe" himself, "musing by flood and fell," had been less sublime; and Nature herself, to his eyes, as a poet, in a great measure a sealed book. But the soul within him was easily disturbed and distracted, and his ear had been poisoned. Left to his own natural thoughts and feelings, which, in his solemn hours, were always great, or akin to greatness, Byron would have worshipped the genius of the living with much of the religion with which he worshipped the genius of the dead. But his moral being was assailed from many quarters—and nature's best affections and passions, by his own fault, by the fault of another, by the fault of the world, and by evil fortune, seemed at last to be turned against him,—so that Byron, in the blaze of fame, and all the glory of genius, did feel,—he has himself confessed it,—as if excommunicated! No wonder, then, perhaps, that his satire was reckless and bitter—his merriment often outrageous—because that of an unhappy man. But

his genius seldom, though sometimes, deserted him, to whatever unworthy tasks it might be reduced. It remained faithful with him to the last; nor was its power or inspiration abated, but with the dying struggles of the poor expatriated poet, closing his eyes afar off from friendship and love—from all kindred, and from the face of the young vision—

"Ada, sole daughter of his house and heart!"

Gifford, we suppose, was not a bad satirist; but of his powers it is hard to judge, for we know not how to distinguish between his own gall, his own bile, his own spleen, and those same charming commodities furnished to him by others—by choice contributors to the Quarterly. Few satirical articles in the Quarterly have been of much merit—bitter bigotry is not keen wit—and it requires original genius to render tolerable intolerance. Of fine, free, flowing, fearless, joyous, extravagant, horse-playing, horse-laughing, horse-funking, insane and senseless mad humour, not one single drop, not one single gleam, not one single "nicher," ever moistened, or irradiated, or shook the pages of that staid, sober, solemn, stately, King—Church—and Constitution Periodical. The ghastly editor grinned as he cut up the grubs, like a grim insect-butcher, instead of smiling like a suave entomologist. Your true naturalist, having first smoked his beetle to death, pins him down in the glass-case with a pleasant countenance, a preparation undisfigured, though pierced through the spine by a small thin, sharp, bright, polished spear, labelled with the creature's scientific name. O bright blue sunny spring and summer skies, why hunt butterflies with the same truculent physiognomy, the same sly stealth, and the same bold leap, with which, in the deserts of Africa, you would attack a tiger roaring against you with a tufted tail, some ten or twenty feet high? Why treat an ass as if he were a lion? A dragon-fly is not a dragon. Mr Merry was not an Avatar, descending in his Tenth Incarnation to destroy the world—Mrs Mary Robinson, though certainly not the thing, was yet not the Lady of Babylon, with her hell-red petticoat and cap of abominations, in her sinful and city-sinking hand. Yet the crabbed, elderly, retired little studious gentleman, was as proud of his Bæviad and Mæviad, as if, like another Hercules, he had scoured of robbers the inside and the outside of the whole world. Then it is one thing, we shrewdly suspect, to be the translator of Juvenal and Persius, and another thing to be those gentlemen themselves—just, too, as it is one thing for a true poet of the olden time to have composed, in a fit of inspiration of passion, that elegiac song of almost unendurable pathos,

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Day and night on me she cries,"

and another thing for a false poetaster of the new time to have scribbled in a sort of waspish grief, very like anger, an imitation thereof, as inferior in beauty to the original, as William Gifford's housekeeper, no doubt a worthy woman in her way, inclined to corpulency, and with hair too, too red, was inferior to Adam Fleming's Lady-Love, the Flower of Kirk-Connel, tall and graceful as the lily or the harebell, the blue-bell of Scotland, that on its airy stalk is beloved of the sun, who fears with his kisses to melt the dew-drops on its heavenly blossoms. Mr Lockhart is another guess kind of man. We say to all blockheads, in the words of one of his own Spanish Ballads,

"Hurra, hurra! avoid the way of the Avenging Childe!"

while the grief and the joy of his poetry, as it is the grief and the joy that has passed through his own generous heart, unborrowing and unborrowed, speaks the original language of the passions, a language always true to nature, and triumphant in her power. How from the fanners of his genius would the cock-chaffers of Cockneys fly like very chaff indeed!

The satire of the Anti-Jacobin was often fine and good. What else could it be when Ellis, and Frere, and Smith, and CANNING, were triumphing in the "noble rage" of their youthful genius! It stung the Whigs into the impotence of palsy—to drivelling death. But "'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful," to think how politics do so soon all pass away! How is it possible to remember satires on forgotten fools—knaves buried in oblivion?

"Thelwall! and ye that lecture as ye go,
And for your pains get pelted—praise *Lepaux!*"

Who was Thelwall—who Lepaux? "The one was a tailor, the other a butcher," some reader, with a historical memory for small facts, replies, and

"*Sic transit gloria Mundi.*"

"So fades, so flourishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that that world was proud of."

And the two-guinea quarto edition of the poetry of those true wits—and true wits they were—sells on the stalls at the reduced price of six and eightpence—a pettifogger's fee!

Of the once famous Rolliad—the celebrated Probationary Odes—what man under fifty can recite a line? Yet they were chiefly the work of a man of great talents, learning, almost genius—Lawrence—assisted by the ingenious, the graceful, the classical, and the romantic George Ellis, from whose pen, and from whose tongue, and from whose eyes, everything fell in power and beauty, for he was one of England's rarest spirits—witness the immortal Specimens, immortal because true Poetry is so, and kind and congenial and erudite criticism, devoted to the elucidation of her darkness, shares in her immortality.

Old Mathias is not yet dead—and may he breathe the air of Italy till he is a century old, for he is a scholar, and therefore we shall say no severe things of the "Pursuits of Literature." But, our dear ancient sir, is it not a little feeble or so—dealing too much with the illustrious obscure? Yet, in as far as literature, and poetry, and philosophy, are by their nature higher than politics, and more enduring, even in their least divine spirit, and most perishable form, so have the "Pursuits" a glimmering existence, while those others have nearly or wholly ceased to be. The text is still occasionally quotable—there are things in the notes not yet extinguished in the dark. The eulogy on

"The self-secluded melancholy Gray,"

we for one have by heart; and we can say what few can, that by working in the gloom and the glimmer,

"Hunting half a day for a forgotten dream,"

we could piece together his affectionate tribute of admiration to the learning, the wisdom, and the genius of Glynn, (who, asks our gentle reader, was he?) the mild Japus of the Cam, Poet and Physician, and in both capacities not unbeloved by Apollo.

Mercy on us! we have forgotten Junius—good, stupid, old, gray-headed Taylor and Hessey's darling pet, Sir Philip Francis! Ay, he was indeed a satirist—spirited and splendid ever—and it is only wonderful how he should have been so written about by blockheads. But his winged words were not in verse, for the "Vices," we hope, he never even saw—and therefore for the present we leave him to the fondling of his last discoverer and dry-nurse, and the rest of the old women.

What shall we say of the Edinburgh Review?—Least said is soonest mended. Jeffrey is at once a deep and delicate cutter-up; and nature made him, in his amiability, almost—perhaps entirely—a first-rate satirist. He often touches you, by a seemingly careless pass, with equal dexterity, when you are off and on your guard; but prefers disabling your sword-arm to pinking you through the body. When he does deal a mortal blow, it is always on the right side, never on the left; he seems to think it cruel to pierce your heart, and therefore contents himself with spitting your liver. The old Fencers were fond of the eye, as you may see from the pictures in that curious and scientific old folio on the Art, in the possession of our sound-hearted, nimble-wristed Signior Francalanza, whom, without any disparagement to the illustrious Roland, we delight to honour as a master, and as a man. Jeffrey is up to this trick, and pokes his point—better for the blockhead if it be of foil than of rapier—into the great staring goggle eye of his antagonist, till, blind as a bat, the bully cuts and runs, in plight of Polyphemus or Cacus of old, and is hissed off the stage. His light play is beautiful—and his own guard close, compact and firm; so that it requires an Admirable Crichton to touch him on a vital part. But he is rather out of practice—rests on his former fame—and is careless about accepting the challenge of a clever Tyro. About the year 1804, or 1805, or 1806, he won the prize-sword, at a public exhibition, from a crowd of no contemptible competitors—and whoever taught him fence, has endless honour in his scholar—for, as our worthy and ingenious friend, Pearce Egan,

would say, "Jack's as good as his master."

Brougham is but an indifferent and awkward hand at the small-sword—the deadliest by far of all weapons—and prides himself in his use of the sabre, the broad-sword, or claymore. He is an ugly customer. Nor should we at all relish having our head broken by such a player at single-stick. But he has a loose hanging guard—nor is it difficult, as we opine, for a clever and active antagonist, in no long encounter, to make the blood trickle an inch down his formidable forehead. He blusters and bullies too much during the set-to—is not particularly conscientious about a foul blow—and it is acknowledged on all hands, that he is too much given to *ruffianing it*. It will be in the recollection of all our sporting readers, that he once suddenly attacked George Canning, that most skilful small-swordsman,—unawares, and out of the ring—and for his pains, got punished by a thrust in the mouth, that almost cut his tongue in two, the point coming out at the cheek, a rueful and ghastly wound that left a scar. He flies at high game. Once on a day, when the "Great Lord" was in Spain, he challenged Wellington himself—but now he wears his arm in a sling, and seems in no mood for fighting. The King of Prussia, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia, has he also roared on to enter the lists—and indeed all the members—either one after another, or all at once—of that invisible, and hitherto apparently pacific body—the Holy Alliance. But fretting, and fuming, and foaming, is not fighting; and though we grant that the odds would be on his head at Tattersall's and Brookes', if matched against old Fred—or the Austrian—we back Nicolas against him at six to four—who, we understand, has threatened to take the shine out of him, were it only to revenge the insult offered of old to his late brother Sandy, who was not a man, had he come to the scratch, to have let Brougham off without a bellyful.

As for Sydney Smith, to him fighting is fun, and he cuts as many capers in the ring as young Spring, the Conqueror. But he is formidable in his frolic—though rather too showy, yet a clean, straight, and even heavy hitter; and most of his antagonists, though heavier men than himself, and deficient in neither science nor bottom, have, after a few rounds, in which their gravity was most amusingly, and to the infinite mirth of all beholders, contrasted with the antics of the Parson, who kept hopping about like a mountebank, yet all the while dealing out right and left-handers like lightning, been carried out of the ring deaf as a house, and blind as the pier of Leith, or the mole of Tyre. He has fought one or two drawn battles, especially one with the best man then in the ring, under the *nomme de guerre* of Peter Plymley, which was brought to a wrangle, and ended in a draw—but he has never yet been fairly defeated; and to accomplish that, will require an out-and-outer.

And now we feel ourselves in a peculiarly delicate situation—and therefore, though far from being "rude in speech," we fear that

"Little shall we grace our cause by speaking OF OURSELF!"

Satire is a gift. It seems to be hereditary in families. Our great grandfather,—we have reason to remember him well—Gamaliel North—he was a wise man as well as a witty, and we were brought up at his knees, which accounts for some of the most striking peculiarities in our character,—handled the Knout, an instrument just then invented, with astonishing vigour and dexterity. Indeed, we question if any one comparable to Gamaliel—not even the present company excepted—exists in this age. Stepping back a few yards, and balancing himself on the bole of the left foot, his outstretched right just touching the ground with the toe, he brandished, flourished,—but these are poor words, altogether inadequate,—he whirled—that is better—the Knout with such velocity round his grey head,—for Gamaliel, at the time we speak of, was waxing old, and well stricken in years,—that it became invisible as the twisted sunbeams. It smote the culprit like light; and at every glance the hide fell peeled off in long regular slips, true to each other's breadth to a hair, from nape to hip-bone of the soul. Some of the sufferers themselves, on whom we have operated, have been since so polite as to compliment us on our performances in language which it would now be gross self-flattery to repeat; yet we

fear we are nothing to Gamaliel. Others, again, on whom we have not yet operated, pretend to think our character as executioners greatly overrated; but we cannot help hinting, that it would be prudent for such novices to defer pronouncing judgment for a few months, till our old Knout returns from St Petersburgh, where it is now under repair. Leigh Hunt, the last culprit who tasted it, and who is well qualified to speak on the point, having more than once experienced it before, complained to Mr Colburn that it did not *cut so sweetly*—these were his words—as about the Spring of Eighteen—that it was more apt to mangle, tearing off large pieces of flesh to the very spine. He fears injury in the vital parts, which, except perhaps in the case of a crime like his, it is not the aim and object, the scope, and tendency of the Knout to inflict. Wait, then, without impatience till it return from Russia, where it has excited the admiration of the Czar, and we think we can promise such a treat with a few delinquents, as will vindicate its most sanguinary character from all such weak and wicked aspersions, and convince the whole world that it is still the same formidable instrument as of yore;—ten stripes, sickness—fifteen, swooning—twenty, death!

Next view us in the light of dissectors. First, we get a good subject. If the subject be a man—an individual, as he is called—a private character, who is also so far a public one, that he has, though no particular enemy of ours more than of everybody else, notwithstanding written a base bad book—we lay him on the table. As our Knout is at St Petersburgh, we are illustrating, remember, our meaning by the dissecting knife. The object, you perceive, is to torture the subject. Of course, we have humanely bound him, hand and foot, bringing the cords some five or six times round about over his body—not yet a corpse, and below the table. He is also gagged. 'Tis as well, too, to draw his nightcap over his face, for, as our nerves are fine, the sight of the contortions of his physiognomy might affect the touch of our hand, and make it tremble, which it is absolutely necessary should not happen, in some of the more exquisitely delicate points of the operation. Look at your watch, and then we go to work. It may be advisable to flay some part of him—and as he is lying on his back, we may just as well begin at the breast. The barber belonging to the establishment shaves it, which lubricates the skin and loosens it a little, rendering the operation easier to both parties. Don't heed the beating of the heart. There, lay the flap over the stomach, and did you ever see such black veins, as if filled, not with blood, but with ink? You almost see into the libeller's heart, and can count the very lies. There is the seat of the distemper that has brought him upon that table, and under that knife. Now you were expecting that we were but going to cut him up from head to foot, into an anatomy. In this lies your very common mistake. He might die. Now he lives, and will long live; but in perpetual pain. That flap will never unite again with the flesh. For months and years it will strive to do so, in fiercest fester; but it must finally be clipped off by the shears, and then a new skin will have to begin to grow, like ice, in almost invisible thinness, creeping over the surface of a muddy pool. But after that comes a thaw, a bloody thaw, and the wretch in agony prays for frost. Unbind, unfasten, ungag body, feet, hands, mouth, and let the Cockney rise and shake himself—shivering like a poplar, and white in the face as his own ghost. Give him a cup of cold water, and force him to put on his clothes. Then, as the cloth touches the raw sore, he shrieks like a torn-up mandrake. Seal his lips in silence, on pain of tearing the covering off his liver, as we have off his heart. Order him off, out of our presence—to Hampstead, if he will—or Lisson Grove—or any other suburban retreat—and as he treads along in misery, and meets an occasional friend, who asks him the meaning of that face of his—of the hand still kept in horror within the covering of the left breast—his white lips utter, they can no more—"From Bartholomew's Hospital—they have flayed my breast alive—Abernethy has done it—no, North—Christopher North—surgeon to Satan—Oh! look, look here!" An indefinite dread of danger sets each successive Cockney to his heels, and in a few days, it is known that there is a man in the neighbourhood who has been flayed alive—rumour riots in fresh horrors every morning, and finally,

it is said, that you can see his heart within his ribs as plain as the combs within a glass-hive—and that maggots, as thick as bees, are running out and in the rotten cells of corruption.

Vary the image, into something between Knife and Knout.

The worst of the Cockneys is, that they are the poorest, most despicable devils! Were the Furies now alive—Tisiphone herself, who seems to us to have had the most intense passion for whipping and scourging of any of that family, though the other two sisters, Megara and Alecto, were far from being amiss in their way, and excited great alarm, whenever the cry about either was, "The schoolmistress is abroad"—Tisiphone herself, we say, would have scorned to degrade her Taws—thrice dipt in Tartarus—to the breech—for the conscience of many of them lies there—of such contemptible transgressors. And shall we condescend to cut into flesh which the Furies would have disdained to score? We who are "fierce as ten furies," and well entitled to be so, but, at the same time, even more judicious than the Thonged Sisters in the selection of our victims, and in the style of our sacrifice? We fly not by night—we haunt not the chamber of sleep. In the sun we stand—and smite the sinner when he is broad awake. But we must fancy before we flay him—front to front must we stand—and with the exception of Hunt and Hazlitt, and a few other Cockneys, who not only retreat, as it is most natural to do, but also advance with their "hinder-ends" towards you, which it is most unnatural to do,—we cannot charge our memory with an instance of our nine-stinged rattle-snake having been applied to the posteriors of a single living creature during the nineteenth century.

There is no need, at all times, of such strong and figurative language as we have been now using—so let us now give a specimen, in treating of the principles of satire, of the "Mitis sapientia Læli." How pleasant to sport and play in badinage, with some silly fellow of a blockhead, who had taken it into his timber to be severe upon you, when you were last on the continent, and had been showing off before the world,—to help him by means of certain humane hints, and sly suggestions, to make himself at last utterly ridiculous; while in the guffaws that peal and roar around, he hears the very consummation of his triumph! You have seen, perhaps, a poor happy natural, or idiot, a Bauldy—a creature with a face at once grave and whimsical, long nose, rather to the side, enormous chin, lank plooky jaws, and no forehead, dressed up in regimentals by the officers of some corps, in harmless allowance of the innocent's delusion, who thinks himself the Colonel; an enormous cocked-hat and feather, jack-boots, long-tailed coat sweeping the street, and a sword too—at least a hilt and a scabbard, of which the point goes trailing along on wheels. One might look on the martial sight till he got sad—sad for the sake of the blind being in his pride—sad for the sake of the famous kings and conquerors who, often senseless as that poor idiot, and, unlike him, most wicked too, have strutted over the dead and dying, and played the fool on what are called the fields of fame! But this would be to moralize—and nothing is farther from our present intention than to set either our readers or ourselves to sleep. Well, then, the Bauldy who had been cutting us up, it seems, in our absence, we persuade to array himself in such intellectual regimentals. He imagines himself mightier than any "captain, or colonel, or knight at arms," adjusts his sash in the mirror—nay, draws his sword to show its glittering sharpness—it being all the while of painted wood—makes playful passes, as if he would run you through the body, with a weapon which you well know had once failed in sticking a haggis—and then, untying his sword-belt, and laying it down "with an air," of which Hunt himself might be proud, he obeys the bidding of the lady of the house, who is in the secret, and, seated at her right hand, is intrusted, as a mark of the highest honour, with the toil of distributing the roast-goose, of which one of the legs—that on which the bird generally stands when lost in a day-dream or reverie—refusing to act as a separate detachment at a distance from the main body, and to follow the wings, occupies his continued time, attention, and talents during the remainder of the first Course; and as that Course is an alpha and an omega, the wit loses his dinner for his jest, and has at last the satisfaction of discovering that he is the

object of a general smile, and that, too, on an empty stomach—a titter that, gathering something more cachinnatory and cachinnatory from each circumvolution of the round table, ere long breaks into a laugh, and finishes in a guffaw.

But of ourselves, no more—and now to the Man of Ton—a Satire. Perhaps it is a Satire on ourselves—and is it possible that we can be—the Man of Ton? We are afraid to open the pamphlet. But no—we never were Men of Ton. For the last fifty years we have despised the whole system utterly, and almost all that belong to it. They are a shallow set. Their passions are poor and paltry, because their objects are so; and we cannot keep our temper, when we hear of any of them having had the impertinence, the presumption, the insolence, to commit suicide. What right has a fellow to cut his throat, or blow off the top of his skull to the ceiling of a well-frequented hotel, because duns have debts against him, and bumbailiffs writs? Poor miserable devil! had he the spirit of a louse, an insect which nevertheless he has the audacity to pretend to despise, he would know, that to be driven to death by any number of small debts, drafts, and duns, is more cowardly far than it would be to leap into a coal-pit to escape the midges. Then, who are his creditors? Chiefly tailors. Because he is not able to pay for his breeches, he puts himself to the additional expense of a shroud! That is logical. Because his razors or his pistols are unpaid for, with the one he cuts his weason, or with the other he blows a small neat hole in his head! Equally logical. Now, were he to rob on the highway, like the late Mr Abershaw, or murder solitary old women in Montague Place, or elsewhere, like the present Mr Jones, there might be some excuse for him; for we begin to suspect, that to be a murderer of any kind—we mean a *bona fide* manual flesh and blood murderer, and make no allusion to the more protracted and clumsy and bungling breaking of parents' hearts—requires more physical, we had almost said moral courage, than often adorns and dignifies the character of a Man of Ton. It must demand great presence of mind to start up from your seat suddenly, when chatting across a small round working table with Mrs Jeffs—to out with your razor from its black paper-case—and amused, rather than otherwise, with the ancient woman's eyes, all in a moment so prominent with horror, that they seem to start out of the sockets without the application of your eight fingers and two thumbs to her scraggy weason—to proceed instanter to business, and bending back the old grey head, so tidily and decently done up with a nice widow's cap of black crape and ribbons, cut clear through thorax and gullet to the spine. Oh! England! Thou aboundest in ruffians athirst for blood! This Spring, what a calendar! Your Man of Ton has not the heart, the soul for this—he can take in tailors, and bilk tavern-keepers and hackney-coach-men, and swindle Johnny Raws and Greens at billiard and boxing matches, and play booty with black-legs at horse and man races, and at dog and cock-fights bully those who, in their own persons, unite the qualities of blackguard and blockhead, and achieve other exploits worthy of his character and calling; but he dares not steal at midnight all by himself into a lonely tenement, and murder Mrs Jeffs. For what Men of Ton do, therefore, and for what they don't do, we despise them from the bottom of our souls, lose our temper, as we said, when they commit suicide, and grudge them the credit of the verdict of the Coroner's Inquest—*Felo de se!*

But those persons, it will be said, whom we have been thus slightly sketching, are not Men of Ton. They *are* Men of Ton. When you see them in full fig and wig and trig in Bond Street or Brookes's, they are apparitions of beauty and splendour—but look on them in the Fleet or the Bench, and meaner, shabbier, dirtier-looking black guards, your eyes never beheld—till indeed you see them again, prowling about lanes and alleys, after a discharge of insolvent debtors, and then you admit that you knew not before the beau-ideal of the hang-dog-looking lounger, lying in wait, ready for the perpetration of any of the more cowardly capital crimes.

Yet it is pleasant to think that they do not always escape unhanged from Newgate. Of the last speech and dying words, it may not unfrequently be said, apostrophizing the strangled shade of some broken-down, and what is still worse, cut-down roué,

——— "Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur."

The inimitable George Cruikshanks has hit off, we think, some such Man of Ton holding out his wrists to the cords in the preparing-room of Newgate, while some sympathetic sheriff whispers in his ear a last interrogatory respecting the state of his present feelings and his future prospects.

Shut your loathing eyes on such miscreants, whose coward cruelty makes the cut-throat stand out in a sort of relief, and open them on one who was born and bred a Gentleman, a character which so sticks to his very skin, stained as it is with vice and sin, that to strip him of it, you must flay him alive. He is none of your base pretenders—but he gives the world assurance of a Man of Ton. But—tall, straight, strong, elegant, graceful, brave in his martial beauty, for he is of the Guards—bright with all the age's accomplishments—formed to daunt man's and to charm woman's eye—with an intellect clear and unclouded enough for a Chancellor of the Exchequer—and had you heard him address the mob of many thousands from the hustings, where he stood gloriously with an empty purse at the bottom of the poll, on the crimes and corruption of the government, and the many mortal diseases under which the British Constitution groans, you would have wished to see Brougham shoved into the dusty law courts for ever, and this fierce declaimer appointed to the leadership of Opposition—an office, alas! now no more—still there is not in all his Majesty's dominions—high-born though he be—and allied by marriage to a noble house—a slave-born slave that tills the soil, such a —— Villain. Both father and mother, before he had reached the age of manhood—that Man of Ton murdered. Had their bodies been opened, both their hearts would have been found cleft asunder. The seduction of that fair orphan maid — another Ophelia — the dreadful dragging of that beautiful lake in the midst of their old ancestral woods, and the first appearance of the long black hair above the surface—the bloody forehead of that dark-haired boy her brother, shot stone-dead at the first fire—but that was before the poor maniac's sin—that fatal flight to France with a matron once the paragon of domestic life, and the mother of four cherubs, whose soft, sweet little hands, eyes, lips, prayers, sleep, once so tenderly so passionately beloved, had lost the holy power over her infatuated bosom—the husband against whose life he dared not touch that unerring hair-trigger, and who was too much humbled by his misery to seek his, for the pride of the proudest has been known to yield to the spirit's anguish, agonized like the body on the rack, "with answerable pains, but more intense," driven to die a moping idiot in a mad-house! No wonder his parents' hearts were broken, no wonder his father cursed him on his death-bed—once—once only, suddenly springing up, as if scorched with fire—and then, after gazing wildly on the recognised faces around, among which was the one so fair, so pale, on the marriage morn, long, long, ago—and fair still, but whiter than living face should be—he laid his head down to be lifted up no more; and in a long, low, sobbing prayer, implored forgiveness and mercy from heaven to his beloved son!

Now, there is some meaning—some merit in such a Man of Ton as this, considered as a subject of satire. He has some strength of character—the passions have shook him, although not yet scathed or scarred; and when God lets loose upon him Remorse, more dreadful than all the Furies, then heaven will frown on him, and his whole soul, to its centre, will quake in the fear that it is lost for ever. The devil does not despise him, as he carries him off—and the dim and dismal legion moans a fiend-felt welcome at his approach. Juvenal—or Johnson—or Byron, might, without any loss of dignity, each in his own style, to use the strong language of the middle Term,

"— Bid him go to hell—to hell he goes!"

We hold, therefore, that the follies and vices of Men of Ton, as they are called, are, in the gross and the main, beneath satire. But there are follies, and vices, and crimes, and sins, in London, it is to be hoped, worthy of the highest satire. If not, England is in a bad way indeed, and must be miserably degenerated from the grandeur of her former wickedness. Is there no agony of grief or guilt there, but what is caused by

debts for wearing apparel, intrigues at Almack's, Rouge et Noir, Dice and Blind Hookey, and settling days at Tattersall's? If so, you must fly with us from the pitiful world of the West-End to any rural village in Scotland, with a population under a thousand souls, and there, beneath straw roofs that seem to rest so calmly under Sun and Moon, that you might believe no passion ever stirred within their lowly walls, we undertake to teach you in six lessons, more of human nature in its exaltation and debasement, its bliss and its bale, its holiness and its wickedness,—(for, is not the heart at all times most desperately wicked?) than could be made visible by a thousand satires on Men of Ton, forsooth, feebly illuminating a few paltry fools or knaves, scamps or simpletons. Burns had better subjects for satire—a thousand times over, among milk-maids and turnip-hoers, "the free maids who weave their threads with bone," Sour-milks, "Dorothy Draggletail," "Cicely with her Pail," and "Humphrey with his flail."

In all great cities, not only is there too much hollowness in the heart of real inner passion, but too much importance attached to the mere exterior forms of life. These forms come to be considered as all in all; and the observance or violation of them is set down, not to the score of propriety or impropriety, but of virtue or vice. Manners take the place of Morals. Sometimes there is a grace and a beauty in this which hide from us, or make even, in our lower moods, some amends for the want of what, in our higher moods, we always painfully desiderate; but then the grace and the beauty must be exquisite to be able to produce this effect; when they are imperfect and but half polished, they disappoint us, and then we withhold all sympathy from their possessors, unless we discern real and substantial worth in their characters. What can be more disgusting, even to our perceptions of the amusing, the entertaining, and the witty, than the shallow insolence of such a blockhead, for example, as that not only long tolerated, but admired bore, Beau Brummel? Had such a great big good-looking jack-ass browsed and brayed about cottages, farm-steads, and villages, he would have been looked at in his true light, that of a hare-brained natural, a half-fool—half-knave, too lazy to work, except, perhaps, to milk the cows,—and right-thinking boors, with all their wives, sweethearts, boys and girls, would have laughed at his jokes, as at the wit of a manifest Bauldy. No doubt, they would have thought him very comical; but now and then they would have inconsiderately kicked him, whereas the King merely forbade him the Presence.

So it is, we fear, with West-End wit in general. It is so limited in its absurdity, to the worst and weakest spirit of a Set, that it is absolutely nauseous even to those who without—God be thanked—belonging to the Set, have yet no very great contempt, and not the least animosity to its members—such as Our Gracious Selves, who are not unwilling that fashionable people should have some wit of their own, or something sufficiently like wit, to satisfy their peculiar taste and genius, but who scunner at "its trivial fond records," and hastily leave the room gulping.

Fashionable people themselves must be of our opinion. When they go to summer-quarters, to live through the week on cheese-parings, and on Sundays on eggs and bacon—which so many thousands of them do, and we have seen doing—is not all that vile would-be-wit as stale to their imaginations as the crusts of the day-before-yesterday's bread to their mouths? It is not the sort of wit at all that satisfies the fancy of families employed, during the summer-solstice, "in making the ends meet." The scantier and thinner the body's fare, the more plentiful and substantial should be that of the mind. The conduct of our friends in town during the season has been most blameable, and much too expensive for purses of their jingle. But still there are people of some sense and talent among them; some perception and feeling of what is what; and to them the remorse must be, if not more painful, certainly more degrading, which they feel from having "laughed most consumedly" at the drivelling inanities of privileged ninnies, than from having got over head and ears in debt,—dipped small, snug, neat hereditary estates of some five hundred acres or so, with a fifteen hundred pound rental, a happy medium among the squirearchy,—and been obliged to sell out stock in the

very face of Mr Rothschild and his brother the Baron. But, at this rate, we shall never have done—nor indeed begun with this article—so now for the Man of Ton.

Had the poem been about one half the length, it had been as good again. The author loves to spin a long yarn, and what is very long is generally very weak; yet he is a man of talent, and we are far from not admiring his poem. It is a serious business, however, to trace the hero of a tale from his cradle to his grave. A satire of sixteen cantos (they are short to be sure) might have cut up the whole human race into dog-and-cat's-meat. Yet the infancy of the hero is soon disposed of, in a line not peculiarly characteristic of the childhood of a Man of Ton—

"His years of infancy roll'd quickly on"—

and his boyhood at Eton occupies about fifty lines, not one of which is above mediocrity, and some score or two below it. The departure of the hero, whose "ancestorial name is John," from his father's hall to Cambridge, is spirited, and shows that our author can write a bit.

"Behold the 'march of intellect,' whose power
Impels its owner fourteen miles an hour!
Mamma looks out with ecstacy upon it,
Waves her white hand, and nods her new French bonnet.
Thus, when the builder has achieved the ship,
And her firm keel yet lingers on the slip,
Some beauty hurls a bottle at her nose,
And gives the bark a name, as off she goes.
She, like this youth, the stormy seas must brave,
And meet the untried hazard of the wave.
Joy hails the launch with folly on the deck,
Nor once anticipates the future wreck."

Eton was very bad—Cambridge is something better—and we opine that the author is a cantab.

"Stale jokes, hall dinner, and infernal port,"

we understand—have heard—eat and drunk. This is the best we can say of the first two cantos.

At Cambridge, John has got into debt, of course—and the old gentleman has been obliged to come down handsomely, and so have

"His ancient groves,
Woods that his grandsire raised, the shades he loves,
Where yet unwounded spreads the gnarled oak,
Nor the scared dryads fear'd the woodman's stroke."

The young prodigal is, notwithstanding, well received on his return to the hall—having a friend, as usual, in his foolish mother, and after much rural festivity,

"Fun at the feast, and frolic at the ball,"

with a replenished purse he sets out in a post-chaise on a voyage of discovery to London. The closing lines of Canto Third describe his entrance into the Wen by a novel and amusing simile.

"So in my walk oft musing I have seen,
In thy famed park, St James, miscall'd the Green,
A patient cow her spotted heir produce,
(She beats a dandy, for her calf's of use,)
Blest above all th' inheritors of horn,
To instant knowledge of the world he's born.
At once from deep Cimmerian gloom he comes,
On Piccadilly's crowd, its carts and drums,
With belles and beaux acquainted in a minute,
With fashion's world, and half the folly in it."

Canto Fourth is entitled Preparation—and here begins our disgust. John gets into the hands of Stultz, Andrews, Adams, Hoby, Milton, and Lewis—tailors, to wit, coachmakers, horsedealers, opera-box-sellers, gunsmiths, and tradesmen in general. Then ensues initiation into pigeon-shooting—some of the mysteries at Crockford's—that eternal theme—and the Canto ends with a simile of a trout swallowing a fly, which, we are sorry to see, shews that this author is no angler.

Three hundred lines have now been written, read, and criticised, and pray what is the amount of their meaning? And this is satire!

Canto Fifth is called the Betting-Book—utterly inane. The Sixth is better, namely, the Opera-Dancer. We have looked in vain for an opera-dancer in it—but there is a very spirited sketch of a character not uncommon in the world, who afterwards plays a leading part in the poem.

"He was, in truth, a man,—much mix'd of hue,
Fix'd to no creed, to no allegiance true;
Grasping he was,—all enterprise for pelf,
And sworn at any rate to serve *himself*,

Yet rash and wanting caution in the chase,
With more of speed than bottom in the race.
Half of his wisdom makes a better man,
And half his caution lays a safer plan.
In *early youth* a coxcomb and a dupe,
Mature, he finds, to conquer he must stoop;
And with a crafty disappointed mind,
Has vow'd eternal warfare with mankind.
Strange, bootless passion! can such monsters be,
To trample on the youthful destiny!
To lure, like Comus, to th' enchanted cave,
The trusting victim that he seems to save!
To beasts of form uncouth, and passing strange
The stranded mariners did Circe change;
And man, God's glorious image, there was found,
Bow'd like a brute, and creeping on the ground;
So, by base arts, the modern sorc'rer rules
The plastic nature of unfashion'd fools:
What once was good, to meanness he transmutes,
And in the process, moulds them into brutes."

Surely, hoped we, Canto Seventh will improve a bit. Epsom is a taking title—but no, it is as flat as the Course. The Betting ring is but indifferent—but it is the best passage.

"High on the downs the awful ring is made,
The gath'ring clan of all the blackleg trade;
A thousand shouts increase the deaf'ning cry,
And quite confound all question and reply;
Yet order still o'er madness holds her rule,
And Cocker's self might learn in Gulley's school.
The storm increases, swells the pencill'd score;
And lords and senators and bullies roar.
The statelier crew, their speculation made,
Forsake the rabble, and invest the glade;
Where, just led out, the paragons are seen
To press, not wound, with glitt'ring hoof the green."

The false start—the real start—the race—and the result—though Mameluke and Glenartney ran—excite no more animation or interest, than if it were a donkey-race at a country fair.

Settling day passes over in Canto Eighth; but it is destitute of any of the agitations of passion; and we cannot for a moment believe that the writer ever was himself on the turf. Our Æneas in the hands of his Achates, is getting himself ruined, of course, with all possible expedition. That worthy lends him ten thousand pounds, on a post-obit for fifty, ditto, ditto, on the death of his father, who hearing many dreadful rumours of his son's profligacy and extravagance,

"The old man cursed his son, fell sick, and died."

A very good line indeed!

John, after giving his father a suitable funeral, sets off, in Canto Ninth, in a black hunting-coat, and with a mistress, to Melton Mowbray, where he gets quizzed by the knowing ones, and on no occasion whatever is in at the death. This is carrying the joke too far. Poor John might have been represented, we think, as a devil at a double-fence, and no brook-shyer. But he has not the sense even to provide himself with a stud of full-breds—and rides to cover on a roadster. Why, we ourselves would have known better than that; though we have taken as many brushes with Old Meynel's slow-hounds—properly so called—on a nag that used to go in the harrows between field-days, as any younker that ever hunted on a racer. As for our author, we take him to be a man of sedentary habits, fonder of lolling on sofas, and playing "with the tangles of Neæra's hair;" and we are far from disputing his taste on that score; and of lying back half-asleep in a barouch, skimming along the Macadam, than risking his neck either in sweepstakes—gentlemen riders of course—or runs in the Melton Mowbray country. We question if he ever saw a fox in all his born days, but in a kennel, "dragging at each remove a lengthened chain." If it be otherwise, still he is no Nimrod. Nor does he write with that signature in the Sporting Magazine, we swear, nor with any signature at all in the Annals. We are much mistaken, if there are not other amusements of which he is fonder than of fox-hunting, and in which, without paying him any extravagant compliment, we doubt not he cuts a far better figure, and plays a more spirited part. The following animated, and indeed poetical lines, in Canto Tenth, are proof of our assertion.

"Meantime the lovely Friska'melli knew
The dandies come at sev'n, a chosen few.
Oft in the glass her sparkling eyes she view'd,
The brows repair'd, the faded rose renew'd.
En boucle now, and now with nicer care,
In graceful ringlets, curl'd her jetty hair.
On her fair neck an em'rald cross she wore,
Which Jews would lend upon who lent before.
Her full firm limbs, a robe of velvet brown
Show'd, yet conceal'd, and hung all graceful down;
And shoes of emerald green peep'd out, to see
If well they match'd with so much symmetry.
A belt of em'ralds form'd her tighten'd zone,
Her heart's cold image was each precious stone.
Yet lovely look'd she, like another Thais,
Not lovelier the rose in June or May is;
With radiant smiles she met the doting boy,
His all her beauty,—*he* her sum of joy!"

An acquaintance of Jack's—we have too long called him by the "ancestorial name of John"—takes a liking to the lady—contrives that his horse shall lose a shoe one day, and stake himself another—leaves Jack in the lurch at the tail of the chase, and makes the best of his way back to Melton Mowbray. You may conjecture the result.

"Again he came, again was doubly pleased,
The lady's hand he press'd, and Jack's she squeezed.
Next day his friend again went home,—'twas worse,
They said,—in leaping he had staked his horse.
Jack led the field, had *such* a run that day!
So had his friend; for he had run away,
With Friska'melli, and her emeralds green,—
Was off for London, and was no more seen.
Jack show'd philosophy, and was not cross,
Join'd in the laugh, and found he gain'd by loss.
Some jokes were made, nor did the witlings spare
To say, that stratagems in love are fair;
And some declared they knew the lady's name,
Not from fair Naples, but from Drury came;
And ere she smelt the lamps I fairly tell ye,
They changed to foreign sound poor Frisky Nelly."

Jack turns this awkward little nasty affair off with a laugh in Canto Eleventh, and returning to town, figures at Almack's, the source of so much late stupidity in prose and verse. This Canto is, of course, the worst of the whole—nor do we remember anything tamer in our literature.

In Canto Twelfth, the author, who had seemed to be on his last legs, recovers surprisingly—gets second wind—and comes up to the scratch quite a new and a fresh man. The cause is obvious. His antagonist is a female. The match is one of flirtation; and, as we expected, he exhibits great skill, activity, strength, and bottom. It is really an excellent canto. Jack is a fine handsome fellow, with a bold front and open countenance; and Selina, a sweet, young, lovely creature, and as yet innocent, who is wedded to a brute of a husband, takes an interest in him. She had

"Heard of his losses—honour in his play,
And liked the thoughtless Timon of the day."

Timon! O Lord, what a Timon! Take care, if ever you visit Stratford-upon-Avon, our good sir, not to walk out after dark into any of the lonely lanes; for if you do, Shakspeare's ghost will break every bone in your body. Jack meets Selina at a fête champêtre by the river's side—that splendid one given lately by the De Roos at Boyle Farm, so admirably sung by Lord Leveson Gower—and the origin of a fatal passion is thus skilfully described. The author writes like a gentleman.

"That night Selina's husband chose to pay
Attentions mark'd,—intended for display,—
And, with unfeeling gallantry, to place
A faded rival 'fore Selina's face.
She never loved him, and awaken'd pride
Placed all the woman on the wounded side;
Thence sprang the weed that poison'd all her life,
And thus a foolish husband spoil'd a wife.
With fever'd cheek, and with a fiery eye,
Her soul alive to this indignity,
Her ear delighted heard our hero call
Her lovely presence to the banquet-hall;

Where, all admired, the peerless beauty shone,
And took as due the homage that she won.
Then was *she* woman all, and new-born fires
Inflame her soul—new passions, new desires;
Wine warm'd her new-waked passions, and they teem
With all the madness of a feverish dream.
Sweet on her ear our hero's flattery fell,
And new-born love achieved his mighty spell.
Bold, and more bold, the suitor's claim was press'd,
And she a weakness felt,—and half confess'd!—
Enthusiasts each!—*He* wonders if he loves,
And *she* believes 'tis injured honour moves,
And claims protection from a kindred mind,
Warm in her cause, and innocently kind!
Enthusiasts both! they sought not to ensnare,
But trode all cautionless where dangers were;
And, ere they knew that each one had a heart,
Had both exchanged and lost the better part."

This story of their passion would of itself be no bad poem—and proves that our author is capable of far better things than the Man of Ton—a satire. "Intense Flirtation" is the title of Canto Thirteenth—and many of the strong lines shame the silly and shallow word, which has, however, been lately made impressive by the admirable novel of Lady Charlotte Bury, a work that throws lustre on her beauty, her genius, and her birth.

"Ere yet Selina left the festive scene,
Presiding goddess,—she, the reigning queen,
One moment gave to weakness, and she threw
One look, before her tongue pronounced adieu.
The blue veins swell'd that cross'd her ivory skin,
And her lip trembled at the thought within.
His hand she press'd—but with a touch so fine,—
E'en like that gentle touch, of power divine,
With which the angel did the toad display,
As crouch'd behind the sleeping Eve he lay:
Ethereal was that touch!—he could not 'scape,
And all the fiend burst instant into shape!
So with that touch his all-enchanted soul
Burst from its cerements, bounded from control,
And seem'd as if celestial wings were given
To waft its flight with hers—how far from heaven!"

But good as these lines are—those that follow are better. They are excellent, especially those about the marriage-ring, which are vigorous and original.

"Her hand—'twas such Pygmalion loved in stone,
Pray'd heaven to breathe upon, and make his own;—
So white her hand, but for a warmer stain,
That on each finger sometimes might remain,
It might have seem'd a work of stone, to vie
In smoothness with the polish'd ivory.
No ruby bright, or sparkling diamond rare,
But one sad sign of slavery was there;
One mystic badge her tap'ring finger bound,
That held her captive self within its round.
Oh! lovelier sure had look'd the hand if free,
Than gold-bound thus, and reft of liberty.
That magic ring, whose mystic powers can bind
What guards cannot control—the female mind.
The Satrap's vigilance, the Turkish chain,
Duennas, veils, and lattices, are vain;
The wall'd seraglio, or the threaten'd rack,
The Moorish vengeance,—scimitar, and sack,—
Are ineffectual all;—this round of gold
Safe, though unwatch'd, can wildest beauty hold;
And proves that virtue by one pledge controls
Our island goddesses, and free-born souls.
The sun was in the heavens, and all was bright;
Selina sought an artificial night:
Close in her chamber shut,—but not to sleep,—
She gazing sat in meditation deep.
An ample mirror show'd her faded form,
The outward wreck that proves the inward storm.
Her clust'ring tresses all unguarded fell,
And on that ring her eyes unbidden dwell.
O, matchless gold! thou all-commanding lord!
More strong than wisdom, virtue, or the sword!

Of all the shapes thou tak'st, the surest this,
To give thy worshippers a taste of bliss;
Now com'st thou as from heaven, and seem'st a sign
Of man's allegiance to a law divine:
Here, dang'rous gold, thou'rt brightest and the best,—
Love's sacred symbol, and bright honour's test.
Invade we not those moments that increase
Selina's danger, and break down her peace;—
The sting that to an injured wife belongs,
Her slighted beauties, and her sense of wrongs;
Her love of truth, and honour, and her name,
Which yet survives suspicion of all blame:
Conflicting thoughts, that shame the female mind,
By turns convince, or mystify and blind.
'Tis in that hour, that undecided state,
The merest trifle, light as air, has weight.
Upon her toilette laid,—not often there,—
A book, her mother's gift,—the Book of Prayer!
Not soil'd the leaves, and e'en its cover bright,
As when 'twas given upon her wedding-night,
And with it words of counsel, wise and grave,
That now awaked to frighten and to save;—
It look'd reproaches—mournful seem'd to say,
And are maternal counsels thrown away?
Must this fair form the canker-worm invade?
Was all this loveliness for ruin made?
Turn from the tempter, and be warn'd in time;
To tread the threshold, is to mix with crime.
And then came passion mantling in her blood,
Which rushing o'er her senses in a flood,
Drove her wild thoughts within the tempter's snare,
To paths that lead through pleasure to despair;
Till o'er each sense a numbness seem'd to creep,—
She sigh'd and blush'd—and wept herself to sleep."

The Man of Ton is now, in Canto Fourteenth, assailed by Duns and Post-obits, and finds himself a beggar. He is deserted by all the world,—or the West-End. Achates throws off the mask, and stands confessed the villain. Selina insulted, beyond woman's bearing, by her husband, her character gone, and her heart more than touched, meets John in Canto Fifteenth, entitled the Elopement, in his misery—and a scene ensues, such as has been often—too often painted—yet there is nothing objectionable in this picture, and it is strongly drawn.

"They met! they met! Nor hath more fatal been
The spark that bursts upon the magazine:
The world's ill usage stung *his* angry breast,
And a rash husband had o'erthrown *her* rest:
Each sought for sympathy, each found a friend,
And both their natures in one essence blend.
Words had been cold, and language all too poor;
But the big tear—the sigh—the look said more.
All things to come seem'd dress'd in gayest light,
And all behind impenetrable night.—
And then a first and agonizing kiss
Confirm'd and ratified their hopes of bliss.
Oh, hear her not, fond youth!—I warn too late!
Seal'd is your doom, and fix'd the course of fate.
She calls it not a sacrifice—with thee
Too blest, Selina shares thy beggary!
Ye that have felt love tyrant in the breast,
Jump to conclusions, and can guess the rest;
Nor bid the Muse in strains too melting tell
How virtue falter'd, and how beauty fell.
She went not home—their destinies were one,
And he was crown'd by love, and both undone!"

The fond, guilty, lost, impoverished, and expatriated pair, fly to Switzerland—and there is much feeling in the last Canto, entitled the Catastrophe. The Swiss scenery is poetically painted; and there is pathos and beauty in the following passage:—

"'Twas there Selina led her lover—there,
Midst harmless rustics, paused the guilty pair;
A little onward, through the leafy green,
A peaceful hamlet peeps, call'd Unterseen:
And there, close shelter'd by a chesnut wood,
All tenantless and wild a dwelling stood—

The white rose here, and there the clus-
t'ring vine,
And flowering clematis, and jessamine,
Around a low viranda seem'd to creep,
And welcome silence in the realms of
sleep.
'Here sure is peace,' the sad Selina
said,
'And here the weary one may rest her
head;
Here find a haven—not from hence to
move;
Forget the world, and give up all to love.'
This look'd like peace—all wore her
happy dress,
And all things here kind Nature seem'd
to bless;
And here they wander'd oft at even-tide,
And watch'd the mist enrobe the moun-
tain's side.
An avalanche! and now this nether world,
Mont Blanc itself, seems in convulsion
hurl'd:
Upwards, a cloud of shiver'd fragments fly,
And fields, and flocks, and chalets, buried
lie.
Now turn they back, all thankful for their
lot,
Their chesnut grove is safe,—their shel-
ter'd cot.
With chamois hunters now more bold
they creep,
And thread with cautious step the craggy
steep;
Or ambush'd lie, and waste a summer's
day,
To watch, without success, their wary
prey:
With them no flick'ring lamps dispel the
night,
For lovers' eyes can shed enough of light.
But when the Sabbath comes, and all
looks gay,
All happy—all contented—all but they—
The cheerful groups, their early matins
o'er,
With votive chants salute them at their
door;
The wife hangs fondly on her husband's
arm,
And wedded love appears with threefold
charm.
'The *wife!*' Selina thought,—'and what
am I?
Would these poor rustics pardon infamy?
Would they salute me, if they knew my
shame,
My blasted honour, and my blighted fame?
Blush, blush, my soul! ye wilds, your
cov'ring shed,
And hide from innocence this guilty head!'
Yet when she met her lover, not a sigh
Escaped her breast—nor ever in her eye
A tear was seen,—she wept but when
alone;
His were her smiles—her sorrows all her
own!"

The injured husband, with the false friend for his second, having discovered their retreat, comes to demand satisfaction. The Man of Ton having provided himself with a second in the person of a French officer, challenges Achates on the ground.

"They fired together, and Achates fell,
And brighter burn'd the fires in inmost
hell."

Sharp work and poetical justice. The husband, struck with the event, declines carrying the affair farther. Our hero flies to show himself alive to Selina, who knew, in the lonely chamber of her guilt, that her lover was about to expose his life to her husband's vengeance; and the catastrophe is rightly conceived, and ably executed.

"'And now, Sir Aldobrand, since this
false friend
Has justice found in an untimely end;
Whilst thus he dies a death for him too
good,
Revenge your wrongs, and wash them in
my blood.'
'No, misled youth, in sadness go thy
way;
Enough of blood has honour shed to-day.
You've one at home—I name her not—but
take
A husband's pardon, ere her heart-strings
break:
Bid her forget my injuries and me,
And live henceforth for penitence and thee.'
Short space sufficed to speed him from
the spot,
Love lent him wings to bear him to his cot;
And his gay heart beat lightly in his
breast,—
Selina's pardon seal'd—and both are blest!
How like a deer he topp'd the wall of stone
That fenced the little garden, now his own!
Like one that's saved from shipwreck, once
on shore,
Reflects on perils he has pass'd no more;
But turns on thoughts of happiness—to
roam
No more, but fix his every thought on
home.
Before the door he paused, but all was still,
And through the grove he heard the bab-
bling rill;
So still, he heard the ticking of the clock,
And plash of waters dripping from the rock.

'Selina still may sleep,' and on he creeps,—
He gently lifts the latch—'indeed, she sleeps.
How beautiful she looks!'—her silver skin
Show'd every circlet of the blood within.
Loose and disturb'd her unbound hair appears,
And on her cheek the trace of recent tears.
Soft o'er her form the ling'ring zephyr plays;
'Sleep on, sweet love!'—he sat him down to gaze
Upon her closed lids, whose light divine
Shall bless him when she wakes, and brighter shine.
He moved not once, lest, startled, she should hear
That he and happiness were both so near;
And now more near her cheek he drew, to sip—
Heaven's choicest boon—the honey on her lip;
But still he tasted not her balmy breath,—
A rival had been there—that rival—Death!
He starts convulsive from her cold embrace,
And his eye glares upon her ashy face.
'Awake, Selina!—wake, my love! my life!
'Tis Percy calls upon his love—his wife!'
And now his cries, his wailings, rend the air,
And his soul speaks the language of despair.
A moment hopes he—willing to deceive
His sickening soul,—still struggles to believe
She sleeps.—'Oh! no, no, no!—she is not dead;
Comes death to deck her on her bridal bed?
Hear me, Selina! hear!—I have no wife—
No love—no friend—no hope—why have I life?'
The conflict's o'er, his veins to bursting swell,
And on the dead a lifeless load he fell.
Now thronging to his aid the rustics fly;
The gentle priest and skilful leech apply
Their tend'rest care, and long entranced he lay,
Till first a groan, and then a tear found way;
And when at length they raised him from that bed,
The light of reason had for ever fled.
A moment now he smiles—a moment weeps,
And now,—'Be still,' he says, 'be still,—she sleeps!'
And then he list'ning stands, and seems to wait
With patient hope the signal of his fate.
But never comes a change, for his the doom
Of dark oblivion's everlasting gloom.
Alike to him the beams of orient day,
Or when at eve its glories fade away.
The summer's heat he feels not, nor the cold,
And in unconscious misery grows old.
Fix'd is the sum, the measure of the woe,
That suff'ring nature e'er can undergo.
When horror deepens, and the shudd'ring soul
Would snatch the poniard, drain the poison'd bowl,
Indulgent heav'n—for pains we must endure,
Fruits of our follies, wounds beyond a cure,—
In mercy draws the darkest veil between
Our sense of feeling and the cureless scene!
Ears hear no plaints, and eyes with tears grow blind,
And madness casts his pall upon the mind."

We shall never, while we breathe, cut up a sheer blockhead. Stop, gentlemen. There is no rule without an exception, so don't begin sharpening the nebs of your pens—laying out your foolscap—and gurgling out your ink from the big bottle into the small. It is a nerve-shaking business even for a thousand blockheads to draw lots out of a hat, when one slip of paper is marked, "Hanging." No respite—no reprieve to the unhappy devil who fingers his fate. He most certainly shall swing. But our general rule shall henceforth be, to cut up only the clever. We began, last Number, with Mr Robert Montgomery, who will ever, after the punishment we inflicted on him, which was not vindictive, but restorative, and such as brought no dishonour, be considered all over the island a writer of unquestionable talents. Even so with our present author, who writes like a scholar and a gentleman, and, when the subject admits of it, also absolutely like a poet. We have heard different names mentioned, but we are always reluctant to mention people's names in this Magazine, and therefore shall now say, in the words of Moore, "O breathe not his name!" "Oh no, we never mention him!" in case we should commit some mistake, and "rob Peter to pay Paul."

WILSON'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF ZOOLOGY.*

NATURAL HISTORY! What delight and instruction flow from its study, whenever it is pursued, not merely in a scientific, but a truly philosophical spirit! Upon this wonderful scene of existence, is it possible for an intelligent being to look without wonder? or to wonder without desire to know? We have no need to explain how the desire to understand these wonders should spring up in the human mind:—its own faculties are a sufficient explanation. There would be more occasion to explain by what means, in such multitudes of men, that native desire is suppressed and defeated of its natural growth and vivacity.

Accordingly, in all times of which we have any record, we find that one strong passion of powerful and aspiring minds, has been the desire of natural knowledge. And erring as their opinions were, and could not but be, in the infancy of observation, limited and imperfect, still the facts of nature which were open to their senses, were so extraordinary—and even their rude speculation took such strong hold upon their minds, that not only is the desire of such knowledge recorded as having been most strong in their most illustrious men, but the reputation of proficiency in it, was of itself sufficient to raise a man to the highest distinction among the People, as a Sage—a Priest in the Temple of Nature.

The truth is, that so strongly were the minds of men, in the early times of society, impressed with the extraordinary properties and powers which were discovered to them, and the appearances they beheld, that they were much more in danger of being overcome with excessive admiration and affection, than of too slightly regarding them; and so great was their unceasing admiration and wonder of what they continually saw passing before their eyes, on this great theatre of nature—that they soon began to carry it beyond its just limits, to intermix superstitious imagination with their conception of natural powers, and to interweave the phenomena of nature in the fables of their erring religion. This we know to have been done to a very great extent by the Egyptians—the early Greeks—the old inhabitants of Persia, and the Hindoos. We have reason to believe it has been almost universal.

Here we see evidence, not only of what the face of nature is to man, but what is that strong impression which is the beginning and first incitement to the study of her laws. It is an impression of strong and delighted wonder and admiration—an impression which does not belong, in the first place, to intellect and philosophy, but to natural and inevitable feeling. Accordingly, we find that the greatest minds that have pursued this knowledge have held throughout a course answerable to this beginning; they have been at once contemplators and lovers of nature. We behold in them a mind elevated by the greatness, and calmed by the beauty, of what they behold. When we think of Sir Isaac Newton, we think not so much of the vast and comprehensive powers of his intellect, as of the sublimity of the objects which that intellect was for ever engaged in contemplating. In the lives of almost all the men of genius who have been given up to these studies, we find, not a curious inquisitiveness of mind which might have been applied to this subject or to any other, but a mind touched with delight of what was disclosed, and led on by that delight to never-ending investigation. If such be the just foundation and inducement to natural knowledge, what must be the effect of the pursuit of it upon the mind? It is not, we see, a painful labour imposed upon unwilling minds, piecing together with effort facts painfully acquired. The mind hurries on in its own enjoyment through scenes of delight. For you must not judge of these studies by the degree of interest with which minds

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* Illustrations of Zoology, being representations of new, rare, or otherwise remarkable subjects of the Animal Kingdom, drawn and coloured after Nature, with descriptive letter-press. By James Wilson, F.R.S.E., Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society. William Blackwood, Edinburgh. Cadell, London.

apply to them that have been long unused to such occupation, and are led to them, not by their own desire, but by accidental circumstances. But you may judge by what you see of the eagerness with which children to whom they are agreeable will follow them. We may judge by what we read of the strong and devouring passion with which minds, having this bent by nature, will give themselves up to such pursuits, all life long, often without being influenced in any degree by the love of fame, or any other reward, than by the simple and sublime satisfaction in the study of itself. Such, unquestionably, is the true character of the study, and, if so, what must be its effect? Why, to nourish the mind with continual pure pleasure, from admiration of what it beholds—to nourish, that is, not only to give it pleasure, but such pleasure as it will convert into aliment, into the materials of its strength and growth. A thousand other pleasures fade away, and leave the mind neither richer nor stronger than before, perhaps poorer and weaker; but this is an appetite that grows by feeding. The knowledge the mind has attained quickens in it, and whets the desire for more; it is felt in the mind like a continual hope, and it also enriches the possessor. Has not he great wealth, whose mind contains within itself the sources of its own best-beloved delights—which need not go out of itself for its noblest happiness? Now the mind that, in following its own delight, has filled itself with natural knowledge, is rich, because the mere revolving within itself of the stores which it contains, opens up to it afresh all its sources. But there is another meaning to this kind of riches. The pleasure that nourishes the mind enriches it by the multiplication of all its feelings; for what takes place is not the mere repetition of the same pleasure from day to day, but there is unfolded, as it were, in the mind, its capacity of pleasure into all the variety of its forms. A child is satisfied, probably, with precisely the same pleasure, repeated again and again in just the same kind and degree—so it often seems to be—but by degrees this simple and entire pleasure, which was like a simple sensation, begins to break and divide itself into many more. The enjoyment in which the mind has indulged acts upon its sensibilities, and brings them out, so that susceptibilities of delight, which were not at first discernible, though they were in the mind, lying there like imperceptible points, become more and more developed, till they assume form and growth of their own; for every mind has its own constitution, and its own peculiar capacity of intellectual enjoyment. Of whatever kind its chief native pleasure is, in that also it has prepared within it various other capacities, of the possession of which it is unconscious, and these can only be brought into action by degrees, by the power of that primary pleasure. They are secondary, and will spring up next, and others after them, and so on for ever and ever—as the vital force in a seed, once set in motion, continually developes new forms of life, arising out of what it has before produced. This every one has experienced, who, from the natural bent of his mind, has followed earnestly any pursuit whatever; that new satisfactions are continually springing up in his mind, which he did not know before, and which, when he first engaged in it, he was not able to feel. Thus the mind is doubly enriched, not only by those stores, by means of which it now in some sense contains within itself, what it must before have sought in nature, but also by the actually opening up within itself of capacities of enjoyment, which before it possessed unconsciously. And observe, that the whole character and temper of the mind is affected by such happiness, for there is no mind that is incapable of kindly and benevolent affections, but there are many in which such dispositions are perverted or repressed by the circumstances and manner of their life; and in which, under more favourable circumstances, such good dispositions might be brought into much happier activity. Now, there is reason to believe that the study of nature in those minds, which follow it from the pure pleasure they feel in it, tends greatly to subdue in the mind all those disturbing affections which destroy its native benevolence, and that they tend to renew its sensibility to the joy of mild and calm affections, rendering that sensibility ever more and more true and exquisite.

This reason is drawn, not merely from the character of those men who have been distinguished in these pur-

suits, of whom this calm benevolence of spirit has been a very general characteristic; but it is drawn from the nature itself of the enjoyments which are thus opened to the mind. For these studies lead us at once into the world of nature. They take us out of the conflict of human life—out of all its uneasy desires or fears, or irritating recollections—out of its agitated, restless tumult—into the midst of calm, beautiful, majestic order. What is become of the little anxious disturbing jealousies of life to him whose soul is in his eyes, and whose eyes are stretching their sight into the abysses of space, and pursuing the stars of heaven in their eternal revolutions? But it is not of the great objects, or great emotions, of natural science alone that we now speak. The mind of one man has led him to study the heavens—the mind of another has led him to examine, to analyze, and explore, the conformation of a worm. The greatest naturalist of modern Europe bestowed the chief labour of his mind on the curious examination of the most delicate parts of flowers; and that part of his studies has made the name of Linnæus immortal. One of the most celebrated of the naturalists of France, Reaumur, has published a very laborious work, in some volumes, on the Anatomy of the Caterpillar. He did not live to complete it. It is not necessary to mention many instances; but we wish to recall to the recollection of our readers the extreme minuteness, and, as we may sometimes be tempted to think it, the apparent insignificance, of many of the objects of a naturalist's studies. But, however minute, they cannot be insignificant. Their littleness removes them indeed from that common sort of importance by which we are apt to measure things in their ordinary reference to human life. To us who tread them under foot as we walk, they are not important objects in the world. But the moment they appear, as to the naturalist they do, to open up to his eyes an insight into the world of life—the moment he can dare to say that he begins to trace in their structure the design which formed it—dimly and imperfectly as he must trace it in all things—from that moment their importance is immense and incalculable. The entomologist, with his microscope and his delicate instruments, dissecting a fly—and the astronomer, watching through his telescope the motion of planets many times our earth's dimensions—calculating, by his powerful science, their motions and their speed, and weighing their bodies in thought—both are employed in one and the same work—both have gone out into nature to occupy the faculties of their high intelligence, as their own spirit leads them, in endeavouring, to the best of their power, to explore and comprehend some small portion of the infinite universe.

To all the students of nature, then, whatever part they may study, or in whatever way, nature herself has provided the same reward; namely, some portion of her own calm spirit. It is not whether what they see is great or small; but it is, that the moment they have begun to examine, they have begun to look into a world of wonders; they have begun to look upon the structure of those works which in least and greatest bear one character; they have begun to read, as much as it is given to human eyes to read, the characters of wisdom, of goodness, and power. The human spirit, whatever its own troubled disposition may be, if it be impressible by such sights, is subdued under the presence of these thoughts—its feelings change to a purer temper—it is tranquillized and chastened.

In acquainting ourselves with the lives of naturalists, we trace something connected with this—something in their pursuits, indicating this extension of their mind, beyond the point on which the eye seems fixed. Many of them are known to the world by laborious researches on some small point, by which two things are to be understood:—one, that this was their favourite study, and the other, that the only works they have chosen to leave behind them are on this point. But you will find in their lives, that they by no means limited their researches and studies to these works, but proceeded from these to much more extensive acquaintance with nature—although they may have left no written memorials of such more extended contemplations; for there was no need. They wrote on what they had most studied and best knew;—they wished to impart to others the new knowledge they had found—to perpetuate discoveries. Of the other labours of their mind, though greatly to their own delight—though essentially important to them—they had nothing to say to

others, because their desire was, not so much to leave a memorial of themselves, as of that which they had seen most clearly, and most clearly understood, of the wonders of that nature which they had studied, loved, and, under awe of its Maker, we may almost say, had worshipped.

In speaking of the effect of such studies on the temper of the mind, in tranquillizing it, we cannot help noticing the natural calmness, independent of those other affections which attend such studies, arising out of the very nature of the objects themselves, about which the naturalist is occupied, and out of the manner in which he is occupied about them. We allude and speak particularly of those which have life. In watching a plant, when he wants to ascertain its growth and habits—how slowly it expands—from day to day! From month to month he may watch its progress. He fixes the interest of his mind upon that which proceeds so calmly under his eye, and his mind itself takes a tone of quiet and measured thought, as it extends its recollections over that slow and quiet progress which he has seen, and its expectations over that future progress, as slow, and quiet, and continual, to the perfect growth he desires to see. He sees in all—motion,—in all—life,—in all—the continual fulfilling of the functions of their nature; but all calm in their uniform tenor. Shall he be the only restless and perturbed being, when everything else is full of tranquillity—of silence? Advert, too, for a moment, to the occupation of him who watches, in nature, the courses of animated life. Looking at all the living beings of nature—in their happy play—in their busy occupations,—to see young things rejoicing in life—to see mothers nursing their young—to see insects, or beasts, or birds, concurring in mutual assistance or defence, as if they had contrivance and thought—to see life like the life—feelings like the heart—and something even of a faint and dim resemblance of the intelligence of man? To see all these things, must needs speak to his sympathy, for they touch in him the very sense of his own human being; and yet to see them in a world so remote, so separate from himself—in the midst of the beautiful world of nature, among the kinds of little, wild, lovely creatures that people it—surely so to see and feel—must touch his heart without disturbing it—must always breathe something like a tenderness of affection into the deep and serene calm of contemplative Thought.

We have now spoken of the effect which such pursuits may produce upon minds which, by disposition and avocation, are most entirely given up to them; but that effect, in proportionate degree, will be produced upon those who, under a just and natural feeling, pursue such studies merely as a recreation in the intervals of leisure in a busy—perhaps a too worldly life. But here there is an essential necessity to experiencing the effect we have alleged, that the impulse under which the mind proceeds to the study, should be its own simple and pure desire and delight in it. There are many other grounds upon which such studies are undertaken—some of them important, some of them mistaken and inadequate. It is to be recollected, that the minds of different men are very differently formed, and with very different propensities. We see continually, that what is the greatest delight to one man has no interest at all for another. One man cannot avail himself of another's pleasures. Each must take his own. It is perfectly consistent and possible, that such great pleasure—and more than pleasure—such important effects of permanent benefit to the mind and character, as we have conceived to requite the Naturalist for his ardent study of nature,—may in truth be annexed to his labours as their due reward—and yet that numbers of men may have engaged in the same studies, and not have found it. The cause has been, that they have not begun and pursued it from mere love or joy in nature. They have had some other inducement at first; or they have found some other incitement to go on. Their case is no evidence in this argument. And here, too, let us observe, that what is requisite for deriving from these studies such results, is not always genius—is not always intellectual powers. It is love and delight in nature, and nothing more—a state of mind altogether independent of intellectual capacity—and often to be found, in great strength, disjoined from it. We know the names of those who have brought the power of ge-

nius into the study of nature—but we know nothing of those nameless numbers, who have brought nothing to it but their own strong love, and have gained from it nothing but their own peaceful happiness.

What a pity it is that, notwithstanding these very evident truths,—felt to be truths, we doubt not, by all genuine students and lovers of nature,—this subject of natural history (or rather the one hundred and fifty-seven thousand, three hundred, and ninety-five subjects, which the modern science is said to embrace,) has been treated of so often by persons either absolutely disqualified for the study altogether—or, what is not much better, ignorant or misinformed—adust and sterile penmen, who were incapable of viewing more at any given time than a very circumscribed portion of a truly magnificent picture, and who, themselves seeing with most obscure optics, knew not how to convey to others more than a faint and feeble outline of what they were striving to behold. Sometimes, too, natural history has fallen into the hands of such men as Goldsmith, for example, endowed certainly with a rich intellect, and otherwise highly gifted, but so deficient in the actual observance of the mysterious minutiæ of nature's works, "to them invisible, or dimly seen," through the medium of a score or two of books, supplied, for the time being, by the bibliopoles who hired them, that nothing could be reasonably looked for beyond a careless compilation of doubtful facts, injudiciously strung together by a few vague and inapplicable generalities—a sort of intellectual "Three Hundred Animals," exceeding in price, rather than excelling in merit, that useful companion of our early years.

We strenuously advise Mr Wilson, well known in the scientific circles of this part of the kingdom for his devotion to zoology, to prepare for publication a *System of Zoology*, in which the leading facts of the modern science of natural history shall be presented in a clear and compendious form. Such a work is a great and acknowledged desideratum in the literature of England, by which let us be understood to mean Great Britain and Ireland, and the towns of Berwick and Innerleithen, both upon the Tweed. Our author's views of this important and most interesting branch of natural science are just such as we desire to meet with in him who would undertake the task. We perceive a sufficient love of accuracy and precision to ensure a correct statement of those minute details upon which many of the loftier views of the science are necessarily upreared, and the methodical exposition of which is essential to the elementary instruction of the uninitiated; but combined with this we also perceive a still greater love of those general results, which, when evolved under the guidance of a careful spirit of induction, form the true glory of the science, and constitute the essential value of this, as of every other branch of human knowledge. But it has hitherto formed the opprobrium of natural history in our own country, that its truths have never been illustrated or explained in any other language than that of a most dry and barren technicology, which of course disrobed the subject of all grace and beauty. Yet we know of no other on which a mind of power would be more pleasantly, or more honourably, or even more lucratively, employed.

The main object of Mr Wilson's work is to illustrate the treasures of the Edinburgh Museum, now so rich in almost every department of Zoology, through the exertions, we may almost say, of a single individual, but a most distinguished one indeed, Professor Jameson. This gentleman, with a zeal and disinterestedness which do him the highest credit, and which we are happy to observe duly appreciated by the Patrons of the University in their recent very flattering report on the affairs of the Museum, has been unceasing in his exertions for the honour and well-being of the establishment, which indeed owes everything but its origin to himself. From an obscure receptacle of ill-conditioned specimens, and a "beggarly account of empty boxes," the Edinburgh Museum has now become one of the most magnificent collections in the kingdom, and its prosperity seems to advance in an increasing ratio under the present management, notwithstanding the grumbling of a few ignoramuses who gabble of what they cannot understand.

We, who know a few things upon every subject, are much tickled by this

talk concerning the injustice of a charge being made for permission to view this superb collection. It appears to us that the malcontents may, with equal judgment and discretion, complain of being charged by their booksellers or breeches-makers for such articles as are supposed to add a grace, as the case may be, either to the upper or under tenement of the human tabernacle. When the Museum was, like the natural world which it represents and exemplifies, in a primitive state, "without form and void," no charge for admission was exacted, because there was as little to occasion expenditure in the management, as there was to excite admiration in the beholder. But of course the circumstances of the case became entirely altered, as soon as, through the spirited exertions of one or two individuals, the establishment, without any increase of allowance from government, was remodelled upon an improved and greatly extended plan, a vast accession of subjects added at a great expense, and a correspondence opened, for the furtherance of the science of natural history, with almost every quarter of the globe. It then became necessary not "to tax the public," as it is the fashion to call it, for the public was free to come and go as to itself seemed most proper; but to provide a sum to defray such expenses, as from the nature of things unavoidably attended the acquisition and continuance of the collection, to say nothing of its increase; and thus, in the absence of government aid, (which, in truth, if granted, could only have been so by taxing the public,) recourse was had to the only possible plan, and one which, in the circumstances of the case, was absolutely necessary,—that of charging those who came, and leaving those who staid away to spend their money elsewhere. Yet there are blockheads, who do not see that this is the very plan by which the public remains untaxed. We meet with such ourselves in the busy haunts, not of men, but of idiots, and we hear the self-same thing repeated in the self-same manner, day after day, as is the custom with the fatuous crew. We are sick of such "damnable iteration."

If a red-eyed and tangle-headed son of the mountains, with hoofs of horn, and fingers of sea-fyke, oblivious of his Celtic ancestry, attires himself in the garb of decency and civilization, and in so doing deems himself "more honoured in the *breech* than the observance," would the "blood of all the Campbells" excuse his receiving a charge for his nether integuments with a sneer, or palliate his declaring the said charge erroneous or unjust? He was a volunteer in the cause of the breeches, which assuredly would never have so clothed his hurdies by a natural and spontaneous growth. The "gentleman" must either "own the soft impeachment," or take off his inexpressibles, for no other course remains. So also is it with the "intellectual armoury of the mind." Whosoever buys a book, is expected to pay for it, otherwise your casuist doubts whether the book has been bought at all.

In this there is neither hardship nor taxation, seeing that people are neither forced to purchase what they do not want, nor obliged to pay for what they have not received. Now, even as it is with books and breeches, so is it with birds and beasts. A city famous for its natural magnificence, the "mother of arts and eloquence," and named the "modern Athens," for what reason, however, does not precisely appear, acquires, by individual exertion, a rich Museum of Natural History, of which the modern Athenians might with justice be not a little proud, supposing that they were either competent to judge of its value, or had in any way contributed towards its acquisition, maintenance, or increase. But it would seem to be beneath their dignity to inquire by whom, or in what manner this Museum has been formed, or continues to be preserved and extended. A few score of dunder-pates, who may have strayed as far as London, bethink themselves of having saved a shilling or two at the door of the British Museum, and being too opaque to consider a government grant of some L.20,000 per annum in favour of the latter establishment as of any weight, or at all likely to affect the logic of a comparison drawn between the two collections, they become open-mouthed in praise of the one, and in vituperation of the other. If the gentle reader and his wife are a pair of such persons, we fear they must be too much alike to admit of our now reminding the one that the other is an ass. So,

> "Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
> Or both divide the *crown*."

In regard to those engaged in the

prosecution of works of science, it is well known that every facility is afforded. No man of science, occupied in any pursuit or inquiry connected with natural history, has ever been refused free access to the establishment. The objects in the Museum may be drawn and described by all who are competent to the task; and in such cases, not only is the entrance money not demanded, but it affords the highest gratification to the Professor of Natural History, to render the collection under his charge subservient both to the particular object for which it was originally formed, (that of illustrating the University Lectures,) and to the general purposes of science. In proof of this, we may mention, that there are at this time four gentlemen of high respectability and scientific attainment, whose drawings and descriptions from the Edinburgh Museum, are now in the course of publication: viz. Sir William Jardine, Bart., Mr Selby, Mr Wilson, and Major Hamilton Smith.

But it is time to let Mr Wilson say a few words for himself.

"By a judicious and varied selection of subjects from the different classes of the Animal Kingdom, accompanied by a history of their habits and modes of life, it is hoped, that in the course of not many years such a representative assemblage may be brought together, as will serve to exemplify, in a novel and interesting manner, the numerous tribes of living creatures, of which the great family of Nature is composed. On the first introduction of every established Order, or well-marked Genus, such observations will be presented as may suffice to illustrate the natural history of the species which it contains, considered in their generalities; and thus, while the subjects treated of individually may, from their rarity, or the accuracy of their portraitures, be regarded with some degree of interest even by the scientific naturalist, the work itself will at the same time serve as an elementary introduction, under a popular form, not unadapted to the purposes of the general reader. It will be the Author's aim to combine the precision of a scientific treatise with the more excursive and agreeable character of a popular miscellany, and, by avoiding alike the vagueness and inaccuracy of the one, and the repulsive dryness of the other, to gain the favour of both classes of readers, by a faithful and consequently an interesting exposition of one of the most beautiful, and certainly not the least important, of the natural sciences.

"He deems it proper further to announce, that although the collection of Drawings already executed, and the many interesting subjects at present at his command in the Museum, will suffice to supply materials to this work for several years, he is not the less anxious respectfully to solicit information from the Zoologists of Great Britain and of foreign countries, on all topics connected with Natural History in any of its branches. Especial care will be taken of specimens, or original drawings of remarkable objects, with the loan of which he may be favoured; and the same will be speedily returned, and thankfully acknowledged. The increasing experience of our Engravers, (in a department of the profession hitherto but feebly patronised, and therefore slightly practised, in Scotland,) by the execution of several important works of a somewhat similar nature, now in progress, affords a reasonable expectation of a corresponding increase of excellence in the art, and warrants the assumption that every succeeding Number of this publication will improve as it advances. This consideration, it is trusted, will prove an inducement to those possessed of collections in any department of Zoology, to make the author acquainted with whatever they may contain of rare or curious; and he pledges himself that neither trouble nor expense will be spared on his part, to do justice to such liberality, by the execution of correct and carefully finished drawings."

The description corresponding to each Plate is printed on a leaf by itself; and the introductory observations of a general nature prefixed to each class, order, or genus, being likewise thrown off in a separate and distinct form, a systematic classification of the subjects of the work may at any time be adopted, with the greatest facility, by those who prefer such a mode of arrangement. To assist in the attainment of this object, according to correct and philosophical principles, and at the same time to leave the student free to follow where nature seems to lead, a series of tabular views of the classification of animals, now in preparation by Mr Wilson, will be presented at an early period, in which the doctrines of the most distinguished of the modern Systematists will be analyzed, and the result of their respective labours exhibited in a clear and compendious form.

Four Numbers, price 16s. each, and each containing four plates, have been now published, and have, we understand, received the highest praise from many of the first naturalists and first

artists in Europe—among the former, the illustrious Cuvier.

In Number First, we have a fine whole-length figure of that dread denizen of the desert, the Puma, or American Lion, which is apparently preparing in its collected crouch to bound across some great American river at a single spring. His yellow eyes are fixed on his unsuspecting but by us unseen prey—evidently something more important to the Puma than "opossum up a gum-tree,"—probably Jonathan himself cutting down a tree, on whose branches the Puma has loved to sit or swing, and will not suffer to be brought to earth with impunity. The character of this creature is very happily drawn by Mr Wilson, although it is not like his usual accuracy to forget to tell us whether his favourite be a lady, or only a gentleman.

"The Puma, in the wild state, is the only animal against which the charge of wanton or unnecessary cruelty seems well founded. It has been known to kill fifty sheep at one time, for the sake of sipping a little of the blood of each, although its customary appetite is by no means so delicate, as it has been observed to cover the remains of its prey with leaves and grass, that it might return to it again. Its manners differ considerably from those of the Jaguar. It rather inhabits plains than forests, and approaches nearer to the habitations of man. In ascending a tree, it springs up at a single leap, and descends in the same manner; whereas the Jaguar runs up exactly like a common cat. It preys upon all kinds of wild animals, not fearing to attack even beasts of prey. A skin of this animal was formerly preserved in the Museum of the Royal Society of London, taken from an individual which had been shot while in the act of devouring a wolf. It also commits frequent ravages among hogs, and other domestic animals, and ascends trees that it may spring down upon the larger kinds of deer, which it might otherwise be unable to obtain.

"Notwithstanding what has been said of the ferocity of this creature, Azara possessed one which was quite tame, and, when rubbed gently down the back, expressed its happiness by purring like a domestic cat. In addition to his testimony, I can add, from my own observation of the individual represented on Plate I., that it is characterised in captivity by extreme gentleness of disposition, manifesting all the elegant playfulness of the cat, without any of its alleged treachery. It rejoices greatly in the society of those to whose company it is accustomed, lies down upon its back between their feet, and plays with the skirts of their garments, entirely after the manner of a kitten. When let loose, it exhibits the most extraordinary feats of activity, springing about in a large lumber room, and assuming an infinite variety of elegant and picturesque positions. It shews a great predilection for water, and frequently jumps into and out of a large tub, rolling itself about, and seeming greatly pleased with the refreshment. While in London, it made its escape into the street during the night, but allowed itself to be taken up by a watchman, without offering even a shew of resistance. It was brought from the city of St Paul's, the capital of the district of that name in the Brazilian empire, which, lying about the source of some of those streams which eventually fall into the magnificent Plata, is surrounded by extensive meadows and wooded morasses, where these animals are said to abound. It is now above two years old. During the voyage home, it was in habits of intimacy with several dogs and monkeys, none of which it ever attempted to injure; nor did it even return the petty insults which the latter sometimes offered; but if an unfortunate goat or fowl came within its reach, it was immediately snapped up and slain. Since its arrival in Edinburgh, it has not been indulged with living prey; and the only animals which have fallen victims to its rapacity, were a mallard drake and a cock pheasant, both of which inadvertently approached within the circle of its spring, and were each killed by a blow of its forepaw.

"The individual figured on Plate I. being still immature, is much inferior in its dimensions to those recorded by many naturalists. When full-grown, the Puma measures about five feet in length, exclusive of the tail, which is between two and three feet long. A Scotch gentleman lately in this country, has frequently killed Pumas in the interior of Demerara. One of these was a female, shot while searching for prey in a lofty tree: its whelp was at the bottom, feeding on a monkey, which had probably been killed by the mother. The young one was also shot. The body of the latter measured two feet, the tail one foot and an inch. The upper part of the body was not of an uniform colour like the dam, but had three chains of blackish-brown spots along its back, with several scattered markings of the same colour on its sides, neck, and shoulders. Dr Traill of Liverpool has correctly observed, that these marks disappear in the full-grown animal. This is well exemplified by the live specimen in the Museum, in which the spots, though still perceptible on a minute examination, have

already become feeble and indistinct. I may add, that it always holds its tail convoluted or rolled up, and generally pointing to the left side."

We shall never disbelieve the traditional bravery of the Lion, nor yet his generosity; and are sorry to see that Mr Wilson is sceptical on these points, or more than sceptical, like most modern naturalists. Why, we do not mean to assert that the courage of a Lion is precisely the same as that of ODoherty; or that either an American or an African Lion would have led the forlorn-hope at Badajos or Ciudad-Rodrigo, as unflinchingly as Major Gurwood. He might, nay would, have turned tail at the entrenchments and fled, without even waiting to take post in the rear among the baggage-waggons. But compare his courage with that of an American Indian, stealing on his foeman in the forest—and the Son of Alknomook surely was no coward—and the talon of the Lion is as tremendous in every way as the tomahawk of the Bald Eagle. As to his generosity — there even a Puma is pretty much on a par with a Man. Generosity is a virtue that looks pretty on paper, beautiful in a book, but we cannot charge our memory, at present, with any instance of that virtue exhibited by one man standing on his feet towards another lying on his back, when the provocation has been great, and the quarrel of long standing, in the very nature of things. Now and then a Highland sergeant spares a Frenchman, shouting "Sacre Dieu" on his knees; but more generally hews his skull with the claymore, or beckons on some Light-bob behind to skewer Monsieur with his bayonet. And what pray does, or can, the least generous and humane Lion do that is worse? It is quite sufficient generosity to a Caffre, or Hottentot, not to eat him up on the spot, and more than that he has no reason to look for, even when the Lion is not hungry; whereas, when he is hungry, having, perhaps, not tasted animal food of any kind for a week, and certainly not a single ounce of human flesh for a month at least, it would be the height of absurdity to expect him to shy the Hottentot Venus, for example, a tempting tid-bit, and the Beauty of the Craal.

However, we quarrel with no man for his opinion on a point of natural history, and Mr Wilson expresses his with much amenity and sweetness.

"All that has been said regarding the noble generosity and superior courage of the Lion, and other larger species of the race, is considered by naturalists to be purely fabulous. They seize their prey by surprise, lying in treacherous ambuscade, or gliding insidiously through dark ravines, and are naturally of so timid and mistrustful a nature, that if they fail in their first attempt upon the life even of an insignificant creature, they rarely renew it again upon the same individual. Neither does their ferocity by any means imply, as many suppose, the fatal and irresistible necessity of murder; for the instinct to destroy is only the sensation of hunger in animals having a propensity to flesh, and provided with the means of procuring it. This instinct is itself effaceable by an artificial supply of food, provided continuously and in abundance. The entire exemption from severe or long-continued hunger, the absence of mistrust as the result of constant kind treatment, and, finally, the love of repose, so natural even to the most ferocious animals, after an abundant meal, effect the subjugation of the most carnivorous kinds. The 'untameable hyæna' of the menagerie-keepers serves to produce a stare of astonishment in the vulgar; but we believe that no animal is rendered incapable, by the constitution of its nature, of being in any way ameliorated by the art of man. Desmoulins has seen the ferocious Jaguar of America playing with its keeper, as a kitten would with a child; and Cuvier, in the course of a long-continued acquaintance with the animal world, has known three Bengal Tigers of very mild and gentle manners.

"The females are remarkable for their tender attachment to their young: the males, on the other hand, are distinguished by a peculiar jealousy, as it may be called, which frequently renders them the most formidable enemies of their own offspring. Hence it is, that the former sex usually conceal the places where they have brought forth, or frequently remove their young. They are a solitary tribe, and, like most animals which feed on living prey, rarely seek each other's society except during the season of love. Like the 'mighty hunters' among the human race, they require an extensive domain for the exercise of their predacious habits, and a near neighbour can only be regarded as a mortal foe. It is the ineradicable nature of this sentiment which causes that very peculiar noise in the throat, and the mistrustful rolling of the eye, observable even in the most perfectly reclaimed individuals, when they are approached during meal-time.

"If we were to judge from the great uni-

formity of aspect which prevails among the different species of this genus, we would naturally conclude that they were all inhabitants of one and the same climate. The fact is, however, that there is scarcely any genus more truly cosmopolite; for every zone has its species of *Felis*, and the Tiger itself extends its ravages from the equatorial regions almost to the polar circle. The Lion, the Panther, and the Hunting Tiger, are common to Asia and Africa; the Royal Tiger and the Leopard are found in Asia alone; the Serval and Cape Cat (*Felis undata* of Desmarest), are confined to Africa; the Wild Cat occurs in all the four quarters of the globe; and the Ocelot, Jaguar, and several other species, are characteristic of the New World. The cry varies greatly in the different species. The Lion roars with a voice resembling distant thunder, deep, tremulous, and broken; the Jaguar barks almost like a dog; the cry of the Panther is like the grating of a saw; and they all *purr* after the manner of the domestic cat, with an energy proportioned to the size of the species."

And here let it be recorded, that this same Puma, of which it has pleased Mr Wilson to present us with so fierce a likeness, being at present in the keeping of a Border gentleman, recently made his escape "into the Forest," to the great terror of the shepherds, great and small. Before it had time and opportunity, however, to bring to battle the Bonassus at Mount Benger, it was met on the hill-side by some emissaries of the Sheriff, and after a few gambols, never before exhibited upon such a stage, it suffered itself to be captured by a Sutor from Selkirk, thereby nullifying a Latin adage, and was led back again into its accustomed captivity. James Hogg has made this incident the subject of a heroic ballad, which will appear ere long in this Magazine, for he recited it with great effect at the last Noctes. Indeed, Sir Walter Scott had also turned the subject in his mind, with a view to a few harmonious numbers; but as he had, on several preceding occasions, unfortunately anticipated Mr Hogg's representations of Scottish character and manners, by the publication of the Waverley Novels, a feeling of delicacy, which does the distinguished Baronet the highest honour, has induced him, on this occasion, to withdraw his claim on public notice, and give up this fine subject in Mr Hogg's favour. The lovers of poetry and of Pumas must share the disappointment, if such there be, between them.

In Number III. we have the Jaguar, or American Panther, in his spotted beauty, recumbent beneath a cliff, —manifestly purring to himself as he eyes his far-approaching prey,—while you see his tail marked with irregular black spots, and its lower part encircled by three sable rings, of which the last is terminal, curling in cruel delight, and his velvet paws unsheathing a little their crooked daggers—the most important claws in his will. What whiskers! What upper and lower lips! A pretty little pond close at hand in which to wash off the blood. He has probably just been lapping—but still his throat, and palate, and tongue, and jaws, are athirst—for water is to him "wersh and unslockening," and he is slightly panting in the lust of blood. What a fine formidable yellow fellow he is, lying in burnished brightness upon the dim desert sand! 'Tis a fair creature. You know now what Wordsworth had in his eye, when he said of the seducer of poor Ruth,—

> "The Panther in the wilderness
> Was not more fair than he!"

Yet he has not so much the look of a seducer, as of a ravisher. The two characters, however, are kindred—cognate—and in those paws a maiden, who had been wandering by herself into the woods, would be soon made to feel the meaning of gentle violence. How he would dandle the kid! With what gloating eyes would he suck her blood —nuzzling with that snokey nose of his in about the joining of her small neck with her full-formed breast—the fair jugular about to spout redness—the white collar-bone to be crunched into gore by one grinding tusk! Lord preserve us, he is playing with the Indian maid, like a cat with a mouse—now suffering her to drag her wounded length in among some bushes, now gently and tenderly, so as not to hurt her—not even a hair on her head—drawing her towards him, first with one sheathed paw, and then with another, as if wiling her, in her reluctant bashfulness, into the warmth of his soft breast—and it is soft—soft as the down of the swan—now playing with her swooned body, as a boy, by himself, plays at ball,—now up with it into the air only a few yards,—then

quickly back and back again, from hand to hand, and then made to bounce off suddenly to an uncalculated distance—angry that the cotton-bunch has bounded so far! But desire is impatient of that delicious dalliance, and the Jaguar, the Panther, enjoys his victim, beginning at her bosom, then body, limbs, and all, tearing to pieces, quaffing blood, devouring the very bowels, and picking all the bones, that they may the sooner, and without stench, bleach into whiteness on the sand of the desert. "See," saith one hunter to another, months, years afterwards,—"See, the Panther has been here!"—"Keep an eye on yonder brake!" replies the comrade; "I see him—I see him couched on the cleft of that tree!" Tick—tick—of the sighted rifles—but one explosion—and, gnashing and vomiting, the Jaguar—and he is an enormous Panther indeed—a prodigious beast—and a perfect monster of his kind—bites the dust. In less time than a monkey could get up and down half-a-dozen trees, his hide is hanging over Jonathan's shoulder, down breast and back, fore-paws, ears, and tail touching the ground, and away go the merry hunters, singing through the woods.

Mr Wilson's style of description is very different from ours—but as they are both excellent in their way—we have pleasure in being to a certain degree eclipsed by our worthy brother. Is not what follows good?

"The Jaguar is a nocturnal animal of great strength and ferocity, and is by far the most formidable of all the American beasts of prey. It inhabits the forests which skirt the magnificent rivers of South America, where it is held in great dread by the native tribes, who are impressed with a belief that it prefers their flesh to that of white men. While travelling, they therefore light great fires during the night, to deter it from its attacks, knowing that most wild animals are supposed to shun the sight of that restless element. Yet of six men mentioned by Azara as having been devoured by Jaguars, two were carried away from the side of a large fire at which they bivouacked. Like the Tiger, the Jaguar is an admirable swimmer, and crosses broad rivers with the greatest ease. It frequently preys upon fish, which it secures by leaping upon them in the shallow waters. It has also been asserted of this species, that it lures the finny tribes towards the shore by dropping its saliva in the stream.

"According to the account given by Azara, this animal so greatly abounded in Paraguay, after the expulsion of the Jesuits, that 2000 have been slain in a single year. Even in the year 1800, there were nearly a thousand killed. Humboldt mentions about the same period, that more than 4000 Jaguars were killed annually in the Spanish colonies, and that 2000 skins were formerly exported every year from Buenos Ayres alone. When pursued in the forests, it usually ascends a large tree, where it is either attacked with a lance, or brought down by means of firearms. When surprised in a more exposed situation by the river side, it refuses to move, till the hunter approaches it within a few feet, having the skin of a sheep hung over his left arm, and his right provided with a five feet lance, with which he stabs the Jaguar as soon as he perceives it gathering up its feet with a view to make its final and sometimes fatal spring. 'The traveller who is unfortunate enough to meet this formidable beast, especially if it be after sunset, has but little time for consideration. Should it be urged to attack by the cravings of appetite, it is not any noise, or firebrand, that will save him. Scarcely anything but the celerity of a musket ball will anticipate its murderous purpose. The aim must be quick and steady, for life or death depends upon the result. D'Azara was once informed that a Jaguar had attacked a horse in his neighbourhood. He ran to the spot, and found that the horse was killed, and part of his breast devoured, and that the Jaguar, having probably been disturbed, had fled. He then caused the body of the horse to be drawn within musket-shot of a tree, in which he intended to pass the night, anticipating that the Jaguar would return in the course of it to its victim; but while he was gone to prepare for his adventure, the animal returned from the opposite side of a large and deep river, and having seized the horse with its teeth, drew it for about sixty paces to the water, swam across with its prey, and then drew it into a neighbouring wood, in sight, the whole time, of the person who was left by D'Azara concealed, to observe what might happen before his return.' So great, indeed, is the strength of this animal, that if he has killed a horse or a bullock, either of which happens to be yoked to another of its kind, it will contrive to carry them both away, notwithstanding the resistance of the one which remains alive.

"Humboldt records an instance of the ferocious courage of the Jaguar. One of these animals had seized a horse belonging to a farm in the province of Cumana, and dragged it to a considerable distance. 'The groans of the dying horse awoke the slaves of the farm, who went out, armed with lances and cutlasses. The animal conti-

nued on its prey, awaited their approach with firmness, and fell only after a long and obstinate resistance. This fact, and a great many others verified on the spot, prove that the Great Jaguar of Terra Firma, like the Jaguaret of Paraguay, and the real Tiger of Asia, does not flee from man, when it is dared to close combat, and when it is not alarmed by the great number of its assailants. Naturalists are now agreed that Buffon was entirely mistaken with respect to the largest of the feline genus of America. What that celebrated writer says of the cowardly *tigers* of the New Continent, relates to the small *ocelots;* and we shall shortly see, that on the Oroonoko, the real Jaguar of America sometimes leaps into the water to attack the Indians in their canoes.' Its usual mode of onset consists in springing upon the back of its prey, and suddenly breaking its neck by a blow on the muzzle. The Jaguar is not a gregarious animal, but lives in pairs. During its nocturnal wanderings, the forests are said to resound with the cries of monkeys and other wild animals, who thereby express their terror at the approach of this all-conquering foe.

"The history of this species has been rendered rather complex by the inadvertence of some deservedly popular writers. Buffon appears to have figured the American Jaguar as the true Panther; and Pennant, having found in the London fur-shops certain skins from America, which agreed with the French author's description of the Panther, drew the erroneous inference that that animal was found both in the old and new world, instead of being confined entirely to the former. When the Jaguar itself first arrived at the Menagerie of the King's Garden in Paris, Cuvier, still misled by the authority of Buffon, deemed it an African animal, till he heard its peculiar cry, so different from that of the true Panther. Soon after this period, M. D'Azara arrived in Paris, and pointed out the Jaguar as identical with the American animal which he had described under that name in his account of Paraguay, and which Humboldt had so frequently seen alive in the wild state."

The drawing from which the Plate (P. IX. No. III.) is engraved, was made from a very beautiful Jaguar from Paraguay, which was some time ago alive at Liverpool. Though not fully grown, it was in high health, and of formidable size and strength. That distinguished naturalist, and man of general science, Dr Traill, who describes it admirably, says he did not venture to take its measurement, (he was quite right,) but it appeared to be between six and seven feet in length, including its tail, and to stand between two and three feet in height at the shoulders.

"The size of the fore-legs seemed very great in proportion to the bulk of the body, and especially of the hind-legs and rump of the animal. The ground colour is bright fulvous: the fur is short, thick, and glossy, all over the body. It is variegated by long chain-like spots. A chain of such spots passes down the spine from the shoulders to the tail, which consists chiefly of single spots; but some of them are double. On each side of this chain are several rows of open spots, formed by a glossy border of black, including one or more spots of the same colour. As they descend the sides of the animal, these borders become interrupted, and present the appearance of clusters of four irregular oblong spots, with occasionally one or more small central dots. Viewed from above, the back has no inconsiderable resemblance to the markings of the shells of some species of tortoise, from the peculiar arrangement of the colours, and the equality of the spaces between each cluster of spots. The face, sides of the neck, and both sides of the legs, are thickly studded with small black spots. The ground colour of the lower part of the body, and inside of the legs, is dull yellowish-white; but the belly is spotted with large, black, irregular marks. The hair of the tail is not glossy: its upper part is marked with a zig-zag pattern, as in the figure; and its lower part is annulated with two or three broad blackish-brown rings, separated by dull yellow stripes. There are two distinct sets of vibrissæ; the first of which are the longest, and are placed two or three inches before the scanty hairs of the other set. The teeth are very large and strong. The whole animal had an appearance of activity and strength which fully confirmed the accounts of its prowess collected by Humboldt."

The drawing from which the Plate is engraved, was executed by Mr Alexander Mosses, a young artist of great merit as a natural-history painter, and was communicated to Mr Wilson's work from the portfolio of Dr Traill. The Puma—for Mr Wilson occasionally avails himself of the kind contributions of his friends—was drawn and executed by William Lizars, Edinburgh, in whose praise it is altogether needless to say a word.

In one of the other Numbers, the Beluga, or Great White Dolphin, is admirably drawn by Patrick Syme—perhaps the best artist, in various branches of Natural History, in Scotland. The Ice-Bergs in the background are sublime.

From Pumas to Peacocks, the tran-

sition is as easy as from a yellow to a crimson cloud. We do not remember having ever painted a Peacock either in prose or verse, and as our present reader may possibly have weak eyes, we shall abstain from dazzling them by such description. We see Him—glittering like a constellation of countless tiny suns in a glade of the Ryedale woods—but, good gracious! gentle weak-eyed reader, forgive us for beginning to break our promise ere it has had time to cool into consistency, like glass, which, however, unlike promises in general, is indeed made to be broken, after you have seen through it, and come to know by experiment that it is even more brittle than lovers' vows. Suffice it to say, that Mr Wilson is at once learned and picturesque, on the Aldrovandine Peacock, of which, we believe, you never saw a specimen, either living, stuffed, or in oils. The earliest indication, it appears, of this magnificent bird, occurs in the Ornithologia of Aldrovandus, a laborious compiler of the sixteenth century. The description given by that ancient inhabitant of Bologna, was taken from a drawing, sent some years before by the Emperor of Japan to the Pope, and presented by the latter to his nephew the Marchese Tachinetti, who gave it to Aldrovandus. "Several later systematists," says Mr Wilson, "have admitted it into their respective works, upon the authority of Aldrovandus alone, without either adding anything to our knowledge of the species, or removing the doubts which had, in the meantime, arisen regarding its actual existence. A century and a half had elapsed, and brought no authentic tidings of the only species which resembled, or could rival in plumage, the splendour of the bird of Juno; and it was therefore to be expected, that the more precise observers of modern times would naturally begin to question the existence of a creature which no writer of any age had ever described from ocular observation, and of which a drawing alone had been recorded by a solitary and antiquated author, more remarkable for the extent, than the accuracy, of his information." It appears, accordingly, that, in the most celebrated system of the present day, the *Règne Animal* of Baron Cuvier, the existence of this species is denied, and therefore the ample descriptive details of both the old and young, now furnished by our author, will no doubt be regarded by the naturalists of Europe as a valuable addition to their store of ornithological knowledge. These birds were shot in the Malay Islands, and were transmitted to Professor Jameson by Mr John Crawford, the intelligent author of "The History of the Indian Archipelago."

Adhering faithfully to our promise, to spare your weak eyes, we may still be permitted to tell you that the Aldrovandine is really a magnificent bird. How brilliant the creature looks, "all decked with tiny suns," with his lustrous neck, and most radiant mantle of velvet, black and gold! Nor is his eldest born, the "immature male," which follows him, (on plate 15,) less notable, considering that he has seen far fewer summers. We already perceive the azure plumage, and the golden green of his more gorgeous parent, bursting through the sombre attire of youth, or as Thomas Campbell says, of a certain fair-visaged boy, and sable guide, "like morning brought by night." But we must, if possible, have done with partial quotations, which never fail to rise in troops upon our inmost cell of memory, whenever we indulge ourselves with an hour of Ornithological repose. Yet, after all, what more delightful subjects of contemplation than such as these before us!

> "Fair creatures! to whom Heaven
> A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given."

Having most chivalrously kept our vow not to paint a peacock ourself, we are the more entitled on that account to request our readers' attention to some miscellaneous remarks of Mr Wilson on the beauty of that paragon of animals:—

"The Common Peacock (*Pavo cristatus* of Linn.) so much admired for the surpassing splendour of its plumage, and now so familiarly known as a domestic bird, has probably been reduced to servitude for some thousand years. It still occurs in the wild state in the forests of India, and also inhabits Japan, and other parts of southern Asia. The earliest notice of this species is contained in the Second Book of Chronicles, ix. 21. 'For the king's ships went to Tarshish with the servants of Huram: every three years once came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and Peacocks.' The history of its introduction to the western and northern parts of Europe has never

been clearly traced; but every step of its progress has no doubt been owing rather to the art of man than the instinct of nature. Its natural tendency would have been to return from whence it came,—to seek again the perpetual sunshine and ever-verdant forests of Asia, the banks 'of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams.' It appears to have been unknown, even in Greece, during the early manhood of Alexander the Great, by whom it was first observed with no less wonder than delight, in the progress of his southern expedition, and immediately transmitted to his native country. It must, however, have multiplied rapidly after its arrival, as Aristotle, who died about two years after 'the great Emathian conqueror,' mentions the Peacock as a well-known bird. The Greeks were satisfied with the delight afforded to the eye, while contemplating its brilliant colours, and most graceful form,—'being so majestical they would not offer it even the shew of violence;' and it was left to the more luxurious Romans, not only to serve it entire on the table of Hortensius, but to pamper the diseased appetite, or minister to the inordinate extravagance of Heliogabalus, by presenting enormous dishes of the brains alone. In more modern times, and during the progress of nautical discovery and commercial intercourse by which these were distinguished, the Peacock has been transported to both the Americas, to many points along the African shores, and to numerous islands of the West Indies. A white variety has also sprung up in Europe, more frequent in northern than southern kingdoms, which is not alluded to by ancient writers, and has probably resulted from the influence of a colder temperature, by which a natural tendency to albinism appears to be produced in many species of the feathered race.

"The cry of the Peacock, unless when mellowed by distance, is harsh and unmusical, and extends far and wide. Indeed, the notes of all birds, independently of their musical intonation, are remarkably clear and forcible. The voice of a blackbird may be heard as far as that of a man, —the clanging cry of the stork has been calculated to fill a circumference of nearly half a league; and the harsh scream of the Peacock extends as far as that of an elephant."

So much for Peacocks, and more especially the Aldrovandine.—Saw ye ever an Ibis—and, if so, was he the Scarlet one? Then have you seen a bird almost as bright and beautiful as a Peacock, and therefore, for the same reason still unremoved, he must remain in our present pages a nondescript. The species of the genus Ibis are distributed, we believe, over the warmest zones of all the four quarters of the globe. But only one species, called the Green, or Glossy Ibis, occurs in Europe. The sacred Ibis, (*Ibis religiosa*, Cuv.) so celebrated as an object of religious worship among the ancient Egyptians, pertains to this genus. The researches of MM. Savigny and J. Cuvier have demonstrated, that the supposed sacred Ibis of preceding writers is, in fact, a Tantalas, which, though it occurs occasionally in Egypt, has its chief dominion in Senegal, and has never been observed in the embalmed state. The special advantages which the inhabitants of warm countries have been suspected to derive from the destruction of serpents, and other venomous reptiles, by birds of this genus, do not, Mr Wilson says, accord with the observations of practical naturalists. The true Ibises prey on worms and various insects, the fry and ova of fishes, and on shells; but they are alleged, on good authority, not to intermeddle with the reptile race. Its entire plumage is of a most dazzling scarlet, with the exception of the extremities of the first four primaries, which are of a rich bluish-black. It occurs in most of the intra-tropical countries of America, frequenting in troops the marshes and moist shores near the mouths of the great rivers. It is common in summer in East Florida; a few are seen in the South of Carolina, and many in the Bahama Islands. They also occur in the Brazils. According to Pennant, they are often domesticated in Guaiana; and Dr Latham informs us, that he was possessed of one which was brought alive to England, and lived for some time with the poultry. We would give a great deal for a male and female, that we might have a breed at Buchanan Lodge. We should look most like an Egyptian, with all the wisdom of all the Egyptians, surrounded in that dressing-gown of ours, so mysteriously embroidered with hieroglyphics, by a few flocks of Ibises, stretching themselves up on their long legs to feed on fish, such as podlings, beardies, oysters, and mussels, out of our hand, a resuscitated mummy!

The Ibis deposits her eggs of a greenish colour, Mr Wilson tells us, in a bed

of leaves on the ground, and frequently perches on trees, when the contrast of their fiery plumage with the surrounding foliage produces a most resplendent appearance. Whether the Ibis be or be not migratory, is much disputed; Pennant, in his Arctic Zoology, asserting that it is common in Persia, during the months of July and August, after which it retires southwards; whereas Cuvier, in his *Règne Animal*, expressly states, "*que cette espece ne voyage point.*"

"Such is a short description of the Scarlet Ibis in the adult state,—a condition in which it presents one of the most brilliant examples of the feathered race. A bird of a much less imposing aspect, long regarded as a distinct kind, and known to the ornithologists of Europe under the name of Brown Ibis (*T. fuscus*, Gmelin), has been ascertained to be the young of this species; but the transitions from the obscure nestling to the gorgeous plumage of the parent bird, have not been correctly stated in any ornithological work. The young are said to be first covered with a blackish down—to become next ash-coloured—and then almost white, about the period of their taking wing—and the scarlet is alleged not to appear till after the expiry of the second year. A series of specimens in the Edinburgh Museum disproves the accuracy of these gradations. I have had no opportunity of examining the bird in the condition of a nestling; but the young, when strongly fledged, and capable of rapid flight, are of a uniform glossy brown, slightly tinged with green on the wing-coverts and scapulars, and becoming paler on the neck, breast, and under parts. This state of plumage, I have reason to believe, continues for the first year; after which, the brown feathers become paler, especially about the under parts. A few ash-coloured plumes now make their appearance, and after the second autumnal moulting, become intermingled with irregular blotches of scarlet on the back and shoulders, which every succeeding season renders more universal and intense; but I cannot ascertain by observation, and, theoretically considered, it is highly improbable that any intermediate white condition of plumage ever occurs. The pale brown of the lower parts passes into pale rose colour, and that the scarlet is superadded to and combined with the deeper brown of the upper surface, is proved by the very beautiful and interesting specimen in the Museum, which is engraved on Plate VII., and exhibits in a clear and satisfactory manner the passage from the Brown to the Scarlet Ibis. The figure is reduced to about two-thirds of the natural size; but being in all other respects a faithful portrait of the original, a more detailed description is unnecessary. It combines the characters of these two supposed species, which were for so long a period disconnected, in consequence of naturalists having attended only to the two extremes; and may be said to afford a new confirmation of an ancient rule, "*In medio tutissimus Ibis.*"

An amusing pun, faith—is it not, Thomas Hood? Hark you—James—"We owe you one."

Yet bright bird as is the Scarlet Ibis, there are other birds as bright as he, which ought to be a lesson to each gentleman of genius and lady of beauty not to hold up their heads so very high as if they opined themselves respectively to be the only Apollo and the only Venus in the universe. Such successful rival to the Scarlet Ibis, in plumage we mean, is the Quezal, or Golden Trogon, burning on Plate VII. No. II.; and it is a proof of the power of the paper it illumines, that the glory does not set it on fire. He ought to be painted on asbestos. Head, neck, breast, back, scapulars, wing, and tail-coverts, all of the richest golden green, with vivid reflections of blue and yellow—primary and secondary wing-feathers, very dark mulberry-brown, approaching to black—and so forth. But the two central upper coverts of the tail are of extraordinary length and brilliancy. His tail is many times the length of his body, "and trailing clouds of glory, does he come," brightening along the dark woods.

"Of the splendour of this rare and remarkable species, neither description nor delineation can convey any adequate idea. The greater proportion of its plumage is apparently composed of burnished gold. The head ornamented by a brilliant crest of decomposed barbs, the wing-coverts falling in flakes of golden green over the deep purplish-black of the primary and secondary quill-feathers, the rich carmine of the lower parts bestowing a warmth and depth of effect which no Venetian painter ever equalled, and the long, waving, and highly metallic feathers of the tail-coverts, extending more than twice the length of the whole body, present a combination of beauty probably unexampled among the feathered tribes.

"We unfortunately know little or nothing of the natural history of this beautiful bird. It is greatly prized by the native tribes of those countries in which it occurs, who make use of its skin as an ornament of dress, when clothed in more than usual pomp, 'with feathered cincture

bright.' The long feathers of the tail-coverts are also employed in the head-gear of the Peruvian damsels of the highest rank. It is considered as a gift worthy the acceptance of a king, and is occasionally presented as a mark of honour to the envoy of a foreign state. I believe the first specimens ever seen in this country were lately brought from Vera Paez in central America by J. C. SCHENLEY, Esq. who obtained them in the course of his diplomatic mission, and kindly transmitted one to the Edinburgh Museum. The finest example of the kind in Europe, is in the possession of the family of the late lamented Mr CANNING, to whom it was likewise presented by Mr SCHENLEY.

"Owing to the great extent of the two central feathers of the upper coverts of the tail, I have been obliged to reduce the figure on Plate VI. to one-half of the natural size. In Mr CANNING's specimen, these beautiful plumes measured three feet and a half in length. The female of this bird is not yet known to naturalists; from which it may be inferred that her plumage is less magnificent than that of the male, and that being consequently held in lower estimation, she is less frequently sought for or obtained."

In a much-admired article of ours which ushered in a Number of Maga, some considerable time ago, with the monosyllabic title "Birds," we said very little about "Sea-Birds;" but one single very beautiful paragraph, if we mistake not, there was, about a sea-mew floating away up an inland vale, and alighting beside a shepherdess sitting in her plaid on a knoll, like a good spirit sent to assure her of her sailor's life and love. This sad oversight of ours must be remedied in a future article; for not a wing dips in the wave, of which, blindfolded, we do not know the feel of the feathers. Muffle up any creature of them all in thy shawl, or hold it hidden in the sweet concealment of thy lily breast, and, provided thou lettest but the eye—the characteristic eye, peculiar to its kind—glint wildly towards us, or up into the air, as if it aimed at the airt from which the wind came from the dear salt-sea, and we will breathe into thine ear, my meek Mary! my child!—the name of the Small Unknown, and prophesy the very hues of his plumage. And of this our wondrous lore, the reward shall be a kiss—on thy lip—thy cheek—thine eyes—or thy forehead—for they are all alike sweet—all alike sanctified to the old man's parental spirit, that hath watched over his orphan since the day when the sea-birds wheeled round the fatal skiff, "rigged with curses dark," in which thy own father perished.

Mr Wilson seems fond of Gulls, and has favoured the world with two very beautiful representations of that tribe. The Sabine Gull (Plate III. No. I.) is drawn with great spirit; and being of an elegant shape, and very harmonious colouring, it forms a most pleasing picture. That rarer bird, described by our excellent friend Dr Richardson, under the name of Ross's Gull, is given on Plate VIII., where he is seen perched upon an iceberg, like

"The spirit who dwelleth by himself
In the land of mist and snow."

It is indeed this judicious combination of the picturesque and the zoological which forms one of the great charms of this work; and we know nothing more likely to raise the character of natural history amongst us than the amalgamation of its peculiar doctrines, with perceptions and associations, if not of a higher and more important order, at least of a kind more widely participated in and enjoyed. We confess it has always appeared to us, that the study of Zoology was of all others the most varied and delightful, both for young and old. This, however, is not felt as it should be in this country, although, as far as we are competent to scan the signs of the times, a great change is now effecting on the subject in the public mind. The great evil seems to be, that few very influential members of society care a straw about the matter; and as there is a fashion in everything, so the stream of that fickle feeling has hitherto flowed in a different current, if not in a contrary direction, to that which favours the pursuit of the most diversified of the natural sciences.

So much for Pumas, Jaguars, Peacocks, Ibises, Quezals, and Gulls.

Finally, it has been said, that "the proper study of mankind is man;" and be it so. Whoever studies Plate 5th of these Illustrations, and it is a Plate which "Limners would love to paint, and ladies to look upon," will feel convinced how nearly allied the higher branches of the science of natural history must be with ethics, politics, metaphysics, statistics, rural and political economy, civil, military, and ecclesiastical history, and the fine and useful arts,—with everything, in

short, which adorns and dignifies human nature. The orang-outangs really form a most curious and interesting group, and their natural history is pleasantly given. For ourselves, we are not ashamed to say, that we read the account of the red, or Asiatic species, with some emotion. His amiable and affectionate disposition had endeared him to all his acquaintances, and, as it would appear from Mr Wilson's statement, that naturalists are at issue regarding some important points in the history of the adult animal, his death at an early age was a disappointment to the world in general. The drawing of the black orang-outang was executed after the animal's demise, for which reason it rather looks as if the animal itself had also been executed about the same time. It is this posthumous expression, if we may so term it, which distinguishes the central figure from his two neighbours on the same bank, and prevents our applying to him, as we would otherwise wish to do, that fine line of Marini's,

"E morte in si bel viso è bella."
Even death is lovely in so fair a face.

We must now take farewell of Mr Wilson, whom we have allowed to speak for himself as frequently, and at as great length, as was consistent with the well-known egotism or egoisme of our character. He is an exceedingly elegant writer—indeed we know of no naturalist of the day equal to him in style.

Yet naturalists, and none more than those of our own country, almost always write well. The reason is simple—they love all they write on, and hence their spirit shines through their pages. There was Alexander Wilson of Paisley, no relation of our present author, but a townsman of his and of his brother the Professor, whose descriptions, in his splendid and magnificent Birds of America, are simple, strong, vivid, and pure, and written, with the exception of a few pleasant Scotticisms, in perfectly good English, if we mistake not, direct and idiomatic. By the mere force of native genius and of delight in nature, he became, without knowing it, a good, a great writer. So, too, the continuator of his work, young Charles Bonaparte, nephew to Napoleon, writes admirably, because in the enthusiasm of an instructed admiration. Our own Pennant, too, is always lively, full of vivacity and animation, and describes as well a young caterpillar as an old castle. Colonel Montague, one of our very best ornithologists, and whose death was so deeply deplored, though no general scholar, and unused to composition on any other subject, wrote on his own delightful one, with an earnestness that occasionally makes his books romantic, with a simplicity that often makes them classical. Mr Selby's style is singularly neat, concise, manly, and expressive—and the various writings of Spence and Kirby overflow with the best feelings, of which the outpouring is frequently most eloquent, and the general stream murmuring with music. Mr Spence, indeed, carries his natural animation and enthusiasm into other subjects. Compare his "Britain Independent of Commerce," with the "Reply" to it by Mr Mill, and you will feel, that while he is just as right in the main as his acute antagonist—for in some things they are both in the wrong—his style, both in form and colour, is as far superior to that of the Economist, as a living tree,—whose branches, nevertheless, may overshadow the road rather too much, keeping it wet and dark, and may also require cutting as they force themselves in at your window,—is superior to an old painted and battered sign-post, which, at the meeting or parting of two roads, keeps pointing, with large but illegible letters, neither to the one nor to the other, but into a wood, into which, if you once get, you had better not begin bawling till you are out of it again, an event not likely to occur, till some shepherd, agriculturist, or forester, comes for you at night with a lantern.

Then, who ever read, without the most exquisite delight, White's History of Selborne? It is indeed a Sabbath Book, worthy a whole library of sermons, nine-tenths of the Bampton Lectures included; and will make a Deist of an Atheist, of a Deist a Christian. Even Doctors Latham and Shaw write far better than ordinary men on ordinary subjects, although the former is too dry, and the latter too diffusive; and although they both smell rather too much of cabinets of curiosities, and stuffed collections, and mummied museums, and not sufficiently strong of marshes, bogs, fens,

meadows, ploughed fields, old leas, groves, woods, and forests—the schools of philosophy in almost all its departments—the great wide church-establishment of nature, from which there are in truth no dissenters, no sectarians, as long as its worship is felt to be the worship of the Living and True God. Have we forgotten, in our hurried and imperfect enumeration of wise Worthies, have we forgotten,

> "The Genius that dwells on the banks of the Tyne,"

the Matchless, the Inimitable Bewick? No. His books lie on our parlour, bedroom, dining-room, drawing-room, study table, and are never out of place or time. Happy old man! The delight of childhood, manhood, decaying age!—A moral in every tail-piece—a sermon in every vignette. Not as if from one fountain flows the stream of his inspired spirit, gurgling from the Crawley Spring so many thousand gallons of the element every minute, and feeding but one city, our own Edinburgh. But it rather oozes out from unnumbered springs. Here from one scarcely perceptible but in the vivid green of the lonesome sward, from which it trickles away into a little mountain-rill—here leaping into sudden life, as from the rock—here bubbling from a silver pool, overshadowed by a birch-tree—here like a well asleep in a moss-grown cell, built by some thoughtful recluse in the old monastic day, with a few words from Scripture, or some rude engraving, religious as Scripture, OMNE BONUM DESUPER—OPERA DEI MIRIFICA; and imbibed in gratitude by the way-worn traveller—soldier or soldier's widow returning from the wars; and hoping, from the mercy of Him who tells the earth to gush forth its blessings to the lips of poverty, dusty and sore athirst, some quiet nook for a nest to the wing-wearied bird, before it flees away and is at rest!

Heavens! what more is required to write well, than to see distinctly, and to feel deeply? All the rules—all the laws—all the enactments—from Dr Aristotle to Dr Blair—from Quintus Horatius Flaccus, Esq. to Christopher North, ditto—are not worth an earwig, unless your heart be touched as well as your head. We do not mean that your head should be touched in the sense in which that word is used by the witlings,—although we do not scruple to say that there must be something of what the world would call madness in the brain of every effective author,—but by touched, in head or heart, we mean inspired—inspired by Faith, Hope, and Charity—and when the leaves of that other Holier Book are shut, by the Bible of Nature lying open, each chapter beautifully illuminated, and the binding of the colour of the blue skies, and of the green earth.

Once more, then, we bid our present amiable and enlightened naturalist farewell. None who purchase the numbers of his "Illustrations" will repent their bargain. They will add to the knowledge of the scientific, in brown study, and in green grove. They will please all those who prefer being taught something of natural history by lessons given in a popular style, and look beautiful, as they are turned over, on a show-table, of the circular oak-tree-root, and claws withdrawn from touching the feet of the admiring group, by boys and virgins. There is much here to delight alike the learned and the unlearned.

The accuracy of Mr Wilson's observations, minute and intense, has, for a good many years, given him high rank in the science—and his genius, though in such Illustrations those qualities have had no very frequent opportunities of being displayed, is, however, known to be distinguished by powers of comprehensiveness and generalization, fitting him for great achievements. He is an admirable drawer—and paints to very life. Bewick's Birds are not more characteristically set before us—nor in natural ease and variety of attitude—and we cannot pay him a higher compliment—does he appear to us to be inferior to Audubon. It is true, however, that his Illustrations embrace comparatively but few subjects—whereas Audubon, a man of wonderful genius, and destined, ere long, to be illustrious—has painted, it may almost be said, the whole American forest.

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

"The beautiful is vanish'd, and returns not."
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein.*

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer! away so fast?

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
Long would'st thou linger in doubt and fear;
Thy heart's free laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the Spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye *have* met there—oh! never more!"

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,
Thus the wild birds o'er his pathway sung:—
"Wherefore so fast unto life away?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay!

"Thou may'st come to the Summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet this strain;
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell,
A change must pass o'er thee—Farewell, farewell!"

On rode the youth; and the founts and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:—
"We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us?—Oh! yet delay!

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth;
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth!
Never again wilt thou find in its flow
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;
Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd,
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part;
What should it do for a burning heart?
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill,
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still!

"Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone!
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer!—Farewell, farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd,
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade;
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles nature spoke!

F. H.

THE IRISH YEOMAN. A TALE OF THE YEAR NINETY-EIGHT.

Chapter III.

Cornelius had not long lain upon his bed of hay, when the exhaustion produced by the inward bleeding of his wound, and the fatigue he had undergone, disposed him to slumber. His recollection of the day's proceedings became gradually dim and confused, and, like as the twilight gradually closes upon material objects, and at last wraps them in impenetrable darkness, his consciousness of reality grew fainter and fainter, until deep and dreamless sleep relieved him for a short time from the pain of his wound, and the yet more distressing apprehensions of his mind. His friend Phil was mindful of his promise, and visited him before he went to bed, but finding him asleep, left him again without disturbing him, glad to find that he was enjoying quiet repose, though so near his mortal enemies. The deep and perfectly oblivious sleep, however, which great fatigue produces in the healthy frame, did not long bless poor Cornelius with its restoring calm. He began to dream, and the fever of his wound gave a wild and frightful character to the disjointed remembrance of the day's adventures, which still floated in his mind. He dreamt that he pursued his rival Fitzpatrick to the mouth of a wide pit, and just as he reached the edge, cleft his head in twain with his sabre. Instead of falling dead before him, the figure of his enemy seemed suddenly to rise to a giant's stature, while blood streamed from his forehead down his pale face, and his dark eyes glared with supernatural fierceness; and now Cornelius thought he was grasped round the body by this terrible figure, who hurled him over the edge of the pit, and down he went through a horrid gloom, which was not darkness, but a dreary light that made everything look ghastly. At last he fell to the bottom upon his breast, and found himself lying amongst the mangled bodies of the rebels, whom he had killed and wounded in the engagement, while groans, mingled with prayers and curses, seemed to fill his ears. Presently his breast, upon which he had fallen, throbbed with pain, to which was added the torment of an intolerable thirst. A stream seemed to roll near him with a melancholy sound, to which he crawled, and tried to drink, but found the seeming water turned to blood as soon as it reached his mouth. He shuddered, and suddenly awaking, found the reality scarcely less horrid than his dream. The light of the moon, admitted through a narrow loop-hole in the wall of the loft, scarcely enabled him to distinguish the objects around him; and his bewildered recollection could not recall with any distinctness the circumstances which had brought him where he was. The pain of his wound was most severe, and his mouth was actually filled with blood, which was no sooner ejected than a slight hiccup brought up a fresh quantity. Miserable terror smote the heart of the young man; he thought the hand of death was upon him; the cold sweat burst out upon his forehead, and trickled down his face, while with clasped hands he endeavoured to call upon God in the silent watches of the night; but his soul was dark, and his lips refused their utterance; he knew not how to pray, nor had ever learned to pour out his heart to God by himself. The effort, however, made him somewhat more calm, and, the hiccup ceasing, the fear of instant dissolution passed away, and he lay trembling, yet inwardly burning with fever and thirst. He had not long lain thus when he heard a light soft foot approaching him, and a low whispering voice pronounce his name.

Those who have never felt the touch of misery, know not what it is to be happy. The sweetest melody that ever the happy hour of genius inspired, or the cunning hand of the minstrel brought forth, never imparted such home-felt delight, as does the kind and gentle voice of a friend, when it reaches us in our loneliness and sorrow; and if that soothing voice be a woman's,—if its gentle tones be those

which, even in our lightest and liveliest moods, thrill upon the softest feelings of our hearts, how inexpressibly delightful are they when we are subdued and broken down by pain and miserable thoughts!

The sound of Mary Kelly's voice, therefore, for it was she who approached him, was indeed sweet and comforting music to the ear of the unhappy Cornelius.

"Is it you, Mary?" said he. "May Heaven bless you for comin' to see me before I die! Oh, Mary! I'm diein' in great pain; an' it's a terrible thing to be here lonely and comfortless—the more kind of you to come and see me when I could little expect it."

"Oh, Mr Cornelius," said Mary, approaching him, and speaking through tears, "it's sorry and woful sure enough I am to see you this way. My heart tould me that somethin' was goin' to happen you when you left me this morning—but God is good, an' I hope you'll get over this. Phil told me that it's shot you were somewhere in the breast?"

"Ay, Mary, that vil—, that Fitzpatrick, I pursued him, an'——"

"Oh, Christ forgive him," said Mary. "Was it he? God send he mayn't come here now to the rebels, that's all marched down hereabouts since nightfall."

"Amen!" replied Cornelius, with a shudder. "If he comes, Mary, it must be his sperit, for he's——." He would have said killed, but the words stuck in his throat.

"Dead, too!" rejoined Mary, clasping her hands. "Blessed Virgin! what a horrid thing of men to kill one another this way!"

"Ay—it is—it is," said Cornelius, with a groan.

"Oh, Mr Cornelius," said Mary, "I'm sure you're in great pain, an' you're lyin' there so uncomfortable—you must get somethin'. I've brought you my pillow here to put under your head, an' a quilt to lay over you, an' some milk here—wouldn't you like a drink?"

"God bless you, Mary!" replied Cornelius. "Yes, I would, but I'd rather have water—cold, cold water, Mary; for I'm burnin', an' torn to pieces inside."

"Well, I'll get you some," said Mary, "from the place below, where I had it laid by in the shade, to harden the butter in the morning."

It was soon procured, but she did not give it him without hesitation, asking, "If he were sure it would do him no harm;" and adding, "It was little she thought that ever she'd offer him a drink of cold water to take."* Cornelius, however, took the cooling draught with great satisfaction, and his nurse now set about putting his couch of hay in a more comfortable condition. She lowered the heap at his feet, and raised it at his head, and having provided him with a pillow, and covered him with the quilt which she had taken from her own bed for the purpose, he felt much easier, and his heart overflowed with gratitude to his kind attendant, and perhaps with some feelings of a stronger nature, but which in a sick man assume so very much the shape of gratitude, that it is not very easy to distinguish between them.

"What time o' night is it, Mary?" said Cornelius, as she finished adjusting his pillow.

"It is past twelve," said Mary. "I waited an' waited for them men that was prowling about, to go to bed, an' the minute I could get away unpercaved I came t'you, for I was afeard of all things, that some one might folly me and find you out."

"An' so you waited, an' watched, an' took no sleep to-night, Mary, an' came to me when there was no one else to care for me, except it was for my destruction. Oh, Mary, if I live I'll try to make you amends for this;

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* The Irish peasantry consider a drink of cold water the very sorriest thing in this world, and they would be in general ashamed to offer it even to a beggar. As to the oft-repeated assertion, that the peasantry sustain a wretched existence on a scanty allowance of potatoes and water, the simple reply is, that the assertion is not true. The lowest portion of the peasantry live for the most part on potatoes and butter-milk, two articles which are, generally speaking, abundant enough to be procured by all, and are of much better quality than the potatoes and butter-milk commonly to be met with in England.

an' if I die," continued he, taking hold of her hands as she leaned over him, the tears bursting from his eyes, as they flowed from hers already, "if I die, Mary, you'll not be sorry for what you've done for poor Cornelius, and you'll be the one to speak a kind word of him, when he's dead and gone, and little thought of by any one else." —"Oh, you'll not die, I pray Christ," said Mary, as she sunk down upon her knees beside the wounded man, her hands still clasped in his, while, absorbed in the mingled feelings of grief and affection, their tears mingled together, and they both felt, that from thenceforth, while life lasted, their hearts should be one. They wept long together; and when they parted, it was with broken and softened voices they exchanged their "Good night, Mary, my darlin'," and "Good night, Cornelius"—the first time she had ever dispensed with the formal *Mr* before his name. She had promised, that with the first light in the morning her brother Phil should be with him, to learn how he was; and that the earliest opportunity of stealing to him unobserved, she would herself come to him again.

The rebels continued for some time to occupy the neighbourhood about Kelly's house, and Cornelius was successfully concealed from their observation, and affectionately attended to by Mary and her brother. It so happened, that his wound, although severe and dangerous, was of that description to which surgical assistance could have afforded but little relief; the pistol-ball was lodged in a place from which it could not possibly be extracted, till it had wrought for itself a passage nearer to the surface; and nothing more could be done for him than to keep him still, and support life by the lightest and most cooling nourishment, while the vessels healed up which had been ruptured by the ball in its progress. Under these circumstances, he had as good chance of recovery where he was, as if he had been apparently more fortunate. He was kept very quiet for fear of discovery, and Phil Kelly was able to procure every day from the garden of Castle MacCooney, which was still kept out of the hands of the rebels, a quantity of fruit, which was almost the only subsistence that Cornelius took for many days. Lonely and miserable enough, indeed, were those days, except when their sad tenor was changed for a time by the visits of his friend Phil, or the longer and still more welcome visits of his sister Mary. But these were short intervals, and they appeared even shorter than they were, in the long, monotonous, and painful day, spent upon his bed, from which he only saw the light through one narrow loop-hole; and even from that he was fain sometimes to turn away his eyes, when, by the partial view which it afforded him of the road, he saw the low-backed country cars drawing home to their families and friends the bodies of the rebels who had been killed in the engagement where he received his wound. The bodies they had the grace to cover with something to screen them from the public view; but the legs of the dead men hung dangling over the backs of the cars, and Cornelius shuddered at the vivid feelings of man's mortality which the sight occasioned, heightened, no doubt, by the reflection, that some of the mortal remains he saw were of men whom he himself had slain. He continued, however, though very slowly, to gain ground, and, after a few weeks, had the satisfaction to learn that the rebels were about to retire, and that there was a rumour of a general laying down of arms. The consequence of the retirement of the rebel force was, that Cornelius was enabled to be removed from his uncomfortable hiding-place, and was brought into Kelly's house, who was not very sorry to have the means of obliging the loyal great men of the neighbourhood, now that nothing was to be hoped from the success of the opposite party. Here the young man was as happy as a severely wounded man could be, as he enjoyed all the domestic conveniences to which his previous mode of life had accustomed him, and the constant attention of Mary, who, though a little shyer, now that his danger, and his absolute dependence upon her kind offices, were less, yet did everything for him that the warmest feelings of a kind and good heart could suggest, and the native modesty of a virtuous country girl allow.

Nor had Cornelius, at any former time, been so worthy of her attention and respect as he was then. His solitude, and the danger of his life, had led him to think upon his former pur-

suits, and to make wise resolutions of prudence and sober behaviour, should he ever recover to put them in practice; and as his mind was naturally an acute one, though ill directed, his conversation being turned to more serious subjects than it was wont, he made a much more sensible companion than he had been before. He even went so far, as to request Mary to look "if there was ever a book in the house, that he might try an' read a bit;" a thing which it was, indeed, very natural for him to look upon in the light of an experiment, as, except one old volume at home, called "Every Man his own Farrier," he had never voluntarily opened a book in his life, his literary information being confined to the perusal of the murders and robberies in a Dublin newspaper about once a-month, and an extensive acquaintance with what the country people in Ireland call "halfpenny ballads," which they buy up with great avidity while they have any halfpence to spare. These ballads are the most wretched of all conceivable trash, in the shape of songs, printed, if indeed the marks may be called printing, upon slips of flimsy half-brown paper, and exhibiting an easy carelessness of typography, orthography, and all other sorts of ographies, which is quite unique in its way. At the time we speak of, these praiseworthy productions had no inconsiderable circulation, and were chiefly manufactured by the famous ballad-maker Bastle Corcoran of Dublin, who, with a magnificent contempt of Adam Smith and the division of labour, was accustomed to act as compositor of the types and of the poetry at the same instant of time.

Mary undertook the search for a book, and succeeded in extracting from their hiding places an Irish Almanack for the year 1771; a Roman Catholic book of devotion in the Latin tongue, which had belonged to her mother's second cousin, who was a priest; a "Reading made Easy," which she called "her own little Read-a-ma-dasy that she larn'd out of at school;" and Fenning's Universal Spelling Book. The various volumes of this interesting library were all studied in their turn by Cornelius, except the priest's Latin book, which, as the young man had not the good fortune to have been born and bred in Kerry, was to him a sealed book and a shut-up fountain; and at the end of a week, when he had read these works attentively, he was fortunate enough to get a volume of the Spectator, which a boy had picked up on the road, where it had probably fallen from some traveller outside the coach; and sold to Phil Kelly for three apples, and a penny "to buy snuff for his ould granny." Though the Spectator was rather a flight above the range of Mr Cornelius's literary comprehension, yet still he derived from it both amusement and instruction; and by reading parts of it aloud for Mary, learned to mind his stops a little better than he used to do when he set the kitchen in a roar, reading Corcoran's ballads at Castle MacCooney. And now he was almost well enough to think of returning to the said castle, from which he had been absent so long, in consequence of his father wisely advising that he should stay where he was, while all the bustle of the soldiers and yeomanry was going on at home; but it was fated that this home should change masters before he reached it.

Before the middle of Autumn, the Irish insurrection was put down, after terrible scenes of slaughter, the memory of which yet rankles fiercely in the minds of both parties, and which it must still take many years wholly to subdue. Many of the yeomanry corps were from motives of economy disbanded immediately; and, as may be readily supposed, each captain was fond, over his bottle, of extolling the exploits of the corps which he had had "the honour to command." It happened that, at a convivial meeting which took place while the memory of their achievements was yet very recent, an altercation arose between Captain MacCooney, and another gentleman of the same military title, respecting the merits of their respective corps, which proceeded to words that demanded the usual settlement with pistols. The dispute took place late at night, and it was soon arranged that they should not separate without settling the affair, and in the meantime push about the bottle till there was enough of daylight for men to see each other at the distance of eleven paces. Some say that while MacCooney drank as fair as man could do, (that is, filled his glass and drank it every time the bottle came to him,) his adversary, contrary to all rules of proper behaviour, poured

the wine into his boots, and thus got sober, while poor MacCooney was getting more drunk. Be that as it may, our poor friend was shot through the head, leaving his affairs in as pretty a state of disarrangement as any Irish gentleman of the old fox-hunting school could desire, and poor Master Cornelius totally unprovided for.

This event was to him of very serious and startling importance; and as soon as decorum permitted, after the funeral of his father, Cornelius feeling with more bitterness of heart than he had ever done before, the circumstances of his birth, waited upon the heir-at-law, who had come down to take possession of the property. The new proprietor was a sharp man of the world, who was described in the country as one "who would do little for God's sake, if the devil were dead;" but there was nothing harsh or forbidding in his manner; and he received Cornelius with something even of friendliness in his deportment. He, however, soon informed him, that "as the late Mr MacCooney had made no will, and all his property of course vested in the heir-at-law, it was not in his power to alter that disposition of the law, however he might regret it, on account of the person whom he addressed; but in other respects he should be happy to assist him with his interest and advice."

"And have I nothing to expect, then, sir?" said Cornelius. "I was told, that even though nothing was left me by will, you wouldn't be apt to refuse me a farm at a low rent. There's fifty acres of the lands of Cloughranstown out of lase just now, that I believe my father intended to give me without rent at all, and if I had it for a trifle, I think I could do some good with it."

"Hem!—No," replied Mr Charles MacCooney, the new proprietor, pointing to a new map of the estate which lay open upon the table. "I intend to make some important alterations in the letting of *my* property, and the idea which you mention does not strike me as being practicable. A—how have you been occupied hitherto?" added he, after a short pause, during which he appeared to be considering how he might get rid of an annoyance with a good grace.

Cornelius hung down his head, while a blush of shame came into his face, which was still pale and thin from the effects of his wound. "I—I have been occupied," said he, "in nothing particular."

"That is a very unprofitable kind of occupation indeed," rejoined the newly-estated man. "You look delicate, and hardly fit for the active occupation of a farmer."

"I'm weakly after my wound, sir; but otherwise I was never considered either inactive or delicate."

"Your wound!—Do you mean in the late disturbances?"

"Yes, sir—I was in the cavalry, and badly wounded after the engagement near Ballycooley."

"O, then, the government must provide for you—you must get a situation—you—you'd like to go abroad, wouldn't you?" continued the new squire, as the thought struck him, that he might not only get the young man provided for, but put him out of the way of ever being an annoyance in future.

"Not in the laste, sir," answered Cornelius, bluntly; "I'd rather stay at home, if it was a thing that I could manage it."

"And why, pray? You'd be much more apt to make your fortune abroad."

"Ay, sir; but what use would fortune be to me, if I hadn't them with me that I'd like to spend it with?"

"Oh," rejoined the squire, with a smile, "get you the fortune, and you'll soon find *friends* enough to spend it with, I'll warrant you. You should have some better reason than that for not liking to go abroad."

"No, sir," replied Cornelius,—"there's one that I owe a great deal to; and it's little I'd think of fortune, if I should desert her to get it."

"Her!—a love affair, then, I suppose. I protest I was afraid that you had been imprudent enough to get into some pecuniary difficulty, when you talked about owing. Why, what in the name of common sense can a man in your circumstances have to do with falling in love, or deserting, as you call it? 'Tis quite absurd."

"Absurd, sir!—Sure wasn't she the saving of my life after I was wounded?"

"Oh, well—come—there is some reason in that. She has earned a husband, and ought to get one; and you must show your gratitude, I suppose, after our usual Irish fashion, by taking

her from her own competency to share your poverty. Well, well, if you are determined against going abroad, we must see what can be done nearer home."

"If I had the farm," said Cornelius, "I'd be able in a year or two—"

"No, no," replied the squire, interrupting him; "the farm is out of the question; you'll be much better off, and with no risk, in a situation—I'll give you a letter to Dublin—you shall go there, and they *must* do something for you."

Cornelius had some vague ideas about the gentility of being in "a situation," that reconciled him the more easily to giving up his long-cherished notion of a farm, with Mary Kelly to preside over its domestic arrangements; not, however, that with the farm he relinquished the hope of possessing her for his wife; the recollection of the tenderness she had shown him was too fresh upon his mind to admit of such infidelity even in thought, and he enjoyed even then, in anticipation, the thought of bringing her to Dublin, and thus elevating her above her rural compeers. Alas! he did not know how deceitful a thing the human heart is, and how soon, under a change of circumstances, its tenderest affections vary; so that vanity will triumph over love, and passion cast down honour from its lofty seat!

The letter was soon written to Mr Charles MacCooney's friend in Dublin, and given to Cornelius, along with a present of a small sum of money, and an intimation, conveyed in as civil terms as such an intimation admitted of, that this was all the father's illegitimate son was ever to expect from his parent's lawful heir. The letter of recommendation was to an honourable Commissioner, whom it informed that the bearer thereof, having suffered in the Rebellion, was entitled to a reward, which he, the writer, *expected* would not be refused, as all he asked for was a trifling situation, for which Mr MacCooney, without knowing anything about the matter, pledged himself the young man was most fit. To this Mr MacCooney added a postscript, stating that there would be no opposition in the borough of Ballycooley, and therefore he would be returned to Parliament in the next week. So far was intended for official inspection, but a private P.S. was written on the next leaf of the sheet, in which his intimate friend, the Commissioner, was informed, that the young man who brought the letter was the son of a person with whom the late Mr MacCooney was reported to have cohabited, and as his presence in the immediate vicinity of the Castle would be an annoyance, he wished him provided for somewhere out of the way. "Send him," said the writer, "down to the North somewhere, or to England, or to the devil, if you can get him to go there, and the road be not too full already, to admit of any more passengers. He's obstinate at present against going abroad, but he may be shoved on by degrees, by sending him only a little way at first, till the home-sickness wears off. I wouldn't have him here to pester me on any account: The estate here is a good one, and I will make it better; you never saw anything in such abominable confusion. I wish you would make a week of holidays in your office, and come down to assist me with your judgment in putting matters in some sort of order. There's a hogshead of claret in the cellar, which the old gentleman went out of the world in too great a hurry even to taste. I shall reserve the important ceremony of tapping it for your arrival.

"Yours ever,
"CHARLES MACCOONEY."

Cornelius returned with his letter to Kelly's house somewhat exhausted with his journey, as it was the first time he had gone so far since he received his wound. His spirits too were none of the gayest, for he had felt himself a stranger in the house which had ever before been a home to him, and as the first excitement occasioned by the thought of going to see Dublin, and obtaining a situation there, died away, the fields where he had hunted, the streams by which he used to shoot snipe, the hedges where he had so often gone bird-nesting, and every other rural object with which he had all his life been so familiar, grew more precious in his eyes, and he sighed deeply at the thoughts of quitting them to go to spend his life elsewhere.

"I'm afraid it's greatly fateagued you are with your journey," said Mary, who was the only person in the room when he went in. "I said you

weren't strong enough yet to go so far; but sit down there, an' be a good boy," added she, cheerily, placing a seat for him, "while I go get you somethin' to take."

"Don't go, Mary," said Cornelius, as he sat down; and partly through bodily weakness, and partly an overflow of feeling, he burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" said Mary, alarmed.

"Nothing; only a great lowness,"* replied Cornelius. "Mary, there's no one in the world I b'lieve that cares for me now only you. It was a dreary place to me to-day, that Castle Mac-Cooney, so it was, where I spent many a pleasant day."

"What sort of a one did you find him that's in it now?" asked Mary; "they say he's a could-hearted man."

"And so he is, Mary, I'm sure; he has a could haughty look, an' though he spakes mighty nice and genteel, there's somehow a short way wit' him, that one can't rightly spake one's mind to him at all."

"What did he say?" said Mary. "Was he agreeable about the bit of land?"

"No—he refused me plump and plain, but mighty civil; and he gave me a letter that I'm to take to Dublin, and get a situation."

"A situation in Dublin!" said Mary. "Oh, sure it isn't goin' to lave us you are?"

"If I can't get the land," replied Cornelius, "I must go an' take what I can get. But what I wanted to say, Mary, an' what I never said before, for what was the use when I'am sure you knew I thought it—that is—I hope, Mary, my darlin', that whatever good fortune I have, you'll be the one to share it with me. It's you I love dearly, Mary, and without you I'll never be happy anywhere—Won't you spake to me, Mary?" continued he, as she turned away to hide her blushing cheek, and the tear which trickled down it.

"I—I—What can I say to you, Cornelius?" said the affectionate girl. "You know my heart, and if you won't think me too free for sayin' so, I won't deny that it is yours, and that I resolved long ago that you were the only one I'd ever marry—but you frighten me, Cornelius, when you talk of goin' away to Dublin—I'm a simple country girl, and don't know any of the ways of them grand places; and you'll see finer and dashin'er girls than me there, Cornelius, and then maybe you'll be sorry that you ever spoke this way to me."

It is needless to say that oaths, and protestations, and asseverations of eternal affection, urged with all the vehemence of Irish feeling, were the answer to these suggestions of Mary—that they were all believed and sealed with sweetest kisses, and that that evening was the happiest of their lives. Cornelius arranged that he should go to Dublin by the coach the next day but one; and that if his letter should be the means of procuring him an appointment to a place, he would return again, the distance being but a day's journey, and settle his plans with Mary for their future life.

Chapter IV.

"And so you never wor *in* Dublin before," said the coachman to Cornelius, while they were yet some sixteen miles distant from that city, for which he had departed at the appointed time.

"No, indeed," said Cornelius. "I hear it's a grand place."

"Be me sowl, an' you heerd no lie," rejoined the coachman; "feix it is a great place, sure enough, an' great hangin' there was in it these times past."

"They hung a great many, did they?"

"Ay, dozens—hunderts of 'um every week—hangin's no novelty now—no sight to run to see as it used to be—they'd tuck a fellow up to a lamp-post, without sayin' 'by your lave,' or 'ov you plase,' or any soart of civility at all at all."

"I suppose you saw a dale of the rebellion, bein' so much upon the road?"

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* Depression of spirits.—"He's troubled wit' a lowness," is a common expression, applied to one subject to fits of nervous melancholy.

"Ay did I, faith, an' a sorrowful sight it was; I seen as much of it as any man between this an' the middle of Irelant, an' that's Athlone they say —an' devil pursue me if ever I wish to see the like agin."

"Is Dublin quiet now?"

"Oh, Dublin was mighty paceable all the time, only there was martial law, an' people's names chalked on the doors—every sowl, big and little, that lived in the house. So if you have much acquaintance there, you'll find them out quite asy; not doubtin', sir, but you read, of course."

"It wouldn't be hard," said Cornelius, "to read the names of all my acquaintance there; an' the raison why, that I haven't any."

"Well," rejoined the communicative charioteer, "maybe you've no loss there either; for I can tell you, there's more people in Dublin, than there's good of um."

In the discussion of the various subjects of the rebellion,—horse-flesh,—farming,—and hunting,—the time was occupied, until they approached near the bridge of the Grand Canal, which passes across the great southern road, within a short drive of the entrance of the city. Here they were stopped for a time, while the gates which, for the security of the city, had been erected on the canal bridges, were opened, and a short colloquy, touching the news of the day, took place between the coachman and the sergeant of the guard which was mounted upon the bridge.

It was a beautiful evening, early in the month of October, and the setting sun lighted up to the greatest advantage the beautiful scene upon which Cornelius gazed, with that mixture of delight and wonderment which a young traveller only can feel, when the world is new to him, and no crowd of comparisons rush upon his mind to depreciate the value of that which presents itself to his admiration. The canal here well deserves to be called grand, and seems, like many other public works in Ireland, to have been formed more with a view to magnificence and beauty, than utility and economy. Though not very deep, it is of great breadth, with a broad footway on either side, lined with old and lofty elms, which, stretching along as far as the eye can reach, form a magnificent avenue, with a fine sheet of water in the centre. Between the point of which we speak, and the basin to which the waters flow, there are three distinct levels, which look like successive terraces descending to the town, and lined all the way by those fine trees, whose huge leafy branches were now all turned to golden colour by the setting sun, and their shadows reflected upon the smooth surface of the tranquil water in which another wood, not less beautiful, though unreal, seemed to grow. This was the view upon the right. In front and a little to the left, the noble demesne of the Phœnix Park presented its beautifully undulated surface—here a deep ravine, with its sides clothed with furze,—and there a grassy eminence, which sloped away into a grove of whitethorn, from which the deer dart out, to sweep away across the wide level plains that this immense park affords. Beyond this lies the ivy-topped hill of Knockmaroon, behind which the sun was rapidly sinking down, and covering it with a flood of ruddy light that made the hill appear on fire.

The progress of the coach soon changed the scene; and as they rapidly approached the city, the novelty of the sight of a huge mass of houses congregated together, the smoky cloud which hung above them, and the variety of vehicles passing along the road, engrossed all the attention of Cornelius. They passed along through the narrow suburb of Kilmainham, crowded with groups of pigs and children, who squeeled in unharmonious concert as the coach passed; the pigs through fear of being run over, and the children to honour the imposing vehicular convenience with a cheer. The old Court-house, with its miserable-looking dungeon grates beneath, was now left behind; and the Foundling-Hospital, with its lofty prison-like walls; the long line of St James' Street passed through, and Cornelius found himself quite lost in the bustle of Thomas Street, that grand mart of country merchandize, renowned in the annals of modern Irish insurrections. It was there Lord Edward Fitzgerald had received his death-wound; and there, in a few years after, Lord Kilwarden was butchered; and Emmet, that mad enthusiast,

whose noble qualities would have graced a noble cause, died the death of a traitor on the scaffold.

Cornelius was "wondering if there was no end to the streets," when he was informed that he had arrived in Corn-market, where he had been recommended to stop at the house of a "dacent man from the County Kildare, that was very civil, and gave things raisonable." Here he remained for the night; and, in the morning, having dressed himself in his best attire, he put his letter in his pocket, and went forth to seek for the Custom-house, to which it was directed. His way lay through the very centre of the city of Dublin, a city which was even then, and is much more now, worthy the admiration of those who take pleasure in the views which a magnificent city can afford. To the unpractised eye of Cornelius, it appeared nothing but grandeur. After a long walk through the bustling passages of High-street and Castle-street, he found himself at "Dublin Castle," of which the very name was not pronounced without a feeling of awe, in the country parts of Ireland, during the rebellion. Here was the seat of government—the fountain of terror—the head-quarters of the military—the place of council, and the place of punishment—the dreaded spot where, according to the impassioned rant of Curran, "The councils of government were holden over catacombs of living death; where the wretch that was buried as a man, lay till his heart had had time to fester and dissolve, and was then dug up a witness!" But Cornelius was no politician, and was only interested in the military spectacle which the court-yards of the Castle afforded. When the *Castle* of Dublin is spoken of, let not the Edinburgh reader associate with the sound, the idea of a fortress built upon a rocky pinnacle, and standing like an armed giant, the lofty guardian of its own "romantic town." The place which, in the metropolis of Ireland, receives the name of Castle, had nothing whatever castellated in its structure, but consisted of various ranges of brick buildings, inclosing two extensive yards, and containing, besides the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, the offices of the Treasury and of State, and of the several military departments of the country—its situation low, and entirely destitute of military fortification. But arms were piled and flags were flying in the yards, and troops were marching to and fro, to the sound of martial music, such as Cornelius had never heard before, and he looked upon the whole scene with that pleasure which the view of a great improvement in the art which we have ourselves endeavoured to practise, is so likely to excite. Descending Cork Hill from the Upper Castle-yard, he came to the Royal Exchange, which is more happily placed for view than the other public edifices of Dublin, forming the termination of a long line of street, which comes down from the northern part of the city, and crosses the Liffey in its progress by a bridge of elegant structure. But we shall lose sight of our story if we linger thus amid the topography of Dublin, and Cornelius must be supposed to have paused with long and lingering looks of wonder and delight at the Parliament House and the University, and having arrived, through a narrow passage, where now stands a magnificent street called after the Earl of Westmoreland, at Carlisle Bridge, the view of the Custom-house burst upon him, which, as far as external appearance goes, is beyond a doubt the most magnificent Custom-house in the world. Having with no small difficulty, and after various inquiries, and peregrinations from staircase to staircase, and corridor to corridor, arrived at the waiting-room of the Commissioners, he asked to see the gentleman to whom his letter was addressed. "See him!" said the messenger, surveying Cornelius from head to foot,—"he never sees no one, except its *gentlemen* on very partik'lar business, while he's at the Boord—If I was to make bould to go in to him for you, what shud I say was your business?"

"I've a letter from a friend of his," said Cornelius.

"Oh, if that's the case, give it to me," said the man, almost snatching it from him. "I'll take it an' ax if there's an answer for you."

The letter was taken in to that place of awful state, the Board-room of the Irish Custom-house, and the messenger returned to say, "He was too busy entirely to look at the letter just now, and that Cornelius should wait." And so he did wait for two long hours, when at length a fussy-looking little gentleman made his ap-

pearance, with vivid eyes seeming almost to start from his head, and a face which blushed for the quantity of claret which its owner nightly transferred from three bottles to his throat; he held the letter which Cornelius had brought in his hand, and instantly let fly at him a volley of questions without waiting for an answer to one of them. "Well, young man—just come from the country, I suppose—Those damned rebels all quiet yet? No crop, I'm told, at all—Your property destroyed, I suppose—Mr MacCooney quite well, I hope—What's your age?"

"Almost twenty, sir," said Cornelius, who was lucky enough to hit upon the last question without endeavouring to answer any of the others.

"Very good, very good," returned the Commissioner, "you seem a smart young man, and I hope you'll do very well. Come to me in three or four days, and I'll see what can be done for you;" and so saying he turned upon his heel into the room of state again, leaving Cornelius not a little confounded at the thoughts of waiting three or four days without any one he knew to speak to, and without the least idea of what was to be the result of the letter which he had presented. His frame still weak, and exhausted with his long stroll through the city, his spirits easily sunk, and he found his way back to his inn with slow and melancholy steps, hardly regarding the objects which in the morning had filled him with so much pleasing astonishment.

There are few situations of negative unhappiness more strongly felt than that of a stranger without friends, and without business, in a large city—one is beset with the most anti-philanthropic sensations, and more than half disposed to go to buffets with the crowds who shove with rude velocity along the streets, and have the audacity to be loud, and busy, and loquacious, while we are sad and silent, and most philosophically weary of the world. Cornelius was not sufficiently in health to partake of the jollification which his inn would have afforded, and which at another time would have prevented the time from appearing so very long to him; so that before the end of the four days had arrived, he had become heartily weary of the metropolis, and all things therein.

Upon the fourth day he was most punctual in his attendance upon the Commissioner, who informed him to his no small astonishment, that he had been speaking to a friend, and expected to get him a place with £.70 a-year in the Custom-house at Liverpool.

"At Liverpool?" said Cornelius, "is it in England, sir?"

"Yes, to be sure, in England, and a fortunate fellow you'll be to get there."

"I don't know that, sir," returned Cornelius; "as far as I am come, grand a place as this is, I like home better, and I'm afraid that it's going farther to fare worse I'd be if I crossed the say."

"Poh, ridiculous! You must go there for a time at all events—that is if I can get the place for you—and afterwards, should you want to get here, which I don't think you ever will, perhaps we will manage it for you. Come back to me in three days."

The Commissioner then left Cornelius to his own meditations, who stood gaping as if uncertain whether he had heard aright what had been communicated to him, so astonished was he at the idea of being transported to England; however, when he got back to the inn, he began to think it was time he should write home to Mary to say how he had come on, and to tell her what had been proposed to him. His letter was as follows:

"My dear Mary,

"I hope this letter will find you well, as I am middling at present, thanks be to God, though still weakly. Dear Mary, you'd wonder to see what a great fine place this is, only terrible lonesome; not in the regard of the want of people, for there are crowds everywhere, but what signifies that, when one goes about like a dog in a fair that has lost his master, looking up in everybody's face, and not knowing no one. This makes me often think of you, Mary, which to be sure I was always thinking of at any rate, and how I long to see you again, which, plase God, I will as soon as I can get out of this place. Dear Mary, I gave my letter to the gentleman, a cute-looking smart-spoken little man, and he said all as one as that he'd do for me, and bid me wait till I would come to him again, which I did, and behold you, he says it's to Liverpool I must go. Liverpool is a place of great trade akross the sea in England; and I hear it's a very fine place to be in, but if I could, I'd rather stay at home,

and I said as much to the gentleman, but he didn't let on to hear me. Dear Mary, let me know what you think about it—he said maybe I could get back here after I was there a while. It isn't settled yet, and I am to go to him in three days more. Dear Mary, give my love to your father and Tim and Phil, and I hope the cow got well over her calving. Your affectionate

"CORNS. M'COONEY."

Mr Charles MacCooney's friend the Commissioner was on various accounts anxious to oblige him, and took no small pains to get the appointment for Cornelius in Liverpool, which he effected by representing that his life would be in danger if he remained in Ireland, a number of rebels having sworn to kill him. He was appointed therefore to Liverpool with an understanding, which, however, was not known to the person most interested in knowing it, that when he had learned the business of a revenue officer he should be sent abroad. After a delay of three or four weeks the matter was arranged, and Cornelius was informed that he should prepare for setting out in ten days, which time he determined to make use of in returning to the country. He had received a message from Mary in answer to his letter—for she was too doubtful of her epistolary abilities to put them to the trial without some very urgent occasion—the message was one full of affectionate wishes for his health, but as to his going to England, she left it all to himself to fix on what was best.

Cornelius returned to the country with the rather awkward feeling of not being sure where he ought to go, or what place he should call his home; but his kind and hearty reception at the house where he had been domiciled during his illness, soon dissipated this comfortless sensation. The time he had to stay was short, and unfortunately too short to effect that which was so important to the happiness of the youthful pair. They were both young enough to wait, and it was at length settled that Cornelius should go to Liverpool alone and stay for a year, in the hope of getting back, as had been suggested by the Commissioner; or if that were found impossible, that he would beg leave of absence and come over for Mary, who would then settle with him in England.

And now the last evening they were to spend together was come, and the long twelvemonth's absence stood before their sight like a gloomy chasm which is fearful at the brink, however passable it may have appeared at a distance. It was in vain that Mary tried to be cheerful—a sad presentiment of unhappy days hung over her heart. She thought of the dangers of the sea which her lover had to cross, and

"Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves!"

She remembered the wound, the effects of which he still felt, and the unextracted ball, and trembled for a relapse where she could not be to nurse him; and then there was something like a doubt—a vague yet dark suspicion, which she could neither account for nor shake off, that absence might weaken his attachment, and some English girl gain the heart which had been so fondly pledged to her.

Oppressed with these feelings, she walked along with Cornelius the evening before he was to leave for Dublin, silent and melancholy.

"I wish I could get you to spake, Mary," said he, "for it's a long time before I'll hear you spake again after to-night."

"And that's the very raison I can't spake," replied Mary; "my heart is very low entirely."

"My own's not much better, Mary; but sure there's no use in it, and though we part for a while, plase God it's all for good."

"I hope it is," said Mary, with a sigh. "I never seen the say, Cornelius, but I hear it's a terrible dangerous thing—didn't you see it when you were in Dublin?"

"Yes I did, from the Pigeon-House, where I went one Sunday. It's a terrible sight of water as far as ever you can see and farther, rowlin' and rowlin', and foamin' up like a pot boiling over; but they said it was nothing at all where I seen it, to what it is out at say, beyond the Hill of Howth and Ireland's eye."

"I'm sure it must be terrible," said Mary, "an' I'm afraid somethin' may happen to you in crossing it."

"Oh, not the laste fear in life," replied Cornelius, "them that crosses it often knows the way of it so well. I'll engage we'll get over safe enough, barrin' a little say sickness; an' that, they say, is like the priest's penance, very sevare sometimes, but it does one good afterwards."

"Ay, but you're not fit to bear sickness, Cornelius, now, for you know you're not so strong as you used to be. Oh, Cornelius, jewel, take care of yourself, for I dread anything happenin' you there where you're goin', and no one to take care of you."

"Oh, never fear, you'll see what care I'll take; an' I hope I'll be as stout as ever next year, when I come over to see you, my own darlin' little girl, again."

"But are you sure you'll come, and not forget me, Cornelius, and lave me for some English girl?"

"Lave you, Mary! If I do may my life lave me;—no, I'm not the one to break my word that way."

"I wasn't in earnest, Cornelius," said Mary, "when I said that. I don't think you would lave me now, for you wouldn't kill me with a broken heart; and if it was a thing that you forgot me, be sure your poor Mary would soon be in her grave."

"And may I follow her suddenly and surely, if I do," said Cornelius, solemnly.

Thus did they renew their vows and promises of mutual fidelity, and the next morning Cornelius once more took the coach for Dublin, where, having arrived, he received the necessary instructions, and in a few days took his passage on board a merchant vessel for Liverpool.

Chapter V.

Thirty years ago, the passage from Dublin to Liverpool was a formidable affair, compared with what it is at present. Cornelius took with him a week's sea-store when he proceeded to the vessel in the Custom-house Dock, and he soon found himself floating down the river, and fairly parted from his native land. A gentle breeze soon swept the vessel out into the beautiful Bay of Dublin. They shot along the south wall, at the extremity of which is placed the little fort called the Pigeon-House, from whence a broad wall of granite blocks shoots out a great distance farther into the sea, and joins the rock upon which the Dublin Light-house is built. Passing this, the wider glories of the bay display themselves. On the left, the low flat shore is studded with white bathing cottages approaching the water's edge, which glitter in the sun, while the eye is relieved by the green of the fields that stretch out beyond them; while on the right, the eye, after one wide sweep of strand, is carried on to a bold and rocky shore —here ornamented with all that art can do to beautify the scene, and there left in its bare and natural wildness. From thence looking inland, villas and rich woods cover the face of the country, till the view is bounded by the chain of Dublin mountains, which, running along eastward, mix with the Wicklow hills, that in their turn blend with the blue sky in the far distance. And now they swept along with swelling sails, mid-way between the hills of Howth and Killiney, the extreme points of the bay on north and south, which stand out into the open sea, like pillars planted by nature to mark this portal of the waters, and shelter the land from the violence of the ocean storm.

Since that time, the persevering hand of man has wrought a change upon the rocky mass of Killiney, which one might have supposed nothing but a violent convulsion of nature could have effected. In order to form the harbour of Kingston, at some miles' distance, the quarriers have set to work, and, with the aid of gunpowder, have split and shattered the mountain almost to its centre, and by means of trucks and rail-roads, the huge fragments have been sent rolling down to the shore, and hurled into the sea, while old Killiney displays her scorched and riven bosom to the storm—unsightly.

A sea voyage was once upon a time, when steam-boats as yet were not, the very aptest emblem of uncertainty; and amongst many sins against poetry and the picturesque, which the inventors of these modern conveniences have to answer for, we have to lay to their charge, the depriving us of the charming analogy to the voyage of life, which the uncertainty of a sea voyage used to afford. The favourable breeze which had sent the vessel down the river, wheeled to the south when they cleared the bay, and drove her round the point of Howth, and past the rugged crags of Ireland's eye. The morning found them beating about between Lambay Island and the Isle of Man, and it was not until after eight days' struggle against adverse

wind and stormy weather that they anchored off Liverpool.

Cornelius got into the town upon a Sunday, sick, and weary of that least agreeable of all sorts of existence, which a landsman endures in a small vessel at sea; the land breeze, however, soon recovered him, and he hasted towards the inn to which he had been recommended to take up his quarters. "And so this is England I'm in," said he to himself as he looked about; "and a mighty nice place it is, to be sure, though there's not much difference between itself and Dublin neither, an' of the two I don't b'lieve but Dublin's the finest after all." He now reached the inn, and the sight of a good English breakfast laid out in a neat little parlour, reminding him forcibly of the fast he had kept for some days before, he rung the bell, which was answered by a smart pretty little Lancashire girl, dressed in her short tight gown, and looking as neat as if she had nothing else to do but keep herself so.

"What would you please to want, sir?" said she.

"It's my breakfast I want, miss," said Cornelius, who did not suppose it was a common servant who addressed him, "whether I plase or no, for I'm just come off the say, where, if fasting would make my sowl, I'm sure I'd soon go to heaven, but here on land I've no chance that way."

"You shall have it directly, sir," said the girl, disappearing.

"Faith, but that's not like Ireland at all," said Cornelius. "I percave now where it is I am. How nice and pretty she spakes, an' as smart she looks, as if she was goin' to a dance." The appearance of the kettle put an end to his soliloquy, and he was presently deeply engaged in the discussion of rolls and beef and tea, when another person entered the room, and sat down at the opposite side of the table; he had taken up the newspaper to read, when happening to glance at the face of Cornelius, who had been too busy to look at him, the paper dropped from his hands, and he ejaculated in a rich Leinster brogue—

"Christ Jasus!" and could get no farther with his speech, but sat with his mouth a-gape, and his eyes fixed upon the young man.

Cornelius raised his head at the exclamation, and beheld in his companion, one of his comrades in arms, who had belonged to the yeomanry corps, and who had been close behind when he received his wound.

"Ryan," said he, with surprise, "I'm very glad to see you, an' it's little I thought to see any one I knew in these parts."

"Coony," said Ryan, "are you sure it's yourself, and not your fetch? Only I never heerd of a fetch ateing beef and roulls, I wouldn't believe it was you, though you were to swear it; for didn't I see you killed, or all as one, an' afterwards was tould you were killed to death by the rebels, and then buried before you were dead all out?"

"Oh no," said Cornelius, laughing; "it was bad enough with me, but not quite so bad as that either."

"Then, if it is you," said Ryan, still with an air of doubt, "how did you escape? I was sent to Dublin with an express in a day or two after we bet the rebels at Ballycooley, an' thought you were dead and buried. I had friends in Dublin, and so I didn't go back, and they've sent me over here about some business."

Cornelius recounted his adventures from the time he was separated from his party in the retreat from Ballycooley, and at the end, Ryan swore he would never believe again that a man was dead, "barrin' he was at his wake, or his funeral, at the laste."

Ryan was to return to Dublin the next day, and Cornelius availed himself of his knowledge of the town in the meantime to procure a lodging; and having intrusted to his care a letter for Mary, and seen him to his ship, he went to the Custom-house, and producing his credentials, was in a few days placed in a situation to learn the duties of the service to which he was to belong. He found his place for some time irksome enough; the man under whose direction he was placed, was one of that class of which one needs not to be long in England in order to find a specimen. He loved pudding and roast beef, and his wife and children, and to be rude when he dared. He was strictly honest; and had about as much feeling as a cabbage. He looked with some dislike upon Cornelius, for two reasons; first, because to teach him his business gave him trouble, and next because he was an Irishman; for Irishmen had, rather unhappily for both parties, not the good fortune to be much in favour

with the mere John Bull, nor has the enlarged intercourse which has since taken place between the countries, more than partially removed this prejudice, as I hope I may be permitted to call it.

The impression which recent events in Ireland had made upon the mind of Cornelius, was such, that he seemed likely to form an exception to the general character of unsteadiness that attaches to his countrymen. He went on regularly and well, attending closely to his business, and becoming very useful in his situation, and by slow degrees gaining something of the confidence of his superior.

He occasionally received letters from Mary, which, although not very accurately worded, or correctly spelled, conveyed the genuine sentiments of a kind and warm heart, which was affectionately attached to him; and he did not fail to answer them in terms equally affectionate, and almost equally sincere.

Four months had now passed away, and his health and strength were much restored. He lived hitherto almost without society, solacing himself in his lonely evenings with anticipations of the domestic comfort he should enjoy when he was enabled to make Mary his wife; unfortunately, however, a change took place which altered his habits and the current of his thoughts.

His old companion, Ryan, returned again to Liverpool to remain some time, and having soon found him out, endeavoured to ridicule the way of life which he found Cornelius practised.

"Why, is it practising for a priest you are," said he, "living here without a bit of fun from one week's end to the other? Come along here till I tache you some life, and don't have it to say when you go home that you seen nothing."

Cornelius resisted once or twice, but at length he was prevailed upon to be "taught some life" in Ryan's company, and was but too soon able to "go alone" in the new scenes which were opened to him. He was, as we somewhere mentioned before, dealt with rather favourably by nature in the matters of face and figure, and the female acquaintances to whom Ryan introduced him, while they rallied him on his Irish rusticity, bestowed such compliments in other respects, as flattered his vanity, and turned his attention to the cultivation of those personal embellishments which he was soon persuaded were all he wanted to make him a very agreeable dashing young fellow. He soon became considerably a fop, minced his broad Irish, paid compliments, affected gallantry, and lost his taste for simplicity and goodness. He no longer turned with so much fondness to recollections of Ireland, nor dwelt with so much pleasure upon the anticipation of his return there; and sometimes when, in the company of his new female acquaintances, he thought of Mary, his mind fell into a comparison of her rustic manner, her dress, her walk, her manner of speaking, with that of the smart gay young women around him; and as in the new views of excellence which had opened upon him, external appearance alone was contemplated, the parallel concluded much to the disadvantage of poor Mary. He now began to think that he had gone too far in his professions of attachment to her. When a letter came from her, he knew not what to say in reply, and therefore postponed his answer, until at last one came containing some slight reproaches for his omission, and then he grew angry, and endeavoured to justify to himself his perfidious neglect. He answered it unkindly, and soon after received the following:—

"My dear Cornelius,

"I was afrade long ago that it would come to this when you went away to liv among grander people nor we. O Cornelius, you doan't love me any longer, or you couldn't write your last letter and spake so unkindly, only because I said you ought to write to me oftener. God knows, it is only my affection for you made me long to hear, and grieved me to be disappointed. But I will complain no more. If you wish to forget all that ever passed between us, I will never remind you of it agen, and I woan't be long here to trouble you or any one else.

"Your affectionate

"Mary Kelly."

Cornelius was affected when he read this letter; and under the influence of a tide of returning feeling, he sat down to write an answer to it. This, however, he found a more difficult task than he had anticipated, for he could not make for himself a satisfactory apology; and he had only accom-

plished a few lines of his letter, when the hour arrived at which he had promised to call upon Ryan, and go with him to a dance. Leaving the letter unwritten, and glad of an excuse for quitting an unpleasant task, he proceeded to keep his appointment; and his friend perceiving that he was in worse spirits then usual, insisted on his drinking punch "to put life in him." Cornelius was without much difficulty induced to yield to this persuasion, as he had resorted to the same means more than once before, when he found reflection unpleasant; and the consequence was, that he went to the dance, with his brain heated, and all his pulses beating with the artificial excitement of intoxication. There were a number of young women at the dance, whose natural beauty, and most of them possessed some share, was set off to the best advantage by the kind of dressing most calculated to display their charms. Amongst them was one, the especial favourite of Cornelius, a beautiful young woman, who appeared like a lady at night, though she manufactured ladies' dresses in the day, and who was as imprudent, and as fond of admiration, as she was fair. In her presence Cornelius forgot all the feelings which Mary's letter had called forth; and fired by intoxication and beauty, poured forth his admiration in terms of warmth, which, instead of being checked, were rather encouraged by the manner in which they were received. When the dance was over, it fell to the lot of our hero to see this beautiful young woman home; their way did not happen to be the same as that of any of their companions; and however fervent the language of Cornelius was in the presence of others, it may be easily supposed it was not less so now that they were alone. They reached the door of the house in which she lived. If they had had to knock—if a servant had come to the door, all might have been well; but the devil, who is "so very sly," had provided the young woman with a latch key, with which she opened the door for herself. They lingered on the step. Cornelius swore it was "a mortal sin to part so soon;" he took her hand, which was not withdrawn; he saw she blushed—he felt she trembled—he almost feared she would have fallen, and caught her in his arms.

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The day-light, which found them still together, broke upon Cornelius a false and perjured man, and bound by passionate oaths, and by honour, to be the husband of the young Englishwoman before night. The dawn of morning warned him to go home, and he rushed through the streets to his lodgings; his mind too bewildered, to think of anything distinctly.

He flung himself on his bed, and slept for an hour or two, until the bright day shining in upon him awakened him to a sense of what he had done.

The first objects which met his eye, as he sprung from where he lay, were the letter he had received from Mary the day before, and his own half-written answer, while at the same instant the recollection of all that had passed since he had left that unfinished letter, flashed with terrible distinctness upon his mind.

His brain whirled round, he reeled, and fell upon the bed, covering his face with his hands, and passionately calling himself a villain.

I shall not protract my tale, by recounting all that Cornelius suffered. He gave himself up as a lost man, was married to the young Englishwoman, and never was happy any more. Mary's letter was of course never answered—the recollection of the way he had treated her was too bitter to be indulged, and, to drive away thought, Cornelius habitually resorted to drink. He became a sot, and his health suffered in consequence—he neglected his business, was reprimanded, and grew savage in his temper. His young wife bore with this but for a short time. She felt too much the value of her personal charms to submit to the harshness of a "brute of an Irishman," which, before long, she very unceremoniously assured him he was; and at the end of a few months, ran off from Cornelius to seek for consolation in the protection of a rich merchant's son, who had an ambition to get a name for doing something rakish.

It was the morning after she had abandoned him, while he was yet sunk under the weight of shame and disgrace, which he had dragged upon himself by his perfidy and imprudence, that he received a letter by the Irish post. He broke the seal with a sullen courage as if he were assured that he could hear nothing which would make him more miser-

able than he was already. It was but a few lines, and from Mary. "Cornelius," the letter said, "I write these few lines to tell you I forgive you upon my dying bed. Since you've forgot me, maybe you doan't care for this; but if you should ever remember me, and hear that I'm dead and gone, I would like you to know that I bore no ill will to you, though you used me hardly, but forgave you before I died."

Cornelius read this letter, and let it fall from his hands without a word. He received it in his office, and after a brief interval, went on copying the paper before him with mechanical exactness—finished his business, shut up his papers, and arranging everything with unusual care, went home and sat down in his room pale and silent as a statue. He did not go to bed, nor stir from his position till the appearance of day-light the next morning, when putting on his hat, he suddenly rushed out of the house, and ran to the Quay. He found a vessel bound that day for Dublin, in which he embarked, and arrived in four or five days. It was night when he landed, and the coaches for the country were all gone, but he would not be delayed, and set out to walk through rain and darkness to the County Kildare. It was about noon on the following day that Cornelius, with a wild and distracted look, all wet, and draggled with the mud of the road, wound round the bottom of a hill by which an old road passes within a few miles of Ballycooley, concealing from the traveller, until he arrives within half a mile of it, the ruins of an old church, which has been long abandoned, but still retains its grave-yard, where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep."

At this instant, the loud wail of the Irish funeral-cry burst upon his ear, and made him start back with horror. There is a something terrible in this cry, and perhaps not the less from the near resemblance of some of its sounds to those of wild merriment, which imparts a sensation as if there were something frantic in the wild lament which is poured over the dead. Cornelius dared not advance a step further,—the procession was now full in his view, and he knew too well, from what he saw, that they were the mortal remains of some young maiden which were borne to the grave. The coffin, which was borne upon men's shoulders was followed by a train of young girls dressed in white, and walking two by two, bearing in their hands short white wands, upon the ends of which oval hoops were fastened, decorated with white paper, cut into devices emblematic of innocence and purity, while some were also hung round with the pale flowers of the spring. Behind these came the troop of "Keeners," old women with their heads wrapped in white handkerchiefs, which, falling down upon the shoulders, was closed in front upon the breast. These, as often as the procession halted, or the bearers of the coffin were changed, put forth that wild cry which floated with melancholy cadence through the hollows, and was echoed from every little hill.

An old woman who had gone down to the end of her field to look at "the Bern," as she called it, now approached Cornelius, who asked with a hoarse voice, which, by a desperate effort, he made to appear calm and steady, whose funeral it was?

"It's the daughter of one Kelly," said the old woman; "she died, poor crathur, of a decay; and they say, indeed, her heart was bruck—a young man from her own naybrud, they say, deserted her; an' she was soft-hearted, pur girl, and tuck on so that she died. God forgive him; that has the sin of her death to answer for, anyhow."

The woman passed on to her cabin, and Cornelius, with a groan, cast himself upon his face, upon the damp earth, and there he lay till night began to fall.

The sound of a coach approaching was the first that he appeared to hear. He rose, but staggered, and found he could scarcely stand. He was able, however, in a feeble voice, to hail the coach, which was the mail for Dublin, and he was assisted to a seat upon it. He soon, however, began to shiver, so as hardly to be able to sit on the coach—racking pains shot through his head and limbs; and when the mail arrived at Rathcoole, he was obliged to be lifted down and carried into a public-house, where he was put to bed. In the morning he was raving in the delirium of fever, which growing rapidly worse, he died at the end of three days, and was buried, without any one knowing even his name. His eyes were closed by strangers, and no one shed a tear upon his grave.

THE BRITISH COLONIES.

LETTER TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, &c. &c. &c.

FROM JAMES M'QUEEN, ESQ.

My Lord Duke,

Called to fill the highest and the most important office in the councils of your Sovereign, as with the approbation of the country your Grace has been—the high estimation in which you are known to hold national honour—and the deep regard which your Grace is known to entertain for everything connected with the prosperity and the independence of the British Empire, induce me to address you at this moment regarding that most important branch of British strength and power, our extensive Colonial System. Various circumstances, moreover, embolden me to call the particular attention of your Grace to the present condition, to the future prospects, and to the vast importance, of that most vital portion of the system, the West India Colonies.

We *were*, my Lord Duke, the most powerful, the most prosperous, the richest, and the most influential nation upon the face of this earth. The most powerful nations feared us—all nations respected us. Our power extended, and our flag waved with effect, in every quarter and in every climate. We were raised to this commanding, to this prosperous, to this enviable, and to this envied state, by our Colonial System. Commanding all the productions of the Torrid Zone—raising these in fact by British skill and by British capital, and transporting these in our own ships to every port in every country in the world, we thereby commanded the commercial markets of every kingdom even in those eventful times, when the world was arrayed in arms against us, and attempted to shut us out of almost every port of every civilized nation.

By this judicious, industrious, and simple system, we became masters of the springs of profitable commerce. By our commercial industry, and by the surplus wealth and capital which the lucrative trade carried on with our Colonial possessions poured in upon us, we created manufacturing industry; and thus obtaining capital, we reared up internal manufactures to an extent which enabled us to supply, to command, and to retain every market. The advance of British agriculture in all its branches, and the melioration and the improvement of the condition of our population of every class, together with the increased and increasing value of all property in the United Kingdom, were the necessary and happy results.

The empire prospered until it became cursed with a swarm of political economists, cold calculating theorists, and speculative rulers; by each and by all of whom the doctrine was promulgated—which doctrine, strange to say, found numerous supporters in Great Britain—viz. that colonies, and ships, and commerce, as derived from them, were things of no value, and far below the consideration of a nation like this.

The Colonial possessions of Great Britain may with propriety be classed under two heads; to wit, first, such as are merely commanding political stations; and secondly, such as are both political stations and agricultural and commercial fields.

Under the first head we may class Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, in Europe—the Cape of Good-Hope and the Mauritius, in Africa — Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the Bahamas, in America—and Ceylon and Singapore, in Asia.

These are the great outworks of the national citadel which the British navy connects while it guards;—political stations from which, in the day of danger, we can put forth our arm, and exert our strength to harass, to check, and to beat our enemies; and which Colonies, being stations of this description, must be maintained and supported without reference to the expense incurred, and without reference to the lesser portion of agriculture and commerce which are found in them.

Under the second head we may class the British Colonies in North America, those in the West Indies, and the

rising colonies planted in New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. While some of these are also important political stations, the whole may more properly be classed as commercial and agricultural possessions—possessions which yield enormous commercial advantages to the parent state, and returns which sink the expense of their maintenance into insignificance, and which distinction gives them a proud superiority over those Colonies classed under the first head.

The British Colonies in America classed under the second head, and known under the name of the British West Indies, stand—as will presently be shown by returns which cannot be contradicted—most conspicuous and pre-eminent.

In navigation and in commerce they have long been mines of strength and of wealth to the mother country. "Their cultivation and prosperity," said the Edinburgh Review, and Mr Brougham in his work on Colonial Policy, "occasioned a pouring in of wealth" into the United Kingdom, the application of which "was visible in whole districts of country," which were improved, fertilized, and adorned, and enriched by it. These are facts, my Lord Duke, as notorious as they are undeniable.

Let us for a moment consider the points, the space, the interests, which the British Colonies enable Great Britain to protect and to command.

In Europe they enable her to control the Adriatic, to bridle the barbarous states of Northern Africa, to overlook the Grecian Archipelago, and the entrance to the Dardanelles; and they also enable us to command by double bars the Mediterranean.

In Africa they make Great Britain superior in all things, where superiority is worth coveting, in the southern portion of that continent; and they, moreover, place in her hands a commanding resting-place in the way to India, and a point from whence she may proceed to shut up the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf at pleasure.

In Asia they enable her to overlook, in security, and to overawe India, the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, all the Isles of the Oriental Archipelago, and the trade to Malacca and to China; and from New Holland they enable her to command almost every place of importance in the great southern ocean. Including India, they enable her to control Southern Asia, by separating and disuniting the eastern quarter thereof from the western.

In the western world, their influence is still more commanding and important. There, in the north, they overhang and enable her to watch and to curb with effect her growing and ambitious rival the United States, in all their ambitious schemes, political and commercial.

But our West India Colonies, my Lord Duke, extending, I may say, in an unbroken chain—for an unbroken chain it is, while Great Britain remains mistress of the ocean—extending, I may say, from Bermuda to Surinam, enable us to command and to control the Gulf of Florida, all the Carribbean Archipelago, and the whole Gulf of Mexico—enable us to make the proud Orinoco, the great river Magdalena, the Rio Bravo, and the Mississippi itself, the outlet to the greater part of North America, our tributaries and our dependents in case of war: in short, to place Mexico, Colombia, and three-fourths of North America in its improving and most improvable parts, in a great measure under our power. And in course of time, should an opening be, as it is probable it will soon be, cut between the Atlantic and the Pacific, either at Darien, the Isthmus of Panama, or by Lake Nicaragua, we shall, by means of the Windward Islands and Jamaica, as naval stations, command that great outlet and inlet betwixt Asia and Europe, and betwixt Asia and the eastern coasts of North America.

Such, my Lord Duke, is the grandeur, the utility, and the importance, in a political point of view, of the British Colonial system, and of the West Indian portion thereof in particular. Supported, cherished, and guarded, it is the most tremendous political engine in the world.

From their political we come to their commercial and their agricultural importance, and here our Colonies in the western world, and more especially in the tropical parts thereof, stand proudly pre-eminent—not, my Lord Duke, that I understate—quite the reverse—the commercial importance, means, and resources, of the peninsula of Hindostan. I can only lament that, by re-

gulations purely British, these have not been turned to better account. What these are will be more particularly stated hereafter.

As commercial and agricultural stations and countries, the British North American Colonies afford to the population of Great Britain and Ireland, pressed for subsistence, a great outlet, by which they can emigrate to settle themselves, if industrious, amidst comfort and independence—comfort and independence, which return to the mother country treble benefits, in increased commerce and navigation. In commerce, in particular, they, from their particular productions, and from their particular and indispensable wants, form an indissoluble bond of union betwixt themselves and the West India Colonies; and in this way they strengthen and connect the bond of union betwixt both and the mother country,—a bond of union which political folly—insanity of the most glaring and the most fatal description—can only weaken or break.

These North American Colonies take from us yearly about £2,500,000 of British goods—productions in all things British, and they give employment, including the trade betwixt them and our tropical Colonies, to nearly 500,000 tons of shipping,—while their trade, their tonnage and their population, are every year upon the increase.

Still, these important provinces are but in their infancy. Greater resources, more valuable stores, and greater advantages, will daily develope themselves; and adding to the population and to the strength of Canada, will add to the resources, and to the security, and to the strength, of Great Britain. When the Welland Canal, (to the importance of which your Grace has shewn your judgment as a statesman, by patronizing it as a subscriber,) which connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, by a passage fit for ship navigation, now far advanced, together with the other canal which completes a water communication on the St Lawrence, above and below the falls of Niagara, are completed; besides the facilities which these communications will afford for the improvement of Canada, they will bring through the Canadas the greater part of the trade, and the surplus produce from, and external supplies necessary for, a considerable portion of the state of New York, of and for the whole state of the Ohio, of and for the whole state of the Illinois, with part of the states to the southward of these two, and also the supplies required for, and productions which may be returned from, that vast extent of improving and improvable country, situated round Lakes Superior and Michigan. The expense of a communication with the sea by these Canada Canals, as compared with a similar communication by the canals to New York, is as 13 dolls. to 22 dolls. per cent, which will always secure a preference to the former; and through this channel of communication, British goods will find their way into all these populous American states, in defiance of all protecting duties and prohibitory laws; and from these, American supplies of lumber, staves, and flour, will reach our West India Colonies through Canada, and in British ships, and by British hands and capital.

In the West India Colonies, and in agricultural and other pursuits, British subjects have very large capitals invested under the sanction of British laws, and under the protection of the British Government. In agricultural pursuits, there are embarked at least L.150,000,000; in commercial L.20,000,000; and in shipping belonging to the trade, at least L.3,000,000 capital, exclusive of the capital embarked in the trade carrying on betwixt them and the North American Colonies.

For many years, my Lord Duke, and more especially during these eventful years, when formidable external wars pressed hard upon the British empire, the mother country, under wise, and prudent, and patriotic statesmen, extended her powerful protection to those valuable possessions, in consequence of which they flourished; and, flourishing, they contributed so extensively to the resources of the parent state, as to aid her, in no trifling degree, in her struggle to overcome the most formidable dangers, and the most formidable foes, that ever assailed any country.

Within these few years, however, and under a new school of politics, a totally different line of policy has been adopted towards these Colonies. Un-

der the plea of slave amelioration laws, and the call for slave emancipation, artfully blended together, the whole property vested in these Islands has been disturbed, shaken, deteriorated, endangered, till at last it has been openly required, that it and every one interested in it, should be placed without the protection of the laws of this country!

The following facts are with deference submitted to your Grace. These possessions take from Great Britain and Ireland annually, for their internal consumption, *above* L.4,000,000, the produce of the British soil, and of British industry;—they export annually to Great Britain, and to Ireland, agricultural produce to the value of L.9,000,000, exclusive of freights and charges nearly L.3,000,000 additional, all of which latter sum, together with two-thirds of the produce, is again expended in this country upon British labour, and in British supplies. These possessions give permanent employment, in the direct trade with the mother country, to 260,000 tons of British shipping. The mother country draws nearly L.7,000,000 of revenue annually, from their produce consumed in it, and they add yearly nearly L.3,000,000 to the exports from Great Britain to foreign countries.

I call upon the boldest anti-colonist, and the most blinded speculative philanthropist, to shew your Grace any portion of our commerce in any part of our dominions equal to this.

To shew the immense advantages which the agriculture and the commerce of these Colonies give to this country, it is necessary to go a little more into details. The following are the imports from, and the exports to, these Colonies, from the year 1760 to 1826, both inclusive, as I copied these from the Journals of the House of Commons, vol. 72. Ap. pp. 747, 748, &c.

	IMPORTS. Official value.	EXPORTS. Official value.
1760—1784—	L.69,357,828	L.32,3·1,009
1785	4,354,421	1,235,528
1786	3,443,390	1,336,063
1787	3,783,289	1,733,265
1788	4,088,413	1,766,454
1789	3,906,404	1,763,937
1790	3,890,907	1,986,201
1791	3,691,038	2,649,066
1792	4,183,066	2,922,119
1793	4,392,158	2,695,422
1794	4,782,616	3,632,262
1795	4,099,291	2,460,888
1796	3,940,345	3,220,668
1797	4,270,888	3,143,878
1798	5,411,962	5,197,913
1799	6,149,514	5,943,501
1800	7,352 510	4,082,099
1801	8,418,153	4,373,218
1802	8,471,327	3,878,594
1803	6,040,067	2,344,647
1804	7,595,530	4,229,025
1805	6,636,668	3,800,782
1806	8,739,085	4,705,200
1807	7,919,988	4,536,563
1808	8,739,085	5,850,773
1809	7,607,693	5,902,686
1810	8,166,046	4,579,289
1811	8,134,911	4,001,000
1812	7,189,936	4,740,216
*1813	8,000,000	6,000,000
1814	9,022,309	7,356,546
1815	8,903,260	7,662,303
1816	7,847,985	4,806,286
1817	8,326 926	6,273,082
1818	8,608,790	6,294,117
1819	8,188,659	5,138,453
1820	8,354,512	4,512,224
1821	8,367,477	4,691,383
1822	8,019,764	3,682,944
1823	8,425,259	3,961,987
1824	9,065,546	4,153,065
1825	7,932,832	4,161,855
1826	8,283,507	3,454,492
	L.352,103,355	L.203,180,403

Abstract—Trade, West Indies.

		IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.
1760—1792	Inclusive,	L.100,698,756.	L.47,713,642.
1792—1826	do.	251,404,599.	155,466,761.
		L.352,103,355.	L.203,180,403.

Exclusive of the Irish trade, as below stated, and *exclusive* of all freights and charges, about *one third* more!

The official scale, however, by which the value of Imports and Exports is estimated, as applicable to the period of the war, is, as is well known, a great deal too low. Since the peace that scale has been less incorrect. The following important official references will shew that the West India Trade has in amount been in reality almost double, at least double during the period of war. It is also necessary to remark, that the above amount is exclusive of

* This year by estimate; the records being lost by fire. The above returns also are exclusive of the trade with Ireland previous to 1814—The Imports about L 500,000, and the Exports about L.300,000 annually, to add to the sum.

the trade with the Colonies in the West Indies, conquered and restored at the peace, which stands as under:—

	Imports.	Exports.
1790	L.229,100	L.38,950
91	197,882	56,416
92	280,484	106,623
93	308.366	21,081
94	271.902	53,853
95	383,546	205,526
96	876.857	1,041,185
97	1,177.935	664.715
98	1,158,705	1,364,464
99	1,390,038	1,048,429
1800	1,496 906	479,908
1801	2,577,111	589,476
2	1,658,256	284,831
3	355,158	193,133
4	346,213	312,499
5	735,515	319,282
6	1 226,525	1,795,962
7	1,341,454	1,326,260
	L.15,096,129	L.9,599,817
1808—1815, say	10,000,000	12,000,000
	L.25,096,129	L.21,599,817

Exclusive of freights and charges. From 1807, the returns became blended with the returns for Brazils, &c. and cannot be separated. I, however, estimate the amount from 1808—1815, by the average of 1806 and 1807, but it was certainly more.

We come at the *real value* of the West India trade, by the following official documents already referred to. During the space of *seven years*, the value of FOUR ARTICLES of West India produce imported, stands thus:—

1797—1803	*Sugar,	L.30.130,709
1797—1803	Coffee,	26,813,125
1797—1803	Cotton,	10 922.239
1797—1803	Rum,	2,249,947
		L.70,116,020
Aver. four articles, L.10,014,288.		
Value OF ALL articles imported, by the preceding returns,		46,001,421
Difference, . . .		L.24,114,421

But the following gives us a still greater amount, and more magnificent result. The convoy duty paid during four years (1798—1801) on all imports, was L.3,076,379,† of which L.811,268 were for sugar alone! But mark the following:—

‡Sugar Imported into Great Britain.

	Imported. *Cwt.*	Aver. Price. *L. s. d.*	Value. *L.*
24 years, 1793—1816	80,097,362	2 12 7	210,494,680
6 years, 1817—1822	23,103,451	2 0 0	46,206,902
§ 5 years, 1823—1827	24,419,051	say 2 0 0	48,838,102
	Cwts. 127,619,864		L.305,539,684

Exclusive of the direct imports into Ireland from 1793 to 1821, inclusive—probably 4,800,000 cwts. worth L.10,560,000 more. The value here stated, it must, however, be remarked, includes freights and charges. The quantity of foreign sugar is so small, as not to be worth taking into account; while that imported from the East Indies, from 1791 to 1821, inclusive, amounted only to 2,878,628 cwts., value L.7,006,904.

How much the official scale, applied to value the extent of our trade during the war, was below the *real value*, the following comparison, taken from the Journals of the House of Commons, will shew. The *British* produce and manufactures exported during a period of five years, stand thus:—

	Official Value.	Declared Value.
1798—1802	L.120,772,916	L.210,830,420

which shews that the real value of our exports to the West Indies was nearly double of what is stated in the official tables. The importance of the colonies to this country is farther illustrated by the following returns, extracted from the Journals of the House of Commons, vol. 59, p. 584, which give the value of FOREIGN AND COLONIAL PRODUCE exported from Great Britain for the following periods:—

9 years, 1785—1793 offic. value, L.48,823,569
9 years, 1794—1802 do. do. 124,661,370.

I now come to state the extent of the trade between Great Britain and India and China; and between Great Britain and her North American possessions.

* Journal House of Commons, vol. 59, p. 584, and vol. 62, p. 469.
† Par. Papers, 1827. ‡ East India Rep. 4th App. p. 7.
§ Par. Papers of the respective years. The average price is by estimate, not being able to lay my hands upon the official documents at present.

It stands as under, premising, that in regard to the North American Colonies, it is *exclusive* of the trade betwixt the latter and Ireland, (at present, imports L.176,204, exports 127,823,) and in both, *exclusive* of freights and charges still more in proportion than in the West Indian trade; and remarking, that while the value by the official scale is under-rated during the period of the war, still it is not so much so as in the case of the West Indian productions. Including freights and charges, however, the REAL VALUE is probably the official value doubled.

EAST INDIES, CHINA, AND NORTH AMERICAN TRADE.

	BRITISH NORTHERN COLONIES, viz. Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland, Coast of Labrador, Canada, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.		Total of the Trade between GREAT BRITAIN and ASIA, viz. East Indies, China, the Mauritius, Timor, New Holland, and the South Sea Islands.	
	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.
1760	£36,236	£179,046	£1,785,679	£1,161,670
1761	51,867	350,786	840,987	845,797
1762	69,875	214,085	972,838	1,067,353
1763	74,386	226,124	1,059,335	887 083
1764	85,009	354,205	1,182,844	1,165,600
1765	94,074	344,545	1,455,589	914,278
1766	104,656	457,457	1,975,981	783,961
1767	103,435	280,943	1,981,173	1,272,654
1768	95,306	184,031	1,507,963	1,156,082
1769	105,300	263,854	1,865,233	1,205,388
1770	105,709	373,541	1,941,627	1,082,030
1771	100,376	319,173	1,882,139	1,184,824
1772	130,340	353,701	2,473,192	941,361
1773	123,121	429,983	1,933,096	845,707
1774	136,479	438,283	1,386,984	546,213
1775	135,775	658,943	1,091,845	1,040,642
1776	119,053	829,816	1,468,077	726,398
1777	120,387	1,653,009	1,834,221	785,825
1778	131,805	1,030,313	1,526,130	1,199,827
1779	135,217	842,365	716,323	703,191
1780	120,403	837,352	970,726	1,116,341
1781	118,926	535,600	2,526,339	595,131
1782	222,860	701,660	1,626,319	1,467,844
1783	149,971	732,310	1,301,495	701,473
1784	179,961	760,280	2,996,652	730,858
1785	208,532	691,288	2,703,940	1,153,532
1786	201,632	790,544	3,156,687	2,242,038
1787	213,231	913,258	3,430,868	1,551,209
1788	249,500	895,393	3,453,897	1,430,633
1789	237,444	874,355	3,350,148	1,957,177
1790	202,314	840,673	3,149,770	2,386,320
1791	214,303	894,617	3,698,713	2,272,066
1792	255,798	1,119,991	2,671,547	2,437,887
1793	210,345	904,522	3,499,023	2,721,793
1794	241,026	971,271	4,458,475	2,921,829
1795	314,761	999,781	5,760,795	2,382,033
1796	203,814	814,671	3,372,680	2,577,376
1797	213,054	815,325	3,912,584	2,283,415
1798	220,109	1,054,012	7,626,930	1,145,736
1799	170,076	1,091,996	4,284,805	2,436,583
1800	392,690	975,872	4,942,275	2,860,397
1801	455,575	1,017,458	5,424,441	2,946,257
1802	367,935	1,350,896	5,794,906	2,929,816
1803	327,960	1,082,107	6,349,294	2,733,013
1804	377,790	1,056,349	5,214,842	1,766,268
1805	293,515	865,311	6,072,313	1,669,215
1806	330,092	950,662	3,755,396	1,956 954
1807	449,730	1,061,127	3,401,700	1,884,437
1808	826,989	1,125,058	5,853,460	1,933,223
1809	678,561	1,748,115	3,366,343	1,647,627
1810	885,046	1,844,558	4,709,868	1,717,118
1811	802,163	1,909,689	4,106,299	1,664,522
1812	719,683	1,419,019	5,602,358	1,779,212
1813	322,899	4,093,062	6,304,396	1,699,125
* 1814	322,899	4,093,062	6,304,096	1,699,125
1815	368,875	3,098,617	8,042,292	2,093,464
1816	493,025	2,208,041	8,312,591	2,204,978
1817	615,032	1,395,570	7,687,328	2,794,634
1818	690,432	1,795,264	7,342,800	3,195,826
1819	751,003	2,001,033	7,544,462	2,421,764
1820	841,271	1,676,181	7,567,678	3,390,897
1821	844,278	1,395,593	6,256,210	4,427,331
1822	780,970	1,534,858	5,122,993	4,100,693
1823	864,944	1,766,538	6,971,683	4 536,154
1824	925,699	2,241,666	7,363,786	4,610,508
1825	1,084,463	2,151,462	6,611,041	4,190,544
1826	974,823	1,650,318	8,002,838	4,877,133
	£22,987,942	£74,270,496	£262,501,742	£130,126,312

* This year by estimate, the records being destroyed by fire.

Abstract Trade—East Indies and China.

		Imports.	Exports.
1760—1785	Inclusive	L.41,634,128	L.25,281,063
1786—1826	do.	220,867,614	104,845,249
	Total,	L.262,501,742	L.130,126,312

Abstract Trade—British America.

		Imports.	Exports.
1760—1785	Inclusive	L.3,052,679	L.14,052,593
1786—1826	do.	19,935,263	60,217,903
	Total,	L.22,987,942	L.74,270,496

The value of these possessions as sources of Revenue is too well known to require much notice. The two following returns are sufficient to establish their value and their immense amount:

Sugars—Net Duty.

1808—1822 Fifteen years * L.50,622,426

India and China Goods—Net Duties.

Thirteen years—1814—1826 † L.61,042,570

With regard to the expense which the West India Colonies cost the Mother Country, much misrepresentation and exaggeration have gone abroad. It is proper to state what it is. The following was the military expenditure for the year 1818, when the military force was about the same that it now is. The details I received from an officer of rank, who took them from the official records. The official part is confined to the Leeward and Windward Islands.

Expenditure—	Commissary-General's Department,	L.92,603	12	10¼
Do.	Allowance under general orders,	28,654	13	4
Do.	Quarter and Barrack Department,	109,619	16	6
Do.	General Hospital Department, .	4,566	10	8
Do.	Army Vessels, ...	4,512	13	9
Do.	Payments under Warrants, .	3,389	3	3
Do.	Allowances Commissary Department,	16,338	16	3
Do.	Ordnance Department, . .	750,30	0	0
Do.	Storekeeper General's Department,	1,110	17	11
Do.	Commiss. of Accounts Department,	3,502	0	0
Do.	Naval Yard, ...	10,090	0	0
Do.	Staff Pay, ...	20,629	6	10½
Do.	Regimental Subsistence, . .	100,091	13	5¼
		L.470,139	4	10
Do.	Naval Expenditure, . . .	200,000	0	0
Do.	Jamaica Military ditto, . .	174,000	0	0
Do.	Naval, say as much, . . .	174,000	0	0
Expenditure—West India Colonies,		L.1,018,139	4	10

On the preceding details it is necessary to observe, that the expenditure would not merely be as much, but much greater, were all the slaves in them emancipated to-morrow, and not one particle of agricultural produce of any description raised in them, because we must retain these possessions as military positions and outworks of our national citadel.

I do not know, my Lord Duke, that there is any proportionate part of our

* East India Report, 4th app. p. 7.

† See Parl. Rep. 1827. This sum includes the duty on Mauritius Sugar. The duty on tea alone probably amounted to L.40,000,000.

national trade, commerce and agriculture, in any other quarter of the British dominions protected and guarded at such a moderate rate. The expenditure for IRELAND is, I believe, four times as much, and yet the value of her exports and imports stands thus:—

	Official Value.	
	Imports from	Exports to
* 1785—1825 inclusive,	L.231,835,601	L 224,599,039

A trade much below the amount of the West India trade, though the population is NINE-TENTHS more numerous. I trust therefore, my Lord Duke, that we shall hear no more about millions of the national resources being uselessly and annually lavished to maintain Slavery in our West India Colonies, and to protect slave-masters, when the moderate expenditure is really laid out to guard mines of commercial wealth to this country, and to maintain political forts and positions indispensably necessary for our empire.

The result is, that from 1815 to 1827 inclusive, the West India Colonies have taken from us, estimating by the *official value* alone, about L.60,000,000, and sent to us L.100,000,000 in produce alone, exclusive of nearly one-third more in freights and charges, and exclusive of cash and bills remitted on account of the trade carried on betwixt them and Spanish America!

During the latter period, namely, from 1793 to 1815 inclusive, 23 years, the REAL VALUE of the exports from this country to the West Indies has exceeded L.160,000,000, and the imports from thence, in REAL VALUE, must have amounted to upwards of L.300,000,000, *exclusive* of specie and bills on account of the Spanish Main trade, and EXCLUSIVE of freights, charges always in proportion, and at least one-third more!

Thus, my Lord Duke, the exports to the West Indies from Great Britain, from 1793 to 1827 inclusive, 34 years only, have been L.220,000,000; and the imports in tropical agricultural productions alone L.400,000,000, exclusive of freights and charges, to the extent of *one-third* upon the latter, and *one-fifth* upon the former, making together L.175,000,000 more!

Add to this, the East Indian and China trade, and the trade to our colonial possessions in North America, from 1760—1826, (*sixty-six years,*) being together about L.500,000,000 in imports, and L.350,000,000 in exports, including of course freights and charges, without noticing the trade to our other Colonies in various quarters, and I would again ask the warmest advocates of the human race, and the coldest and the most unfeeling anti-colonial political economist, to point out to your Grace—in the history of this or of any other empire, that ever before us extended its sway over any portion of this globe, or any number of the human race—any commerce or any traffic equal in extent and value to the colonial trade of Great Britain! It exceeds the TRADE OF EMPIRES—THE REVENUE OF KINGDOMS.

During that eventful period, when Great Britain was engaged in a war for her existence, I am within bounds when I state that Government drew a revenue, from direct taxes upon West India produce, of upwards of L.100,000,000, and DOUBLE that sum *indirectly* from the various interests connected with the Colonies, and dependent upon their supplies and their trade; and since the close of the war, she has certainly drawn above L.100,000,000 additional. To these sums add the revenue obtained from the trade with India and China, about L.100,000,000, and, added together, I would once more call upon the persecutors and the calumniators of our Colonies to say from what other sources, within their control, could the Government of this country, in the hour of peril, have drawn such extensive resources, or what other interests in this country could have raised or sustained these enormous loads.

It has been long taught, admitting that the cultivation of sugar in our West India colonies was anni-

* Journal of House of Commons, vol. 57, app. p. 866, and vol. lxxi, p. 927, and vol. lxxiii, p. 603, and Parl. Pap. from 1820 to 1825.

hilated, that we could still raise an equal revenue from sugar, obtained—and obtained too upon terms more advantageous—from other quarters. This doctrine is as erroneous as it is pernicious. The produce of our present colonies is about 260,000 hogsheads sugar annually, which is 40,000 more than sufficient for our own wants. But take that quantity altogether out of the market of the world, and from that fatal moment we become *dependent* upon rival nations for a supply of the article in question; and, consequently, if we venture to tax their produce cent per cent, as we do the produce of our West India Colonies, these nations will most assuredly in return tax our manufactures exported to their shores at an equal rate; and, by this course, not merely exclude these, and put an end to the trade at present carried on betwixt them and us, but throw that amount of trade wholly into the hands of foreign nations.

In the catalogue of revenue resources, the British West India productions stand, as has been seen, conspicuous and pre-eminent. These calumniated possessions—become the scoff of school-boy legislators and the horror of Quakers, (the forefathers of this class were the principal founders of our West India Colonies,) of old maids, and of all that class of persons whose heads are softer than their hearts—supplied directly, or indirectly, the most material portion of those resources, financial and naval, which enabled Great Britain to carry on, and to bring to a glorious termination, the most extensive and the most inveterate contest ever recorded in history:—they supplied, my Lord Duke, those sinews of British war—SEAMEN and MONEY—which enabled Nelson to sweep hostile navies from the deep at Aboukir and Trafalgar;—which enabled your Grace to beat France at Salamanca, to conquer her at Vittoria, to march as victor over the Pyrenees—to crush her at WATERLOO;—those sinews, I repeat, of war, which enabled your Grace to crown yourself and your country with laurels which can never fade, with renown which can never perish, and with glory which time can neither tarnish nor impair.

We have hitherto merely contemplated the advantages which this nation has derived from her Colonial possessions; but this, my Lord Duke, is only looking at the question on one side. What, let me once more ask the persecutors of our Colonies, would the results have been to this country, had these possessions and their resources been thrown—what, let me inquire of them, would the results be, were they now to be thrown—into an hostile scale? And if, by the destruction of property at present vested in these Colonies, we were compelled to retain one or more of them as mere political stations, such as Gibraltar and Malta, without any reference to agriculture, would it not add fearfully to our national expenditure? And, my Lord Duke, what, let me ask our Anti-Colonists, would the consequences be to this country, in case of a war with France and America, if, by the loss of these Colonies, Great Britain should find herself without one port on the west side of the Atlantic, from the Equator to the Arctic circle, where a British flag could rest, refit, or find protection? Would these men, or could these men, who would throw these Colonies away, fill up the breach which would be made, or make up the loss which this country would sustain?

Your terrible antagonist, Napoleon—when in the plenitude of his power—saw, felt, and acknowledged, the vast importance of these possessions. In the negotiations with Russia, which preceded and terminated in his most fatal Russian campaign, the principal point at issue was his retention of all the Prussian fortresses, to-wit:—Dantzic, Thorn, Glogau, Custrin, Magdeburgh, &c. Russia declared, that he must give up these fortresses, before she could consider herself safe, and before she could consent to remain at peace. This he refused, declaring that he would continue to hold these fortresses till the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, when he would only consent to give them up upon getting back those Colonies which Great Britain had captured from France and from Holland, in different quarters of the world, but more especially in the West Indies. Russia refused to recede from her demand. Hostilities were the result. We all know the consequences, to Europe so glorious, and to him so fatal.

These are facts, my Lord Duke, clear and undeniable. These are truths of paramount importance—facts which every British statesman ought to re-

member—truths which no British statesman ought to forget, or which he can forget, so long as he entertains just ideas of the power, and the resources of this country, and of the means necessary to preserve and to maintain both.

The Colonial system of Great Britain, and more especially the Tropical portion thereof, however much it may be decried by ignorance—by wrong-headed political economists—by unfledged statesmen—is nevertheless in reality the most formidable power ever established by any nation in this world. All nations have FELT it—all nations FEEL it—all nations FEAR it, and EVERY COUNTRY *covets* it. We may so injure or so undermine the edifice as to enable ambitious rivals to obtain possession of it, or to destroy it; but unless this is done by our own hands, by our own act, and by our own folly, no power on earth could, or ever can, wrest it from us.

It is therefore with surprise and with alarm that all those who wish to protect and to guard the foundation of the power of their country, and who labour to see it guarded and protected, hear it inculcated and proclaimed that such possessions are useless, and burdensome, and unworthy of the protection, or the regard, of this great country.

I will not insult the understanding of your Grace by pointing out the ignorance and the absurdity of such pernicious doctrines, nor dwell even for one moment longer than I have already done upon the vast importance, in a political, in a commercial, and in a financial point of view, of such possessions to this maritime country.

Under a British Ministry, directed and advised by your Grace, this nation feels confident that such a national calamity and terrible catastrophe, as the loss or the ruin of her Colonies, will never be witnessed, and can never await her.

The Colonies, as yet in some measure invulnerable to the attacks of external foes, are, however, not so to the machinations of domestic enemies. From that ungrateful source of irreclaimable ignorance, destruction may be poured upon them. The anti-national and hideous attempt has been made, my Lord Duke. It has not as yet wholly succeeded, but it has not been relinquished.

About five years ago, after preparations deeply organised, and statements put forth by calumny without bounds, by reproach without limits, by falsehood unprecedented, and widely circulated over this country, a Member of the House of Commons, and the organ of a party, Mr THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, brought forward in his place a series of resolutions in letter opposed to all the records of history—to the laws of God dictated to his chosen people—and to all the laws of nations which had previously existed in the world—resolutions in letter and in principle opposed to the rights of private property, as sanctioned by the laws and government of this country, taking as the ground-work of his destructive system the proposition, that personal slavery was criminal to tolerate and to maintain, because it is "CONTRARY TO THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIANITY."

The resolutions thus brought forward, and the virulent declamation and the hideous statements which ushered these into the notice of the nation, and which brought them under consideration of the House of Commons, went in letter and in spirit to brand Great Britain, if the statements had been true even in a twentieth part, as a monster amongst the nations of the earth, and during centuries as a violator of the laws of God and of man—they went, in fact, my Lord Duke, to cover her with a load of guilt and of shame, so dark and so heavy, that her combined charities for ages, if offered as an expiatory sacrifice, would be found an insufficient atonement, and which all her triumphs, won by all her heroes, from AGINCOURT to WATERLOO inclusive, could neither cover nor wipe away!

Many strange discoveries, my Lord Duke, have been made in this age of pretension; but the most wonderful of the whole is, that the precepts of Christianity, and the correct principles of equity and of the laws of nations, are best learned and understood by that new Jacobin Club, which spouts at anti-slavery meetings held in Freemason's Hall, and which circulates its venom through the columns of the Monthly Anti-slavery Reporter!

The House of Commons and the country, apparently stultified at the boldness of the appeal, and the assurance with which the demand was

made, heard these things without a murmur of reprobation, or any attempt at defence.

The resolutions alluded to, by demanding the liberation of all the slaves in our Colonies without compensation to their masters, went directly to deprive a large portion of industrious British subjects of their lawful property, and the nation of valuable territories and resources, upon the plea, that the state of personal slavery, there established and long maintained by Great Britain, was, in the eyes of Heaven and of earth, morally criminal; although the fact is notorious, that such a state of society has existed in almost every country, and in every age of the world, sanctioned by nations the most enlightened, and by statesmen the most wise, without the reproach of moral guilt being attached to the name of these nations which established such a state of society, or to the name of the individuals who held such property.

How African slaves first came into our Colonies, I must leave Great Britain and Africa to determine. With this the Colonies and the Colonists had, and have, nothing to do. Their country, which proclaimed itself honest in all its actions and transactions, stated that she had come legally by them. In this capacity she sold and gave a legal title to them. This point, therefore, so far as the Colonists are concerned, is set at rest, and requires no further observation.

I am not here standing forward, nor am I called upon to stand forward, to defend slavery in the abstract, or to maintain that such a state is the best state of civil society. It is sufficient for my argument, and for my present purpose, to know and to show that my country, and the laws of my country, under her greatest statesmen and wisest patriots, have established and sanctioned it, and taught her subjects to consider it legal. But in the face of every calumny, and in the teeth of every reproach, I will maintain that the state of personal slavery, at present existing in the British colonial possessions, is far from being the severest system (quite the reverse) that is at present to be found in the world; and, moreover, I will maintain, that personal slavery is not a state of civil society which implicates those connected with it, whether as nations or individuals, in a state of moral guilt, degradation, and crime, as is rashly asserted; and for this I have the best, the HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

By the DIVINE BOOKS of Moses,—not, I am afraid, so much studied by modern legislators as these deserve to be—we find that personal slavery existed, and was recognised and regulated by express laws emanating from God himself amongst his chosen people; and it is worthy of remark, that this state of society amongst the Jews, in its principal characteristics, viz., ABSOLUTE PROPERTY, and ABSOLUTE AUTHORITY, was similar to that established by law in the British Colonies. The British legislators took the law of Moses as their guide. From whatever sources guilt and crime proceed, these are in the eye of Heaven the same yesterday as to-day, the same in every age and in every country. Personal slavery, therefore, was not in the eye of religion and morality criminal, otherwise the Books of Moses must be impositions. It was not in the eye of God a state of crime, or else the DECALOGUE itself, the foundation of all law and of all religion, must be a fabrication, because, amongst other things which the tenth commandment guards and forbids, it tells us expressly, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's man-servant nor his maid-servant;" or, as the words should have been rendered, his *male slave*, or his *female slave*, for such is the true import and meaning of the original language in this and in every other part of the Old Testament, except when the word "HIRED" stands prefixed to the word "SERVANT."

But mark the dangerous sophistry of this Buxtonian school of religion and politics. His resolutions denounce personal slavery as a state of civil society, "contrary to the SPIRIT of Christianity." He dared not say, "contrary to the LETTER of Christianity," because that letter directly opposed him; for, throughout the whole New Testament, we find such a state of society recognised as legal; and the Greek word everywhere translated "SERVANT," except where the word "*hired*" is prefixed, invariably means "bond-servant," or SLAVE. The letter, and also the principles of Christianity, be it remarked, are not

different and separate things; and they cannot, and they must not, be permitted to be separated.

These important truths, my Lord Duke, I adduce, in order to take away the load of guilt and of shame which enthusiasts, without any just cause, attempt to throw upon the name of my country, and upon the character of many of my countrymen.

The charge of guilt and crime being thus satisfactorily disposed of, the point at issue, viz. the extinction of personal slavery in our dominions, resolves itself into a question of time, of policy, of civil rights, of municipal justice, and pecuniary compensation; and here the Colonist meets the Anti-colonist upon the plain principle of national law, justice, and common sense; and without disputing the power and right of this country to take his property for a national purpose, or, if folly wills it so, for a national sacrifice;—the former simply contends, that the country must pay him the full and the fair value of his property, before it is taken from him, or rendered valueless.

Upon principles similar to those upon which Mr Buxton grounded his resolutions, ought CASTES to be abolished in British India, and the personal slave and the *Sudrah Caste* or slave, be raised *instanter* to all the privileges of British subjects. Upon principles similar to those, injustice might require of you, my Lord Duke, to blot out the national debt, because WAR, for the support of which it was contracted, is "contrary to the *principles* of Christianity," and the British constitution. Upon principles similar to those, Robbery might also openly require that resolutions of the House of Commons should be taken as authority, sufficient to authorize the confiscations of the estates of our Aristocracy and the property of the rich, in order to divide these amongst the poor, because wealth and riches are incompatible with *humility*—"THE PRINCIPLE of Christianity!" Ruled by these, trade and manufactures ought to be banished from our country, because these bring immorality in their train, which is contrary to the *letter* of Christianity! Ruled by these, our population ought to drink milk (if they can procure it) and cold water, instead of porter and British spirits, which two last articles stimulate to vices, which are hostile to "*the principles*," nay, to the LETTER of Christianity! Ruled by these, our peasantry and our people ought to dress themselves in dowlas, and our Aristocracy and our Rulers to cover themselves with sackcloth and ashes, these being dresses more consonant, than either fine linen or scarlet, to the "PRINCIPLES" of genuine BUXTONIAN CHRISTIANITY! Once put the principles, which Mr Buxton recommends, into full and impartial operation, and when and at what point will their baneful progress be arrested?

Those individuals, however, who accuse the holders of West-India property of holding it by "CRIME," as Mr Buxton so lately did, and has so often done, ought at least to have their hands completely clean of the *accursed thing*, as Colonial property has been savagely designated. If Mr Buxton himself is not amongst the number of the denounced on that account, he certainly loads with the severest reproach the memory of the parent (the memory of their mothers even negroes above all things reverence) who bore him, and who derived a large inheritance from West-India property.

Let facts speak. Mr OSGOOD HANBURY, banker in Lombard Street, with his sister, Mrs BARNARD, were proprietors of several slave-estates in the Island of Barbadoes. About thirty years ago, and during the continuance of the African Slave-Trade, Mr Hanbury and his sister sent a gentleman from England with power to sell the estates and slaves, and to realize the property. He did so, and was not long till he sent home, and brought home, about L.70,000 Sterling, leaving the remainder to be remitted as realized. Mr Hanbury had five children, of whom Mr Buxton's mother was one. Their share of the first divisible funds from Barbadoes, in right of their father, was ten thousand pounds each. Mrs Barnard subsequently died, leaving her share of the property, which was considerable, to her brother's family, and particularly to Mr Buxton. The remainder of the joint property continued to be remitted from Barbadoes from time to time. According to accounts published in that Island, the last of the proceeds were received in this country, and there are some grounds to believe, by Mr Buxton himself, within a short

period before he produced his resolutions, declaring personal slavery criminal; and consequently, every one who touched such property, or the proceeds from such property, as aliens from God, and as infamous amongst mankind.

I call upon Mr Buxton, and I challenge him in the face of my country, to deny the chief points which I have here advanced. To ascertain their accuracy, my Lord Duke, you have only to send to the Exchequer Loan Office, and there you will find a Gentleman, high in office, and higher in character, who sold the property in question, and who will confirm all the leading points of what I have just stated.

With deference, my Lord Duke, I would observe, that not only the "THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION," but the *tenth* generation, ought to have been suffered to pass away, before any descendant of those who had benefited from West-India property should have stood forward publicly to state anything condemnatory about it.

"THOU SHALT NOT DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME," said the great Jewish lawgiver, by the command of God, to his chosen people, and who, be it always remembered, were proprietors of slaves in absolute right. The precept is as immutable as its AUTHOR. Thou shalt do evil that good may come, however, says Mr Buxton, and all those who have enlisted themselves under his banners. Which, my Lord Duke, ought we to believe and obey, MOSES or *Mr Buxton?*

It is with reluctance, my Lord Duke, that I have recourse to statements which may appear personal; but the overbearing conduct of certain individuals renders this in some measure necessary. He who attacks others with the murderous and savage tomahawk, has no reason to expect courtesy from the hands of those whom he has unjustly accused, reviled, and calumniated.

And here, my Lord Duke, permit me, before proceeding further, to observe, that in what I am about to state, I speak, so far as the Government of my country is concerned, in reference to the PAST ONLY; and let me hope, that upon subjects which have long occupied my thoughts, with which I have been practically acquainted, and on which I feel deeply, your Grace will pardon me when I may be led, from the importance of my subject, to express myself strongly.

The Resolutions brought forward by Mr Buxton were only got rid of by others scarcely less pernicious, substituted by a minister of the Crown, who privately, and unknown to Parliament, the Country, or the Colonies, also entered into other engagements with the declared enemies of the Colonies, by a minute signed by himself on the 13th of June 1823—* only three weeks subsequent to the adoption of his resolutions by the House of Commons, which resolutions held private property inviolable—granting, amongst other things, the principle of compulsory manumission of slaves; and, judging from the document, so far as it has been permitted to come to light, full force to emancipation, without full compensation; and to which treaty, neither the Parliament of Great Britain, nor the Colonies, nor the Legislatures of the Colonies, were parties; and by which unprecedented and unconstitutional stretch of power, the private property of British subjects, previously sanctioned and guarded by law, was so altered, as at once to be reduced from an ABSOLUTE RIGHT to

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* The Anti-Slavery Reporter, after spending pages to prove that manumission by authority and power was always what he and his friends had in view, clenches his proof thus:—"Of a conference which he (Mr BUXTON) had with Mr Canning on the 13th June 1823, a minute is preserved, and AUTHENTICATED by Mr Canning's own signature, which proves that this question of compulsory manumission, as it is now called, was then made the subject of discussion. The following is AN EXTRACT from this minute:—'Lastly, Measures for the extinction of Slavery.—Mr Canning said these measures were of two kinds: 1st, A power in the slave to purchase his freedom a day at a time; 2d, The liberation of all children after a certain day.'—'He told us, that the opinions of Government were not *fixed* as to those points; that they were of great importance, and that Government had taken measures to obtain information, and could not decide, until they were in possession of that information.'"—*Anti-Slavery Reporter for March, No.* 196.

a LIFERENT—a liferent scarcely considered as entitled to political consideration or legal protection.

What, my Lord Duke, must the Colonies and the world think of conduct and proceedings, so totally subversive of every principle of British jurisprudence, British faith, and British honour; and what confidence could the Colonies put in the specious public professions of *that* Government, who assented to such iniquitous measures? Is there an Englishman, my Lord Duke, who possesses ideas beyond those of a sucking child, who will defend such conduct, or who does not tremble at the consequences that must result to the interests, to the honour, and to the glory of his country, from the operation of such principles?

While such conduct on the part of any servant of the public would justify every severity of expression, it must at the same time be acknowledged, that no language is sufficiently strong to express the baseness of these men, who, parties to such a document, have had the boldness, and, I will add, the dishonesty, now that the Minister alluded to is no more, to draw forth the agreement, which, as it never ought to have been entered into, so it never ought to have seen the light. It is done to blind and to intimidate your Grace, but it will fail in effecting its objects.

The country, my Lord Duke, must view with alarm and dismay the new doctrine attempted to be established by these proceedings, viz. that resolutions proposed by a Minister of the Crown, and adopted by one branch, or even by both the inferior branches of our Legislature, may be, and ought to be, taken by that Minister, as authority sufficient to deprive British subjects of their political rights, and their private properties, recognised and guarded as such by the established laws of the realm, even if such resolutions were, as in the instance under consideration they were not, founded on facts consonant to truth, and grounded in wisdom.

Nevertheless, on this most dangerous, this most fatal, and on this most unconstitutional ground, this Country, the Legislature, and the Executive Government thereof, have been, and are, called upon to enforce regulations, and to establish laws, in our Colonies, which local knowledge and practical experience equally deprecate and condemn; and which, condemning, they point out, from unanswerable facts, to be subversive of proper authority, and destructive to private property, and the resources of this nation.

Private property, in this country, is guarded by the laws of the country. The House of Commons is not the guardians, nor the administrators, of the laws of this country. Resolutions of any one branch of our Legislature are not laws. The Resolutions, therefore, of the House of Commons, so often and so loudly appealed to as authority sufficient for Ministers to proceed in the work of confiscation, are, in reality, a most invincible constitutional reason why your Grace and your colleagues should turn back and pursue a different course.

It is with pain, my Lord Duke, that I find myself here compelled to remark, and to remind your Grace, that a similar invasion of similar private property,—commenced by political changes, without previous inquiry—begun in feeling exercised without judgment, and in zeal displayed without knowledge—ushered in the French Revolution. "Perish our Colonies," said the furious reforming demagogues of that day, Robespierre and his associates, "rather than we should renounce one *iota* of our principles,"—LIBERTY AND EQUALITY. Shall Great Britain follow, or be permitted to follow, their unrighteous, their fatal footsteps?

The Resolutions in question, hatched amidst clamour, rushed into in ignorance, and sought to be carried into effect by unconstitutional power, and in the face of facts the most undeniable, and in the teeth of remonstrances the most urgent,—and accompanied, as these Resolutions were accompanied, by the usual virulent anti-colonial declamation, were attended by general insecurity, and with severe individual loss and misery. They produced alarming and disastrous results in the Colonies. Revolt and bloodshed spread in Demerara and in Jamaica—alarm and insecurity followed in each, and confusion in every Colony. The destruction of confidence, the annihilation of credit, and the deterioration of the value of property, to an extent the most ruinous, took place. The em-

barrassments of the master, in consequence of these accumulating and overwhelming evils, produced amongst the slave population, in too many instances, those miseries and those privations which the enemies of the Colonies in this country asserted, and assert, proceed from the cupidity, the severity, and the want of feeling, in their masters.

The result of the headstrong march of this anti-colonial and anti-British feeling, connived at, if not approved of, by government, has, I lament to state, been such as nearly to sever the strongest ties that ever bound Colonies to a parent state, and which has left a numerous class of British subjects, loyal, peaceable, and industrious, in a state wherein they can only look for relief—if your Grace withhold your protection—from the insults which are daily heaped upon them, from their sufferings, and from their wrongs, to any flag but to the flag of their country.

Melancholy as this statement is, still, my Lord Duke, I should ill discharge my duty to my countrymen and to my country, if I shrunk from laying before your Grace the gloomy, but the important truth.

The Colonists would not be Englishmen, they would not be men, if they did not feel as they do feel under the treatment which they receive from this country. It is not that their property, earned by hard labour and years of industry, is to be annihilated, and their wives and children, by its destruction, reduced to a state of beggary—it is not this gloomy prospect which lies before them, and which the Colonists alone deprecate—but it is, my Lord Duke, what is still more galling and unbearable, because their characters are attempted to be ruined, and their children left to be branded and pointed at as the offspring of thieves and murderers—it is these things which wound the mind, and pierce the heart, of every suffering Colonist. I state facts which are obvious and undeniable, and it is not "CONTUMACY," my Lord Duke, on the part of the Colonists, to reprobate, to oppose, and to repel, the march, the deeds, the proceedings, and the laws of a party, guided and animated by an anti-colonial and anti-British spirit like this. To force, as it is sought to enforce, obedience to either, would, may it please your Grace, require power and authority more terrible and more severe than that power and authority which rule in Algiers and in Dahomey,—than that power which cants while it whips the miserable African doomed to vegetate and to perish amidst idleness, pestilence, and death, at Sierra Leone.

In those fatal moments when *feeling* and falsehood bore sway, and when the characters and the properties of innocent British subjects were so mercilessly assailed, and so cruelly sacrificed, the Government, which could, and which ought to, have been their defenders, stood aloof or trembled, yielding to popular clamour and injustice, instead of resisting and opposing their frenzy and their folly—then and subsequently the persecutor and the calumniator of the Colonies alone obtained favour, and protection, and reward; while the honest individual who dared to do his duty to his King, and to tell the truth to his country, was disowned, turned aside, and surrendered to the rage and the unrelenting persecutions of the enemies of the Colonies, to whose HOLY HATRED even the grave is not found an asylum, nor death a protection.

This, my Lord Duke, is strong language, but it is just language; and when an anti-colonial, or any other pen, shall venture publicly to dispute its correctness, they will be met with facts, and with circumstances, and with names, and with things, which will cover them with shame and confusion.

It may well be conceived what just indignation would fill the bosom of your Grace when you were shewn how a Colonial Judge borrowed, or could borrow, L.20 at a time, from a custom-house officer, upon the faith of the bounty money, and the fees to be paid for "the next batch," as it perhaps was termed, of slaves, the property of British subjects, which that custom-house officer had seized, and which the judge looked forward to condemn!

At this stage of the subject, however, there is one point which requires notice and condemnation—and this is, the appointment of Mr James Stephen jun. to, and his retention in, the office of law-adviser to the Colonial department of Government. His salary, (L.1500,) clerks, and office, must cost this country above L.2000

per annum. Far be it from me to assail the personal character, or to depreciate the abilities, of this young gentleman; but, at the same time, it is impossible to forget, and I am confident the Colonies will always remember, that he is the son of a man who has shewn himself, on all occasions, their gratuitous, their bitterest, their most vindictive, and their most ungenerous foe; and, moreover, that his more immediate friends and connexions are the individuals, who, at every time, and in every way, seek to influence the Government, and try to inflame the Parent state against them. These things, my Lord Duke, never can be forgotten nor overlooked by the Colonies; nor can the British inhabitants in those possessions ever forget, that while the champions, and the relatives of those champions, which appear against them, are protected, fostered, honoured, and rewarded, a system in all things the reverse is pursued by Government, with regard to those who tell the truth and defend them; nor will the Colonies ever be brought to believe that they are fairly treated, or their case impartially considered by Government, while their fate and their case remain subject to be determined by the advice of the individual mentioned; nor will they ever be brought to believe that his connexions do not, in a great degree, influence his conduct, and bias his judgment. And if that gentleman possessed those feelings of delicacy and purity which, as a public man, he ought to possess, or if the objects of his influential friends were honest and sincere, they and he would be amongst the foremost to press forward and to require of the Government to provide for him in some other public situation. The good effects of such a measure would soon be felt in all colonial subjects.

The Colonists, my Lord Duke, will never forget the manner in which the Colonial Minister treated that Parliamentary Commissioner, who, of all those sent to the West Indies, had any practical knowledge and experience on the vital question between the Colonies and a party in Great Britain, viz. the comparative value of free and slave labour in West India agriculture; I mean Major Moody. That gentleman alone had the courage to convey to Government the truth on this question, so important to the security and to the prosperity of the West India capitalists. When called before the Privy Council, and which call he was bound to obey, he told the truth, and on oath, both on this subject and on that of compulsory manumission. But mark the consequences. Soon after this he was removed from his situation in the Colonial office, where he had been employed for four years, and where his practical information and experience must have been of great utility and importance to the Colonies, in examining the various plans suggested to Government by ignorance and inexperience for the future control of labour in those distant possessions. And it is not a little singular, that he was the only person in the office who had any experience whatever on the subject, and yet he was removed! While such a course is pursued, Government may be fully assured that it never will, in any scheme however wild, be impeded by the voice of truth.

That the Anti-Colonists demanded this sacrifice to their offended majesty, cannot reasonably be doubted. That it was made to appease or to flatter them, I do not mean to say; but that the Colonists, and every one connected with the Colonies, will believe that it was made to appease their enemies; and believing this, that they will condemn it, and look with a jealous eye upon all the proceedings of the Government under which such a thing took place, can hardly be doubted; and thus Colonial wounds, about to be healed, will all be re-opened. It cannot be said that his services were unnecessary, nor can economy be alleged as the cause of his removal, because the removal of Mr James Stephen, so decidedly a foe to the Colonies, would, in mere salary alone, have saved *twice* as much to the nation as has been gained by the removal of Major Moody. Believe me, my Lord Duke, the practical men in the Colonies will not be inspired with more confidence in the good intentions of Government towards them, when they hear of the removal of Major Moody from the Colonial office; because they are, I know, convinced, that he understands their real situation, and because he has shewn that he has the moral courage to defend the truth, notwithstanding the abuse heaped upon him by the Anti-Slavery So-

ciety, by Mr Denman, and by the Edinburgh Review,—authorities which, I trust, will never have any weight with your Grace, whatever weight they may have with other influential individuals in the government of this country.

The system, my Lord Duke, which has been for many years pursued towards our Colonies, has been odious and revolting, totally subversive of every correct feeling—of every principle of honour, truth, and justice. Under its operation, truth, honour, and innocence, were placed without the pale of law, and the countenance and the protection of Government.

If Mr William Smith of Norwich dream about the wrongs and the miseries of the free coloured race in our Colonies till he so far forgets his arithmetic as to neglect in addition 1000 in 4000, then it followed that Downing Street was forced, the Colonial Secretary, and the best clerks in that office were put in requisition, and forthwith away goes a dispatch to the Governor of some West India Colony, demanding of him, for the satisfaction of Mr Smith, what had become of the thousand supposed missing, and which dispatch produces the simple reply, Mr Smith is wrong in his arithmetic; add the numbers correctly, and the thousand will be found in their proper place.*

But reverse the picture, and then the official document which exculpated the Colonists, and inculpated the Anti-Colonists, even when known to have been received, (witness the letter from the late Sir James Leith, stating the real cause of the revolt in Barbadoes in 1816,) was not, or could not, be found. The waggon-loads of returns also called for by the Anti-Colonists, not for the purpose of eliciting truth, but for the purpose of supporting misrepresentation and falsehood, were not only readily produced, but long previous to their publication by the official press, these documents were seen to have found their way into the pages of the Edinburgh Review, and every other anti-colonial vehicle of slander and misrepresentation. On the other hand, did the document called for, not bear out the anti-colonial charge, but justify the Colonist, why, then we found the document either uncalled for, or, if called for, remaining unprinted and unpublished —inaccessible to all but some adviser of the Colonial Office, and those men who found that its production and publication would not suit their purpose, or bear out their assertions.

The insurrection in Demerara is not forgotten. When the records of the Court Martial upon Mr Smith were received in Downing Street for the information of his Majesty, I happened to be in London, and through an anti-colonial channel I learned, that within a few days after the arrival of this budget, the getters up of the anti-colonial reports had got into their hands the official details, from which they made up their garbled accounts of that trial for the purpose of misleading and inflaming the public mind and the legislature; and however strange it may appear, still it is the fact, that during the debate on that subject, when one of your predecessors trimmed and trembled, one of them in his place boasted that he had seen those documents three months previous to that date, without one individual calling upon him or upon the Colonial Secretary to state by what act of official treachery, or usurped and unconstitutional authority, he had obtained them.

Downing Street and the Colonies have not, I presume, forgotten the stir that was made about a circular dispatch from Lord Bathurst to the different West India Governors in the year 1823, entitled "SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL," and which found its way to Jamaica. Of course some Colonial treachery was supposed to have published this, but in what quarter the blame lay, could not be discovered, though his Lordship made many peremptory and rigid inquiries about it. The way it came to be known was this. A Missionary in the Island of Grenada attached to a certain party in

* This is no joke. The fact occurred only a few years ago. The Under Secretary dictated the dispatch at Mr Smith's requisition, and which was addressed to the Governor or President of the Island of Grenada. Mr Smith could not rest till his error was exposed, probably he thought that these thousand free people had either been devoured or sold to slavery.

this country, had received a copy of the dispatch in question as soon as the Governor. From Grenada it was sent to Jamaica, and from that Island it was sent to England. A copy of the communication to this individual was obtained in Grenada, and sent home to his Lordship. Inquiry stopped—silence ensued! Does not this, my Lord Duke, shew the channel which divulged and the party which *knew* the Colonial Office secrets?

The British House of Commons is sufficiently acquainted, as it is presumed it is by this time surfeited, with the case of LECESNES and ESCOFFEREY. Under the well-grounded suspicion of being engaged in instigating the slaves in Jamaica to revolt, they were, under the alien act, and after a strict inquiry, sent off the island, by the Duke of Manchester, the Governor, to Hayti, their birth-place. The revolt soon after took place. It came out in evidence, upon the trial of the rebels, that Lecesnes supplied them with ammunition. From Hayti these two individuals came to England, where they were, I believe, first introduced into public notice by Mr Macaulay "as Haytians." Dr Lushington took up their case, and amongst other grounds of defence, maintained that they were British-born subjects. It is impossible in this letter to go into all the particulars of this case. Documents refuting the allegations of these men, and justifying the Duke of Manchester and the authorities of Jamaica in what they had done, were transmitted to the Colonial Office. These Dr Lushington obtained. From these, and from documents such as they are, supplied by his clients and the friends of his clients, he drew up a defence in shape of a letter addressed to his dear friend Mr Courtney, who, it would thus appear, had been appointed by Government to examine with him the documents relating to this case. This letter or book, extending to four hundred pages, was sent to the Colonial Office. By the Colonial Office it was sent to the Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica, but for what purpose does not appear, as no one was allowed to see it. Passages of it, however, have thence transpired, and have come into my hands. The tenor and scope of the compilation is, that Dr Lushington and Mr Courtney have rejected *in toto* every evidence, however pointed, produced by the Governor and authorities of Jamaica, and adopted implicitly every tale, however suspicious, told by their heroes Lecesnes and Escofferey. Amongst the other documents sent to England by the authorities of Jamaica, there is a letter from Lecesnes, in which he signs his name thus "LECESNES,"
c. c.
in the character, as its matter but too clearly pointed out, of COMMANDER IN CHIEF. To do away this weighty proof against his client, the signature, as produced in Dr Lushington's defence, is made to stand thus: "LECESNES."
c g c^tte
The paper also is scraped, as if an *erasure* had taken place; which erasure, Dr Lushington asserts, or rather insinuates, was done in Jamaica to strengthen their charge; whereas the Parliamentary Commissioners, Mr HENRY and Mr CONEYS, who examined the original document in Jamaica, decidedly and unequivocally declare, that the signature to the document stood as has been first stated. This scraping of the paper, therefore, and the additions and contractions last mentioned, done to indicate an erasure and alteration, have been done in this country; yet Dr Lushington asks "who did it? Let Mr Mitchell answer!" I say no, my Lord Duke, let some one in this country answer the question; and for once I agree with Dr Lushington, page 213, that "enough is left to know the truth." Dr Lushington, I am convinced, would never disgrace himself by descending to a fabrication so mean and so criminal; but the deed has been done, and by whom it has been done, this insulted country has a right to know; for if official documents, containing vindications of the Colonial authorities, when placed in the most trying circumstances, can be drawn from the Government archives, and thus falsified and altered, there is an end to all security for life, character, and property, in the British Empire.

The particulars which I state, my Lord Duke, are of serious importance. They demand inquiry, exposure, punishment.

The whole exertions of Dr Lushington and his associates, were directed to prove that Lecesnes was born in Jamaica. The evidence of a Frenchman who lived opposite his father's

house in Port-au-Prince, and the evidence of his OWN SISTER, who swears that he was born in that town in St Domingo, are, I am told, wholly rejected! Yet after all, the British Government, which had come to the resolution to send those men back to Jamaica in triumph, sent them back upon the plea that they are British-born subjects, because born in *Port-au-Prince*, while we held military possession of that part of St Domingo. So much for the veracity of Dr Lushington's witnesses, who satisfied Mr Courtney that these men had been born in Jamaica.

The proceedings in this case, my Lord Duke, excite in my mind no surprise. They are only part of that LIBERAL SYSTEM which was intended to make Great Britain the rallying point, and of course the protector, "*of all the discontented with or without cause;*" in other words, of all the vagabonds of every country in the world.

Mr Courtney I know not; but if he suffers himself, as I learn he has suffered himself, to be duped by Lecesnes and Escofferey, and Dr Lushington, (himself imposed upon,) I can only remark, that he is a very unfit person to hold any official situation in this country; and heaven protect my country and my countrymen when he becomes prime minister, and Dr Lushington his legal adviser!

Mr Buxton's tale told in parliament about hosts which issued from Barbadoes to destroy all the Wesleyan chapels at the same moment, on the islands of Tobago, St Vincent, Trinidad, Grenada, and Totola, and how the divisions of these hosts were driven away by the different governors at the point of the bayonet, is not, and will not be soon forgotten. Stupid as the story was, still it was gulped down by a credulous House of Commons, and by a more credulous country. It is sufficient only to advert to two of those islands. At Grenada the president "*drew out the garrison*," and at Totola the president also "called out the troops," and as quickly as the bayonets could be fixed, drove away the irreligious crusaders. To have replied directly to such trash, or to him who uttered it, would have been a waste of time; but where was the West India member who could not have risen and called upon the Colonial Secretary, or the Secretary at War, to state to the House what troops these were which the President at Totola had under his command. The answer must have been, that there were not, nor had been, any British troops stationed in Totola for upwards of twenty years preceding! And, my Lord Duke, if you wish to ascertain the falsehood of the Grenada part of the tale, you have only to send to No. 39, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, and there you will find residing that President, who, Mr Buxton asserted, "drew out the garrison" of Grenada to drive away the Barbadians, and who will tell your Grace, as he told him who has now the honour to address you, that the whole tale is a base falsehood and fabrication.

Such, my Lord Duke, are the tales told by the enemies of the Colonies, in order to mislead this country, and to irritate her against her Colonial settlements. Their tales are all of the same description, equally at variance with truth, equally unreasonable, unjust, and vindictive.

And whence, or how, my Lord Duke, has such a state of things arisen? The answer is obvious. Because the party in Britain opposed to the Colonies are incorrigible and incurable enthusiasts, with energy and activity in some, and with hypocrisy in others, sufficient for a time to mislead a right-thinking portion of the British nation; because the West Indians are at a distance, and unable at the moment, and before the impression is made, to hear and to refute the false and the atrocious charges which are brought against them; because those of their number resident in England are, as a body, cursed with THE INCURABLE TROPICAL INDOLENCE, and with irreclaimable apathy,—who, for reasons which no person can rationally or reasonably explain, placed their trust in the promises, and their dependence upon the projects, of a Government uninformed and ignorant; and who, moreover, took, and as yet take, no pains and no measures to disabuse the mind of the Government, the Legislature, and the public of Great Britain, by pointing out the falsehoods, the misrepresentations, and the calumnies, which are circulated in this country against the Colonies and against themselves, by an unblushing and regularly organized system of deception, of error, and of mischief. And above all, my Lord

Duke, things have been brought to this state because we had a weak and Speculative Government, who were badgered, and who suffered themselves to be badgered, in every department, by saints the one day, and by sinners the next, and who were ignorant of the facts of this particular case, and either compelled to shut their eyes against these, or inclined to do so.

While the feelings and the theories of Government—whose business and whose duty it was at all times to put down the march of dangerous and unjust innovation—were such as have been described, it must have been clear, even to the natural understanding of the most thoughtless, that that Government would receive from servants and agents, such information *only* as suited their wishes and supported their plans. Even if official servants had not been previously inoculated and infected with speculative notions, and converted to anti-colonism, by fear or by interest, still it may readily be supposed that individuals would be found who would never transmit to this country accounts on Colonial questions, which could shake the opinions of the Executive, or offend those who influenced the Executive. Hence, my Lord Duke, the truth, on vital and most important points, has been concealed and withheld,—hence opinions have been transmitted, not only for facts, but in the face of facts; and hence it is notorious to every one who has resided for any space of time in our Colonies, that our Executive Government, our Legislature, and the people at large, knew as little about the real state and condition of our West India colonies, as they did about the interior of Thibet, or the interior of Borneo.

On subjects connected with the melioration, or a change in the state, of civil society established in the Colonies, there need be no concealed correspondence, and there ought to be no secret communication with official sources. The Colonists, my Lord Duke, will neither persecute nor banish from their society those individuals who openly and fairly state their opinions upon such subjects. On the contrary, all that the Colonists require and solicit, is a clear field and fair play, open discussion, fair argument, and reasoning, grounded on facts, experience, and local knowledge. On such grounds only Government can legislate safely, for our tropical possessions; and information, from whatever source it is obtained, which shrinks from the light, and shuns public examination, is not safe for any government to take as its guide in the solemn work of legislation.

Amongst the more insidious and dangerous objects, which the enemies and the calumniators of the Colonies have in view, are the following; namely, the overthrow of all the Colonial legislatures, in order that they may place the whole government of the Colonies under the direction of one particular department of the British executive, which department they believed, and they believe, they can influence and control at pleasure. This system completed, they calculated that they could fill every office of trust and emolument, (it is much to be lamented that they have been able to fill so many,) in every Colony, with their myrmidons or their minions, who, while they fleeced the unhappy Colonists, would shield, as some of them have shielded, their oppressions and their misdeeds, with whining, unfounded tales, and declamation, about the extraordinary miseries of British Colonial slavery. Under such a system as this, however, this country could not fail to be most mercilessly fleeced in her expenditure; because your Grace will find it to be the fact, that the expenditure of the Colonies, which are governed as the anti-colonists plot and seek the whole to be governed, is more than double of the expenditure of those Colonies which are taxed by their own representatives, and where the public expenditure is checked by the local, constitutional, and independent legislatures.

With deference, therefore, my Lord Duke, it appears, from the most careful consideration of the whole subject, that the origin of all the mischiefs of which the Colonists so justly complain, proceeds from the following causes:—

First, The gross ignorance which prevails in this country in general, and in the legislature in particular, regarding the condition of our Colonial population and possessions, and of the character, the dispositions, and the habits of the slave population placed in these possessions, and by which

slave population, for reasons and facts which are too tedious to enumerate here, these tropical Colonies can alone be cultivated or kept in a state of cultivation profitable to the European capitalist.

Secondly, From the erroneous assumptions and reasonings from analogy, which are become so prevalent in this country, and which proceed upon the principle, and upon the belief, grounded upon false analogies, that laws, which are proper in one country, must be proper and applicable to every country—that the savage or half-civilized man, and the civilized man, are each, in their respective spheres, actuated and guided by the same moral feelings, motives, and influence; and that the half-civilized African labourer, and inhabitant of our West India Colonies, will as freely and as readily engage in continuous labour as the civilized and industrious native of Great Britain, whose population presses upon subsistence, and climate urges to industry with irresistible influence; or, reasoning from the state of the condensed population of London, where, if the individual does not labour under the scourge of necessity, he is certain to be run down into pauperism, want, and misery.

Thirdly, From the belief that measures and meliorations, which have been established in one slave colony, may be safely adopted in all the Colonies; as if the same regulations which are safe and practicable in Barbadoes, would be safe and practicable in Demerara and in Jamaica; and,

Fourthly; Because the predecessors of your Grace in office had a scheme in hand, which they themselves could neither clearly specify nor fully comprehend, but by which they imagined they could, and by which they intended to transmute an African slave population into an industrious free population—that is, to take away private property, without any loss being sustained by the lawful owners thereof; and because, this being the case, only such information was sought as would bear out this scheme; and all other information, however correct, practical, and just, was thrown aside, suppressed and rejected.

To remove the ignorance which prevails in this country on these subjects, it becomes indispensably necessary that your Grace should direct an inquiry to be made into the actual state and condition of the slave population of our Colonies, pointing out what that was twenty years ago, what that now is, contrasting the state of this slave population with the state of the free black population in the Colonies, and contrasting the state of the slave population in our Colonies with the actual state and condition of the negroes, whether free or bound, on the coasts of Africa, at the present day. This inquiry, may it please your Grace, can only be carried into effect by sending out a commission of inquiry, impartially chosen, and composed of individuals intimately and practically acquainted with tropical labour and tropical agriculture, and with the habits of negroes, or in such other way as his Majesty may consider the most efficacious to bring the truth, the whole truth, before the eyes of the people and the legislature of this country.

By such a course of procedure, the government, the legislature, and the people of Great Britain, can only learn and appreciate what melioration is, what melioration means; what has been done, what is doing, and what remains to be done, by the Colonists, in order to carry into effect improvement amongst the African slave population and their descendants in our Colonies, as far as is consistent with reasonable authority and the legal security of property.

If a commission so composed and so appointed is resorted to, as the most eligible and efficient mode of obtaining information, your Grace may be assured, that every door, and every plantation, in every colony, will be readily and cheerfully thrown open to these commissioners, whoever these may be. All our fellow-subjects in the Colonies court the most rigid and impartial inquiry; they fear not the result of investigation by or before any honest tribunal, more especially a tribunal which shall, under the administration of your Grace, be appointed by his Majesty.

The result of such an inquiry and investigation must go to afford to his Majesty's Government, in conjunction with the Colonial Legislatures, correct *data* in all time coming on which to ground Colonial Legislation. The result of such an inquiry, also, will preserve the vast mass of property vested

in these Colonies from the danger, and insecurity, and deterioration, to which it is exposed, and to which it must be exposed, by crude laws enacted by rash European legislators, ignorant of local circumstances; and the result would rescue the characters of every one in any way connected with these possessions, from the heaviest, from the foulest, and from the most unmerited loads of barbarity and reproach which were ever heaped upon the heads of any class of British subjects in any corner of the British dominions; and, moreover, the result will, at the same time and above all, tear to pieces completely the dark thick veil woven by anti-colonial falsehood, by misrepresentation, by calumny, by ignorance, and by error, and under which the enemies of our Colonies contrive so artfully and so successfully to mislead, to irritate, and to inflame the government, the legislature, and the people of this country, against the population of a most valuable quarter of the British dominions.

In Colonial subjects, the system acted upon in this country during the last five years, has been most unjust and most irrational. It has been publicly declared, that not one syllable uttered by any one in the Colonies, or stated by any one connected with them, or advanced by any one who, from a conviction of its justice advocated their cause, ought to be believed. The monstrous principle was inculcated, that the greater the experience, the greater were the prejudice, the ignorance, and the incapacity; and that in all Colonial questions, the mother country ought only to be guided by *dicta* and *data* furnished by those who know nothing at all about them, and who in everything declared themselves hostile to them.

While Great Britain acts, as it is undeniable that she does act, in this manner, can she, or at any rate can reason and common sense, for a moment believe or suppose that the Colonists will tamely and quietly surrender their privileges and their properties into hands so prejudiced, so partial, and so ignorant, as those hands are which from every quarter assail them? No, my Lord Duke, they never will, they never can, they never ought; nor is it on their part "CONTUMACY," to resist in every constitutional way that they can resist, either the demands or the commands of this country, while these are made in this spirit.

Pardon me, my Lord Duke, while I state, that the duty of the statesman, whose business it is to direct the councils of this great nation, is to take up, to consider, and to determine this long-agitated Colonial question, not in reference to the bickerings and points of interest betwixt East Indians and West Indians—not in reference to the petty jealousies of this colony and of that colony—not in reference to the prejudices of this man, or to the political influence of another; but to take it up as a NATIONAL QUESTION, and to mould, to decide, and to regulate it in reference to the prosperity, to the resources, to the power, to the strength, and to the character of this great maritime country. Do this, my Lord Duke, and our Colonies are saved, and will be safe.

The business of this nation is to take care that no part of her empire is sacrificed to the schemes of the theorist or the false philanthropist; the duty of the Minister who guides the councils of Great Britain is to guard all her interests, and to watch and to see that all her honest wishes are fulfilled, and her decisions carefully carried into effect.

France and the United States, my Lord Duke, each look with satisfaction at the conduct pursued by this country to her Colonies; and each calculate that that conduct will enable them at no distant day to obtain possession of these valuable appendages of our empire. Instead of the Colonies of our rivals welcoming us, as they formerly did, as their protectors, our Colonies, my Lord Duke, unless our conduct to them is changed, will in case of war be seen rushing to seek protection from the flag of the enemies of Great Britain.

There is a heavy debt, my Lord Duke, due by the parent state to the Colonies; viz. the vindication of their characters from the calumnies and the reproaches which have been so long and so mercilessly directed against them. It is a simple but an imperative act of justice; and it is a debt that requires no national resources to discharge. A prompt declaration on the part of his Majesty's Government will cancel the claim; and while I thus address your Grace, I would at the same

time address the Colonists IN EVERY QUARTER, and MOST EARNESTLY AND MOST SERIOUSLY endeavour to impress upon their minds the propriety, the justice, the necessity, of calling for such a vindication from his Majesty's Government. The Colonies are entitled to this—their country requires it—the conduct of their enemies demands it—and unless this is done, these possessions will never enjoy security, nor his Majesty's Government be suffered to remain at peace. Let the Colonists call for fair INQUIRY and vindication. Let them press these points, in order to lay before the people of England correct information regarding the real state and condition of the WHOLE POPULATION of our Colonies; which information, when obtained, will put it out of the power of the enemies of these possessions ever again to raise a clamour in the country, so powerful as to precipitate his Majesty's Government into dangerous and oppressive legislation and acts of injustice.

It is neither inclination nor political principles which induce me to step forward to oppose or to find fault with the government of my country. On the contrary, it has been the business of my past life to defend and to support, and to serve my country, and to support the government thereof in everything that is honest and just. I am aware, and prepared to expect, that my labours and sentiments on such subjects will be misrepresented; but anti-colonial abuse, misrepresentation, rancour, and persecution, I have long since learned to treat with scorn, or to feel these only as an additional spur to oppose their dangerous measures. The object, my Lord Duke, is not to oppose rational improvement, nor defend slavery in the abstract, but my object is, to resist tyranny, and robbery, and to oppose the headstrong march, and application of principles and measures, which, if applied, will either render improvement impracticable, or throw it to an immeasurable distance. If the course, which has been recommended in this letter, is adopted, the beneficial results will soon become apparent in all Colonial questions. The Colonists, my Lord Duke, will rush more than half way to meet the wishes and recommendations of your Grace, when once they are convinced of the safety of their property, and of the friendship and the sincerity of Government; and the humble individual who has now the honour to address you, will be found amongst the foremost to lend his aid and his assistance to persuade them, if they required persuasion, to meet all the views of your Grace in every safe and practicable melioration and improvement of which the society established in the Colonies is or may be found susceptible.

Shew the people of England, my Lord Duke, as you can shew them, the important, the undeniable truth; namely, that this African barbarian, and the African savage, instead of *retrograding* in the scale of civilization, under a state of personal slavery in the British West Indies, gradually and rapidly ADVANCE in the scale of civilization. Shew the people of England. I repeat, this important and undeniable fact, and the people of Great Britain will, in future, not only take the business in everything connected with the further inclination and improvement of the slave population, and the final extinction of personal servitude in our Colonies, out of the hands of enthusiasm, ignorance, and error, but they will place and leave all these important matters in your hands, my Lord Duke, and in the hands of those most deeply and immediately interested in the result; and by which means the COLONIES WILL BE SAVED, AND THE EMPIRE BE PRESERVED INVULNERABLE AND INVINCIBLE.

I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

Glasgow, May, 22, 1828.

THE SIEGE OF BHURTPORE.

Letter from a Bengal Engineer.

SIR,

Your Number for April contains an article entitled "the Siege of Bhurtpore," which attaches so much blame to the operations of the Engineers, that I cannot, in justice to that corps, refrain from requesting your insertion of the following observations. As an Engineer employed on that service, I must necessarily be better acquainted with our proceedings, and the reasons for acting as we did, than the writer of the article in question, who is evidently not an Engineer, and will therefore, I hope, be glad to see some of the errors he may have unintentionally fallen into corrected.

The causes which led to the siege are given with sufficient accuracy, and the capture of the embankment is tolerably correct. But with regard to the remark, that "It was to the resistance offered by this ditch, or rather canal, indeed, that the failure of Lord Lake is mainly attributable; and had Lord Combermere's measures been less prompt than they were, *perhaps a similar result might have attended our present undertaking*"—I must observe —concurring, as I do most cordially, in the praise bestowed upon Lord Combermere—that even if the ditch had been filled with water, no failure, though much additional trouble, would have been the consequence. The Engineers had calculated upon finding a wet ditch, and were prepared with the means of crossing it. The case was very different when Lord Lake attacked this Fort in 1809. The Engineers on that occasion had no park of their own, and were entirely dependent on other departments, both for men and materials.

In describing the fortifications of the town, it is stated that "the curtains were low." They certainly were much lower than the bastions, yet 50 or 55 feet is no inconsiderable height.

The points of attack chosen were not the "large-backed bastion" and a circular bastion 300 yards to the left, but two curtains. Failing to form good breaches in them with our artillery, we afterwards selected two other points to breach by mining, that on the right called the north-east angle, and that on the left the long-necked bastion.

The account of the occupation of Kuddum Kundy, and Buldeo Sing's garden on the 23d of December, is extremely incorrect. Immediately on getting possession of the former post, two guns were placed in a temporary battery, and were never intended to be employed there; and so far from the shelter afforded by an old house being attributable to "good luck," it was on account of the cover it presented, that the post was originally selected by the Engineers. The party remained "inactive," because there was in fact nothing for them to do, our object being gained, in having everything ready to commence operations at nightfall. Our loss both in men and cattle, instead of being severe, was so inconsiderable as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

With regard to the non-appearance of a breach on the 27th December, it is sufficient to remark, that the sole purpose for which our guns then in battery were intended was to dismount those of the enemy, and to ruin his defences, but not to breach.

It is singular that an eye-witness, in speaking of the effect produced by our fire on the 28th, 29th, and 30th December, should say, that it "merely caused the outer face to peel off, without, in any respect, damaging the *masonry*." He is evidently not aware that the ramparts of Bhurtpore, and I may add, of mud forts in general, are constructed in the following manner: When the breadth of the rampart has been marked out, a layer of well-tempered clay, about six inches thick, is spread across the whole breadth, and allowed to bake in the sun till it becomes almost as hard as brick. Another layer is then added, and so on, till the rampart is completed; and it has now been fully proved by experience, that a wall entirely constructed in such a manner, is almost proof against artillery. Had the ramparts of Bhurtpore been "composed of masonry, coated every year by fresh layers of clay," we should have found little difficulty in breaching them.

It is stated, that "a mine was begun on the 2d January, for the purpose of blowing in the counterscarp, and so laying open the whole rampart to the view of our gunners." It is true, that a mine was begun about the time mentioned; not, however, for the purpose described; but with

the sole view of *forming a descent into the ditch.* Our line of fire being considerably to the right of the part mined, the shot, unless moving in a crooked line, could not possibly have passed over that which would be blown in; and, even then, would not have struck lower than if following its natural straight-forward course.

In reply to the observation that the "escarp was full 60 feet high, and only one-third of it seen;" I beg leave to say, that on the right attack it was 52 feet high, and about two-thirds of it seen; and on the left, 54 feet high, and more than half seen. The gun breach on the left was subject to a cross fire, but we had guns bearing on the bastions which flanked it, while the breach on the right was not subject to any such fire. If there was any intention of taking the place by escalade, I can only say it was kept a secret from the Engineers.

The statement in the next paragraph, to any one at all acquainted with such matters, must appear very surprising; "that a mine was exploded on the 7th January, under the Gossal Ghur Bastion, but produced little or no effect; for the counterscarp was not ruined, and the wall stood as perfectly sheltered as before." Surely no man in his senses would place a mine under the scarp to blow in the counterscarp. Certain I am the Engineers at Bhurtpore made no such attempt.

You next say that "a mine was at last exploded under the counterscarp, opposite to the right attack, which was much more successful than the former mine, for it blew in a large portion of the work, and held out fair hopes that our fire, in this quarter, at least, *would no longer be thrown away.*" From what has before been stated, the injustice of this charge must be evident. This was the first mine we had exploded under the counterscarp. It formed an easy descent into the ditch; and this, as I before remarked, was its sole object.

The loss sustained by the explosion which occurred in our depot, by one of the enemy's shot striking a tumbril, is greatly overrated, so far at least as regards the Engineer department. "Some thousand of fascines, gabions, and scaling ladders," were not destroyed. About 300 gabions, half that number of fascines, and a few cotton bags, were burnt, and nothing else.

In the next paragraph is another charge against the Engineers, quite unmerited. The sap carried forward to the edge of the ditch was, like all the other saps, formed "*with an excavation,*" and fully answered the purpose intended, viz. to cover the operations of our miners.

Again it is said, (speaking of the 11th and 12th,) "Looking down, as we were now enabled to do, into the ditch, it was seen, not only that a quantity of water (whether great or small, we knew not) was there, but that a counterscarp of 40 feet in altitude stood in the way of our descent, whilst of the scarp itself full 30 feet stood yet entire." Now, it is an absolute fact, that on the night of the 27th December, the depth of the ditch, and of the water in it, opposite the right attack, had been ascertained by the engineers. On the left this was a much more difficult task, but on the night of the 8th January that also was accomplished. The counterscarp, instead of being 40 feet in height at the point mentioned, was only 24 feet; and this it was not intended to descend by means of ladders. The counterscarp opposite the right attack had been blown in, forming an easy descent, and, on the left, mines were in readiness to effect a similar object.

With regard to Captain Taylor, the fact was, that he and another officer of engineers, with a small party, undertook, on the night of the 12th January, to destroy a gallery which the enemy had made through the rampart into the ditch, and which gave them the power of sending out scouts at pleasure to watch our mining operations. The night was dark, and Captain Taylor, while engaged hand to hand with the enemy, was mistaken for one of them, and severely wounded. We drove the enemy that night out of the ditch, though we failed in our main object. The officer who accompanied Captain Taylor, however, succeeded, on the morning of the 14th, in lodging and exploding 1000lbs. of powder in spite of all the enemy's efforts to prevent him, and by this means was the gallery not only destroyed, but a tolerably good breach formed, which was afterwards improved by the artillery. It is strange that one who writes as if minutely informed in most matters connected with the engineer operations, should omit to mention this circumstance.

It is true that the mine, sprung on

the 14th January, did not produce the desired effect. We had good reason to suppose the enemy were attempting to countermine us, and that by deferring the explosion till the mine had been carried to the extent originally proposed, the advantage we expected to reap from it might be entirely lost.

Our success in loading a mine, placed under the long-necked bastion, in consequence of the above partial failure, is by no means to be attributed to "great good fortune."

It is true, that the miners (not the "pioneers") ran considerable risk; but our ultimate success, from the means adopted, was certain; and an object, whose extreme importance would have justified the loss of many lives, was effected without any loss. The real charge of this mine, instead of being about 5000lbs., as is stated, was 11,000lbs.,—5000 in one chamber, and 6000 in the other; and the effect produced was such, that the breach formed with the horizon an angle of about 28°. It may well, therefore, be termed "tolerably inviting," while the descent into the ditch, formed at the same moment, was equally good.

The great mine, instead of being loaded with 15,000lbs., which would have been an overcharge, contained exactly 10,000lbs., which, considering the nature of the ramparts, and that the line of least resistance was upwards of fifty feet, was indispensably necessary.

In detailing the arrangements for the assault on the 18th of January, no mention is made of two small columns, composed entirely of Company's troops; the one commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Delamain, the other by Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson. These were intended to aid the two grand columns by escalading at two points that had been partially breached, and thus distracting the enemy's attention.

As to the statement of what occurred between Lord Combermere and the Engineer, not having been present, I cannot speak; but of this I am certain, that the head of the column, at the moment the mine exploded, had got in advance (within about a hundred yards of the breach) of the point originally intended by his Lordship, and approved of by the Engineers.

That several men lost their lives, and a considerable number were stunned by clods of earth, cannot be denied; but that the column in its advance trampled upon upwards of "140 of their comrades, whom the bursting of the mine had either killed or mutilated," is an assertion not borne out by a reference to the return of killed and wounded. From the statement given, we would be led to suppose that the mine had done more harm than good, whereas it was in fact the principal means of taking the place. It destroyed about 300 of the enemy, and opened such a road into the town, that his Majesty's 14th, as I have been informed, met with little opposition till after they had reached the ramparts. The angle formed with the horizon was about 25°; and as a proof of the excellence of the breach, and of the descent into the ditch, it may be here mentioned, that immediately after the leading divisions had entered, a couple of guns were taken across the ditch, dragged up the breach, and opened on the enemy.

Having thus examined, and as I believe fully proved, the incorrectness of some statements in the article in question, I may be excused in asserting that the engineer operations were conducted not without some share of skill, and this is best proved by the fact, that Bhurtpore was captured with a loss of killed and wounded of "hardly 1000 men of all ranks." That the siege lasted longer than had been generally expected, I am well aware. Many were of opinion that it might have been brought to a close about the 10th or 12th of January, had the gun breaches been assaulted, and this I admit would very probably have been the case; but we *might* have failed, and what would have been the consequence? All India would have been up in arms, and that too at a time when our affairs to the eastward, with the Burmese, had not the most favourable aspect. Lord Combermere, who knew well what was at stake, agreed with the engineers that it was better to postpone the assault until there was a moral certainty of success; and this was fully established by our mining operations, particularly by the mines exploded on the evening of the 16th, and morning of the 18th January.

I am happy to add, that a full account of this interesting siege may shortly be expected from an officer of engineers, every way well qualified for the task.

I am, &c.

A Bengal Engineer.

London, 28th May, 1828.

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

BY PHELIM M^cGILLICUDDY, A SUFFERING PAPIST.

Clarissimo, admodumque erudito, Christophero North, Armigero.
Salutem sempiternam in Domino!

DOMINE NORTH,

THOUGH but a poor Papist schoolmaster, the unheeded occupant of a lowly dwelling in the lonely hamlet of Poluphloisboyoh, in Reekibus Kerriensis, wasting my sharpness on the mountain air, I please myself with the reflection, that, like the illustrious Lord Grenville, I grow old learning many things, in politics, and other humane letters. I would transcribe his lordship's Greek motto, too, as I have imitated, in my humble way, his Latin dedication, (*Viro illustrissimo H. Brougham,*) but that I would not think it honest to break off without completing the quotation; and this, for certain classical reasons familiar to his lordship and to you, he might not deem consistent with that perfect urbanity of courteousness, which forms the distinguishing characteristic of the inhabitants of Poluphloisboyoh in the Reeks, and for which I am proud and happy to say, they are thought to be in some small degree indebted to the fostering care of your humble servant.

Manners make the man, as I write in the round hand copies; but, sir, to the purport of this letter, for, after a pleasant though brief indulgence in senile garrulity, I love to rush *in medias res*, the rather, in this instance, that I feel "*in publica commoda peccem*—" I should sin against the common weal, were I to trespass on your invaluable time and paper by tedious and irrelevant ambages. This latter, Sir, I humbly hold to be the true interpretation of the commencing apology of Flaccus—his first Epistle of the Second Book; for if the words, *longo sermone*, be taken, as too commonly and heedlessly they are, to signify a prolonged discourse, or letter, the passage involves an irreconcilable contradiction, or discrepancy, with the matter of fact, seeing that this very epistle is the longest, with the single exception of the tractate touching poetical art, in the entire volume. This word, "volume," indeed, I apprehend to be improperly applied to collections of pages, folio, quarto, or octavo, formed in the modern fashion, inasmuch as it is manifestly derived from the word *volvo;* as Decius Junius Juvenalis, signifying Marcus Tullius his second epistle, saith, *volveris a primâ quæ proxima.* The Etymon intimating, in the Roman tongue, to roll, from the circumstance of the fabric of their manuscripts being constituted of skins, or sheets, attached to each other continuously in a consecutive series, by a sutilatory process, now designated the operation of sewing, and the whole being then rolled up much in the manner that a piece of linen, technically so called, now is. A similar practice has, in more modern times, prevailed for the preservation of certain legal records, particularly those belonging to the Courts of Equity, as the Chancery and Rolls, the origin of which latter tribunal—But notwithstanding that were I as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship, nevertheless I shall confine myself for the present to the Edinburgh Review, and postpone the discussion of this most interesting topic to a more favourable opportunity.

Having lately had occasion to visit the Rev. Father Shanavan, in the low countries about the lakes, his reverence was so kind as to press upon my acceptance the loan of the January Number of Francis Jeffries, Esquire's, Review; observing—for he is a shrewd man, Mr North—that it was as stupid as usual, everything in it below mediocrity but an obsolete criticism on Dryden, which, though rendered novel and lively by a lengthened extract from a curious and rare work, entitled Tom Jones, yet does not convey any new or distinct idea concerning the peculiar excellence of Glorious John. "But," subjoined his reverence, "I perceive by the table of contents there is an article on Emigration, in which you, Mr MacGillicuddy, will perhaps be interested, as some of your friends are thinking of going out."

On this hint I betook myself to the perusal of article ninth, at the head of which were recited the titles of the works of three different travellers in various parts of the world; and, by the by, it would have been just as germane to the matter, to have put down the travels of Captain Parry in search of a North-west passage, or of Selwyn in Search of a Daughter, as a heading, for there is not, that I observed, one syllable about the travels

the review of which is made the false pretence for this very slovenly and crude performance.

As to the question of emigration itself, though I did intend to have offered you the results of my small experience on the subject, I have been so fully anticipated by the able and unanswerable paper thereanent in your May Number, that I shall be silent on that head, and content myself with another division of the reviewer's lucubrations.

After informing us that "we manage our foreign possessions in a *droll* way," and displaying his perfect ignorance of the state of things in our West Indian plantations, and in South America, in a manner so deplorable, that through compassion to him and to your columns, I shall pretermit its exposure, he proceeds, at his leisure, to heap the most unmeasured obloquy and vituperation on this the Island of Saints, or rather on us its inhabitants. It is the malignity of this attack which has called forth the present reply, which should have reached you sooner, but for the circumstances above related, which retarded the book some eight or ten weeks in its progress to these remote parts. To be ever selected as the ready topic of intemperate declamation, and the victim of foulmouthed slander, seems indeed the destiny of my country. The Edinburgh Review has always been the willing organ and mouthpiece of the systematic calumnies directed against our people. Profound ignorance of the King's English in general, and of the subject proposed for investigation in particular, must certainly constitute sterling qualities for a reviewer in that periodical. By means of the latter accomplishment, he is enabled to thrust forward the most astounding absurdities, with that pertinacity and confidence which tend to procure credence from the uninformed and unwary, while, by the former, he frequently eludes the grasp of the castigator, by sheltering himself under sentences either perfectly guiltless of meaning, or so ill expressed as to admit of being interpreted *ad libitum*. With your permission, sir, I shall go through a single page of this offensive production, with a running commentary of my own; the page I shall select is No. 226.

And, first, the reviewer gravely informs us that, "The Irish peasant had multiplied in his rabbit warren"— I have spent a very respectable proportion of man's existence in Ireland, and have never known an instance of any one individual who either multiplied or performed any other rule of arithmetic in a rabbit warren—"partly through the selfish administration of Middlemen, who, under terms of years, rode the estate as a post-horse, to make the most of it out of their scrambling cottier tenants"— I cannot ride out of this scramble on the post-horse—"and partly by the political temptation which has led ambitious landlords to sacrifice the comfort of a well-conditioned peasantry for the excitement, vanity, or power of a *herd* of 40s. freeholders." The writer will be so good as to explain, in the next edition, the meaning of the figure about the horse and the scramble, and also about the excitement and vanity of the forties. Again, lower down; "besides, government has never given the Catholics in Ireland an object by which character was to feel its influence, and independence learn the value of self-respect." I, and every Catholic in Ireland, must take this observation as a great personal disrespect—character and mental independence, are blessings which government can neither give nor take away. Small are the ills which states can cause or cure. The loss of reputation, or of the innate dignity of humanity, is not among the number. "Meanwhile, political economists were telling us to look at America and see the strength of the principle of population (*the strength of the principle of population!*) in a career of boundless acres and prosperity, whilst Ireland was in dark and neglected misery, proving the dreadful point at which extremes may meet." You see, Mr North, he speaks expressly of a mathematical point, so this, whatever it was, was proving that which hath no parts. All this stuff, he says, the "political economists were telling us." I don't doubt it. It is of a piece with the rest of their unintelligible jargon. But if this writer meant anything by his "dark and neglected misery," which I suspect to be a little supplement of his own, though he tries so slyly to father it on the poor economists, I beg leave to assure him that the sun both of heaven and of hilarity, can shine a thousand times more laughingly and brightly even in our western island of sorrow, than ever it did on a Whig

reviewer in any part of the world. Again, "If you dare disfranchise social man of all civil dignity, and degrade him to mere animal existence, he drags down his oppressor with him, and yields himself unrestrained to the only wild enjoyments left him, passing on to his posterity the same barbarian encouragement for *progeniem vitiosiorem.*" For *progeniem vitiosiorem!*

But I shall not stop to expose this wretched effort after classicality, which a Kerry peasant would be ashamed to throw to a dog. I have a very much graver charge to bring against this writer. By what warranty, sir, do *you* dare to profane the image of your Maker, by denouncing a whole nation of those who bear it as brute beasts? Who made you a ruler and a judge over us? Go home, thou rash and most unfortunate man, and in the stillness of your closet supplicate forgiveness for this outrage against God and your fellow beings. I for one, sir, from my heart, forgive and pity you. —There are creatures with which one cannot afford to be angry: but I must put you to the question, lest you deceive more men. In page 241, you aggravate, if possible, this atrocious calumny by speaking of us as having "little left beyond the headlong instincts of the cattle by which we are surrounded, and among which we are treated as scarcely chief." Sir, an active and not wholly unuseful life, spent almost uniformly in Ireland, entitle me to tell you, that of my own knowledge, you shew yourself as ignorant of the real state of Ireland and of Irishmen, as you are of discretion and decency in your language. I return to page 226. "Nursed up under such Gamaliels, they are no more blameable for their large families, and for the moral and political consequences of their condition, than for their faith." Pray, sir, what possible right have you to point the slow unmoving finger of scorn at me because I refuse to abandon the church of my fathers, now when her glory is departed, and the blight of affliction lies upon her mouldering decay? or because Mrs MacGillicuddy is now great with her thirteenth child? But to continue. "The evil has been now pushed to a height which neither *alleviation* nor compromise can *cure*. They actually cumber the ground—at the rate of a human being per acre, or perhaps per rood." Oh, rare reviewer! The number of acres in the island is 20 millions and a half; so that, according to this accurately informed gentleman, our Irish population has already reached this astounding number, or *perhaps* to four times this amount. This statement is precisely in keeping with the rest; but from the nature of figures and of facts, its monstrous violation of veracity will be more glaringly manifest to the generality of readers. But, perhaps he may try to shuffle out of this fiction by affirming that he meant to confine himself to the arable acres only. He shall not creep out even through this loop-hole. Ireland possesses a much greater proportion of fertile land, in proportion to its extent, than either England or Scotland. The surface of bog and mountain, supposing every inch of them unproductive, which is far from true, does not exceed 2,330,000 acres. Thus, then, according to the man in the Review, our population, at the lowest computation, amounts to upwards of 18 millions, or *perhaps* of 72 millions!

In thus commenting on this sentence, Mr North, I must honestly confess, that my object in addressing this letter to you is not so wholly disinterested as it may at first sight have appeared. I have already mentioned, sir, that I am "in the teaching line." Vulgar arithmetic may be studied on the lowest form of my classical seminary, at the moderate expenditure of one penny per week, and a sod of turf each day to keep up the fire. Board and lodging may be had at the widow Flanagan's, not three miles off, on very reasonable terms. Now, sir, as the Editor of the Blue and Yellow does not, I opine, treat his contributors in the handsome style of your Tent excursions during vacation, I would respectfully suggest the great advantage the reviewer might derive from a summer trip to these parts. Plenty of potatoes, twenty-one times a-week, by way of novelty, and "food for the mind," to a degree of cultivation which at present it cannot enter into his heart to conceive. *Adhuc uno partam colit asse Minervam.*

If he shrink from carrying the sods of turf so far, a turf composition act may be passed in his favour, *speciali gratiâ*, and corporal flagellation with the common scourge will not be insisted on, except in cases of extraordinary and incorrigible dulness, for the sake of discipline among the other urchins. One mental defect of his, indeed, would, I fear, require the frequent exercise of the birch, as it is

a fault I cannot away with; I mean the habit of speaking the thing which is not. But I am willing to attribute most of the unhappy gentleman's offences in this kind to his utter ignorance of the facts. Nevertheless, he must be taught to eschew simulation as well as dissimulation. To avoid misleading those who give ear to him, by false statements, whether of things he affects to know, and does not, or, knowing, voluntarily contradicts his knowledge.

With all the absurd calumnies I have extracted, I have not yet got half through a single page of my author. This paper is the very *nigræ succus loliginis*,—the concentrated essence of dark malignity, clothed under the hypocritical garb of commiseration, of which Horace speaks. Skip and go on, and you still find him dabbling in the same muddy puddle of abuse and bad grammar. Thus, "clear the estate of him—you may trace him first to his bog hovel, next to the pauper suburbs of the *neighbour* town—and then *comes* fever, despair,—probable murder, possible insurrection!" Anon we are informed, that to throw in among these elements of social order religious animosities besides, is,—"to embitter jealous waters," (*jealous* waters!) "and to lend to the agitations of want a moral devotion and courageous martyrdom, that may dignify and hallow whatever outrages the mere force of outward circumstances may provoke!" After this, as after the sentence about Dublin hospitals, we own we whistled as long a phew! as my uncle Toby himself. Really, if the gentleman seriously mistook this namby-pamby aping of morbid sentimentality for fine writing, his friends will do very well to dissuade him from trying criticism again; he will not succeed in that line. I would gladly learn from Mr Jeffries what he can afford to pay for this sort of nonsense prose; because, if he would go the length of seven and sixpence a sheet, and furnish paper and pens, he has only to send me lists of subjects, and I shall give them out to the boys for their Saturday themes, and thus bring some capital into this part of the country, whilst I redeem the character of his ingenious Miscellany. My address is,

Mr Phelim McGillicuddy,
Schoolmaster,
Poluphloisboyoh,
juxtà Tralee.

Seven and sixpence for sixteen pages, I own, is a startling price, for articles of such quality as Mr Jeffries has hitherto been accustomed to; but let him show himself liberal and enterprising, and I will answer for the result. Only conceive, Mr North, an article in the Edinburgh, about Ireland, for example, with a vein of good sense and genuine humour—and such only a "raal" Kerry boy could write—running through it, and a slight sprinkling of truth here and there! Why, the effect would be electric. Jeffries *redivivus* would be the cry from Babylon to Auld Reekie, and Lockhart would smoke three cases of Havannahs before he recovered it. The hale and frize-clad merry-men of the shillelah would no longer be characterized as "The locusts swept forward by the breeze, and ready to eat up every green thing,"—who "must move backwards and forwards, from the agony and restlessness of want, as a sick man turns in his bed, or the bewildered sufferer paces up and down his cell!" whose places of abode are "a few branches thrown over a dry ditch, where straw is his bedding, a blanket his covering, and a potato pot upon its crock," (what in the world does this mean,) "with ten shillings worth of furniture,—his whole establishment;" whose clothes are "a bundle of rags, scarce enough to frighten a blackbird from a cherry-tree," and who are "unaccustomed to those decencies of life which characterize a human being." Such *passim* is the language of the Edinburgh Review: nor does the evil terminate here; it is the rage with almost all the periodical writers of the present day, all of them at least who never were within a hundred miles of Ireland in their lives, to prose about the beastliness and filth of the miserable Irish.

How different is the language of those who really understand our character and condition! I remember you called the attention of your readers last summer to a little work on the subject, entitled, The Real State of Ireland in 1827. This tract gave me great and unmixed delight. The author is not indeed a Papist—that is his misfortune. He ought to have been one; but his heart is in the right place, and he does not reason through the pylorus. There is sense, truth, humour, in every page. This excellent Irishman, for such he must be, thus sums up an admirable vindica-

tion of his countrymen, from the taunts of these ignorant maligners.

"Those who have the candour and good sense to examine with their own eyes into our real condition, rather than place implicit faith in vague expressions of horror and disgust against our people, uttered with shrugging of the shoulder and uplifting of the palm, by weak and ill-informed persons, and sometimes by those who find their account in misrepresenting us, will find that we are a hardy and intelligent nation, destitute neither of the common necessaries of life, nor of the strong desire to add to our comforts and our luxuries, which commonly pervade mankind. If men, possessed of capital, and of common sense to expend it judiciously, will settle among us, instead of a horde of starving and naked savages, ready to plunder and to murder them, they will meet with a population, not without whole clothes, and fed in a manner which they themselves prefer, (and perhaps with good reason too,) to that of the English peasant. A population who are willing and able to co-operate vigorously and well, with any man who will treat them fairly, in the exchange of money or goods, for rich land and hard labour."

You yourself, Mr North, seem to be an honest kind of man, who speak the truth and shame the devil, and never wilfully misrepresent my country; therefore it is that I appeal to your justice on this occasion. We Papists have not by nature anything in common with those low, beggarly radicals, who cannot open their mouths but to speak evil of dignities, and rail at everything ancient and venerable. If we have a fault, it is our overweening love of antiquity. Our faith is naturally of a loyal, Tory bias. The tender mercies even of the Whig party are a new thing to us, who, notwithstanding the charge of being wholly abandoned to our animal propensities, yet do contrive to look some little into the past, as well as present history of men and things. We have not yet forgotten who it was, that when they had the power, possessed and exercised the will to crush us to the earth; and now —mais n'importe—the coalition works but poorly—

——— Male sarta
Gratia nequicquam coit, et rescinditur.

From Dan to Beersheba all is outward profession and affectation, and inward selfishness and rottenness. The radicals, who are ignorant of everything old or sacred, will suppose I mean by Dan, a certain noisy fellow of the baser sort, who gathers a company, and sets the city in an uproar, as did the unbelieving Jews aforetime, in the matter of Paul and Silas. Let them continue in their thought; and let my fellow-Papists put no trust in any of the children of men. This brawler, however, never deceived me. I understood him thoroughly from the moment, when on being called to the bar he consulted his friends whether it would be more for his pecuniary advantage to begin life as Catholic or Protestant, till the time when succeeding, on the death of his uncle, to a tract of wild country in Iveragh, inhabited by a number of poor but contented tenants at will, he repaired thither on the following term day, the first of May, with a posse of his myrmidons, and, without the slightest previous warning, sheered the roof off every cabin, and turned forth the occupants to the hill side, broken and ruined, and, as far as his acts could make them, desperate men. Then hurried back to the metropolis, to declaim on the heartlessness of Irish landlords, and point to the miseries of the people—secure in the obscurity of his own misdeeds.

In truth, sir, I am sick, very exceedingly sick, of the hollow words men daily utter, who rankle our wounds that they may hawk the sore with greater theatrical effect. I rejoice that the desert is my dwelling-place. While my foot is on my native heath, and my name M'Gillicuddy, almost I can forget the solemn mockeries of those evil and presumptuous men,

Who have brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, your very obedient humble servant,

P. McGillicuddy.

P. S.—There are three good men and true among the great public characters yet.—I need hardly say I mean the Duke of Wellington, Lord Gray, and Christopher North, Esq.

ILLUSTRISSIMO VIRO.

Mr North,

As I understand it is the fashion now to address great men with Latin superlatives, I was unwilling to be so plebeian and common-place as to make the verses, of which I send you a copy, in the vulgar vernacular tongue. But the devil of it is, that the persons for whose pleasure and edification these verses are intended, are accustomed to read the Dead Languages with the running accompaniment of an "interlinear English translation," as approved of by their Worships of the New University of Cocaigne; and as I had no notion of my composition being appreciated through so faulty a medium, I was forced to give up the idea of a Latin Ode.

Whilst I was ruminating upon what was the next best method of paying my compliments to the "Illustrissimo Viro," who, after being so styled by a Peer, would doubtless think it very shabby to receive a less title from a Commoner, I fortunately recollected the ζωη μου σας αγαπω of Lord Byron, and determined, in humble imitation, to tag my Roman superlative to the end of each stanza. By this means I reach two points—the lofty merit of the person whom I address, and the understanding of the mass of admirers, whose understanding he illuminates.

Now then for the verses, without further preface.

Thou, in whose sweet face we scan
The charms which grace the inner man—
Mildness, dignity, and sense,
Beauty and benevolence,
Could I but in verse impart
All that makes thee what thou art,
What a glorious theme 'twould be,
O vir illustrissime!

Oh, highly gifted to express
Unmitigated savageness,
Who, when his lofty soul had fled,
Growl'd fiercely o'er the mighty dead,
And claim'd as epitaph most fit,
"Here lies the enemy of Pitt"—
What shall we *now* write o'er thee,
O vir illustrissime?

Thou, who to climb ambition's height
A woman's frailties dragg'd to light,
Unveiling to the nation's eyes
Gross, reeking, foul indecencies,
Hung in the light a set of views
Sketch'd from the brothels and the stews—
Such moral care we owe to thee,
O vir illustrissime.

Thou, who didst of "truckling" prate,
In language fierce through port and hate,
And when the falsehood was proclaim'd,
Submissive growl like tiger tamed,
Then crouch to him who struck thee down,
And take thy hire, a silken gown—
Such thy rare consistency,
O vir illustrissime.

Thou, whose oratory's powers
Endure through seven tedious hours,
Which wondering Whigs no doubt enjoy,
Αει πολλα διδασκομενοι,
While lawyers sleep, or wake to laugh
At such a heap of grainless chaff—
What a Justinian thou would'st be,
O vir illustrissime!

Oh, thou great head of Gower Street College,
Spreader abroad of useful knowledge,
Great Ajax of the "Blue and Yellow,"
In vain we look to find thy fellow;
From politics to mathematics,
From points of law to hydrostatics,
Thou dost range like any Bee,
O vir illustrissime.

Gentle Harry—wondrous man,
When thy race of life is ran,
Where shall we another find
With such variety of mind—
Lawyer, Critic, Politician,
Whig, Schoolmaster, Rhetorician—
Where shall we find one like thee,
O vir illustrissime?

Θ

THE POOR LAWS.

THE Poor Laws of unhappy Old England are at present in a state of great tribulation and jeopardy. The press loads them with diatribes—they are fiercely attacked in Parliament—the Government abandons them—and their friends are silent, or only speak to make admissions to their injury. We, therefore, think this a fitting moment for performing the promise which we gave, and repeated some years ago, that we would make them the subject of an article.

The history of these laws for many years has been exceedingly curious. Our *improvers* have almost annually, in one way or another, arraigned them before Parliament, as being most defective in form, and most injurious in operation—return upon return has been moved for and printed to give evidence against them—committee upon committee has sat and reported upon them—yet, strange to say, although their defects and baleful consequences have been represented to be so glaring and ruinous, no one has been able to devise any plausible scheme for their "*improvement.*" Individual improvers, indeed, have in succession delivered themselves of new systems, ravishingly perfect in their own eyes, but these have been so manifestly inferior to the old system in the eyes of the whole, that no attempt has been made to adopt them. In utter despair of amending, the improvers now think of nothing but destroying. It is now practically admitted, that the Poor Laws are incapable of improvement; and Mr Slaney boldly comes forward with a bill to abolish them, in respect of the most important part of their operation.

We are, therefore, not called upon to inquire whether the Poor Laws, in their nature or administration, need reform—whether this measure or that will remove defects which they may exhibit, or remedy abuses with which they may be tainted; the question before us is, whether they shall, or shall not, be abolished, in so far as they give relief to able-bodied labourers.

When it is duly considered how vitally this question bears, directly and indirectly, on the bread, morals, and conduct of the mass of the working classes, and, in consequence, on the best interests of the whole community, it will be conceded by all that a more important one could not well be propounded. Honest and patriotic men, however they may disagree in other respects, will be unanimously of opinion, 1st, That it ought to be decided upon fact, reason, and justice, without any reference to fashionable doctrines and party creeds; and, 2d, that everything which can be urged in favour of the Poor Laws ought to be dispassionately, carefully, and even indulgently examined, for the sake of the many millions, who, while they are threatened with the loss of their subsistence in the hour of need, cannot make themselves heard, and can scarcely find an advocate to plead their cause against the tremendous mass of power, prejudice, and interest, which is arrayed against them.

We certainly can find but little to deter us from dealing uprightly with the Poor Laws in the confident and vehement vituperations with which they are assailed. We have only to look around us, to be convinced that these vituperations flow in the main from anything rather than knowledge, truth, and justice. The dogmas of the Economists have no weight with us, because we believe them to be flatly opposed to experience. Our Scottish fellow-subjects make it a matter of nationality to inveigh against the Poor Laws of England, but this does not move us, because they deal in unsubstantial invective, are prompted by an improper feeling, and speak from fallacious hearsay evidence. We think not a whit the worse of these laws, because some Irish absentee landlord proclaims them in Parliament to be a public plague. What can such a man know of the English Poor Laws? Nothing. Why does he revile them? That he may not be compelled to give bread to the poor wretches who are starving on his Irish estate. We hold an absentee landlord to be morally, whatever he may be in law, a heinous criminal—a criminal barely ranking below the robber and murderer—and his opinion will not sway us when it is put forth to sanctify, and enable him to perpetuate, his guilt. The fierce outcry which is kept up against them by Irishmen in and out of Par-

liament, excites our wonder, but it moves not our conviction; a comparison between Ireland and England fills us with amazement that men can be found to triumph in the hunger and wretchedness of their countrymen; and causes us, in spite of everything that can be said by every Irishman upon earth, to thank Heaven for having blessed England with Poor Laws. As to the London press, when we see that it is chiefly in the hands of Scotchmen and Irishmen, who declaim against these laws from national prejudice as a matter of course; and who, whatever their talents and integrity may be, cannot have any personal knowledge of their real working, we cannot bow to its omnipotence. Fatal has it been for England in late years, that the leading part of its press has not been directed by Englishmen! The complaints of those who pay the poor-rates are in themselves no evidence that such rates ought not to be levied. Nine-tenths of what is said against the Poor Laws consist of sheer abuse and invective; and the remaining one-tenth consists of assumptions and reasonings, which in better times would be thought undeserving of notice.

While we thus find nothing to dismay us on the one hand, we find great encouragement on the other in the conviction, that if all the payers of poor-rates throughout England were polled on the question, nine-tenths would vote for the continuance of the Poor Laws. The desire for the abolition of these laws is chiefly confined to the theorists and innovators of the House of Commons; it disgraces not the body of the community. The people of England grumble and complain, because it is their nature and privilege to do so whenever they are called on for anything in the shape of taxes and rates; they wish for the Poor Laws to be rendered as perfect as possible in form and administration, but they likewise wish to give their poor food and raiment. The Englishman may be easily misled—he may be, as late times have abundantly proved, converted into a dolt or a madman—he may be taught to rob himself, and strike at his own existence—but never can he be stripped of his benevolence and humanity. To his benevolence and humanity we now address ourselves—we speak not to Scotchmen or Irishmen, but to him only—we speak for what is peculiarly English in parentage and operation—we speak, that the poorer part of HIS countrymen may not be robbed of their legal rights, may not be divested of their morals and character, may not, in their day of distress and suffering, be deprived of the means of subsistence—and we shall not speak in vain. In spite of the disgraceful admissions of this minister or that, and of the wild and destructive conduct of the House of Commons, he will hear us.

In a country like England, able-bodied labourers must often be destitute of employment, even though there be no real redundancy of population. The demand for agricultural, manufacturing, and other labour, is subject to violent and frequent fluctuations. In one year, the farmers or manufacturers will employ much more labour than they will employ in the succeeding one. At one period the labour of the country is generally employed, and immediately afterwards almost half of it is for months rendered idle. If we look at the past, we find, that in almost every third year a vast portion of the labour, which had been employed in the preceding two, could not for a large part of the year find employment; and that in every year, one business or another was compelled to render the chief part of the labour idle for some months, which it generally needed. Of course the labourers of this country must frequently—in one business or another they must annually—be for many weeks, and perhaps for many months, deprived, from no fault of their own, of employment; no matter what their wishes and exertions may be, they must be disabled for earning anything.

Do the Abolitionists deny this? They admit it for the past—they dare not venture to controvert the fearful demonstrations which the last three or four years supplied; but, forsooth, it is never more to occur! Mr Slaney gets over it by the astounding assumption, that Free Trade and the new Corn Law will prevent future fluctuations in the demand for manufactures and the price of corn, and of course in the employment of labour. Out of the House of Commons, this bungling fallacy, will, we think, make no impression. Our manufacturing labour depends in a considerable degree for em-

ployment on foreign markets; and the demand for our manufactures in these markets must continually vary, putting the influence of price out of the question. To variations in the consumption of foreign countries, must be added, variations in the exports to them. In one year the exports will be excessive; and consequently in the next they will be smaller than usual. The home demand for manufactures continually varies—consumption and the stocks in the hands of the dealers constantly fluctuate. If consumption remain the same, sometimes the dealers throughout the country stock themselves heavily in anticipation of an advance of price, and at other times they run themselves out of stock from the expectation of a fall. Then there is a regular tendency in every manufacture to out-run consumption. If one have a few months of prosperity, new manufactories are established in it, until it gluts the market. No matter what the price, or the system of trade, may be, the sales of our manufactures must always be subject to very great variations; and, of course, the quantity of labour required for the fabrication of these manufactures must always be subject to very great variations.

With respect to corn, our conviction is, that its price will fluctuate much more under the new law, than it has done under the old ones. The new law is, we think, about as admirable a one for causing fluctuations of price as could well be devised; it practically bribes the importers of foreign corn to create violent fluctuations. But, however, putting laws wholly out of sight, every one knows that the price of corn is mainly governed by the seasons, and that the art of man cannot prevent it from varying frequently and greatly.

As clearly as mathematical demonstration ever proved anything, it is proved by experience and the nature of things, that the sales of manufactures and the price of corn must continue to fluctuate, as they have hitherto done, and that no legislation can prevent them from so fluctuating. It of necessity is equally clear that the demand for labour must continue to fluctuate, as it has hitherto done, and that frequently vast numbers of able-bodied labourers must be for a time deprived of employment.

Having established this point, we will now ask, are these labourers, when they are thus stripped of employment, to perish from hunger? No, says the Abolitionist; if they cannot obtain work in one place, they must obtain it in another. Worthy sage, this is little better than nonsense, unless you can prove that it is practicable for them to procure work in one place, if they cannot in another. If, from ruinous prices of corn, or bad seasons, a great number of the agricultural labourers are thrown out of employment, to what place are they to travel to regain it? Finding it in agriculture is out of the question, for they are in excess in every village throughout the country; and as to their finding it in manufactures and trade, we may safely pronounce it to be equally impossible. The ploughman cannot turn weaver or tailor when his own calling fails him; and if he could, he would find no one to give him work. Vast numbers of able-bodied husbandry labourers are at this moment upon their parishes; and yet not a visionary in the House of Commons will venture to point out the place where they can find employment, or to say that it is possible for them to find it in any part of the United Kingdom. When, in 1825 and 1826, so many thousands of silk-weavers and throwsters were deprived of work, was there any possibility of their regaining it by a change of residence and calling? When, in 1820, some hundreds of thousands of manufacturing labourers lost their employment, was there work to be found for them in any part of England, Scotland, or Ireland? Our readers will answer the questions. When the cotton, the silk, or any other trade, is compelled to deprive for a time a large part of its labourers of employment, these labourers cannot find work in a different calling, and it is not desirable that they should be able to do so. Their own trade is pretty sure to need them again after the lapse of a few months; and to the country at large, it is most advantageous for them to be in readiness to attend its call, even though they have to subsist in the interval on the poor-rates. If, in any stagnation of the cotton trade, all the weavers, &c. were at once to go into the woollen or silk trade, they would speedily bring the latter into like stagnation; and on the revival of the cotton trade, it would not be able to find workmen.

Independently of the masses of able-bodied labourers who must be frequently thrown out of employment by the unavoidable fluctuations of trade, it is utterly impossible, when the country is reasonably prosperous, for the supply of labour to be in exact proportion to the demand. In every business there must always be an excess, or a deficiency, of labour; and it is more advantageous to the country at large to pay poor-rates to a moderate excess, than to have a deficiency and be exempted from such rates. England is now placed in such circumstances, that she must always have a greater or smaller excess of labourers. Every business varies in the course of the year the quantity of labour it employs. If it in some parts of the year employ all the labourers that resort to it, in other parts it discharges many. In some months the cotton trade is brisk, and employs all its workmen; in others, it is flat, and many of its hands are wholly or partly idle. The case is the same with other trades. In addition, sickness, misfortune, change of masters, &c., must constantly keep a great number of labourers destitute of employment. If times be reasonably good, still looking at the year as a whole, there must always be a great number of able-bodied labourers unable for a part of the year to procure work, however anxious they may be to do so.

It has been argued by the people of Scotland, that by refusing parish relief to able-bodied labourers, they have compelled such labourers to find employment in one place, if they could not find it in another. Now for many years the manufactures and trade of Scotland have increased so rapidly as to keep the population generally employed, and in addition to this, she has been constantly throwing her surplus hands upon England. But times have been when in Scotland the system was wholly unavailing. In 1826, the refusal of parish relief could not compel the working classes of Glasgow, Paisley, &c. to provide themselves with employment: the landholders then found it necessary to maintain them for a considerable period. When Scotland shall be thickly peopled and shall possess large masses of manufacturing and trading population—in other words, when she shall be placed in circumstances resembling those of England—she will find it as impossible to compel able-bodied labourers to provide themselves with work by refusing them parish relief, as England has found it.

It is perfectly clear that the Abolitionist is here completely in error, and that there must be always considerable numbers, and frequently vast numbers, of able-bodied labourers, who cannot, be their wishes and exertions what they may, procure employment. We therefore say again, are these labourers to perish from hunger? They must do this; or they must subsist during the time they are compelled to be idle on some fund they have provided while in work, or on charity, or on robbery.

As to their perishing from hunger, it has not yet been openly recommended by the most flinty-hearted Abolitionist of the tribe; and we may therefore put it out of the question. In truth, if the House of Commons, in the plenitude of that wisdom which it has in late years displayed, should vote it to be an admirable means of getting rid of surplus population, and should legislate accordingly, the law would be inoperative. Never will men die for hunger, so long as bread can be got by burglary and high-way robbery. The matter, therefore, to be considered in the first place, is—is it practicable for these labourers to provide, while they are in employment, what will support them when they are compelled to be idle?

The Abolitionists of course reply in the affirmative; but they content themselves with general assertion: they supply none of the description, calculation, deduction, and demonstration, which are essential for preventing changers of law from being a national scourge. Now, putting out of sight a few trades, the vast body of labourers in both town and country are at present receiving wages which barely enable them to exist; they are receiving wages, from which nothing could be taken, as a provision for the future, which would not be a subtraction from the necessaries of life. There is not the least hope of amendment; but, on the contrary, it is pretty certain that matters will be worse. The tendency and even avowed object of the new system of trade is, to reduce the price of labour to the lowest point; and everything, in both legislation and circumstance, is operating to sink to this point for ever the wages of the bulk of the working classes. To expect that men, whose

earnings will scarcely supply their families with bread without the assistance of the parish, should voluntarily make a provision for the future, is idle; to compel them to do so, would be gross cruelty.

Parish relief is generally spoken of as though none received it save men of mature age and having families. The truth is, that at all times, but more especially in times of manufacturing distress, a large portion of those who obtain it consists of boys, young men just released from apprenticeship, girls, and single women. These have never had an opportunity of making any provision for the future.

Of course the scheme for bribing the labouring orders to save from their wages, by granting them parish relief according to what they might save, would be worthless. In better times such a scheme could not have found its way into the House of Commons. Our readers know that wages differ in almost every calling: and that in some callings they are generally good, while in others they are almost always exceedingly low. The operation of such a scheme would be—it would give relief, not according to merit, but according to the rate of wages. The comparative few would be entitled to relief, because when in employment they enjoy abundance; but the husbandry labourers, the cotton weavers, &c. &c. —the vast body—would have no claim, because when in employment they can only earn bread and water. Then the man of mature age would have a right to relief, solely because he had possessed the means of saving in respect of time and opportunity; but the youth, the journeyman, the girl, and the single woman, would have no right, solely because it had been impossible for them to save anything. Again, prosperity would give the right to the labourer; while misfortune, the sickness of himself or any part of his family, or unavoidable losses would deprive him of it. Never, we trust, will English laws be contaminated with the atrocious principle on which this scheme is in reality founded!

It is therefore idle to expect that the mass of the working classes can be induced to save, while they have work, what will support them when they cannot procure it. Speaking generally, it is impossible for them to do so. We are saying nothing against benefit societies, or anything that may be calculated to promote among them habits of frugality and foresight; these we wish to recommend to the utmost. What we maintain is, that however beneficially these may operate in respect of individuals, and even classes of labourers, they can have no sensible effect amidst the great body of the working orders. With this body, the saving required by them must be an impossibility.

Without parish relief, then, the labourers in question must subsist on charity, or on thefts. With respect to charity as a source of maintaining them, the Abolitionists are enraptured with it. Before, however, charity be made the basis of legislation, it may be proper to inquire whether it will yield what legislation expects from it. The question is, would charity support the able-bodied labourers who are now supported by the Poor Laws? In Scotland it does much by means of church-government: a collection is made for the poor on every Sunday at the church, and the elders visit the needy for the purpose of distributing the money. In England the case is different: the money received in the churches for the poor consists of offerings made at the altar by those who receive the sacrament; as it is only received from communicants when the sacrament is administered, it is received in some parishes monthly and in others quarterly, and nothing is received from the chief part of the congregations. The mass of those who attend our churches never give a farthing at them for the poor. The money received is below notice as a means of saving the needy of each parish from starvation.

But then it is said, that public subscriptions would be formed. When would they be formed? would they start into being the instant the Poor Laws should be abolished, to keep *constantly* relieving the mass of labourers, who would be *constantly* destitute of employment? No, they would exist only in times of great and general distress. Would they be formed at the commencement of such distress, and be kept in efficient activity until its termination? No, they would not be thought of until after the poor should be brought to the verge of starvation, and no dependence could be placed upon them for affording the necessary

relief. In the distress of 1826 tardy and mercenary public charity did not creep from its hiding-place to blazon forth its subscriptions, until hundreds of thousands of poor wretches were not only almost famished, but were committing wholesale outrage, and threatening the state with convulsion. The subscription had such a combination of powerful stimulants in its favour, as no future one could hope for; and still it would have been deplorably inefficient without the poor-rates. A subscription was in the same year formed for the exclusive relief of the distressed Spitalfields' silk-weavers; a short period elapsed, and then the most pathetic and urgent appeals could not prevail on public charity to subscribe what was necessary. In the same year the landholders and other wealthy persons undertook to support the distressed manufacturing population of Scotland; for a time things went on smoothly, but the landholders, &c. soon grew weary of their burden, and at length they publicly resolved to petition Parliament for assistance from the public purse.

Excepting times of great and general distress, the destitute labourers would have no other charity to look to but that of individuals. Let any man separate in any parish the benevolent few who would weekly contribute liberally to the wants of the poor, from the many who would rarely contribute anything; let him then calculate how much the poor of that parish will need weekly, and he will then discover the folly of placing any reliance on individual charity.

But how is the labourer to avail himself of individual charity? Will the charitably-disposed seek his dwelling intuitively, and administer to his needs without solicitation? Alas! no. He must beg, or be a stranger to charity. Throwing the working classes upon charity in their hour of distress, must of necessity convert them into beggars. What would be the fruits?

Granting that the labourer himself will become the beggar, it must of course destroy his industry and morals. Regard for his character will vanish as he utters the first supplication, and he will not return to work, so long as he can gain a subsistence by begging. Then he must necessarily become an habitual liar. But generally he will throw the chief burden upon his wife and children. His children, especially, must be made leading instruments: they must be daily taught, by the example and precepts of their parents, falsehood and deceit; and they must be daily sent abroad, to form the most pernicious connexions, and contract the most injurious habits. What a labouring population, reared in this manner, would be, we need not describe.

Begging must inevitably be associated with vice and guilt. It cannot commence without associating itself with falsehood; and it cannot proceed without associating itself with dishonesty. The lie must be employed to extort the penny or the crust; and the theft must be resorted to for gaining the supplies of the day, when charity may be deaf, pennyless, or parsimonious. Drinking, lewdness, &c. must naturally follow. It must be borne in mind, that those who will be thus thrown upon begging for subsistence, will consist, in a large degree, of females. The virtue of married women can hardly be expected to resist the temptations to which it must be exposed; and as to that of young, inexperienced girls, it must be at once conquered. If reduced to the alternative, many females would sacrifice their chastity, and many of the other sex would steal, rather than beg: but, however, doing the latter would involve the loss of virtue in the one sex, and of honesty in the other.

Charity, therefore, would not only be a totally inadequate means of subsistence for the unemployed part of the working classes, but it could not be resorted to without making these classes the scourge of their country, in respect of vice and crime.

Farther, the wages of the labouring classes are kept at their present height, in a very great degree, by the poor-rates. If the labourer have no work, he receives from his parish what is thought to be sufficient for the support of his family; and this enables him to make a stand against inadequate wages. But let the Poor Laws be abolished, and with our redundant population wages will fall, until he is brought into the most abject penury. In some trades wages may be kept up by associations of the workmen; but the husbandry labourers, the weavers —those labourers who, from their numbers and other circumstances, can-

not associate—the great mass will beat down their own, by competition, to almost nothing. On their part hiring must be no bargaining; it must be a begging for work on any terms that masters may think good to offer. The penury into which this must bring the great body of the lower orders, must necessarily destroy schools—disqualify the parent for teaching the child good feelings and habits, and generate that blind, brutal, depraved, and distressed ignorance, which is the incentive to all the vice and crime of which human nature can be guilty.

It is not necessary to rely wholly upon reasoning for discovering what the abolition of the Poor Laws will produce: the most conclusive proofs are furnished by actual experiments in Ireland. How do matters stand in the sister island? The absence of parish relief does not compel the labourers to find employment in one place, if they cannot find it in another: —no—such relief is refused, and yet an enormous part of the population is generally unemployed. How does charity operate? It converts the great body of the working classes into beggars; and were it not for their potatoe ground, it would not preserve them from perishing from hunger. In what state are wages? They are at the lowest ebb, except in a few trades which can combine. What are the fruits of the begging and the penury? Savage ignorance—contempt of law—vice and crime—insubordination—everything that man, for the sake of himself and his kind, should be a stranger to. What is there in England to prevent the same causes from producing the same consequences? Nothing; but, on the contrary, these causes would have scope for producing consequences still more appalling in degree. A large part of our working classes have not even a potatoe garden to combine with the mite of charity: in England, necessaries are dearer, and temptations to vice and crime are more numerous than in Ireland. Every period of distress in England causes a fearful increase of vice and crime; and this increase takes place amidst those who have been reared in good principles, and who have previously been of good conduct. It may be gathered from this what would follow, should the working classes of England be placed in the circumstances of those of Ireland.

The Poor Laws were not enacted on abstract principle, to avert evils which argument and probability declared were approaching. They were enacted, because what we have described was experienced, to the mighty injury of the community. As to the alleged improper extension of the operation of these laws, in respect of able-bodied labourers, it was the offspring of necessity.

We will now glance at the allegations which are brought against the Poor Laws by the Abolitionists.

It is not asserted that the poor, when they cannot procure employment, are to be suffered to perish from hunger; it is admitted, that in their need they ought to be supported by charity. When this is the case, why not make charity general and methodical? Why not make it a rule for every member of the community to contribute to the needs of the poor, according to what he possesses? The Poor Laws stand on this principle, although they do not apply it so far as they ought, and it is an unassailable one. Their object is to cause, as far as is practicable, every member of the community to exercise, in an equal degree, that charity which even the Abolitionists admit ought to be exercised.

One of the great arguments of the Abolitionists is, the increase and large amount of the poor-rates. Has, then, population in late years remained stationary? Has there been no increase in manufactures, trade, and agriculture—in the numbers of those for whom these rates are levied—and in the worth of that property on which the rates are paid? If there have been an increase here corresponding with the increase of poor-rates, the argument is of course utterly worthless. That there has been a great increase of labouring population, is a truth which admits not of controversy; and that a vast quantity of waste land has been made valuable, the worth of the whole land of the country has been raised, the value of land immediately adjoining large places has been greatly increased, and an enormous mass of what is almost wholly additional rateable property in the shape of houses, shops, &c. has been created in Lon-

don, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and the large places generally, is another truth equally above question. It is almost matter of demonstration, that in the aggregate and on the average, there has not been for many years the smallest proportionate increase of poor-rates.

But then so many millions are levied annually. Well, let us descend from the aggregate, to the component parts. In the first place, the rates are in reality almost wholly paid by the owners, and not the occupiers, of lands and buildings. The farmer, when he takes his farm, gives more or less of rent according to the amount of rates and taxes; the same course is pursued by the occupiers of houses and shops in towns. Abolish the poor-rates, and rents generally will soon have nearly their amount added to them. The owners of lands and buildings buy them with the burden, and they give a proportionately lower price; the man who buys a farm or a tenement, calculates what it will let for, after paying the poor-rates, and regulates his price accordingly. What have the owners to complain of? In reality they receive about as much interest on their purchase-money, as they would have done had no rates been levied when they invested it. But taking the rates to be the burden they appear to be, what is their weight? A farm which lets for L.100 per annum, pays perhaps annually to the poor from five to ten pounds; this is all that is paid by owner and occupier jointly; and if we assume that the owner pays all, the occupier, of course, never contributes a penny to the poor-rates. From threepence to sevenpence per day is thus dispensed to the poor by owner and occupier jointly, and if such a thing as charity is to be exercised, we know not how they can wish to give less. But is it all loss? No. By preventing theft and outrage, it enables the owner to obtain a higher rent; and it protects the occupier from loss of much greater amount. Our conviction is, that the poor-rates save to landlords and farmers considerably more on the one hand than they cause them to expend on the other. A house in a large place, which lets for L.50 per annum, pays, perhaps, from four to eight pounds annually in poor rates. This, of course, is paid by owner and occupier jointly; but if we assume it to be wholly paid by the occupier, he must at least have an income of L.300 per annum; and from this income he, his wife, and children, give from eighteenpence to three shillings per week in charity. How much less ought such a family to give to the poor if there were no poor-rates? But we repeat, that at any rate the chief part of what the occupier pays to the poor is allowed in the rent. People of small income—the occupiers of good cottages in villages, and of lodgings in towns—pay actually, or practically, very little to the poor-rates.

Can it be proved that these rates prevent the owners of land from obtaining fair and just interest on the capital they have invested? No; they receive about the same interest they would have received had no rates existed. Do these rates prevent the builders of houses, shops, &c. from obtaining fair and just interest on their capital? The exorbitant sums which are paid for building-ground, in purchase-money or ground-rent, form a sufficient answer to the question. How are the poor-rates expended? Wholly in consumption: the millions are all devoted to the purchase of manufactures and merchandize for consumption; they are expended in promoting the business of the agriculturist, manufacturer, and trader. If from the increased consumption of corn and animal food which these rates cause, the farmer obtains five per cent more for his corn and cattle, they are in reality a source of great profit to him. If in consequence of these rates the town-shopkeeper, who pays to them ten pounds per annum, sell two hundred pounds worth more goods annually at a profit of seven per cent than he otherwise would sell; to him they are a source of profit. Then the rates are a source of great profit to the community in the protection—of which we shall soon say more—which they afford against depredations. Time and space will not allow us to say more on this point; but our deliberate and well-considered opinion is, that to the pecuniary interests of the community the poor-rates are highly beneficial. We must not forget to say, that in their direct and indirect operation they contribute materially to the revenue.

We, of course, speak generally. In times of great manufacturing distress, the rateable property in some parts of the manufacturing districts has to pay poor-rates which absorb nearly the whole rent. This only happens occasionally, and in a few places; it forms the petty, insignificant exception to the general rule. It is, however, trumpeted forth as an unanswerable reason for abolishing the poor-rates throughout the country. The little toe has received some damage, therefore the whole body, eyes included, is to be covered with poultices and plasters. A remedy is here necessary; but it ought only to be applied where the evil exists, and not where it is never known. Whenever the rates in these places rise above a certain poundage, the additional sum required should be for the time contributed by the Exchequer, and a government agent should be sent to inspect rigidly the distribution of the money.

Then, in some agricultural counties there is constantly an excess of labourers. Well, how can the abolition of the Poor Laws be a remedy? These laws, instead of producing or aggravating the evil, mitigate to a great extent its consequences; they prevent it from operating, as the like evil operates in Ireland. The remedy here is, for the government to remove the surplus population—if it cannot be removed otherwise—and not to destroy what prevents it from becoming a scourge to the country. A large, permanent excess of population must be a heavy public burden with the Poor Laws; but, without them, it must be a fearful public plague.

Another of the leading charges against the Poor Laws is, they are a prolific source of demoralization. Every writer against them, from the infallible economist to the frothy manufacturer of newspaper paragraphs—every oratorical enemy, from the invincible liberal head of a party, to the most blind and brainless of his mercenaries, dilates eternally on the demoralizing effects of the Poor Laws. Where is the evidence by which they substantiate the charge? We ask for something beyond assertion—for proofs, or at any rate valid and rational arguments. It is *asserted*, that these laws produce idleness. Are then the English labourers more idle than the Scotch ones, than the Irish ones—than those of foreign countries? The Abolitionists are speechless. The wretched calumny is refuted by the notorious fact, that the English labourers rank amongst the most industrious ones on the face of the earth.

Under these laws, when a labourer loses his employment, he receives from his parish what will support him and his family. Neither himself, nor his wife, nor his children, have to beg; they are protected from everything that can injure their morals. In many cases the parish gives him work so long as he is dependent on it. Without these laws, he and his family in such a case would have to subsist from begging; himself, his wife, and his children, but especially the latter, would be exposed to everything that could destroy their morals; they would have the irresistible incentives of want and hunger to impel them to almost every species of guilt. Yet, forsooth, the Poor Laws are a source of demoralization!

By the Poor Laws, single women are supported if they cannot procure employment; without them, these women would be almost driven to prostitution. With these laws, if a labourer have more children than his wages will support, the parish assists him to rear them in a proper manner; without them, his children would be reared as beggars. Yet the Poor Laws, forsooth, are a source of demoralization!

But then it is *asserted*, that these laws are the parents of early and improvident marriages, and thereby create pauperism and redundant population. It might be reasonably concluded from this, that in Ireland, where there are no Poor Laws, and where it is scarcely possible for a labourer to provide the means of maintaining a family, there cannot be any marriages amidst the body of the working classes. There the mighty temptation to early marriage cannot be found—there the awful preventive of such marriage continually exercises all its rigours. What is the fact? Ireland is more distinguished for early and improvident marriages than England.

Now, on what grounds is marriage generally entered into by the lower orders? Those who marry too soon almost always marry from love; they act from passion, without thinking of the Poor Laws or the future; if living by begging were as common as living on the poor-rates, they would as soon

marry from reliance for the future on the former as on the latter. If charity, public subscription, or anything be held out as a source of subsistence for the poor when they are destitute of employment, it will be as fertile of early marriages as the Poor Laws are. To the few who reflect before they marry, parish relief is anything rather than a temptation.

The great body of labourers, from low wages and occasional loss of work, cannot save anything worth mentioning before they marry, though they continue single to the last year required by the Economist. Human nature is so constituted, that if their wages were better they would not save. The mass of the lower orders must marry before they make any provision for the future, or they must never marry. The case has always been so, and it will be so for ever. But granting that marriages under thirty could be prevented, could the sexes be, until marriage, kept asunder? Would not this "check" to the multiplication of legitimate children multiply alarmingly others of a different character? Would not this preventive of marriage be the parent of lewdness and licentiousness? Men who know the world well, know that the multiplication of their species is not to be prevented by restrictions on marriage; and they well know, too, that nothing could be more destructive to public morals than such restrictions.

But can nothing be said in favour of early marriages? How many young men have they not reclaimed from a dissolute life, at the critical moment when nothing else could have reclaimed them! How many young men have they not preserved from a life of vice and iniquity! How much have they not contributed to the industry, frugality, and sobriety of the working classes! They have done infinitely more service to society on the one hand, than they have done injury to it on the other.

A reasonably high standard of living, and proper knowledge, are essential for preventing the lower orders from marrying improvidently. The abolition of the Poor Laws, by reducing the standard of living among them to the lowest point, and plunging them into savage ignorance, would greatly increase the number of early marriages. It would make such marriages almost a matter of interest, and remove every restraint in respect of feeling.

Now, from what does our excess of population arise? It is demonstrable, that, were it not for emigration from Ireland—that happy island, which has no Poor Laws to create excess of population—England would have no excess whatever. Why, then, are the Poor Laws reviled for producing that which all men living can see they do not produce; and why are they to be destroyed to prevent that which all men living can see their destruction cannot prevent? If there be no redundancy of population, early marriages will add nothing to the poor-rates; for employment and wages will be in a state to enable those who marry to maintain themselves by their labour. If there be such redundancy, late marriages will not keep those who marry from the parish. The remedy for the present excess of inhabitants is not to be found in starvation and infanticide—it is not to be found in guilty attempts to annul the laws of nature and violate the commands of Heaven—it is not to be found in the filling of every cottage in the realm with want, and hunger, and barbarism, and crime. Employ your idle labourers in rendering your waste lands fertile—in practically adding millions of productive acres to the surface of the United Kingdom, and making the most important additions to your trade, revenue, and power. If you will not do this, employ them in your Colonies. If in that blind ignorant obstinacy which you have hitherto manifested, you refuse to convert them into a source of wealth, at any rate, do not use them as a pretext for plundering your whole labouring population, and converting it into the destroyer of your best interests. The Poor Laws have not produced your excess of population—you see clearly that it has been produced by other causes—and your abolition of them will increase, but not diminish it.

Then it is alleged, that these laws destroy the independent feelings of the labouring classes. How do they accomplish this? Do they tempt labourers to throw themselves on the parish when work can be obtained? Answer not by assertion, or by pleading the exception to the rule; let us have satisfactory proofs; saying that men can find work if they will seek it, without showing that this is practicable—that there is a sufficiency of work which

cannot find labourers to undertake it, will not suffice. The plain fact is this—men apply to the parish because they cannot find work; which then is to blame, the Poor Laws, or the absence of employment? These men in such a case, if there were no Poor Laws, would have to betake themselves to begging. If begging be destructive to independent feeling, and this, we imagine, will be denied by none, the Poor Laws form an efficient protector of such feeling. In earlier times, when work could be found when sought, it was held, amidst the working orders, to be disgraceful to apply for parish relief. In the present times work cannot so be found; the labourers have no alternative but parish relief, or begging; being upon the parish has ceased to be a reproach among them, partly because they know it to be a matter of necessity, and partly, because from necessity it has become so general among them. If parish relief involve the loss of independent feeling, they are demonstrably compelled to resort to it by inability to procure employment; and from this inability, therefore, and not the Poor Laws, flows the loss. The truth is, the laws cannot protect the feeling from injury, but they protect it from that utter destruction which would inevitably flow from begging.

Upon the whole, the abuse of the Poor Laws arises, in the first place, from pleading the exception against the rule. A worthless family or two in a parish, which, if no such laws existed, would subsist on begging and guilt, will not, when on the parish, make sufficient exertions for procuring work; and this is cited as a proof that the laws make the whole labouring population idle. Even in a case like this, the laws act as a stimulant to industry; the overseers are continually urging the profligates to work; and if they fail with the parents they succeed with the children. In addition, the laws deprive the idle of the resource of begging; and by binding them to one parish, restrain them from plunging into the vice and guilt into which they would be sure to plunge, should they roam through the country without fixed residence, and strangers everywhere.

In the second place, the Poor Laws cannot provide a sufficiency of work with relief, and they cannot protect the labouring classes wholly from penury and temptation; and from this they are charged with being a source of demoralization. They are charged with producing that which they, in a very great degree, prevent, merely because they do not prevent it altogether. The vice and guilt which are found among those who receive parish relief, are ascribed to them merely because they give to those persons relief. If a man be idle, be a poacher, be a drunkard, &c. before he ever receives aid from the parish, the moment he receives such aid, it is charged upon the Poor Laws.

In the third place, these laws are abused upon assumptions which are obviously false and impossible. It is assumed, that if labourers lose employment in one place, they can always regain it in another; this is demonstrably false. It is assumed, that the body of the working classes have the means of saving when they have employment, what will support them when they have none: this is demonstrably false. It is assumed, that to protect destitute individuals and families from the vice and guilt into which begging would lead them, is to demoralize them; this is demonstrably false. It is assumed, that the present excess of population arises wholly, or chiefly, from the early marriages of English labourers; this is demonstrably false. And it is assumed, that the pauperism which prevails arises in a great degree from the improvident marriages and general bad conduct of the labouring orders; this is demonstrably false. Men of common sense will go round the circle of false assumptions without our further assistance.

In the meditated abolition of the Poor Laws, parish relief, it seems, is still to be received for a time at least—for the aged and impotent. Idiots, cripples, the age-worn, and orphans, are still to be supported by poor-rates. This stands on the principle, that those who are physically incapable of labouring, and who have no one to labour for them, ought to be maintained by their parishes. Now, here is a man who cannot work; and there is one who has strength and skill, but who cannot possibly procure work; in reality, both are equally incapable of supporting themselves by their labour. Nevertheless, the one is to be maintained by the parish, and the other is to starve. Here are two children who are alike incapable of labouring: the one is to be kept by the parish, because it has no parents to work for it; the other is

to perish from hunger, because it has parents who cannot, from the scarcity of employment, work for it. This distinction evidently rests on the assumption, that every man who is able to work, is able constantly to maintain himself and his family by his labour; it stands upon falsehood, and it is at variance with every principle of justice and equity. In respect of wives and children, it is most cruel; for it makes them responsible for the misfortunes or misconduct of husbands and parents.

We are saying nothing against reforms in the Poor Laws; on the contrary, we wish to recommend them. The administration of them is susceptible of great improvement. We will speak, in the first place, of the practice which prevails in some counties, of placing the whole labourers of a parish, including those who have employment, on the poor-rates. When this practice has been so loudly and generally reprobated, why has it not been abolished? Relief should be granted to such able-bodied labourers only as cannot procure work.

In many villages the administration of the Poor Laws is almost as perfect as it could be rendered; no bad systems prevail; the overseer has the conduct of the poor constantly under his eyes, and their conduct and his own are constantly under the eyes of the whole village; he has the means for enabling him, and the stimulants for inciting him, to discharge his duty properly; therefore things are well managed. In towns the case is widely different. There, those who distribute parish relief neglect their duty very greatly; and the character and conduct of those who receive it are not properly inspected. Hence abuses—hence it is, that excellent laws are made, by vicious administration, to befriend the idle and dissolute. In towns, the practice prevails largely of eking out bad wages with parish relief.

But it is bad management in other things than the Poor Laws, which causes the southern counties to be so much oppressed with pauperism. In the northern counties, the unmarried servants of all ages have been, and still are, to a great extent, boarded and lodged in the farmer's house. Frequently he has sat at the head of the table with them, and at the same fireside. From such a system, the servant ceases to regard the dwellings of his parents as a home as soon as he enters into service; he has nothing to buy but a few clothes, therefore he can save a small part of his wages; his conduct is properly restrained; he is accustomed to a good standard of living, and he is instructed in good principles and habits. The female servant has the same advantages. From all this flows the preventive of improvident marriage—the means of self-support under loss of employment—and the funds, the qualifications, and the incentives for travelling from one place to another in quest of employment. In the southern counties, the practice prevails of causing the servants of all ages to provide their own board and lodging. Boys and girls thus grow to maturity in the feeling that they have no other home than the dwellings of their parents: the single of all ages become as much fixtures in their respective parishes as the married people; the whole of their wages is absorbed by a miserable subsistence, and they are thrown on the poor-rates the moment they lose their employment; they are destitute of instruction; their conduct is not duly controlled, and they are without the means and hope of bettering their condition. In consequence, they vegetate in a kind of barbarism, morally chained to the same parish; and they marry and multiply like similar half-barbarians in Ireland. If these unmarried servants were treated as such servants are treated in the northern counties, they would rarely need parish relief, and London and other large places would constantly absorb a large proportion of them.

The Bill now before Parliament for preventing settlements from being gained by service, will, we are pretty sure, produce exactly the reverse of what it is intended to produce. At present, if a single man think good to travel fifty, or one hundred, or two hundred miles from home in quest of employment, he has a certainty that good conduct will soon gain him a parish wherever he may be able to fix himself. If this Bill pass, he will know that, if he establish himself so far from home and be visited by loss of employment, sickness, &c., he must be sent the whole distance back again. That which at present forms the great encouragement to the single to travel to distant parts in search of work—and it is the single only who can afford to do so—will be destroyed. Another of the worst characteristics of this Bill is, it will give the town such

a pernicious advantage over the village. In such a place as London, speaking generally, it is scarcely possible for labourers and mechanics to gain a settlement by occupation. When they marry, they find the cheapest houses above their reach, and they live in lodgings which they are continually changing; under this Bill, therefore, they would never gain a settlement in it. The mechanics, labourers, &c. and, of course, the paupers of large places, always consist, in a great degree, we may say, principally, of those who have removed to them from villages; in consequence, by this sagacious bill, London and other large places will be relieved in a great measure from paupers and poor-rates, while the villages will be overwhelmed with both. As the surplus village population can only hope to find employment in large places, the Legislature ought to afford it every facility and temptation for removing to such places; but this bill does exactly the contrary. It is idle to speak of promoting the circulation of labour between one village and another, because every village has an excess of labourers.

But if the pressure of supporting the poor is to be materially reduced, it must be done by other things than changes in the Poor Laws. The perfecting of these laws in letter and administration, will accomplish comparatively but little; and the abolition of them will make the pressure still greater. So long as there shall be a large surplus of population, so long will this surplus be a heavy burden upon the community, whether there be Poor Laws or none. Supported it must be, and supported it will be, either by voluntary bounty, or by its own depredations. Remove this surplus in so far as it is regular and permanent in its existence, and then able-bodied labourers will press but little on the poor-rates. Here is the great remedy. It seems to be pretty certain that were it not for the influx of Irish labourers, there would be no such surplus of any moment in England and Scotland. We say not that this influx can be, or ought to be, prevented; but knowledge of the source of the evil is no small matter. Now, is it impossible to remove this surplus? No; all admit the possibility. It may be done by cultivating the waste lands at home, or by emigration. Why, then, is nothing attempted? As to cultivating the waste lands at home, it is alleged, that though it is practicable, it would not yield adequate profit. Because it would not remunerate a private individual, it is asserted that it would not remunerate the State. In such a matter, the interests of the State differ wholly from those of an individual; the latter must look for his return in the shape of rent; in so far as he cannot get sufficient rent, his expenditure is a dead loss to him. But if the State expend millions, for which it can get no return in the shape of rent, still, if the expenditure relieve it from a heavy burden, and add considerably to its revenue, trade, wealth, and power, it yields ample profits. Looked at in this point of view, we are confident that the cultivation of the waste lands at home would be highly profitable to the State. But if this cannot be thought of, why is not emigration resorted to in respect of Ireland? No answer can be given. Mr W. Horton has certainly been shamefully dealt with by his friends, official and unofficial. Will any man say, that the excess of population, particularly that of Ireland, will be removed by natural causes, or that such causes will ever prevent it from increasing? No. All own, that this excess produces the most calamitous consequences in Ireland, and inflicts the most baleful evils on England and Scotland—and that, if no remedy be applied, it will continue to increase; yet not a finger is to be raised to apply a remedy! When we look at this, we are almost compelled to ask, Why do Ministers and Parliament exist? If any man wish to form a correct opinion of those swaggering, blustering people, who, in these days, call themselves the only philosophers and statesmen, he has only to look at the fact, that, amidst the wild, wholesale, multifarious experiments and innovations of late years, a stupendous national evil like this has never been touched.

The Free-trade measures form another prolific source of pauperism. Not only have they deprived numbers wholly of employment, but they have so far cut down wages in various callings, that the labourer cannot earn what will support his family. They place before the manufacturer, or producer, the alternative of selling his goods at a certain price or losing his market; and, in consequence, he must have labour at the lowest price, or he cannot employ it. It is foolishly ar-

gued by some, that if they bring no considerable quantity of foreign goods into the country, they do no mischief: the truth is, if they occasion no import of foreign goods whatever, they produce incalculable evil. To prevent the import, the workmen employed in a whole trade are kept constantly in penury. An exquisite specimen of the wisdom of modern legislation is presented in the fact, that, at the very moment when our legislators have enacted laws, which practically prohibit the labourer from obtaining such wages as are essential for the proper support of his family, they are protesting, that he ought to save as much when he has employment as will support him when he is destitute of it, and are endeavouring indirectly to compel him to do so by law.

If the working classes generally have a sufficiency of employment at sufficient wages, there will be nothing to complain of in respect of poor-rates. This is obvious to all men. It must, however, never be forgotten, that the sufficiency must be in wages as well as in employment. It is clear, that a sufficiency like this is not to be created by changes in the Poor Laws. The quantity of employment must be increased, or the population must be reduced; and commercial laws must afford full scope to the master, for enabling him to give adequate wages to his workmen. Let no man hope to get rid of the burden of supporting the poor by the abolition of the Poor Laws. He may, indeed, get rid of poor-rates, and he may be deaf to every appeal to his charity—he may never contribute a farthing to the poor from legal compulsion, or in voluntary gifts—and all he will gain from this will be, the loss of infinitely more than his poor-rates amount to. The country at large may rest assured, that if it will not support its poor in one way, it must support them in another; and that, if it deprive them of parish relief, they will deprive it of something far more valuable.

What we have said relates solely to England. If the people of Scotland find their present mode of administering their Poor Laws a beneficial one, let them adhere to it, and by us they shall not be censured. We will, however, observe, that the law now in progress through Parliament, for requiring seven years' residence as the qualification for a settlement in Scotland, appears to us to be neither a wise nor a just one. If it be necessary that a labourer, when he loses employment in one place, should endeavour to procure it in another, it is certainly necessary to give him all proper inducements for doing so. A law like this is calculated to deter him from it; it must operate against the circulation of labour, and the equalization of parish burdens. A place derives all the benefit from a labourer, which flows from his expending his wages in it for three, or six years, while he is in employment; and then, when he is in distress, it sends him to some other place, which perhaps never received any benefit from him whatever. This is highly unjust. As a means of getting rid of the evils which flow from the influx of Irish labourers, we imagine it will have small efficacy.

With regard to Ireland, we are recommending nothing in respect of Poor Laws. In some parts of it such laws could not at present be introduced, and in other parts they would operate beneficially. That it is practicable to put the whole into the state necessary for enabling them to yield it incalculable benefits, is our decided conviction; and we are further convinced, that, not only for its own good, but for that of the empire at large, it ought to be put into this state, and to have Poor Laws. If the Irish writers and orators, instead of converting the question into a matter of party fury between Protestant and Catholic, would examine it impartially and dispassionately on its own merits, they would, we think, do much service to the distressed and starving part of their countrymen. If Ireland had possessed Poor Laws like England, it never would have suffered what it has suffered; the landlords would have been compelled to look after their estates, and the subletting, penury, and barbarism, would have been prevented. If it be now impossible to introduce Poor Laws into Ireland, we may at least be permitted to lament that they were not introduced when it was possible, if we may do no more. If the absence of them have materially contributed to bring on Ireland miseries alike horrible and irremediable, we pray Heaven, that the abolition of them may never bring similar miseries on England.

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